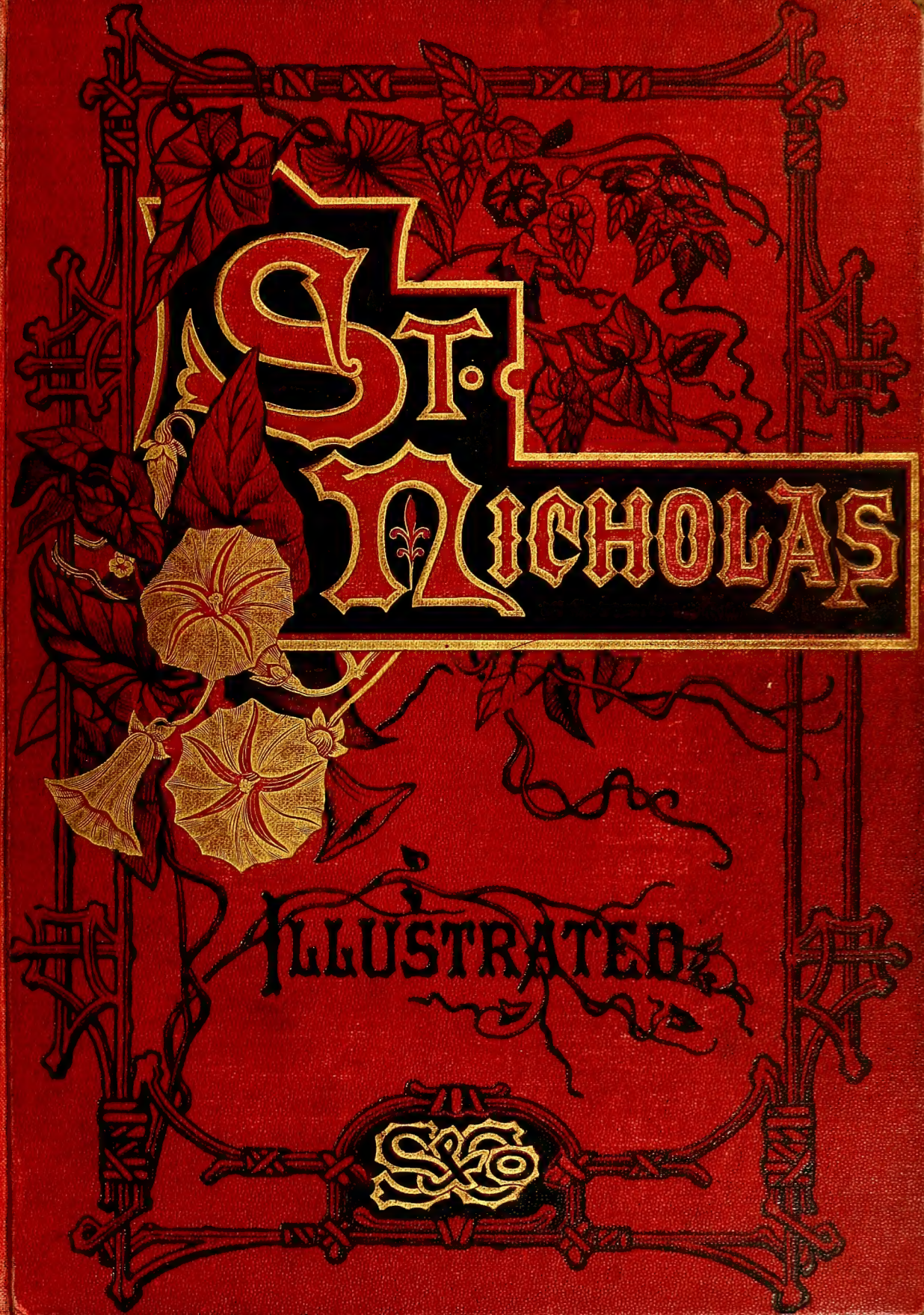
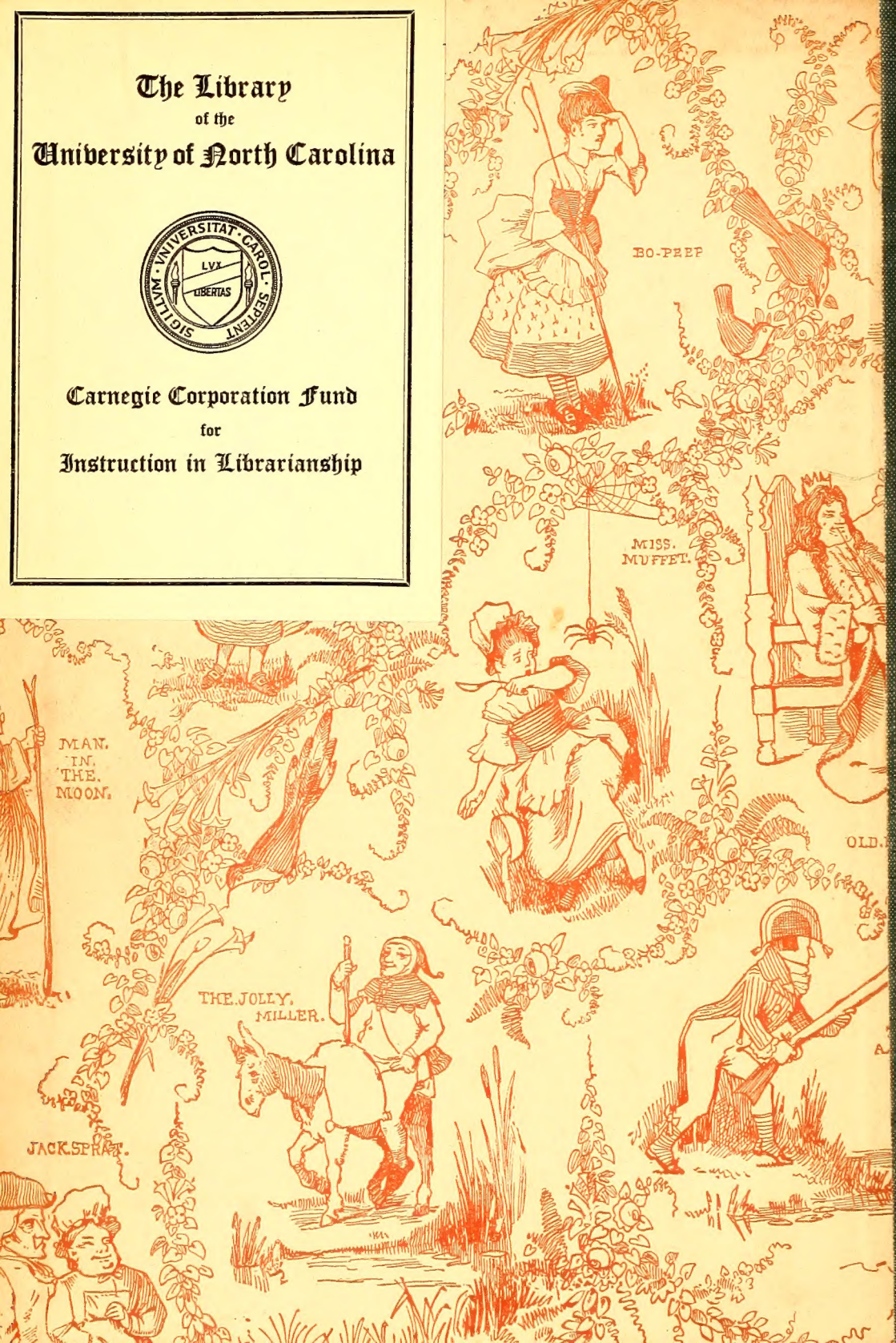
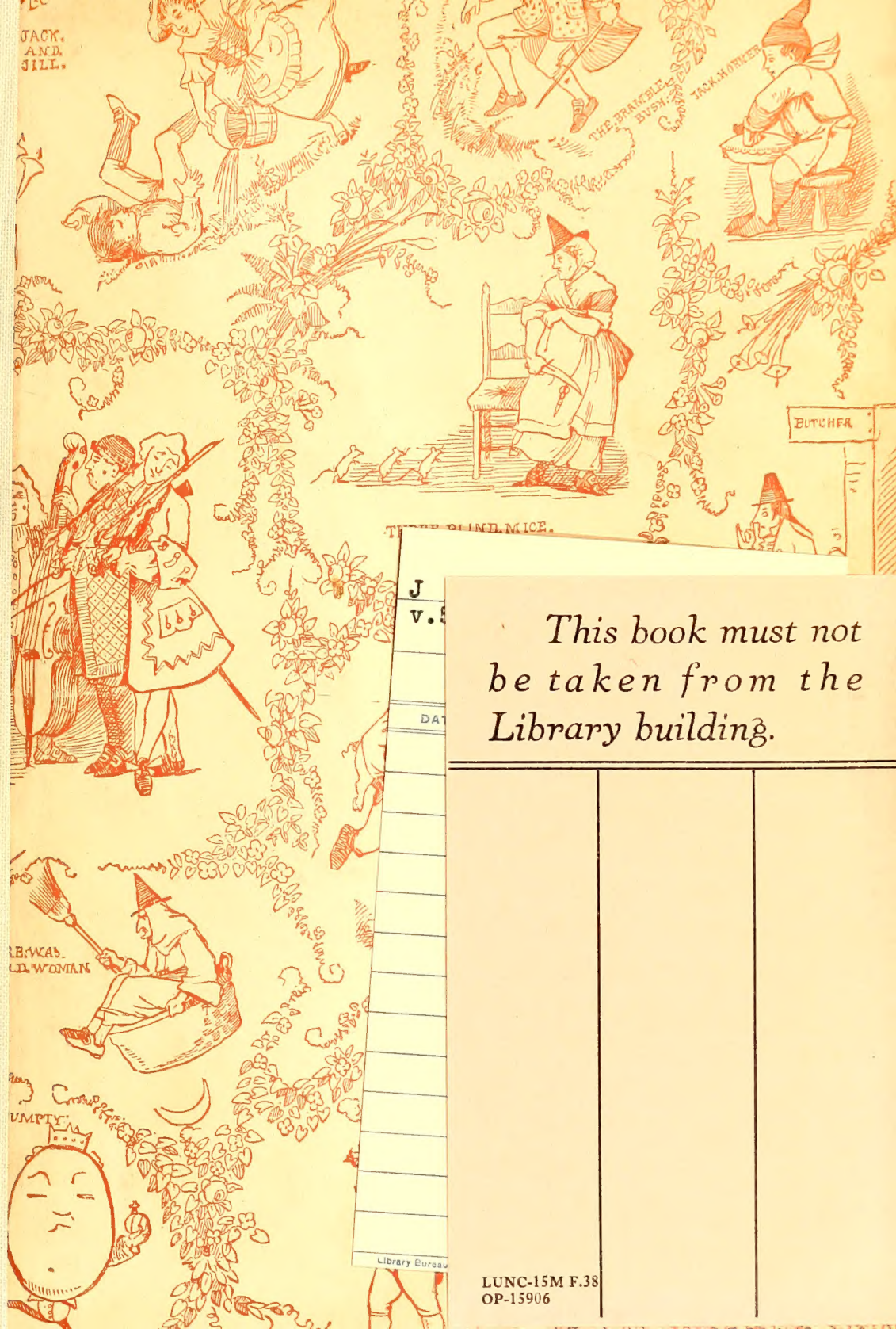

St. Nicholas
Illustrated

The Library
of the
University of North Carolina

Carnegie Corporation Fund
for
Instruction in Librarianship





J
V.
DA
Library Bureau

This book must not be taken from the Library building.

LUNC-15M F.38
OP-15906

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://archive.org/details/stnicholasserial05dodg



DRAWN BY H. F. FARNEY. ENGRAVED BY SMITHWICK AND FRENCH.

"ONWARD WITH HER PRECIOUS BURDEN, THROUGH SHOT AND SHELL."

[See Page 579.]

ST. NICHOLAS:

SCRIBNER'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS,

CONDUCTED BY
MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME V.
NOVEMBER, 1877, TO NOVEMBER, 1878.

SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK.

Copyright by Scribner & Co., 1878.

Press of Francis Hart & Co.
New-York.

Libra.., Univ. of
North Carolina

CONTENTS VOLUME V.

		PAGE.
ALCOTT, Miss. (Illustrated from photograph)	*F. B. S.*	129
ALPHABET FRANÇAIS, Un. (Illustrated)	*Laura Caxton*	816
ALWAYS BEHINDHAND. Talk with Girls	*M. D. K.*	434
ANNIE AND THE BALLS. (Illustrated by the Author)	*H. E. H.*	205
APRIL'S SUNBEAM. Verses	*Joy Allison*	398
ARMS OF GREAT BRITAIN, The. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes)	*Susan Archer Weiss*	190
ATLANTIC CABLE, Secrets of the. (Illustrated by A. C. Warren)	*William H. Rideing*	327
AX OF RANIER, The. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*Thomas Dunn English*	709
"BABY'S OPERA" AND WALTER CRANE, The		69
BARBECUE, The. (Illustrated by Walter Shirlaw)	*Sarah Winter Kellogg*	602
BELINDA BLONDE. Verses	*Laura E. Richards*	272
BELL-RINGERS, The Stickleback. (Illustrated by James C. Beard)	*C. F. Holder*	31
BIRDS AND THEIR FAMILIES. (Illustrated)	*Professor W. K. Brooks*	606
BIRDS FLY, How. (Illustrated)	*Professor W. K. Brooks*	734
BOGGS'S PHOTOGRAPH. Picture		21
BORN IN PRISON. (Illustrated by Edwin L. Sheppard)	*Julia P. Ballard*	730
BOY IN THE BOX, The. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart)	*Helen C. Barnard*	356
BOY'S EXPERIENCE WITH TAR MARBLES, A. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*C. S. N.*	617
BOY WHO JUMPED ON TRAINS, The. Poem. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	*Mary Hartwell*	132
BRUNO'S REVENGE. (Illustrated)	*Author of "Alice in Wonderland"*	18
BUTTERFLY-CHASE, The. Poem	*Ellis Gray*	548
BUTTS, A Chapter of. Five Pictures		77
BY THE SAD SEA WAVES. Picture drawn by	*"Sphinx"*	716
CAN A LITTLE CHILD LIKE ME? (Thanksgiving Hymn)	*Mary Mapes Dodge*	68
CANARY THAT TALKED TOO MUCH, The	*Margaret Eytinge*	331
CARLYLE, Thomas. (Crumbs from Older Reading, III.)	*Julia E. Sargent*	565
CAROL, The Minstrel's. A Christmas Colloquy	*I. V. Blake*	153
CHARADES, Four. Verses	*C. P. Cranch*	406
CHARCOAL-BURNERS' FIRE, The. (Illustrated by J. L. Dickinson)	*David Ker*	490
CHILD-QUEEN, A. (Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks)	*Cecilia Cleveland*	1
CHRISTMAS CARD		91
CHRISTMAS-GIFTS, A Budget of Home-Made. (Illustrated)		42
CHURNING. Poem. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*Sara Keables Hunt*	676
COCK AND THE SUN, The. Jingle. (Illustrated by F. S. Church)	*J. P. B.*	359
COMMON-SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD. Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*Margaret Vandegrift*	326
COOLEST MAN IN RUSSIA, The. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*David Ker*	229
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, The. Poem. (Illustrated)	*Clara Doty Bates*	33
CRIP'S GARRET-DAY	*Sarah J. Prichard*	339
CROW THAT THE CROW CROWED, The	*S. Conant Foster*	694

182601

		PAGE.
CRUMBS FROM OLDER READING	*Julia E. Sargent*	
I. EMERSON		262
II. IRVING		354
III. CARLYLE		565
DAB KINZER: A Story of a Growing Boy. (Illustrated by H. F. Farney, Geo. Inness, Jr., Sol. Eytinge and H. P. Smith	*William O. Stoddard*	553, 620, 679, 744, 798
DEBBY'S CHRISTMAS. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*Ella A. Drinkwater*	223
DICK HARDIN AWAY AT SCHOOL	*Lucy J. Rider*	386
DIGGER-WASPS AT HOME, The. (Illustrated by R. Riordan)	*E. A. E.*	667
DOG-SHOW, A Visit to a London. (Illustrated by J. F. Runge)	*Laura Skeel Pomeroy*	420
DRIFTED INTO PORT. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge and Thomas Moran)	*Edwin Hodder*	342, 425, 494
EASTER EGGS. Poem	*Clara W. Raymond*	419
EASTER IN GERMANY. (Illustrated)	*F. E. Corne*	381
EASTER LILIES. Picture		399
EMERGENCY MISTRESS, The. (Illustrated)	*Frank R. Stockton*	669
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. (Crumbs from Older Reading, I.)	*Julia E. Sargent*	262
EXCITING RIDE, An. Picture drawn by	*Miss S. A. Rankin*	652
FAIR EXCHANGE, A. Poem	*M. F. Butts*	820
FATHER CHIRP. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	*S. C. Stone*	476
FERN-SEED. Poem	*Celia Thaxter*	705
FISHING-BIRDS OF FLORIDA, Some. (Illustrated)	*Mrs. Mary Treat*	282
FORTY, Less One. Poem. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	*James Richardson*	579
"FOUR LITTLE HOUSES BLUE AND ROUND." Jingle	*M. F. B.*	465
FOX, THE MONKEY, AND THE PIG, The. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Howard Pyle*	743
FOX AND THE TURKEYS, The. (Illustrated from Gustave Doré)	*Susan Coolidge*	756
FULL STOP, A. Silhouette picture drawn by	*L. Hopkins*	387
GERTY. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman)	*Margaret W. Hamilton*	690
GET UP! GOT DOWN! Silhouettes drawn by	*L. Hopkins*	461
GIFTS FOR ST. NICHOLAS. Poem	*Emma E. Brewster*	294
GIRL WHO SAVED THE GENERAL, The. (Illustrated by H. F. Farney)	*Charles H. Woodman*	577
GUEST, An Agreeable	*Susan A. Brown*	180
HANSA, The Little Lapp Maiden. (Illustrated)	*Kate B. Horton*	305
HAPPY FIELDS OF SUMMER. Poem. (Illustrated)	*Lucy Larcom*	666
"HAPPY LITTLE FROGGY." Poem. (Illustrated by F. S. Church)	*E. Müller*	789
HORSE AT SEA, A. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*C. B.*	367
HORSES OF VENICE, The Famous. (Illustrated)	*Mary Lloyd*	89
HOW BIRDS FLY. (Illustrated)	*Professor W. K. Brooks*	734
HOW HE CAUGHT HIM. Six Pictures		740
HOW I WEIGHED THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY	*G. M. Shaw*	34
HOW KITTY GOT HER NEW HAT. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*E. P. W.*	182
HOW KITTY WAS LOST IN A TURKISH BAZAAR. (Illustrated by Howard Pyle)	*Sara Keables Hunt*	377
HOW LILY-TOES WAS CAUGHT IN A SHOWER. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*Emily H. Leland*	731
HOW MANDY WENT ROWING WITH THE CAP'N. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Mary Hallock Foote*	449
HOW MATCHES ARE MADE. (Illustrated by A. C. Warren)	*F. H. C.*	315
HOW SIR WILLIAM PHIPS FOUND THE TREASURE IN THE SEA. (Illustrated by J. O. Davidson)	*S. G. W. Benjamin*	278
HOW TEDDY CUT THE PIE. Verses. (Illustrated)	*Rossiter Johnson*	821
HOW THE PONY WAS TAKEN. (Illustrated)	*C. W.*	174
HOW THE STONE-AGE CHILDREN PLAYED. (Illustrated)	*Charles C. Abbott*	413
HOW THE WEATHER IS FORETOLD. (Illustrated by W. H. Gibson)	*James H. Flint*	581
HOW TO KEEP A JOURNAL	*W. S. Jerome*	789
HOW TO MAKE A TELEPHONE. (Illustrated)	*M. F.*	549
HOW TO TRAVEL	*Susan Anna Brown*	650
HOW WILLY WOLLY WENT A-FISHING. Verses. (Illustrated by Howard Pyle)	*S. C. Stone*	562
HUCKLEBERRY. (Illustrated)	*Frank R. Stockton*	274
ICE-BOAT, How to make an. (Diagrams by the Author)	*J. H. Hubbard*	220

		PAGE.
"I 'M A LITTLE STORY." Poem. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	*Margaret Eytinge*	380
IRVING, WASHINGTON. (Crumbs from Older Reading, III.)	*Julia E. Sargent*	354
ITALIAN FLOWER-MERCHANT, The Little. Picture drawn by	*Miss E. M. S. Scannell*	475
JACK'S CHRISTMAS. (Illustrated by Jennie Brownscombe)	*Emma K. Parrish*	124
JAPANESE "HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT," The. Picture drawn by	*William McDougal*	219
JINGLES		6, 41, 359, 404, 412, 465
JOHN AND HIS VELOCIPEDE. Sketches drawn by	*B. D.*	650
JOHNNY. (Illustrated by R. Sayre)	*Sargent Flint*	361
JOHNNY'S LOST BALL	*Lloyd Wyman*	500
JUNO'S WONDERFUL TROUBLES. (Illustrated by F. S. Church)	*E. Müller*	312
KEPT IN. Picture drawn by	*M. Woolf*	424
KING AND THE HARD BREAD, The. (Illustrated)	*J. L.*	503
KING AND THE THREE TRAVELERS, The. (Illustrated by John Lafarge)	*Arlo Bates*	207
KING CHEESE. Poem. Versified from story by Maud Christiani. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	*J. T. Trowbridge*	641
LADY-BIRD, Fly away Home. Picture drawn by	*M. Woolf*	455
LEFT OUT. Verse	*A. G. W.*	128
LETTER TO AMERICAN BOYS, A	*George MacDonald*	202
LINNET'S FEE, The. Poem	*Mrs. Annie A. Preston*	798
LION-KILLER, The. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes). From the French	*Mary Wager Fisher*	78
LITTLE BEAR. Poem. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard)	*Samuel W. Duffield*	726
"LITTLE BO-PEEP, SHE WENT TO SLEEP." Picture drawn by	*Miss Jessie McDermot*	268
LITTLE RED CANAL-BOAT, The. (Illustrated)	*M. A. Edwards*	541
LIVING SILVER	*Mary H. Seymour*	350
LONDON CHAIR-MENDER. (Illustrated)	*Alexander Wainwright*	821
LONDON CHICK-WEED MAN, The. (Illustrated)	*Alexander Wainwright*	361
LONDON DUST-MAN, The. (Illustrated)	*Alexander Wainwright*	272
LONDON MILK-WOMAN, The. (Illustrated)	*Alexander Wainwright*	694
LONG JOURNEY, A. Verses	*Josephine Pollard*	540
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S SHOW, The. (Illustrated)	*Jennie A. Owen*	22
MACKEREL-FISHING. (Illustrated by H. P. Smith)	*Robert Arnold*	706
MAGICIAN AND HIS BEE, The. (Illustrated)	*P. F.*	143
MAKING IT SKIP. Verse. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran)	*M. M. D.*	15
MAKING READY FOR A CRUISE. Picture		561
MAN WHO DID N'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP, The. Verse	*M. M. D.*	415
MARBLES, Some In-door Games of. (Illustrated)	*L. D. Snook*	295
MARS, THE PLANET OF WAR. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Richard A. Proctor*	26
MARSHAL DE SAXE AND THE DUTCH BLACKSMITH	*David Ker*	436
MASTER MONTEZUMA. (Illustrated)	*C. C. Haskins*	535
MATCHES ARE MADE, How. (Illustrated by A. C. Warren)	*F. H. C.*	315
MAY-DAY, The Story of. (Illustrated by Howard Pyle)	*Olive Thorne*	486
MEADOW TALK. Verse. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*Caroline Leslie*	617
MERRY MIKE. Poem. (Illustrated by Albert Shults)	*Fleta Forrester*	176
MERRY RAIN. Poem	*Fleta Forrester*	425
MOCKING-BIRD AND THE DONKEY, The. Poem	*William Cullen Bryant*	88
MODERN WILLIAM TELL, A. Picture drawn by	*L. Hopkins*	207
MOLLIE'S BOYHOOD. (Illustrated by George White)	*Sarah E. Chester*	7
MONEY IS MADE, Where. (Illustrated by Fred. B. Schell)	*M. W.*	477
MONUMENT WITH A STORY, A	*Fannie Roper Feudge*	364
MOON, FROM A FROG'S POINT OF VIEW, The. (Illustrated by H. L. Stephens)	*Fleta Forrester*	677
MOUSIE'S ADVENTURES FROM GARRET TO CELLAR. Picture drawn by	*"Sphinx"*	405
MUSIC ON ALL FOURS. Poem. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	*Josephine Pollard*	200
MUSTANG, The Wild. (Illustrated)	*Charles Barnard*	396
MY GIRL. Poem	*John S. Adams*	25
MY ST. GEORGE. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes)	*Alice Maude Eddy*	726
NANCY CHIME. Poem. (Illustrated)	*S. Smith*	739

		PAGE.
NAN'S PEACE-OFFERING. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart)	*Kate W. Hamilton*	284
NEWS-CARRIER, The. Poem. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*Catharine S. Boyd*	349
NEW-YEAR CARD		182
NIGHT WITH A BEAR, A. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard)	*Jane G. Austin*	332
NIMBLE JIM AND THE MAGIC MELON. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*J. A. Judson*	34
NO SCHOOL TO-DAY. Picture. Drawn by F. Opper		146
NOW, OR THEN? Talk with Girls	*Gail Hamilton*	123
"OH, I 'M MY MAMMA'S LADY-GIRL." Verse. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard)	*M. M. D.*	41
OLD MAN AND THE NERVOUS COW, The. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*R. E.*	264
OLD NICOLAI. (Illustrated)	*Paul Fort*	399
OLD SOUP. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*Mrs. E. W. Latimer*	463
"ONE DAY AN ANT WENT TO VISIT HER NEIGHBOR." Jingle	*M. F. B.*	404
ONE SATURDAY. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	*Sarah Winter Kellogg*	514
ONLY A DOLL. Poem	*Sarah O. Jewett*	552
ON THE ICE. Picture drawn by	*L. Hopkins*	300
"OPEN THE SNOWY LITTLE BED." Jingle	*M. F. B.*	412
OUT FISHING. Picture drawn by	*L. Hopkins*	759
PAINTER'S SCARE-CROW, The. Poem. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	*C. P. Cranch*	714
PARISIAN CHILDREN. (Illustrated by W. F. Brown)	*Henry Bacon*	456
PARLOR BALLOONING. (Illustrated by the Author)	*L. Hopkins*	492
PARLOR MAGIC. (Illustrated)	*Professor Leo H. Grindon*	811
PERSEUS, The Story of	*Mary A. Robinson*	630
PETERKINS ARE OBLIGED TO MOVE, The	*Lucretia P. Hale*	458
PETERKINS' CHARADES, The	*Lucretia P. Hale*	91
PETER PIPER'S PICKLES, Mrs. (Illustrated by F. S. Church)	*E. Müller*	519
POEMS BY TWO LITTLE AMERICAN GIRLS	*Elaine and Dora Goodale*	109
POLLY: A Before-Christmas Story. (Illustrated)	*Hope Ledyard*	19
PORPOISES, About the. (Illustrated by J. O. Davidson)	*J. D.*	142
POTTERY, A Chat about. (Illustrated from photographs)	*Edwin C. Taylor*	104
PRIMKINS' SURPRISE, Mrs. (Illustrated by Sol Eytinge)	*Olive Thorne*	794
PRINCE CUCURBITA. (Illustrated by E. M. Richards)	*Edith A. Edwards*	792
PROFESSOR, The	*Clarence Cook*	402
PUCK PARKER. (Illustrated by J. Wells Champney)	*Lizzie W. Champney*	416
QUICKSILVER	*Mary H. Seymour*	350
RAID OF THE CAMANCHES, The	*The Author of "We Boys"*	267
RAIN. Poem	*Edgar Fawcett*	613
RAVENS AND THE ANGELS, The. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	*Author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family"*	169, 242
RIDDLE, A Double. Verses	*J. G. Holland*	94
RODS FOR FIVE. (Illustrated)	*Sarah Winter Kellogg*	645
ROWING AGAINST TIDE	*Theodore Winthrop*	75
SAM'S BIRTHDAY. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	*Irwin Russell*	482
SATURDAY AFTERNOON. Picture drawn by	*Miss S. W. Smith*	725
SCRUBBY'S BEAUTIFUL TREE. (Illustrated by F. A. Chapman and Sol. Eytinge)	*J. C. Purdy*	147
SEEING HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM. Picture drawn by	*J. Wells Champney*	431
SHEPHERD-BOY, The. Poem	*Emily S. Oakey*	241
SILLY GOOSE, The. Poem. (Illustrated by F. S. Church)	*E. A. Smuller*	453
SIMPLE SIMON. Picture, drawn by	*E. B. Bensell*	791
SING-A-SING. Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes)	*S. C. Stone*	122
SING-AWAY BIRD, The. Poem	*Lucy Larcom*	462
SINGING PINS. (Illustrated by A. C. Warren)	*Harlan H. Ballard*	140
SKATING. Poem	*Theodore Winthrop*	231
SNEEZE DODSON'S FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	*Mrs. M. H. W. Jaquith*	613
SOLIMIN: A Ship of the Desert. (Illustrated)	*Susan Coolidge*	269
SONG OF SPRING, A	*Caroline A. Mason*	482
SOMETHING IN THE OLD CLOTHES LINE. (Illustrated)	*Paul Fort*	211

		PAGE.
SPRING AND SUMMER. Verse	*Dora Read Goodale*	708
STONE-AGE CHILDREN PLAYED, How the. (Illustrated)	*Charles C. Abbott*	413
STORK AND THE CRANE, The. (Illustrated)	*Howard Pyle*	187
STORY THAT WOULD NOT BE TOLD, The. (Illustrated)	*Louise Stockton*	18
SWALLOW, The. Poem. (Illustrated)	*Nathan Haskell Dole*	395
SWALLOWS, The. Poem	*Dora Read Goodale*	653
SWEET-MARJORAM DAY. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*Frank R. Stockton*	111
TALE OF MANY TAILS, A. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	*Katharine B. Foot*	777
TALK OVER THE HARD TIMES, A. Picture drawn by	*M. Woolf*	325
TALKS WITH GIRLS		123, 434
TEA-COUNTRY, A Trip to the. (Illustrated)	*William M. Tileston*	248
TELEPHONE, How to Make a. (Illustrated)	*M. F.*	549
THANKS TO YOU. Poem. (Illustrated)	*Mary E. Bradley*	733
THERE ONCE WAS A MAN WITH A CHILD. (Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce)	*Frederick Palmer*	222
THERE WAS AN OLD PERSON OF CREWD. (Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce)	*Frederick Palmer*	6
THREE HORSE-SHOES, The	*David Ker*	436
THREE KINGS, The. Poem	*Henry W. Longfellow*	73
THREE WISE WOMEN, The. Verse. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	*Mrs. E. T. Corbett*	432
"TOLERBUL" BAD BOY AGAIN, The. (The Barbecue.) (Illustrated by Walter Shirlaw)	*Sarah Winter Kellogg*	602
TOMMY'S DREAM; OR, THE GEOGRAPHY DEMON. Poem	*Laura E. Richards*	213
TOO MANY BIRTHDAYS. (Illustrated by W. F. Brown)	*Fanny M. Osborne*	584
TOWER-MOUNTAIN, The. (Illustrated)	*G. Frankenstein*	134, 214, 288
TRAGEDY, A Domestic. Verse. (Illustrated by F. Opper)		31
TREASURE IN THE SEA, How Sir William Phips found the. (Illustrated by J. O. Davidson)	*S. G. W. Benjamin*	278
TREASURE-TROVE. Poem	*Olive A. Wadsworth*	253
TRIP TO THE TEA-COUNTRY, A. (Illustrated)	*William M. Tileston*	248
TRIUMPH, A. Poem	*Celia Thaxter*	513
TROUBLES IN HIGH LIFE. Poem. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard)	*Mrs. J. G. Burnett*	776
TWO KITTIES. Poem. (Illustrated by Mary Wyman Wallace)	*Joy Allison*	823
TWO WAYS. Verses	*Mary C. Bartlett*	366
UNDER THE LILACS. (Illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote)	*Louisa M. Alcott*, 94, 193, 255, 319, 388, 466, 523, 589, 653, 716, 780	
VENICE, The Famous Horses of. (Illustrated)	*Mary Lloyd*	89
VIOLIN VILLAGE, The. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*Edith Hawkins*	769
VISIT TO A LONDON DOG-SHOW, A. (Illustrated by J. F. Runge)	*Laura Skeel Pomeroy*	420
VOLCANO, The Largest in the World. (Illustrated by T. Moran)	*Sarah Coan*	13
WAIT. Poem	*Dora Read Goodale*	485
WEATHER IS FORETOLD, How the. (Illustrated by W. H. Gibson)	*James H. Flint*	581
"WE CAME,—WE SAW. WE LEFT." Two Pictures by	*E. M. Richards*	780
WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (Illustrated)	*Charles W. Squires*	335
WHAT HAPPENED. Verse. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	*Howell Foster*	341
WHERE? Poem	*Mary N. Prescott*	810
WHERE AUNT ANN HID THE SUGAR. (Illustrated by William McDougal)	*Mary L. Bolles Branch*	317
WHERE MONEY IS MADE. (Illustrated by Fred B. Schell)	*M. W.*	477
WHO PUT OUT THE TEA-PARTY? (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard)	*Ellen Frances Terry*	741
WILD GEESE. Poem	*Celia Thaxter*	489
WILD WIND, The. Poem	*Clara W. Raymond*	143
WILLOW WAND, The. Poem. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*A. E. W.*	16
WINTER FIRE-FLIES. Poem	*Mrs. W. N. Clarke*	189
WISE CATHERINE AND THE KABOUTERMANNEKEN. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Howard Pyle*	407
WISHES. Poem	*Mary N. Prescott*	315
WOLVES, Chased by. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard)	*George Dudley Lawson*	3
WOODS IN WINTER, The. (Full-page illustration)	*J. J.*	352
YANKEE BOYS THAT DID N'T NUMBER TEN, The. (Illus. by L. Hopkins)	*W. M. Baker*	600

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Introduction—An Artificial Horse that can Go—A Letter from Deacon Green—"See How I Help"—Among the Cranberry Bogs—More Crystallized Horses—A Turtle Cart—Another Turtle Story (illustrated)—Half-Sweet, Half-Sour, 66; Introduction—A Windfall—King Alfred and the Cakes—A Little Schoolma'am—As Idle as a Bird—"Own First Cousins"—Orange Groves on St. John's River—The Blind Clerk—Birds Caught by Salt—A Spell upon Kerosene—The Eyebrow Word—Sincere—The Author of "Home, Sweet Home," 156; Happy 1878!—A Garden in Winter—Ovens in the Fields—Persian Stoves—Light Through Metal—Good as An Experiment—Edible Nests (illustrated)—Bird Railroad-Travelers, 234; Introduction—Nature's Paddle-Boats—Tiny Trees—Birds and Telegraph-Wires—"Walton's Kitty" Again—Flint Once was Sponge—Some Old Puzzles—The Newest Fashion—To Surprise a Dog—The Kindergarten at Home—Kaffir Ironing—Slippers for Horses, 298; Introduction—How Cherry Played with Water—Three Spiders—Special Dispatch—About Parrots—The Writing of the Pulse (illustrated)—A Peruvian Bonanza—Lumber and Timber—Queer Names for Towns—Answers to Riddles, 370; Hair-Braids in the Olden Time—Knots and the North Pole—The Trailing Arbutus—Mira in Cetus—A Rare Specimen—A Sardonic Grin—A Poser from the Little Schoolma'am (illustrated)—Greenland—The Feast of Kites—About Solutions of Riddles, 438; Introduction—Trimmings for Cows—Feet and Wings—Cetus Not Cygnus—A Text—A Remedy for Hard Times—A Queer Churn—Cats in Spain—"Sincere" Statues—Fools' Caps for Crows (illustrated)—Ancients and Moderns—Lumber and Timber Again, 506; Introduction—A Rope of Eggs—Conversation by Fisticuffs—A Horse that Loved Tea—Tongues which Carry Teeth—Dizzy Distances—Land that Increases in Height—The Angered Goose (illustrated)—A City Under the Water—Reflection, 566; Introduction—Ariosto's Fairy Story—A Congress of Birds—Midsummer Noon—Pigs with Solid Hoofs, and Pigs that are not Pigs—Jack—"Take That"—Ants Again (illustrated)—Air that Sings and Talks—Plants with Hair—An Odd Hymn—Ancients and Moderns Once More—The Incomplete Text, 634; Introduction—Hearing Flies Walk—A Crab that Mows Grass—Washerwomen in Tubs—Mice in a Piano—Rattle-Boxes—A Mother with Two Million Children—A Chinese Floating Village (illustrated)—Information Wanted—A Bird that Sews—A Bee "Sold," 698; Introduction—Moqui-Peekee—Potato-Blossoms as Ornaments—Sharp-Witted Robins—A Very Dead Language—A Plant that Walks Upside Down—The Smallest Insect Known—A Water Spout (illustrated)—The Uses of Hair on Plants—Dark Suns, 762; Introduction—The Largest Man—Catching Birds on the Wing—The Bee and the Anemone—Frangipani Scent and Puddings—A Sealed Postman—Wind-Harps—"The Joy of the Desert" (Illustrated)—Babies in Boots—Rook Coverts and Blackbird Powwows—An Interval not on the Programme, 826.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS. (Illustrated.)

Little Tweet, 64; Baby-Bo—Arthur and His Pony, 158; Three Smart Little Foxes, 232; Tommy's Three Horses—The Chickens That Would not be Tame, 296; Tidy and Violet: or, The Two Donkeys, 368; Tabby's Ride—Lullaby, 440; Discontented Polly, 504; "Fiddle-diddle-dee!" 568; The Story Little Nell Read, 632; Alice's Supper, 696; Hiddy-Diddy—The Squirrels and the Chestnut-Burr, 760; Hare and Hounds, 824.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

Two Young Martyrs (Picture)—"Too-Loo"—Mary and her Lamb—The Death of Prince William—Allie's Sunshine—"H'm. Does your Mother know you're out?" (Picture), 162.

THE LETTER-BOX.....69, 164, 236, 300, 372, 444, 508, 572, 636, 700, 764, 828

RIDDLE-BOX.....71, 166, 238, 302, 374, 446, 510, 574, 638, 702, 766, 830

FRONTISPIECES.—"Onward with her precious burden, through shot and shell." Frontispiece of Volume—King Richard II. and his Child-Queen, 1—The Holy Family, 73—Two Ways of Carrying the Mail, 169—After the Snow-Storm, 241—A Horse at Sea, 305—Mandy and Bub by the Nets, 449—Kitty and the Turkish Merchant, 377—A Brave Girl, 513—Building the Cheese-Press, 641—Shipwrecked, 705—The Noon Encampment, 769.



KING RICHARD II. AND HIS CHILD-QUEEN.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1877. NO. 1.

[Copyright, 1877, by Scribner & Co.]

A CHILD QUEEN.

BY CECILIA CLEVELAND.

I WONDER how many of the little girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS are fond of history? If they answer candidly, I do not doubt that a very large proportion will declare that they prefer the charming stories they find in ST. NICHOLAS to the dull pages of history, with its countless battles and murdered sovereigns. But history is not every bit dull, by any means, as you will find if your elder sisters and friends will select portions for you to read that are suitable to your age and interests. Perhaps you are very imaginative, and prefer fairy tales to all others. I am sure, then, that you will like the story I am about to tell you, of a little French princess, who was married and crowned Queen of England when only eight years old, and who became a widow at twelve.

This child-sovereign was born many hundred years ago—in 1387—at the palace of the Louvre in Paris, of whose noble picture-gallery I am sure you all have heard,—if, indeed, many of you have not seen it yourselves. She was the daughter of the poor King Charles VI., whose misfortunes made him insane, and for whose amusement playing-cards were invented, and of his queen, Isabeau of Bavaria, a beautiful but very wicked woman. Little Princess Isabella was the eldest of twelve children. She inherited her mother's beauty, and was petted by her parents and the entire court of France.

King Richard II. of England, who was a widower about thirty years old, was urged to marry again; and, instead of selecting a wife near his own age, his choice fell upon little Princess Isabella.

"She is much too young," he was told. "Even in five or six years she will not be old enough to be married." The king, however, thought this objection too trifling to stand in the way of his marriage, and saying, "The lady's age is a fault that every day will remedy," he sent a magnificent embassy to the court of France, headed by the Archbishop of Dublin, and consisting of earls, marshals, knights, and squires of honor uncounted, with attendants to the number of five hundred.

When the embassy reached Paris, and the offer of marriage had been formally accepted, the archbishop and the earls asked to see the little princess who was soon to become their queen. At first the French Council refused, saying so young a child was not prepared to appear on public occasions, and they could not tell how she might behave. The English noblemen were so solicitous, however, that at last she was brought before them. The earl marshal immediately knelt before her, and said, in the old-fashioned language of the time: "Madam, if it please God, you shall be our lady and queen."

Queen Isabeau stood at a little distance, curious and anxious, no doubt, to know how her little daughter would answer this formal address. To her great pleasure, and the great surprise of all present, Princess Isabella replied:

"Sir, if it please God and my father that I be Queen of England, I shall be well pleased, for I am told I shall then be a great lady."

Then, giving the marshal her tiny hand to kiss, she bade him rise from his knees, and leading him to her mother, she presented him to her with the grace and ease of a mature woman.

According to the fashion of the time, Princess Isabella was immediately married by proxy, and

received the title of Queen of England. Froissart, a celebrated historian living at that epoch, says: "It was very pretty to see her, young as she was, practicing how to act the queen."

In a few days, King Richard arrived from England with a gay and numerous retinue of titled ladies to attend his little bride. After many grand festivities they were married and were taken in state to England, where the Baby Queen was crowned in the famous Westminster Abbey.

I must not forget to describe the magnificent *trousseau* that the King of France gave his little daughter. Her dowry was 800,000 francs ($160,000); her coronets, rings, necklaces, and jewelry of all sorts, were worth 500,000 crowns; and her dresses were of surpassing splendor. One was a robe and mantle of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold birds perched on branches of pearls and emeralds, and another was trimmed with pearl roses. Do you think any fairy princess could have had a finer bridal outfit?

When the ceremonies of the coronation were over, little Isabella's life became a quiet routine of study; for, although a reigning sovereign, she was in the position of that young Duchess of Burgundy of later years, who at the time of her marriage could neither read nor write. This duchess, who married a grandson of Louis XIV. of France, was older than Queen Isabella—thirteen years old; and as soon as the wedding festivities were over, she was sent to school in a convent, to learn at least to read, as she knew absolutely nothing save how to dance. Queen Isabella, however, was not sent away to school, but was placed under the care of a very accomplished lady, a cousin of the king, who acted as her governess. In her leisure hours, the king, who was a fine musician, would play and sing for her, and, history gravely informs us, he would even play dolls with her by the hour!

But King Richard's days of quiet pleasure with his child-wife were at last disturbed, and he was obliged to leave her and go to the war in Ireland. The parting was very sad and affecting, and they never met again.

While King Richard was in Ireland, his cousin, Henry of Lancaster, afterward Henry IV., took possession of the royal treasury, and upon the return of Richard from his unfortunate campaign, marched at the head of an army and made a prisoner of him, lodging him in that grim Tower of London from which so few prisoners ever issued alive.

Meantime, the poor little queen was hurried from one town to another, her French attendants were taken from her, and the members of her new household were forbidden ever to speak to her of the husband she loved so dearly. Finally, it was rumored that Richard had escaped. Instantly, this extraordinary little girl of eleven issued a proclamation saying that she did not recognize Henry IV. (for he was now crowned King of England) as sovereign; and she set out with an army to meet her husband. The poor child was bitterly disappointed upon learning that the rumor was false, and her husband was still a prisoner, and before long she also was again a prisoner of Henry IV., this time closely guarded.

In a few months Richard was murdered in prison by order of King Henry, and his queen's childish figure was shrouded in the heavy crape of her widow's dress. Her superb jewelry was taken from her and divided among the children of Henry IV., and she was placed in still closer captivity. Her father, the King of France, sent to demand that she should return to him, but for a long time King Henry refused his consent. Meantime, she received a second offer of marriage from —strange to say—the son of the man who had killed her husband and made her a prisoner, but a handsome, dashing young prince, Harry of Monmouth, often called "Madcap Hal." Perhaps you have read, or your parents have read to you, extracts from Shakspeare's "Henry IV.," so that you know of the wild exploits of the Prince of Wales with his friends, in turning highwayman and stealing purses from travelers, often saying,

"Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?"

and finding himself in prison sometimes as a result of such amusements? Isabella was a child of decided character, and truly devoted to the memory of her husband, and much as she had enjoyed her rank she refused to continue it by marrying handsome Madcap Hal, although he offered himself to her several times, and even as she was embarking for France.

Poor little Isabella, who had left France so brilliantly, returned a sad child-widow, and all that remained to her of her former splendor was a silver drink-cup and a few saucers. As Shakspeare says:

"My queen to France, from whence set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or shortest day."

She was received throughout France with joy, and tears of sympathy.

When Isabella was eighteen, Madcap Hal again offered his hand to her, supposing she had forgotten her former prejudice, but although she married again she was so far faithful to the memory of her English husband that she would not accept the son of his murderer. Some years later, when Prince Hal was king, he married her beautiful sister Katherine.

Isabella's second husband was her cousin, the Duke of Orleans, whose beautiful poems are con-

sidered classic in France. Again she was the joy of her family and the pride of France, but all her happiness was destined to be fleeting, for she survived her marriage only one year. Her husband, who loved her fondly, wrote after her death:

"Alas!
Death, who made thee so bold,
To take from me my lovely princess,
Who was my comfort, my life,
My good, my pleasure, my riches?
Alas! I am lonely, bereft of my mate
Adieu! my lady, my lily!
Our loves are forever severed."

And in another poem, full of expressions that show how very devoted was his affection for her, he says:

"Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue,
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true.

"And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved—'Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.'"

Farewell, sweet Isabella!—a wife at eight, a widow at twelve, and dead at twenty-two,—your life was indeed short, and, though not without happy days, sorrow blended largely with its joy!

CHASED BY WOLVES.

By George Dudley Lawson.

Some forty years ago the northern part of the State of New York was very sparsely settled. In one of the remote counties, which for a name's sake we will call Macy County, a stout-hearted settler, named Devins, posted himself beyond the borders of civilization, and hewed for his little family a home in the heart of a forest that extended all the way from Lake Champlain to Lake Ontario. His nearest neighbor was six miles away, and the nearest town nearly twenty; but the Devinses were so happy and contented that the absence of company gave them no concern.

It was a splendid place to live in. In summer the eye ranged from the slope where the sturdy pioneer had built his house over miles and miles of waving beech and maple woods, away to the dark line of pines on the high ground that formed the horizon. In the valley below, Otter Creek, a tributary of the St. Lawrence, wound its sparkling way northward. When Autumn painted the scene in brilliant hues, and it lay glowing under the crimson light of October sunsets, the dullest observer could not restrain bursts of admiration.

Mr. Devins's first attack on the stubborn forest had been over the brow of the hill, some four miles nearer Owenton, but his house was burned down before he had taken his family there from Albany. He had regretted that he had not "pitched his tent" on the slope of Otter Creek; so now he began with renewed energy his second home, in which the closing in of the winter of 1839 found him. He had sixty acres of rich soil under cultivation at the time of which we are to speak, his right-hand man being his son Allan,—a rugged, handsome, intelligent boy of sixteen.

The winter of '39 was a terrible one; snow set in before the end of November, and, even in the open country, lay upon the ground until the beginning of April, while in the recesses of the forest it was found as late as the middle of June. There was great distress among the settlers outside of the bounds of civilization, to whom the deep snow was an impassable barrier. The Devinses neither saw nor heard from their nearest neighbors from the first of December till near the beginning of February, when a crust was formed upon the snow sufficiently firm to bear the weight of a man, and a friendly Cayuga Indian brought them news of how badly their neighbors fared.

Mr. Devins was especially touched by the bad case of his friend Will Inman, who lived on the nearest farm. The poor man lay ill of a fever; Mrs. Inman was dead and temporarily buried, until her body could be removed to the cemetery in Owenton, and all the care of the family devolved upon Esther, his daughter, fourteen years old. After a short consultation, the next morning breaking bright and clear though very cold, it was determined to allow Allan to go over the hill to Inman's, bearing medicine, tea, and other little necessaries for the family. He was impressively warned to begin his return at so early an hour that he might reach home before the short day's end, especially because of the danger from wild animals. The severity of the winter had made the wolves more venturesome and dangerous than they had been for

many years. Mr. Devins had lost several sheep and hogs, and deemed it unsafe for any of his family to be caught far from the house at night.

Allan armed himself with his light rifle, put some biscuits and cold meat in a pouch strapped to his waist, mounted one of the strong farm-horses, and set out on his journey. The road through the forest was better than he expected to find it, as the snow had been drifted off, but at the turns, and in the thickest part of the wood, his horse floundered through drifts more than breast high; and more than once Allan had to dismount and beat a path ahead. Therefore, he did not reach Inman's till two o'clock, and, by the time he had helped Esther about her work, assisted her young brother to get in a good supply of wood, and made things more comfortable for the invalid, it was almost sundown. He stoutly refused to wait for supper, declaring that the luncheon still in his pouch would serve, and started just as the short twilight came on. He was a brave lad, and, with no thought of peril, went off, kissing his hand gayly to Esther.

It took him an hour to traverse the first three miles, and then he came to a stretch of comparatively bare ground leading through his father's old clearing, and almost to the top of the hill back of Mr. Devins's house. He was just urging old Bob into a trot, when a long, clear howl broke upon his ear; then another and another answered from east and south. He knew what that meant. It was the cry of the advance-guard of a pack of wolves.

The howling sounded near, and came swiftly nearer, as though the wolves had found his tracks and scented their prey. Old Bob trembled in every limb, and seemed powerless to move. Allan realized that he could not, before dark, reach home through the drifts ahead, and the increasing cold of the advancing night would render a refuge in a tree-top probably as deadly as an encounter with the pack.

Presently there came a cry, shriller and sharper than before, and Allan, looking back, saw a great, lean, hungry gray wolf burst from the underbrush into the road, followed by dozens more; and in a moment the road behind him was full of wolves, open-mouthed and in keen chase. Their yells now seemed notes of exultation, for the leader of the pack—the strongest, fleetest, hungriest one among them—was within a dozen yards of Allan, who was now riding faster than ever old Bob had gone before or ever would go again. Excitement made the lad's blood boil in his veins, and he determined to show fight. The moon had risen, and the scene was almost as light as day. Now he could count the crowding host of his enemies, and just as he broke from the forest road into the old clearing, he turned in his saddle and fired. The foremost of the pack rolled over and over; the rest gathered around and tore their leader in pieces.

By the time they resumed the chase, Allan was a hundred yards ahead with his rifle loaded. He determined to make a running fight of it to the hill, where he was sure of meeting his father, or could take to a tree and shoot until help came. This had hardly flashed through his brain when, right ahead of him, a detachment of the pack sprang into the road and answered with double yells the cries of the rest coming up behind. The horse wheeled suddenly, almost unseating Allan, and dashed across the clearing toward the wood; but he had not taken a dozen bounds when a wolf sprang upon him. Old Bob reared and fell, pitching Allan nearly twenty feet ahead, and was covered with wolves before he could regain his footing. That was the last of poor old Bob.

But Allan! What of him? When he recovered from the effects of the shock, he found himself over head and ears in snow. He had no idea where he was, but struggled and plunged in vain endeavors to extricate himself, until at last he broke into a space that was clear of snow, but dark as Erebus, damp and close. Feeling about him he discovered over his head logs resting slantingly against the upper edge of a pit, and then he knew that he was in the cellar of the old house his father had built, and which had been burned down nine years before! The cellar was full of snow, except at the corner roofed over by the fallen logs, and Allan, bursting through the snow into the empty corner, was as secure from the wolves as though seated by his father's fireside. It was not nearly as cold in there as outside, and he found a dry spot upon which he lay down to think.

He was in no danger of freezing to death, his food would keep him from starvation a week at least, and Allan concluded that, with the first glimpse of dawn, his father would be in search of him, and, following the tracks, find old Bob's bones, and quickly rescue him from his predicament. He reasoned wisely enough, but the elements were against him. Before sunrise a furious storm of wind and snow had completely obliterated every trace of horse, rider and wolves.

At home, as the night wore on, the anxiety of the family had increased. While they were watching the gathering storm, they heard the long, dismal howl of the wolves coming over the hill. The chill of fear that they should never see the boy again settled down upon all their hearts, until the house was as dreary within as the winter waste and gloomy forest were without.

Meanwhile the brave youth was sound asleep, dreaming as peacefully as though snugly resting with his brother in his warm bed at home. He

slumbered on unconscious of the raging storm without, and did not awake until late the next forenoon. It took him several seconds to realize where he was and how he came there, but gradually he remembered his ride for life, the falling of his horse, his struggle in the snow, and his breaking into the protected space where he lay.

The storm lasted all day and far into the succeeding night. Allan ate slightly, quenched his thirst with a few drops of water obtained by melting snow in the palm of his hand, and began casting about for means to get out. He soon found that to dig his way up through the mass of snow that filled the cellar was beyond his powers. If he could have made a succession of footholds, the task would have been easy; but all his efforts only tended to fill his retreat, without bringing him nearer the air. As soon as he saw this, he gave himself up to calmly waiting for help from without.

The second morning of his imprisonment broke clear and cheerful, and Mr. Devins set out to search for traces of his boy. He visited the Inmans' and learned the particulars of Allan's stay and departure, then mournfully turned his face homeward, his heart filled with despair. When he emerged from the forest into the clearing, he met the Indian who had visited him a few days before, and he told the red man of Allan's loss. The Indian stood a moment in deep thought, and then asked:

"No horse, no boy back there?" pointing to the road just traversed by Mr. Devins.

"No. I have looked carefully, and if there had been a trace left by the recent storm I should have detected it."

"Ugh! well, me come over the hill; nothing that way either; then they here."

"Why do you think so?"



"OLD BOB FELL, PITCHING ALLAN AHEAD."

"Ah! me know wolves. When Allan come to this place they ahead; horse turn; wolves caught 'em this side woods; we look there," and Tayenathonto pointed to the very course taken by the horse and rider.

It so happened when Allan was thrown from the horse's back that his rifle flew from his hand and struck, muzzle down, in a hollow stump, where, imbedded in the snow, it stood like a sign to mark the scene of the last struggle of the lost boy. The snow had whitened all its hither side. When the Indian came abreast of it, he cried:

"Told you so! See! Allan's gun! And here

rest of 'em," pointing to the little heap over the ruins of the old cabin.

Kicking the snow hastily aside, the Indian examined the ground carefully a moment and then said: "No, only horse; Allan further on."

The Indian, with head bent down, walked quickly forward, threw up his arms, and disappeared. He had stepped over the clean edge of the cellar and sunk exactly as Allan had. A few desperate plunges sufficed to take the strong Indian through the intervening snow and into the protected corner where Allan, just rousing from his second sleep, sat bolt upright. The Indian's coming disturbed the snow so that a glimmer of light penetrated into the dark space. Allan supposed a wolf had found its way down there, and hastily drew his large knife, bracing himself for an encounter.

The Indian sputtered, thrashed about to clear himself from the snow, and in so doing rapped his head smartly against the low ceiling of logs.

"Waugh! waugh!" exclaimed he. "Too much low; Indian break 'em head; look out."

Allan instantly recognized the voice of the Indian, his comrade on many a fishing and hunting tour.

"Tayenathonto!" he cried, "dear old fellow, who would have thought of you finding me!"

The Indian quietly replied:

"Tayenathonto no find; come like water-fall; could n't help his self."

A very few minutes sufficed to put both on the surface again, where Allan was received "like one come from the dead," and closely folded in his father's arms. Oh, the joy of that embrace! The past grief and suffering were forgotten in the bliss of that moment.

The Indian had to return with the happy father and son to their home, where he was hailed as Allan's rescuer, and enjoyed to the full a share of the festivities.

In after years Allan married Esther Inman, and now, by the fireside in winter, he tells his grandchildren of his escape from the wolves, and the little ones never tire of petting their faithful old Tayenathonto.



THERE was an old person of Crewd,
Who said, "We use saw-dust for food;
It 's cheap by the ton,
And it nourishes one,
And that 's the main object of food."

MOLLIE'S BOYHOOD.

By Sarah E. Chester.

A LITTLE girl sat squeezed in between an old fat man and his old bony wife in a crowded hall on a sultry evening in October. On one side it was as if feather pillows loomed above her with intent to smother; on the other, sharp elbows came into distressing contact with her ribs. The windows were open; but the hall had not been built with reference to transmitting draughts on suffocating nights for the benefit of packed audiences; and everybody gasped for breath, though everybody fanned—that is, everybody who had a fan, a newspaper, a hat, or a starched handkerchief. Mollie had neither fan, newspaper, hat, nor handkerchief, and yet she of all the audience gasped unawares. She was stifled, but happy. Elbows and bad air might do their worst; her body suffered, but her spirit soared. She was lifted above her neighbors, into an atmosphere where she was conscious of nothing but the eloquence that fell in such soft tones from the lips of the beautiful woman on the stage.

Mollie was fatherless and brotherless. She had no male cousins within a thousand miles. Her only uncle, two blocks off, was a man whose dinners rebelled against digestion, and who might have been beyond the seas for all the good he did her. They were a feminine family,—Mollie, her mother, the old cat and her kittens three,—bereft of masculine rule and care, and in need of money earned by masculine hands.

The mother bore losses and lacks with the philosophy of her age; but Mollie's age was only twelve, and knew not philosophy. She realized that she was a mistake. She was miserably aware that she was a mistake which could never be corrected. Friends repeatedly assured her that it was a great pity she had not been born a boy, and tantalized her with boyhood's possibilities. Frequent mention was made of ways in which she might minister to her mother's comfort if she were a son; and all Mollie's day-dreams were visions of that gallant son's achievements. She used to close her eyes and see wings and bay-windows growing around their little cottage and making it a mansion; their old clothes gliding away, and fine new robes stepping into their places; strong servants working in the kitchen; pictures stealing up the walls, and luxuries scattering themselves hither and thither, till she felt the spirit of the boy within her, and seemed equal to the deeds he would have done. Then she used to open her eyes wide to the fact of her girlhood and have little seasons of despair.

This had been going on a long time, the visions, their destruction by facts, and the consequent despair; for, of course, she had always believed there was nothing to be done. And now here was one telling her that something could be done—that she, even she, the little girl Mollie, had equal rights with boys, and that it was not only her privilege but her duty to claim them. Here was one exhorting her to throw off the yoke of her girlhood, talking of a glorious career that might be hers, of emancipation and liberty, of a womanhood grand as manhood itself. And how the tremendous sentiments, so beautifully uttered, thrilled through Mollie from the crown of her hat to the toes of her boots! She would have given worlds for one glance from that bravest of her sex who had thrown off the yoke, and for a chance to ask her just how she did it. For while Mollie had fully made up her mind to wear her yoke no longer, she did not know exactly by what means to become an emancipated creature. As she walked home with her hand in that of the fat gentleman who had treated her to the lecture, she reached the conclusion that no special instructions had been given because it was taken for granted that each woman's nobler instincts would guide her. She entered the gate a champion of freedom, a believer in the equality of the sexes—a girl bound to be a boy, and trusting to her nobler instincts to teach her how.

No trembling and glancing back over her shoulder for goblins and burglars to-night as she put the key into the door! No scared chattering of teeth in the dark hall! No skipping three steps at a time up the stairs pursued by imaginary hands that would grip at her ankles! She faced the darkness with wide-open eyes, instead of feeling her way with lids squeezed down as had been her custom; and when eyes seemed to look back at her from the darkness, her boyhood laughed at her girlhood, and she did not quicken her pace. But—Mollie was glad to step into the room where the light burned. Her mother had gone to bed early with one of her tired-out headaches, and she only half woke to see that her little girl was safely in. Mollie kissed her softly (for boys may kiss their mothers softly) and took the lamp into the little room beyond, where she always slept.

The first thing that she did was to look in the glass. What a girlish little face it was! How foolishly its dimples came and went with its smiles! In what an effeminate manner the hair crinkled above it, and then went rambling off into half a yard of stylish disorder! Mollie lifted the hair in

her hand and surveyed it thoughtfully. Then she took a thoughtful survey of the scissors in her work-basket. Then she reached them. She allowed herself a moment of conscientious reflection; then the boy's naughty spirit crept down through her fingers and set the scissors flying, and the deed was done.

It was not easy to satisfy her mother's amazement and vexation in the morning; but Mollie stumbled through it and went to school. There opportunities were few. She coaxed her teacher to let her study book-keeping, and took one disagreeable lesson in its first principles; but she accomplished nothing else that day except the putting of a general check upon weak-minded inclinations to be frolicsome.

But that evening there was a fair sky, one of the soft, deep skies that make imaginative little girls' brains dizzy; and Mollie tramped down the gravel path to the gate and leaned over; then she soon nestled her head in her arms and looked up and lost herself. Boyhood was far from her dreamy fancies, when they were scattered by a tweak at one of her cropped locks.

"What does this mean?" asked the voice of the neighbor over the fence. "How came it to be done without my leave?"

"Don't I look manly, Mr. John?" said Mollie.

"What does it mean?" said he, severely.

"That would be telling," said Mollie.

"I intend that you shall tell me," said he.

"Oh, it's a secret!" said Mollie.

"All the better; we'll keep it together. Tell it."

He was a grown-up man, nearer thirty than twenty years old, who stooped to take an interest in his neighbor's little girl, and flattered himself that he was bringing her up in the way she should go. It amused him in his leisure moments to try the experiment of rearing a girl to be as unlike as possible the girl of the period.

From mere force of habit, Mollie opened her mouth and poured out her heart to him. He seemed quite impressed by the solemn confession. Mollie studied his face closely while she was speaking, and saw nothing but a grave and earnest interest in her project. She could not see deep enough to discover the indignation that was fuming over the loss of her pretty locks, and the purpose that was brewing to cure her of her folly.

"Don't have any half-way work about it, Mollie," said Mr. John. "Do the thing thoroughly, if you undertake it." "Oh yes, indeed!" said Mollie.

"If you should need an occasional reminder, I will try and help you," said he; "for of course it wont do to be off guard at all. But now get your hat, and we'll go for some ice-cream. I know you need cooling off this warm evening."

Mollie skipped about to run toward the house.

"Be careful of your steps," he called; and she tramped as boyishly as she could.

"No, don't take hold of my hand," as she came back and slipped her fingers in his. "Put your hands in your pockets."

"I've only one pocket," she answered meekly, putting her right hand in it.

"Difficulties at once, are n't there?" said Mr. John. "Your clothes want reforming, you see. You'll have to put on Bloomers."

"Oh!" said Mollie.

"I'm afraid you're not very much in earnest," he said. "You surely are not frightened by a trifle like that?" Mollie looked up imploringly.

"Must I?" she asked.

"Well," he answered, her earnestness making him fear that she would actually appear publicly in masculine array, "I don't know that it is necessary at present. A few days wont matter; and, after a while, it will seem to you the natural way to dress."

He was so faithful that evening in reminding her of her short-comings that their *tête-à-tête* over the little table in the ice-cream saloon, which usually was so cosey and delightful, was quite spoiled. She went to sleep regretting that she had taken Mr. John into her confidence and made it necessary for him to treat her as a boy.

She did not see him again for several days; and meanwhile she had taken her lessons in book-keeping, practiced the writing hours on heavy masculine strokes, learned to walk without dancing little whirligigs on her tiptoes every other minute, and made some progress in the art of whistling. She felt that she had done much to earn his commendation, and was anxious for a meeting.

On the way home from school, one afternoon, she saw his sister's baby at the window—the roundest, fattest, whitest and sweetest of all the babies that had taken up an abode in Mollie's heart, where babies innumerable were enshrined. There it was, being danced in somebody's hands before the window, and reaching out its ten dear little fingers to beckon her in.

She was quickly in, regardless of her gait. In a moment from the time the tempting vision appeared she was cuddling it in her arms, glibly talking the nonsense that it loved to hear, and kissing and petting it to her heart's content. She was so absorbed that she did not hear Mr. John come in; and he was close by her when she looked up and saw his face—not the genial, welcoming look she had been in the habit of meeting since he became her friend, but one of grave disapproval.

"I am ashamed of you, Mollie," he said. "Boys of your age don't pet babies in that way."

Mollie dropped it—she hardly knew whether on

the floor or the stove—and flew. When she got home, she ran into the little back room that used to be her play-room. She was all ready for a good cry, and she closed the door. Then she thought, what if Mr. John were to see her crying like a girl-baby!—and she marched to the window, and through the dimness in her eyes tried to see something cheering. Her nature was very social, and her need of companionship great at that moment; so she turned to the friend who had been brother, sister and child to her through most of her little girlhood—her big doll Helena, who sat in a chair in the corner beholding her agitation with fixed, compassionless gaze.

"Come here, you dear," said Mollie, folding her tenderly in her arms and finding comfort in the contact of her cold china cheek. She had loved her so long that she had given her a soul; and to Mollie's heart the doll was as fit for loving as if she had had breath and speech. She did not play with her any longer, but Helena was still her dear old friend—an almost human confidant and crony.

As she held her closely, suddenly she thought of Mr. John. If he had objected to the petting of babies, what would he say to dolls? She gave her a frantic kiss, put her away, and turned her back on her to reflect; for she did not mean to shirk the most disagreeable reflections in the new line of duty she had chosen to follow.

If it had really been a human friend whose destinies Mollie considered, she could not have been more serious; and if it had been a human friend whom she at last decided must be put far from her, she could hardly have suffered severer heart-pangs. But she would have no compromising with inclination in this matter. She would be brave and strong, as it became her mother's son to be. So to the lowest depths of the deepest trunk in the garret she mentally consigned Helena. There, beyond the reach of her loving eyes and arms, she should lie in banishment until her heart became callous.

But there was something so repulsive in the idea of smothering human Helena under layers of old garments, that Mollie finally thought of a better way. Helena should no longer be Helena, dear to her heart in all her little feminine adornings and her sympathetic, tender traits of character. She should undergo a change, a radical reform. She, too, should become a boy, and her name should be Thomas. Thenceforth Mollie spent her leisure moments in manufacturing garments suitable for the change; and at last she saw a boy-doll, in roundabout and pantaloons, occupying the chair where Helena had so long sat in dainty dresses. The sight was a perpetual offense to her eyes; but she bore it bravely, keeping in store for herself a reward of merit in Mr. John's approval. She did not fail to mention to him Helena's reform the next time they met, which was one morning before breakfast. She was sweeping the front steps when he came and leaned over the fence and called her.

She shouldered the broom, as she had seen men shoulder implements of labor,—hoes, rakes, etc.,—and tramped toward him. Mr. John watched her, with an expression of disgust under his mustache.

"Well, Bob," he said, "I 'm glad to see you out so early. Form good habits before you 're grown, and when you come to manhood you 'll make money by it. Where are your Bloomers to-day? It is n't possible your mind 's not made up to them yet?"

There was something in Mr. John's tone and manner which did not seem quite courteous to Mollie; but she had hardly hung her head when he began to talk in his old half-fatherly, half-brotherly fashion; and then, in the lively conversation, she found a chance to introduce Thomas. Mr. John gave her a long, solemn, searching look.

"Mollie," he said, "I am very much afraid you will never succeed as a boy. It seems to me that even an ordinarily masculine girl of your age would have been clear-headed enough to see the absurdity of your little farce. It is nothing but a farce, mere babyishness. You have been playing with yourself and with your doll. No boy could have done it."

There was a short pause; then Mollie's voice piped out into a humble question as to what course a boy would have pursued in the matter.

"Why, that is clear enough," said Mr. John. "If you want to do what a boy would do, dispose of the doll on the shortest notice. Get it out of your sight and mind as soon as possible, and then never give it any more thought than you 'd give the rattle you used to shake when you were a baby, or the rubber ring you cut your teeth on."

Could he be made to understand the immense difference between Helena and other toys? Could any words explain to him about the soul that had grown out of Mollie's love into the cloth and sawdust body? Mollie looked up to catch a sympathetic expression that should help her to tell him; but she did not find it.

"You don't understand," she said desperately.

"No?" said he.

"Mr. John," said Mollie, not looking him in the eye, "when you have a doll as long as I have had Helena, it is only natural that she should seem to you like a live person. If I did n't play with her at all, she 'd seem real to me, and I should n't like to have her go away any more than I would mother."

"Which tells the secret that you have some sort of human fondness for the lifeless bundle of rags," said Mr. John, "and proves what I feared, that you are a very weak-minded little girl, Mollie."

"You wont believe in me at all," said Mollie.

"You wont think I am doing my best, and that I ever succeed. You are not like you used to be."

"That naturally follows *your* being different," said Mr. John. "Of course, we can't have the same feelings toward each other now as when you were contented to be a little girl and to let me treat you as one. I 'm sorry you don't find me as agreeable as before, Mollie; but you must acknowledge that I am acting as a friend in doing all that I can to help you in your dear project."

"It is n't dear!" burst forth Mollie, indignantly. "I hate it!—but I 'll never give it up!"

"Of course not," Mr. John said. "Then I presume you are all ready to part with Helena."

"I 'll go and get her," said Mollie.

No one saw the parting in the play-room. It was quickly over, and she was back by the fence.

"Give her to Bessie," said Mollie, putting Helena and her wardrobe into Mr. John's arms. Bessie was one of his many nieces.

"To Bessie!" said he. "Where you can feel that she is away on a visit; where you know that she will be petted and cared for; where you can see her occasionally. If you are sincere in this matter, Mollie, send her off where you can no longer care to think of her. Our ash-man would be very glad to carry her home to his little girls."

Mollie's hands made a wild dive toward Helena as a vision of the little grimy man who crept into their areas for ashes rose before her.

"Decide now," said Mr. John. "Take your doll and be Mollie Kelly again, or be a boy and give her to the ash-man's children without a pang."

Mollie hung her head. There was color coming and going in her cheeks, her fingers trembled,—how they longed to snatch Helena!—and her mind was full of indecision. Mr. John watched her closely, and he thought he saw the tide turning in favor of her girlhood. He held the doll nearer that it might tempt her fingers; but, on the instant, she turned and ran away. He tucked Helena under his coat and carried her upstairs and locked her in a drawer, there to abide until Mollie should want her again.

That was a gloomy day to Mollie. She was out of humor with her boyhood She was ashamed of herself one moment for bewailing Helena, and furious the next with Mr. John and the ash-man. She felt cross and discouraged, and was glad when the darkness came, and she could go to bed and sleep. But the next morning she was in no cheerier, braver frame of mind; and she walked home at noon, considering plain sewing *versus* book-keeping as a means of subsistence. Mr. John would have rejoiced if he could have seen his "little leaven" working.

"The gutters on the roof are full of leaves, Mollie," said her mother as she came in. "Stop on your way back to school and send Michael to clean them out. I think we are going to have rain, and we don't want them washed into the pipes."

"How much will he charge, mother?"

"About fifty cents."

"That fifty cents shall buy something for you," said Mollie to herself. "The boy of the family shall clean the roof."

There was just enough recklessness in her mood to make her rather enjoy than fear the prospect. She left her mother getting dinner, and took a broom and escaped up the garret stairs and through the scuttle. The roof did not slope steeply, and she let herself down with an easy slide to the rear eaves. She rested her feet on the edge of the house and swept as far as her arms would reach east and west. Then she shifted her position and swept again until the whole length was clean.

She heard her mother calling her to dinner, but she had the front gutter yet to sweep, and, climbing up, went down on the other side. There was a thought which gave zest to her work on that side,—Mr. John would be coming home that way to dinner and would see her. Besides, other people would see her, and no passer-by should say that she did not do her work as thoroughly and fearlessly as any boy. She had taken for granted that Mr. John's eyes would be drawn upward; but when he had walked almost by, looking straight ahead, she sent him a shrill call. He looked at the windows, around the yard, and even as far up as the trees.

"On the roof," screamed Mollie, and in her excitement she forgot her situation and lost her balance and slipped,—not far, but one foot went out beyond the eaves into the air. The other one rallied to the rescue, supported her whole weight, and helped her to regain her position. Danger was over in a moment, but it had been danger of death, and Mollie's heart beat wildly, and a faintness came over her. Still through it all she was able to see Mr. John's approving smile as he lifted his hat and waved it gayly in applause.

"He would n't care if I had fallen and been killed," thought Mollie, as she recovered herself. "All he wants is to have me succeed in being a horrid boy. I 've a mind to give it up just to spite him."

She could not know—so successfully had he concealed his agitation under that bland smile—how faint he, too, had been in the moment of her danger, nor how fast his heart was still beating as he walked on, nor what resolves he was forming to put a speedy end to her boyhood.

He stopped on his way back from dinner to tell her that he had engaged to take a party of his nephews and nieces nutting that afternoon, and that he wanted her to come.

"It will be so nice to have a big boy on hand, Mollie," said Mr. John, "especially one that is n't afraid of heights. We may have some to climb."

Not a word about her danger and his gladness for her safety, and she knew he had seen her narrow escape. But she felt so gay over memories of Mr. John's nutting parties, and the prospect of another, that she forgave him all, and prepared to be thoroughly happy that afternoon.

School closed at three o'clock, and Mollie flew to Mr. John's yard, where they were all waiting. She came dancing by the gate, her cheeks rosy, her eyes shining,—just her old self, as she had been in the days when no boyhood loomed like an ugly shadow between her and Mr. John. He saw it all, and charged himself to be stony. So he gave no better response to her impulsive greeting than he would have given an ordinary boy. Her spirits fell a degree; but with those happy children bobbing around her, expecting her to be the happiest of all, they could do nothing but rise again.



MOLLIE IS CARED FOR BY THE BOYS.

Mr. John did not offer to lift her over fences as he lifted the other girls; he even called on her to help the little ones over. He held back branches that came across other girls' paths; he let her clear her own way. He carried Kittie and Bessie, and Esther and Dora, over the brook; he let her splash across on the stones with the boys. He gallantly made cups and gave the other girls to drink; he suggested to Mollie that she should scoop the water up in her hand, as he was doing for his own use.

She wished many a time before they came to the walnut-trees that she had staid at home. She wished her boyhood's days were over, or had never been. She could n't bear Mr. John, and all the children noticed that she moped, and asked her why.

Well, there were no nuts when they got there. Mr. John had known there would n't be. They should have come much earlier in the day to find these trees full, and the next trees were too far away. So they concluded to turn their nutting party into a picnic. They had a basket of provisions, and Mr. John sent the big boys into the next lot to get wood for a fire. Then came his grand opportunity for crushing Mollie. He called her, and she ran to him gladly, ready to take him back to her favor on his own terms.

"Please, go and help the boys bring wood for our fire," he said. "They have all gone but you."

She went, but not without giving him a look that actually made him blush for his rudeness. She went with the aspect of a tragedy queen, and by the time she overtook the boys she had calmly made up her mind to two things: never, never again to be friends with Mr. John, and to give up her boyhood just to spite him.

But one more temptation still held her. There was a little cliff over in that next lot, stony and steep, and high enough to make a leap which it was some credit to a boy to achieve. The boys stood on the edge, measuring the distance with experienced eyes and preparing to go over.

Now Mollie as a girl had always been a very good jumper, so she resolved at once to try the leap, and have the report of her valiant deed carried back to Mr. John. She joined the boys, and seeing that one after another went down safely, she soon asked for a turn. She was gravely remon-

strated with. She was overwhelmed with sage masculine advice, but she swept her way clear and jumped—with all the recklessness of her reckless mood. She knew well enough the backward inclination proper for her head, what the relative positions of her knees and chin should be, and if she had taken the least forethought might have redeemed the declining reputation of her boyhood. The knowledge flashed across her in her swift descent that her spine had not preserved the proper perpendicular, and that she was coming down wrong. Chin and knees knocked together as she fell in a heap on the grass below.

It was a caving in of skull, she thought, that made that horrible crashing pain and that sent lightning dancing on a black background before her eyes, then blinded her quite. Nothing but a general chaos of skull and brain could make such terrible pain. She wondered if her friends would be able to recognize one dear lineament in the jumble of her features. She thought what a sad fate it was to die young. She wondered how Mr. John would feel now! and then she found that light dawned upon her and that she had an eye open. In a moment she discovered that the sense of hearing, too, had not abandoned her; for the boys had reached her by this time, and she heard Mr. John's nephew, John, saying:

"She 's knocked her teeth through her lip, that 's all. I did it once when I jumped wrong and hit my chin on my knee. She 'll soon be all right."

Two eyes open now, and she saw a bloody frock, and what seemed an army of boys; for there was something still the matter with her vision which caused it to multiply.

"Boys, boys, nothing but boys!" thought Mollie, dropping her lids. "Where did they all come from, I wonder? There must be a thousand. I never want to see another. I would n't be one for the world. I wish they 'd go away."

Then she felt some one bathing her face gently, and when the water had refreshed her, she ventured another peep at the world. Boys around her still; but she could see now that their number was only four, and the faces those of friends.

"Cheer up, Mollie," said John, jr. "You got a hard knock, but you 're coming on. Bob 's gone for the phaeton, and we 'll have you home in no time."

They propped her up against a tree, and continued to bathe her head with water from Jerry's felt hat, filled at the little brook close by.

All this while Mr. John had been accounting for their absence by supposing that Mollie was taking some sort of revenge on him, and he would permit none of the girls to go in search of the wanderers. Not until Bob and the phaeton appeared did news of Mollie's valiant deed reach him. Then he went to her at once, and saw her pale and bloody.

But to display weakness now might be to lose all, reflected Mr. John; so he kept back the words of sympathy that were on his lips as he leaned down and offered to carry her to the phaeton.

"I prefer to walk, thank you," said Mollie, her pride giving her strength to rise and take the arm which John, jr., stood ready to offer. However, Mr. John forcibly made an exchange, and, in spite of Mollie, half led and half carried her to the road.

"Don't be discouraged, Mollie," he said as he put her in, while Bob was busy at the halter. "The next time you 'll jump like a man."

"That nonsense is all over, thank you," said Mollie, very loftily, though not very clearly, because of her swollen lips. "Think what you please of me," she mumbled. "It is all ended; and it might have ended sooner, too, if I 'd taken better advice."

"With better advice it never would have ended, you contrary little minx," said Mr. John to himself as she drove away.

The doctor came and Mollie was ordered to bed; but even his opiate did not make her sleep. It was soothing, indeed, to lie there in the twilight with her hand in her mother's, and feel that she was her little girl entirely, no more to be her boy while life should last. And pleasant visions of a Gothic school-house, where she should some day be mistress of sweet, rosy-cheeked children, rose gracefully on the ruins of her manly aspirations.

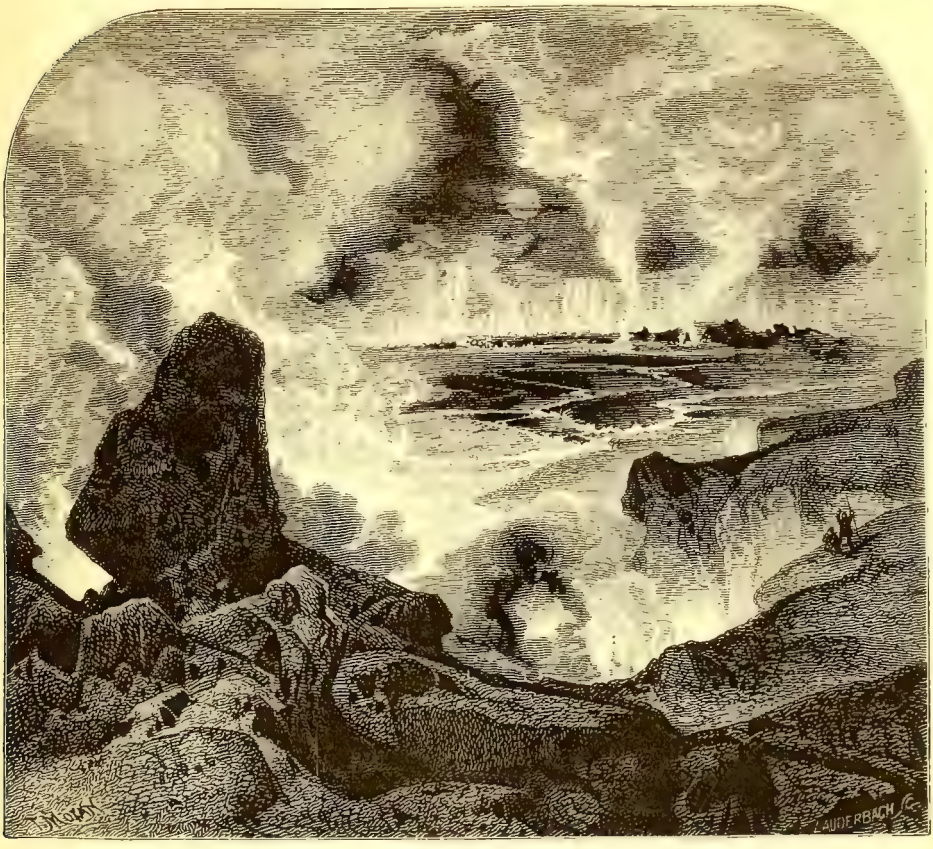
By and by the bell rang, and her mother brought a lamp, and a package which Mollie sat up and opened. There, with a note pinned on the left leg of her trousers and a box of Mollie's best-beloved candies clasped on her jacket, lay Helena.

"I have never been to the ash-man's house, Mother Mollie," said the note. "I have been visiting Mr. John's cuffs and collars in the bureau-drawer. I want my girls' clothes on to-morrow. I claim it as my right. We all have our rights. Put me in dresses and take me home to the play-room. You have your rights too, and I would n't let any one tell me that I had n't a right to be a girl. It is my opinion that if you had been meant for a boy you would have been made one. Come, mother, cuddle me up, and let 's go to sleep and have sweet dreams, and a blithe waking to girlhood in the morning, when we will make up with Mr. John; for he sends these chocolate-creams to let you know that he is sorry."

"So we will, dear," said Mollie, tucking Helena's head under her chin. "You were always wiser than your mother, child."

THE LARGEST VOLCANO IN THE WORLD

By Sarah Coan.



THE LAKE OF FIRE.

"Why, it is n't on the top of a mountain at all! What a humbug my geography must have been!"

So wrote a little fellow to a young friend in America.

He was right. It is n't on the top of a mountain, though the geographies do say, "A volcano is a mountain sending forth fire, smoke and lava," and give the picture of a mountain smoking at the top.

This volcano is nothing of the kind; but is a hideous, yawning black pit at the bottom of a mountain, and big enough to stow away a large city.

Of course you want to know, first, where this wonder is. Get out the map of the Western Hemisphere, put your finger on any of the lines running north and south, through North America, and called meridians; follow it south until you come to the Tropic of Cancer, running east and west; then "left-about-face!" and, following the tropic, sail out into the calm Pacific. After a voyage of about two thousand miles, you 'll run ashore on one of a group of islands marked Sandwich. We will call them Hawaiian, for that is their true name. Not one of the brown, native inhabitants would call them "Sandwich." An English sailor gave them that name, out of compliment to a certain Lord Sandwich.

On the largest of these islands, Hawaii—pronounced "Ha-y-e"—is the volcano, Kilauea, the largest volcano in the world.

We have seen it a great many times, and that you may see it as clearly as possible, you shall have a letter from the very spot. The letter reads:

"Here we are, a large party of us, looking into Kilauea, which is nine miles in circumference, and a thousand feet below us—a pit about seven times as deep as Niagara Falls are high. We came today, on horseback, from Hilo, a ride of thirty miles. Hilo is a beautiful sea-shore village, the largest on the island of Hawaii, and from it all visitors to Kilauea make their start.

"The road over which we came is nothing but a bridle-path, and a very rough one at that, traversing miles and miles of old lava flows. We had almost ridden to the crater's brink before we discovered, in the dim twilight, the awful abyss.

"Before us is the immense pit which, in the day-time, shows only a floor of black lava, looking as smooth as satin; and, miles away, rising out of this floor, are a few slender columns of smoke.

"At night, everything is changed; and you can't conceive of the lurid, demoniacal effect. Each slender column of smoke becomes a pillar of fire that rolls upward, throbbing as it moves, and spreads itself out above the crater like an immense canopy, all ablaze.

"Ships a hundred miles from land see the glow, and we here, on the precipice above, can read ordinary print by its lurid light.

"No wonder the natives worshiped the volcano. They thought it the home of a goddess, whom they named Pélé, and in times of unusual activity believed her to be very angry with them. Then they came in long processions, from the sea-shore villages, bringing pigs, dogs, fowls, and sometimes human beings, for sacrifice. These they threw into the crater, to appease her wrath.

"A small berry, called the ohélo, grows on the banks of the pit, and of these the natives never dared to eat until Pélé had first had her share. Very polite, were they not? And if ever they forgot their manners, I dare say she gave them a shaking up by an earthquake, as a reminder.

"Sandal-wood and strawberries grow all about here—and fleas, too! wicked fleas, that bite voraciously, to keep themselves warm, I think, for here, so far from Pélé's hearth, it is cold, and we sit by a log fire of our own.

"The day after our arrival we went into the crater, starting immediately after an early breakfast. There is but one entrance, a narrow ledge, formed by the gradual crumbling and falling in of the precipice. Along this ledge we slipped and scrambled, making the descent on foot—for no ridden animal has ever been able to descend the trail. Holding on to bushes and snags when the path was dangerously steep, we finally landed below on the black satin floor of lava.

"Satin! What had looked so smooth and tempting from a thousand feet above, turned out to be a surface more troubled and uneven than the ocean's in the most violent storm. And that tiny thread of smoke, toward which our faces were set, lay three miles distant—three miles that were worse than nine on an ordinary road.

"How we worked that passage! up hill and down hill, over hard pointed lava that cut through our shoes like knife blades; over light, crumbled lava, into which we sank up to our knees; over hills of lava that were, themselves, covered with smaller hills; into ravines and over steam-cracks, some of which we could jump with the aid of our long poles, and some of which we had to find our way around; steam-cracks whose depths we could not see, and into which we thrust our walking-sticks, drawing them out charred black or aflame; over lava so hot that we ran as rapidly and lightly as possible, to prevent our shoes being scorched. Three hours of this kind of work for the three miles, and *Hale-mau-mau*, or 'House of Everlasting Fire,' lay spitting and moaning at our feet!

"A lake of boiling lava is what the column of smoke marked out to us,—a pit within a pit,—a lake of raging lava fifty feet below us, of which you have here the picture taken 'from life.'

"It was so hot and suffocating on the brink of this lake that we cut eye-holes in our pocket-handkerchiefs and wore them as masks. Even then we had to run back every few moments for a breath of fresher air, though we were on the windward side of the lake. The gases on the leeward side would suffocate one instantly. Oh, the glory! This Hale-mau-mau, whose fire never goes out, is a huge lake of liquid lava, heaving with groans and thunderings that cannot be described. Around its edge, as you see in the picture, the red lava was spouting furiously. Now and then the center of the lake cooled over, forming a thin crust of black lava, which, suddenly cracking in a hundred directions, let the blood-red fluid ooze up through the seams, looking like fiery snakes.

"Look at the picture, and imagine these enormous slabs of cooled lava slowly raising themselves on end, as if alive, and with a stately motion plunging beneath the sea of fire, with an indescribable roar.

"For three hours we gazed, spell-bound, though it seemed but a few moments: we were chained to the spot, as is every one else who visits Kilauea.

"The wind, as the jets rose in air, spun the molten drops of lava into fine threads, which the natives call Pélé's hair, and very like hair it is.

"All this time, under our feet were rumblings and explosions that made us start and run now and then, for fear of being blown up; coming back again after each fright, unwilling to leave the spot.

"Occasionally, the embankment of the lake cracked off and fell in, being immediately devoured

by the hungry flood. These ledges around Hale-mau-mau are very dangerous to stand upon. A whole family came near losing their lives on one. A loud report beneath their feet and a sudden trembling of the crust made them run for life; and hardly had they jumped the fissure that separated the ledge on which they were standing from more solid footing—separated life from death—than crash went the ledge into the boiling lake!

"Sometimes the lake boils over, like a pot of molasses, and then you can dip up the liquid lava with a long pole. You get quite a lump of it, and by quickly rolling it on the ground mold a cylinder the size of the end of the pole, and about six inches long. Or you can drop a coin into the lava to be imprisoned as it cools.

"A foreigner once imbedded a silver dollar in the hot lava, and gave the specimen to a native; but he immediately threw it on the ground, breaking the lava, of course, and liberating the dollar, which he pocketed, exclaiming: 'Volcano plenty enough, but me not get dollar every day.'

"One of our party collected lava specimens from around Hale-mau-mau, and tied them up in her pocket-handkerchief. Imagine her astonishment on finding, later, they had burned through the linen, and one by one dropped out.

"Terrible as old Pélé is, she makes herself useful, and is an excellent cook. She keeps a great many ovens heated for the use of her guests, and no two at the same temperature, so that you may select one of any heat you wish. In these ovens (steam-cracks) she boils tea, coffee and eggs; or cooks omelets and meats. You wrap the beef or chicken, or whatever meat you may wish to cook, in leaves, and lay it in the steam-crack. Soon it is thoroughly cooked, and deliciously, too.

"She also keeps a tub of warm water always ready for bathers.

"She does n't mean to be laughed at, though, for doing this kind of work, and doing it in an original kind of way. After she has given you one or two sound shakings, which she generally does, you 'll have great respect for the old lady, and feel quite like taking off your hat to her. With the shakings and the thunderings under-foot, and now and then the opening of a long steam-crack, she keeps her visitors quite in awe of her powers, though she is probably several hundred years old.

"Not far from the little hut where we sleep, close to the precipice, is Pélé's great laboratory, where she makes sulphur. We wear our straw hats to the sulphur banks, and she bleaches them for us.

"Well, this is a strange, strange land, old Pélé being only one of its many curiosities.

"I only hope you may all see the active old goddess before she dies. She has n't finished her work yet. Once in a while she runs down to the shore, to bathe and look at the Pacific Ocean, and when there she generally gives a new cape to Hawaii by running out into the sea."

Majestic old Pélé! Long may she live!

MAKING IT SKIP.



"I 'LL make it skip!"
Cried Charley, seizing a bit of stone.
And, in a trice, from our Charley's hand,
With scarce a dip,
Over the water it danced alone,
While we were watching it from the land—
Skip! skip! skip!

"I 'll make it skip!"
Now, somehow, that is our Charley's way:
He takes little troubles that vex one so,
Not worth a flip,
And makes them seem to frolic and play
Just by his way of making them go
Skip! skip! skip!

THE WILLOW WAND.

By A. E. W.

I HAVE a little brother,
And his name is Little Lewy;
His starry eyes are bright as flowers
And they are twice as dewy.
Sometimes the dew o'erflows them,
And trickles down his cheeks;
And then he cries so hard, you 'd think
He would n't stop for weeks.
Then my other little brother,
A bough of willow bringing,
Drives all the dew-drops far away,
By waving it and singing:



"One, two, free, fo', five, six, *seven* tears!
You 'll be as old as farver in forty sousand years.
Drate big men don't have tears, so let me
wipe 'em dry;
In forty sousand years from now you 'll never,
never cry."

This other little brother,
Whose name is Little Bert,
Frowns in a dreadful manner
Whenever he is hurt;
The wrinkles right above his nose
Look like the letter M,
He keeps them there so long, he must
Be very fond of them.
Then my little brother Lewy,
The branch of willow bringing,
Sends all the naughty frowns away,
By waving it and singing:



"A, B, C, D, E, F, G;
How many wrinkles are there? One, two, three!
We 'll send them all off quickly, or they 'll
climb up to your hair,
And then to-morrow morning you 'll have lots
of tangles there."



Sometimes our little Lewy
Loses all his pretty smiles;



He says they 're very far away;
At least a hundred miles.
He looks as sober as a judge,
As stately as a king,
As solemn as a parson and
As still as anything.
And then our little Bertie,
The witching willow bringing,
Sends all the smiles safe home again,
By waving it and singing:

"I want to buy a smile, sir, if you have some about;
I 'll draw this leaf across your lips, and that will bring them out.
And if you cannot spare me one, just let me take a half.
Oh, here they come and there they come, and now we 'll have a laugh."

On every "morrow morning,"
This funny little Bertie
Does n't want to have his face washed
Because it don't feel dirty;
He runs half-dressed 'way out-of-doors,
Safe hidden from our view;
We search and call, hunt up and down,
And don't know what to do,
Until we see our little Lu
The wand of willow bringing,
And leading Bertie back to us,
While all the time he 's singing:

"Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si.
You look like a very small heathen Chinee.
Get the sleep all washed off and hang it up to dry,
And then you 'll look as fresh as if you 'd just come from the sky."

When all the stars are shining,
Each little sleepy-head
Is lying in a funny bunch
Within the little bed.
Their eyes are so wide open,
They stay awake so long,
They 're calling me to tell to them
A story or a song.
So up the stairs again I come,
The magic willow bringing,
And wave it here and wave it there,
While o'er and o'er I 'm singing:

"Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep;
Sailing away on the dreamy deep;
Sister to watch you and angels to keep;
Sailing away and away and away,
Away on the d-r-e-a-m-y deep;
Sleep, sleep, s-l-e-e-p, sleep."



THE STORY THAT WOULD N'T BE TOLD.

By Louise Stockton.

"Do tell me one more story; just *one* more!" said the little boy.

It certainly was getting late. The fire lighted the room, the shadows danced in the corners. Down in the kitchen they were hurrying with the dinner, and in a moment nurse would come in to take the boy to bed. But all this made him want to stay. He was very comfortable in his mamma's lap, and he was in no haste to go upstairs to Maggie and the nursery.

Then his mamma kissed him right on the tip of his little nose, and she said:

"But you must go to bed sometime."

"Please, mamma dear," he said, pushing his curly head almost under her arm, "just one little story."

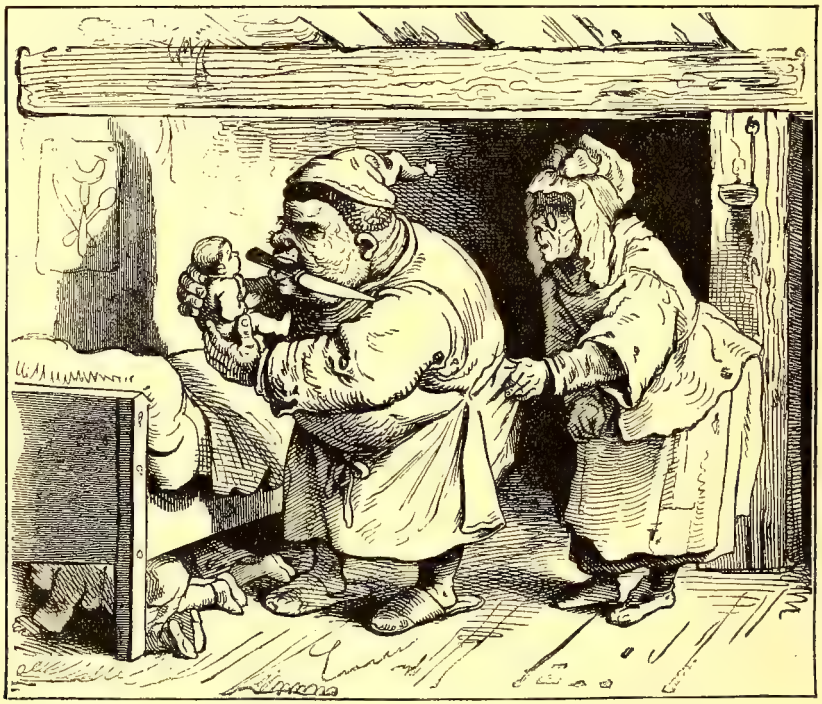
"Just one! You can choose it, but mind, a little one!"

"You know what one I want. Of course about the giant Tancankeroareous, and how he stole the slipper of the princess for a snuff-box, and how the Prince Limberlocks climbed up a cherry-tree into the giant's room. That is the story *I* like!"

"And it must be the 'amen story' to-night. Well: Once upon a time the Princess Thistleblossom stood on one foot, while——"

"No, no," interrupted The Story, "you need not tell *me!* Tell some other story. I am tired of being said over and over. Every night, as soon as your bed-time comes, and you are so sleepy that you don't want to go to bed, you ask for me, and I have to be told. I am sick of it, and I want to rest."

"But I want you," said the boy. "I like you best of all my stories. I like that part where the giant comes in and calls out 'PORTER!' in such a loud voice that the gate shakes all the bolts loose."



A SCENE IN THE STORY THAT WOULD N'T BE TOLD.

"I suppose you do like it," said The Story; "anybody would. I am a very good story, and very fit to be told last, although I cannot see why that is any reason for calling me the 'amen story.' That is foolish, *I* think! But at any rate, that is no

reason for telling me *every* night. Let your mamma tell you Cock Robin, or Jack the Giant-Killer. They are plenty good enough."

"I don't want them," said the little boy, beginning to cry; "I want *you!* I wont go to sleep all night if mamma don't tell you."

"*I* don't care!" replied The Story; "you need n't cry for me. I 've made up my mind. You wont hear me to-night. That 's as sure as your name is Paul."

And it was just as The Story said. There was no use in the boy's crying, for off went The Story, and it was *not* told that night; but it is my private opinion that the boy did go to sleep after all.

POLLY: A BEFORE-CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Hope Ledyard.



SANTA CLAUS!" exclaimed Ned, half mockingly.

"Yes," insisted Mamie, "what 's he going to bring you, Ned?"

"I don't know, and I don't care much," he answered, "for there is n't any Santa Claus."

"Why, Ned!" cried Mamie, in astonishment. "Even my big brother Harry believes in Santa Claus. He 's coming home from school to-night, and we 're going to hang up our stockings."

"Pshaw!" said Ned, "I must go home. Good-bye."

Merry little Mamie stood in amazement, and then ran in-doors to her mother with her perplexity.

"Why, mother!" she cried, "Ned Huntley said there was n't any Santa Claus—and he was real cross about it, too."

"Well, Mamie," said her mother, "I would n't take any notice of Ned's being cross about Christmas-time. The Huntleys don't keep Christmas."

"Don't keep Christmas!" exclaimed Mamie, astonished beyond measure.

Seeing that her mother was busy, she took her doll, Helena Margaret Constance Victorine, in her arms, and talked the matter over with her.

"What do you think, my dear," said she, "they don't keep Christmas at Ned Huntley's house! I don't know just what mother means by not keeping it, for you know Santa Claus comes down the chimney, and so he can get in during the night and leave Christmas there. Oh, yes, but they don't keep it. They turn it out, I suppose, just like mother told me they acted about the dear little baby Savior; they had n't any room for him, and I guess Mrs. Huntley has n't any room to keep Christmas in. I wonder what she does with the Christmas things Santa Claus brings? I wonder if she throws 'em away? I mean to go and ask her;" and putting her child carefully in its cradle, Mamie started.

There was some truth in what Mrs. Gaston had told her little daughter; the Huntleys did not keep Christmas in a loving, hearty way. They kept it in so far that on this very afternoon Mrs. Huntley was busy making the mince pies, dressing the turkey, and doing all she could to be beforehand with the extra Christmas dinner. Mr. Huntley had just stepped into the kitchen for a moment to say to his wife, "What have you settled on for Ned's Christmas?"

"I 've bought him a pair of arctics—he needed 'em; and if you want to spend more than common, you might get him half a dozen handkerchiefs."

"Well, wife, I was thinking that perhaps"—the farmer tried to be particular about his words, for Mrs. Huntley did not seem in a very good humor—"I was remembering how you used to enjoy giving the young ones candies and toys; so, perhaps——"

"Now, Noah Huntley, I 'm surprised at you! Buy candies and toys for a great lumbering boy like Ned? Why, you must be crazy, man! The next thing will be that you 'll want a Christmas-tree yourself!"

"Well, and it would n't be a bad idea," thought the father. "There 's my man, Fritz, he has been to the woods and cut a little tree for his children, and he seems to get a heap of pleasure out of it. Ah! if only little Polly had lived!" Strangely enough, the wife was thinking the same thing, as she sliced and sifted and weighed. "If little Polly had lived it would have been different, but we can't throw away money on nonsense for Ned."

A little red cloak flashed by the window, a little bright face, just about the age of "our little Polly's," peeped in at the door, and Mamie asked, "May I come in, Mrs. Huntley?"

"Certainly, child. Here 's a fresh cookie. I suppose you 're full of Christmas over at your house?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! And I 'm so sorry you don't keep it. What 's the reason?"

"Don't keep it! Why, we have a regular Christmas dinner as sure as the 25th of December comes round, and Pa gives me a new dress, or something that I need, and we give Ned a suit of clothes, or shoes, or something that he needs."

"Well," said Mamie, "but I like our way best. May I tell you how we keep Christmas?"

"Talk away. I can listen."

"Well, you see, a good while before Christmas my mother begins to get ready, and I often see her hide up something quick when I come in, and then she laughs, and I think, 'Oh, yes, something 's coming,' and then mother takes me in her lap and tells me how Jesus is coming, and how He did come. Do you know, Mrs. Huntley?"

"You can tell me, child?"

"You see, He came a long, long time ago as a little baby. Mamma says that he began at the beginning, so that no little child could say, 'I can't be like Jesus, for Jesus never was so little as me.' That first birthday of His, there was n't any room for Him at the tavern, and when the dear little baby Jesus was sleepy, they laid Him right in a stable manger, and the shepherds found Him lying there. Christmas is His Birthday, and I suppose they give all the children presents because Jesus loved little children, and then Santa Claus—Oh, Mrs. Huntley, that 's what I came about, and I 'most forgot! If you don't keep Christmas—I mean as we do," she added, as Mrs. Huntley frowned, "and if you don't use the things that Santa Claus leaves here, can't I come over and get 'em? Only I'd rather Ned should have 'em."

"Child alive! How your tongue runs! Here, now, take these cookies home with you. I guess Ned 's too busy to play with you."

"Thank you, ma'am. And you 'll remember about Santa Claus?" said little Mamie, as she walked away with her cookies.

Mrs. Huntley worked on for a few minutes longer, and then, leaving her dishes, she went to her own room and opened a bureau drawer. There lay a bright little dress and pretty white apron,—Polly's best things,—the little clothes in which she used to look so lovely. There were the last Christmas toys the mother had ever bought,—only a little tin bank, a paper cornucopia, and a doll; but she remembered that Christmas so well! Could it be that it was only three years ago? How Polly had laughed and chattered over her stocking! And Ned,—now that she thought about it,—she remembered that they bought him a pair of skates that year. He had made a great time over those skates, and had taken his little sister out to see him try to use them. Ned was so loving and gentle in those days. And then the mother's heart reproached her. Could she blame her boy because he seemed to care so little for his parents and his home, when she had nursed her grief for the loss of her baby-girl, and taken no pains to be bright or cheerful with him? She thought how clearly Mamie had told the story of the Savior's birthday. Could her boy, who was six years older, do as well? He went to Sunday-school sometimes, but she had never talked with him about Jesus—never since God took her Polly. And her eyes filled as she shut the drawer.

Mrs. Huntley went back to the kitchen, but the room seemed different to her. Ned brought in the milk, and looked at his mother curiously at hearing her say, "Thank you, Ned." Wonders would never end, Ned thought, when, after tea, she said, "Father, it 's a moonlight night; could n't you and I drive to the village? Ned will excuse our leaving him alone."

"Excuse!" When had his mother ever asked him to excuse her? And then, as mother waited for the wagon to be got ready, she asked him to read about the Savior's birth, and surely there were tears in her eyes as father came in, just as Ned read, "And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

Mr. Huntley was bewildered, too. To start off for the village at seven o'clock in the evening! When had such a thing happened?

On the road Mrs. Huntley told her husband what Mamie had said to her, and she added, "Perhaps, as I tell it, it don't seem much, but it made me think of our Polly, and"—the woman's voice broke, and the father, saddened too, said, comfortingly, "She 's safe, my dear, in heaven."

"Yes, father, but I 'm thinking of the one that 's left, for all I cried a little. I guess you were near right about getting him something nice. He 's but a boy yet, and he 'd think more of Christmas, and perhaps of the child that was born on Christmas, if we show him that Jesus has made our hearts a little more tender."

What it cost that hard, reserved woman to say that, none knew, but I think her husband felt dimly how she must have fought with herself, and he was silent for some time. At last he said, with a tone of gladness in his voice, "My dear, I'm glad to get him something. He 's a good boy, Ned is."

What a pleasant time they had, and how they caught the spirit of Christmas! They bought a sled and skates, a book or two, and candies, and Mrs. Huntley found a jack-knife that was just the thing Ned wanted. Then she said to her husband:

"I 'd like to buy something for Mamie. It will be nice to buy a girl's present."

Their hearts ached a little, as they chose a wonderful little wash-tub and board, with a clothes-horse to match. How Polly's eyes would have shone at these!

Meantime, Ned mused over his mother's tears and her strangely kind tones, and thought: "I wonder if she 's going to be as good to me as she was to Polly! I hated to hear Mamie talk about Santa Claus. Polly used to talk just that way, and we did have such good times. I used to get skates and things at Christmas, but now I get some handkerchiefs or a lot of shirts! It makes me mad." Then Ned fell asleep, and so the mother found him. She woke him gently and he went off to bed, bewildered by more kind words.

Morning dawned and Ned hurried down to light the fire in the kitchen, but he went no further than the sitting-room. There was a sled,—a splendid one,—a pair of skates, and books! He put his hands in his pockets to take a long stare, and felt something strange in one of them. Why! There was a beautiful knife!

Mother came in and watched his face, but at sight of her the boy fairly broke down. Laying his head on her shoulder, "It 's like Polly coming back," he said.

And so it was, and so it continued to be.



BOGGS SHOULD NOT HAVE HAD HIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THANKSGIVING DAY, AND EATEN A HEARTY DINNER AFTERWARD.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S SHOW.

By Jennie A. Owen.

"Aunt Jennie," said my little godson Willie, a few days ago, "wont you go with us to see the Lord Mayor's show? There 'll be thirteen elephants and eight clowns, and an elephant picks a man up with his trunk and holds him there. And then mamma 's going to take me to Sampson's. Do you know Sampson, Aunt Jennie?"

"I know about Samson in the Bible, Willie."

"Oh, not that one; our Sampson is a man in a shop in Oxford street, and he makes such nice boys' clothes, and he 's the master."

I have just come home from the Sandwich Islands, where I have been living; I spent a few years, too, in New Zealand and Tahiti, and so have seen many wonderful things on the land and sea; but a Lord Mayor going to be sworn in to his duties, attended by thirteen elephants and a London crowd, would be a novelty to me. I thought, too, that certain little boys and girls in the Sandwich Islands and the United States, who also call me Aunt Jennie, would like to hear all about it.

This has been an exciting week for the London children. The fifth of November fell on Sunday, and Guy Fawkes had to wait till Monday to make his appearance. All that day he was carried about the streets in various shapes and forms, and the naughty, ignorant little boys, in spite of enlightened school-board teaching, sang at our doors:

> "A ha'penny loaf to feed the Pope,
> A penn'orth of cheese to choke him,
> A pint of beer to wash it all down,
> And a jolly good fire to burn him."

"Oh, papa," said Willie, as he ran into the breakfast-room for pennies, "are n't you glad you 're a real man and not a pope?"

At last the ninth, the Lord Mayor's day, came. It is also the Prince of Wales' birthday, so the city would be very gay-looking with all the flags flying.

Alas! it was a dark, dull morning, and a heavy fog hung all over the city. Alas for the gilt coaches, the steel armor and other braveries! and then the elephants, how could they possibly feel their way all round the city in a thick, yellow fog? But, happily, by eleven the weather cleared, and the sun shone out brightly. Such a crowd as there was at our railway dépôt! So many bonny, happy little children never went on the same morning to the busy old town before. It was something new for great elephants to be seen walking through the prosy business streets. Once before, twenty-seven years ago, when Sir John Musgrave was Lord Mayor, not only elephants, but camels, deer, negroes, beehives, a ship in full sail, and Britannia seated on a car drawn by six horses, had made part of the show; since then, however, no Lord Mayor had been thoughtful enough of little and big children's pleasure to order out such delightful things, and so this year everybody must go. To quote from the *Daily News:* "Since the reign of Henry III., when, by that monarch's gracious act the Lord Mayor of London was permitted to present himself before the Barons of Exchequer at Westminster instead of submitting the citizens' choice for the king's personal approval, there has been no Lord Mayor's show at which so great a concourse of spectators assembled."

We crowd into the cars and are soon in Cannon street. At the gates a boy meets us with little books for sale, shouting, "Thirteen elephants for a penny! the other boys 'll only give you twelve, but I 'll give you thirteen. Sold again! Thirteen elephants for a penny!" This wonderful book consists of a series of common gaudily colored pictures, supposed to represent the procession, which has done service at the show from time immemorial, but it is each year as welcome as ever to the children who each have a penny to buy one. Through the streets we have passing visions of pink silk stockings, canary-colored breeches, and dark green coats and gold lace, also tri-colored rosettes as large as saucers; and pass by shop-windows full of sweet, eager little faces, in the place of hose, shirts, sewing-machines, etc.

At last we arrive at our destination in Cheapside, where, through the kindness of a friend, a window on the first floor of a large building is waiting for us. How impatient we are until we hear the band of the Grenadier Guards, which heads the procession. After this band and that of the Royal London Militia, come the Worshipful Company of Loriners, preceded by jolly watermen in blue and white striped jerseys and white trousers, bearing banners; more watermen follow to relieve them; the beadle of the company with his staff of office; the clerk in his chariot; the wardens, wearing silk cloaks trimmed with sables, in their carriages, and amongst them Sir John Bennett, the great watchmaker in Cheapside, a charming-looking old gentleman with rosy cheeks and profuse gray curls; his

face lights up with smiles as the shouts of "Bravo, Bennett," show how popular he is.

Then comes a grand yellow coach, in which rides the Master of the Company, attended by his chaplain. After the Loriners come the Farriers, the band of the First Life Guards, banners, beadle and mace clerk, wardens and master. After them the Broderers. As these pass slowly along, an excitement is caused by the behavior of the horse of a hussar, who is mounting guard. It does not like the proceedings at all, and still less the greasy asphalt on which it stands, dances round, backs into the Worshipful Master of Broderers' carriage, and finally rears and falls, unseating its rider. The hussar is quite cool and quiet, soon reseats himself, and rejects the offer of a fussy little man in red to hold his horse.

And now comes the Worshipful Company of Bakers, preceded by their banner, with its good old motto, "Praise God for all." These are really very jolly and well-favored looking companions, most of the members bearing large bouquets of flowers. After them the Vintners' Company, with the band of the Royal Artillery; ten Commissioners, each bearing a shield; eight master porters in vintner's dress; the Bargemaster in full uniform, and the Swan Uppers. These are men who look after the swans belonging to the corporation of London, which build their nests along the banks of the Thames, and they mark the young swans each spring.

The "Uppers" look very well in their dress, consisting of dark cloth jackets slashed with white, blue and white striped jerseys and white trousers.

After this company had passed, a grand shout announced the coming of the elephants. These, as some small boy has observed, are "curious animals, with two tails—one before and one behind." First came a number of large ones, with Mr. Sanger, their owner, who was mounted on a curiously spotted horse. They were gorgeous with oriental trappings and howdahs. On the foremost one rode a man representing a grand Indian prince. He had a reddish mustache, wore spectacles, a magnificent purple and white turban, and showy oriental costume. He produced a great impression on the crowd. In other howdahs sat one, two or three splendid Hindoos, whose dress was past description. Then came several young elephants ridden by boys; one of these was seized with a desire to lie down, and had to be vigorously roused; but, on the whole, they behaved in a wonderfully correct and dignified manner—now and then gracefully swinging round their trunks amongst the sympathizing crowd, in search of refreshment.

The elephants were escorted by equestrians in state costumes, and followed by six knights in steel armor, with lances and pennons, mounted on chargers. One of these "would n't go," and had to be dragged on ignominiously by a policeman. Then the Epping Forest rangers came. They were picturesquely dressed in green velvet coats, broad-brimmed hats and long feathers. After these, trumpeters, under-sheriffs in their state carriages, aldermen, the Recorder, more trumpeters, and then a most gorgeous coach—with hammer-cloth of red and gold, men in liveries too splendid to describe, and four fine horses—brings the late lord mayor. The mounted band of household cavalry follows. These really look splendid in crimson coats covered with gold embroidery and velvet caps, riding handsome white horses.

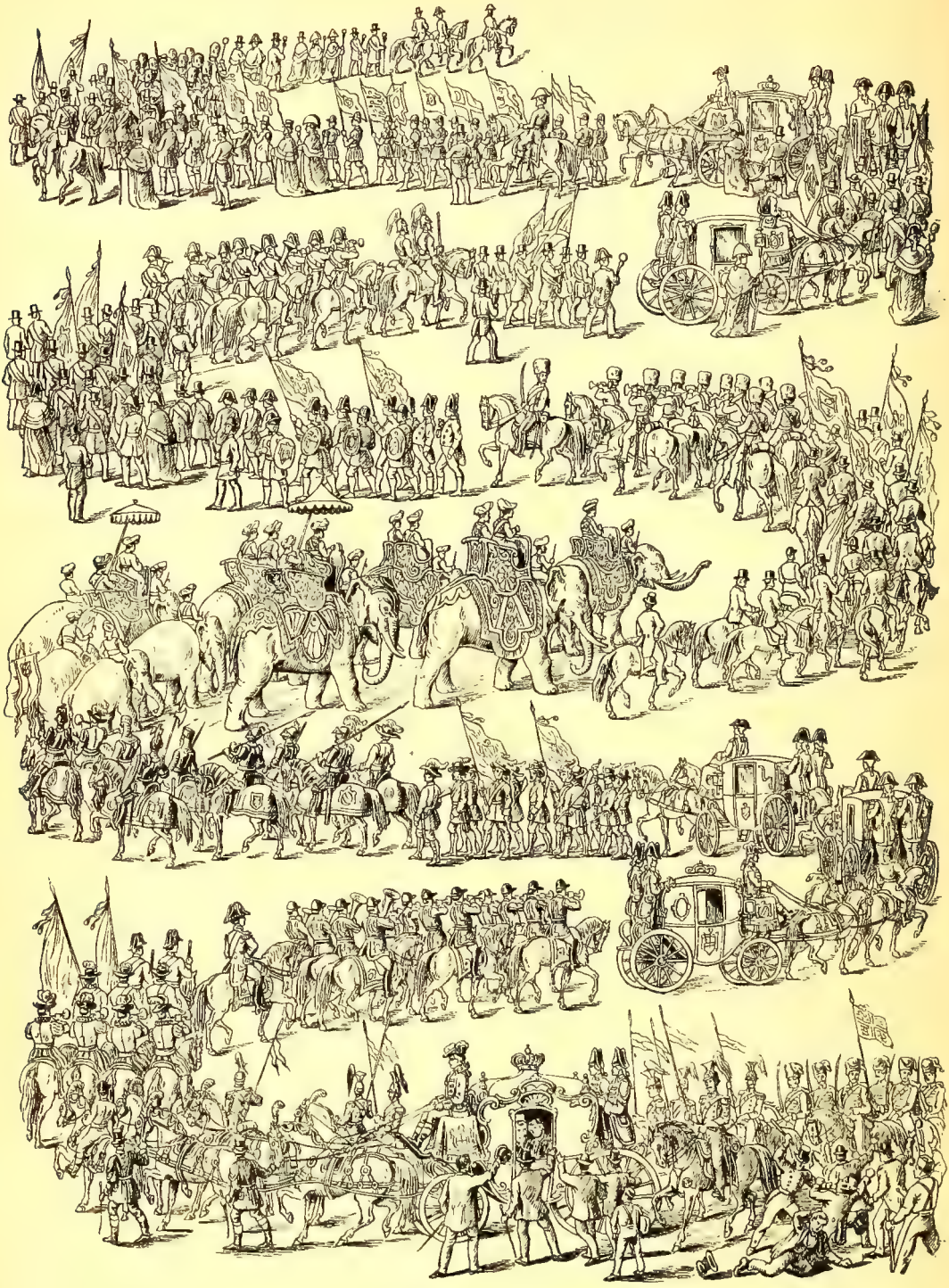
There is a stoppage just as they come up. They are rapturously greeted by the crowd, and requested to "play up." The mayor's servants, in state liveries, follow on foot. After them rides a very important person, the city marshal, on horseback. The city trumpeters come now, preceding the right honorable the lord mayor's most gorgeous gilt coach, drawn by six horses. In it sits Sir Thomas White, supported by his chaplain, and attended by his sword-bearer and the common crier. An escort of the 21st Hussars brings up the rear. Policemen follow, and after them a stray mail-cart, a butcher's boy with his tray; after that, not just the deluge, but the crowd.

"Oh, mamma!" says Willie, "the beefeaters did n't come! Nine of them there are in my book, and a grand one going in front, blowing a trumpet. And the man holding his thumb to his nose at the sheriffs; and the policeman knocking a thief down with a staff! And the lord mayor had no spectacles on. That 's not fair! Do beefeaters eat lots of beef, mamma?"

"Oh, no," says Charlie, with a superior air, "they are only sideboard chaps."

Willie is still more puzzled, until he is told that in the olden time servants so costumed used to stand by the sideboard, or buffet, as it was called, at feasts, and so got the name of buffetiers, and by degrees the name became changed into beefeaters, which was more easily remembered by the people.

From our window we could not, of course, follow the procession on its winding way, nor had we seen it start. On looking at the paper next morning, we read that at first it was feared that the elephants had failed to keep their appointment. It was almost time to set out, and no elephants were to be seen. What must be done? The people ought not to be cheated out of the best part of the show; and yet, on the other hand, how undignified for a lord mayor to be kept waiting for



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S SHOW.

thirteen elephants! I am sorry to say the police were rather glad. They had been very much afraid that the animals might prove troublesome during so long and unusual a walk; or else, coming from a circus, might, at any sudden pause, imagine themselves in the arena, and take it into their grave heads to perform on two legs and terrify the horses, or possibly annoy the lord mayor and his chaplain by putting their long trunks into his coach. But, happily for us, the police were disappointed. Such dignified creatures could not be expected to come early and be kept waiting.

Just at the right time they came leisurely up, and gravely taking their proper place, marched on with their proverbial sagacity—waiting outside Westminster Hall, whilst the lord mayor swore to do his duty, as quietly as though they were at home—and afterward left the procession at Blackfriars Bridge, to go to their own quarters and eat their well-earned dinner. It is to be hoped that the lord mayor ordered something specially good for them.

The elephants having left, the embassadors, her majesty's ministers of state, the nobility, judges, and other persons of distinction, joined the procession, and proceeded to feast with his lordship and the lady mayoress at Guildhall.

MY GIRL.

By John S. Adams.

I.

A little corner with its crib,
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,
A little tooth so pearly white,
A little rubber ring to bite.

II.

A little plate all lettered round,
A little rattle to resound,
A little creeping—see! she stands!
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

III.

A little doll with flaxen hair,
A little willow rocking-chair,
A little dress of richest hue,
A little pair of gaiters blue.

IV.

A little school day after day,
A "little schoolma'am" to obey,
A little study—soon 't is past,
A little graduate at last.

V.

A little muff for winter weather,
A little jockey-hat and feather,
A little sack with funny pockets,
A little chain, a ring, and lockets.

VI.

A little while to dance and bow,
A little escort homeward now,
A little party, somewhat late,
A little lingering at the gate.

VII.

A little walk in leafy June,
A little talk while shines the moon,
A little reference to papa,
A little planning with mamma.

VIII.

A little ceremony grave,
A little struggle to be brave,
A little cottage on a lawn,
A little kiss—my girl was gone!

MARS, THE PLANET OF WAR.

By Richard A. Proctor.

NOT long ago, the planet Jupiter came among the stars of our southern evening skies. Those who noted down his track found that he first advanced from west to east, then receded along a track near his advancing one, then advanced again, still running on a track side by side with his former advancing track, and so passed away from the scene, toward the part of the sky where the sun's light prevents our tracking him.

That was a useful and rather easy first lesson about the motions of the bodies called planets.

We have now to consider a rather less simple case, but one a great deal more interesting. Two planets intrude among our evening stars, each following a looped track, but the tracks are unlike; the two planets are unlike in appearance, and they are also very unlike in reality.

I hope many of my young readers have already found out for themselves that these intrusive bodies have been wandering among our fixed stars. I purposely said nothing about the visitors last August, so that those who try to learn the star-groups from my maps may have had a chance of discovering the two planets for themselves. If they have done so, they have in fact repeated a discovery which was made many, many years ago. Ages before astronomy began to be a science, men found out that some of the stars move about among the rest, and they also noticed the kind of path traveled in the sky by each of those moving bodies. It was long, indeed, before they found out the kind of path traveled *really* by the planets. In fact, they supposed our earth to be fixed; and if our earth were fixed, the paths of the planets about her as a center would be twisted and tangled in the most perplexing way. So that folks in those old times, seeing the planets making all manner of loops and twistings round the sky, and supposing they made corresponding loops and twistings in traveling round the earth, thought the planets were living creatures, going round the earth to watch it and rule over it, each according to his own fashion. So they worshiped the planets as gods, counting seven of them, including the sun and moon. Some they thought good to men, others evil. The two planets now twisting their way along the southern skies were two of the evil sort, viz.: Mars, called the Lesser Infortune, and Saturn, called the Greater Infortune. In the old system of star-worship, Mars ruled over Tuesday, and Saturn over Saturday,—the Sabbath of olden times,—a day which the Chaldean and Egyptian astrologers regarded as the most unlucky in the whole week.

The actual paths traveled among the stars by these two planets, this fall, are shown in Fig. 1. You will see how wildly the fiery Mars, the planet of war, careers round his great loop, while old Saturn, "heavy, dull, and slow" (as Armado says that lead is—the metal dedicated to Saturn), plods slowly and wearily along. Between August 6 and October 1, Mars traversed his entire backward track,—Saturn, you notice, only a small portion of his much smaller loop. On the sky, too, you will see that while Mars shines with a fierce ruddy glow, well suited to his warlike character, Saturn shines with a dull yellow light, suggestive of



FIG. 1. THE PATHS OF MARS AND SATURN.

the evil qualities which the astrologers of old assigned to him. "My loking," says Saturn, in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," "is the fader of pestilence:

> "Min ben also the maladies colde,
> The derke treasons, and the costes olde;
> Min is the drenching in the see so wan,
> Min is the prison in the derke cote,*
> Min is the strangel and hanging by the throte,
> The murmure, and the cherles† rebelling,
> The groyning and the prine empoysoning."

* *Dark or gloomy coast.* This line was amusingly rendered, by the printer of my "Saturn and its System," in which I quoted Chaucer's lines, "Mine is the prison, and the dirty coat."

† *Churl's.* Notice this word. It is the same as the word rendered *Charles's* in the common English name for the Dipper. One should always say Charles's Wain, not Charles' (as is the way Tennyson does in the "May Queen").

For the present, however, let us consider the planet Mars, leaving slow Saturn to wait for us another month.

It has always seemed to me one of the most useful lessons in astronomy to follow the line by which, long ago, great discoveries were made. Thus, if the young reader went out on every fine night and noted the changing position of Mars, he traced out the track shown in Fig. 1. He noted, also, that the planet, which shone at its brightest about September 5, gradually grew less and less bright as it traveled off, after rounding the station near October 5 (really on Oct. 7), toward the east. He observed, then, that the seeming loop followed by the planet was a real looped track (so far, at least, as our observer on the earth was concerned). Fig. 2 shows the apparent shape of Mars's loop, the dates corresponding to those shown in Fig. 1. Only it does not lie flat, as shown on the paper, but must be supposed to lie somewhat under the surface of the paper, as shown by the little upright *a*, *b*, which, indeed, gives the distance under the paper at which the part of the loop is supposed to lie where lowest at *m*. The other similar uprights at M_1, M_2, and M_3 show the depression at these places. You perceive that the part M_1, M_2, lies higher than the part M_2, M_3. If the loop were flat, and, like E, the earth, were in the level of the paper, it would be seen edgewise, and the advancing, receding, and advancing parts of the planet's course would all lie on the same line upon the sky. But being thus out of the level, we see through the loop, so to speak, and it has the seeming shape shown in Fig. 1.*

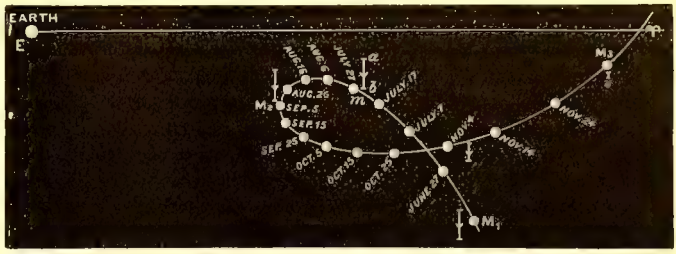


FIG. 2. ONE OF MARS'S LOOPS.

This is one loop, you will understand, out of an immense number which Mars makes in journeying round the earth, regarded as fixed. He retreats to a great distance, swoops inward again toward the earth, making a loop as in Fig. 2, and retreating again. Then he comes again, makes another swoop, and a loop on another side, and so on. He behaves, in fact, like that "little quiver fellow," a right martialist, no doubt, who, as Justice Shallow tells us, "would about and about, and come you in, and come you in,—and away again would a go, and again would a come." The loops are not all of the same size. The one shown in Fig. 2 is one of the smallest. I have before me a picture which I have made of all this planet's loops from 1875 to 1892, and it forms the most curiously intertwined set of curves you can imagine,—rather pretty, though not regular, the loops on one side being much larger than those on the other. I would show the picture here, but it is too large. One of these days, it will be given in a book I am going to write about Mars, who is quite important enough to have a book all to himself. I want you, now, to understand me that Mars really does travel in a most complicated path, when you consider the earth as at rest. If a perfect picture of all his loopings and twistings since astronomy began could be drawn,—even on a sheet of paper as large as the floor of a room,—the curves would so interlace that you would not be able to track them out, but be always leaving the true track and getting upon one crossing it slightly aslant,—just like the lines by which rains are made to run easily off one track on to another.

The unfortunate astronomers of old times, who had to explain, *if they could*, this complicated behavior of Mars (and of other planets, too), were quite beaten. The more carefully they made their observations, the more peculiar the motions seemed. One astronomer gave up the work in despair, just like that unfortunate Greek philosopher who, because he could not understand the tides of the Eubœan Sea, drowned himself in it. So this astronomer, who was a king,—Alphonsus of Portugal,—unable to unravel the loops of the planets, said, in his wrath, that if he had been called on by the Creator to assign the planets their paths, he would have managed the matter a great deal better. The plates of the old astronomical books became more and more confusing, and cost more and more labor, as astronomers continued to

> * * * "Build, unbuild, contrive
> To save appearances, to gird the sphere
> With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
> Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb."

It was to the study of Mars, the wildest wanderer of all, that we owe the removal of all these perplexities. The idea had occurred to the great astronomer, Copernicus, that the complexities of the

* I must re-mention that though this explanation is made as simple as I possibly can make it, so far as words are concerned, the figures present the result of an exact geometrical investigation. Every dot, for instance, in Fig. 2, has had its place separately determined by me.

planets' paths are not real, but are caused by the constant moving about of the place from whence we watch the planets. If a fly at rest at the middle of a clock face watched the ends of the two hands, they would seem to go round him in circles; but if, instead, he was on the end of one of the hands (and was not knocked off as the other passed), the end of this other hand would not move round the fly in the same simple way. When the two hands were together it would be near, when they were opposite it would be far away, and, without entering into any particular description of the way in which it would seem to move, you can easily see that the motion would seem much more complicated than if the fly watched it from the middle of the clock face. Now, Copernicus *did* enter into particulars, and showed by mathematical reasoning that nearly all the peculiarities of the planets' motions could be explained by supposing that the sun, not the earth, was the body round which the planets move, and that they go round him nearly in circles.

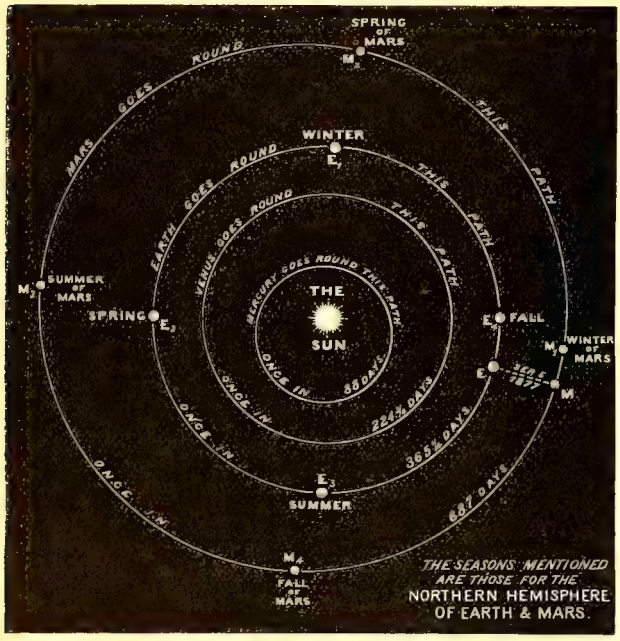


FIG. 3. THE PATHS OF MARS, THE EARTH, VENUS, AND MERCURY.

But Copernicus could not explain *all* the motions. And Tycho Brahe, another great astronomer, who did not believe at all in the new ideas of Copernicus, made a number of observations on our near neighbor Mars, to show that Copernicus was wrong. He gave these to Kepler, another great astronomer, enjoining him to explain them in such a way as to overthrow the Copernican ideas. But Kepler behaved like Balaam the son of Beor; for, called on to curse (or at least to denounce) the views of Copernicus, he altogether blessed them three times. First, he found from the motions of Mars that the planets do not travel in circles, but in ovals, very nearly circular in shape, but not having the sun exactly at the center. Secondly, he discovered the law according to which they move, now faster now slower, in their oval paths; and thirdly, he found a law according to which the nearer planets travel more quickly and the farther planets more slowly, every distance having its own proper rate. These three laws of Kepler constitute the Magna Charta of the solar system.

Afterward, Newton showed *how* it happens that the planets obey these laws, but as his part of the work had no particular reference to Mars, I say no more about it in this place.

Here, in Fig. 3, are the real paths of Mars and the Earth, and also of Venus and Mercury. No loops, you see, in any of them, simply because we have set the sun in the middle. Set the earth in the middle, and each planet would have its own set of loops, each set enormously complicated, and all three sets mixed together in the most confusing way. It is well to remember this when you see, as in many books of astronomy, the old theory illustrated with a set of circles looking almost as neat and compact as the set truly representing the modern theory. For the idea is suggested by this simple picture of the old theory that the theory itself was simple, whereas it had become so confusing that not merely young learners, but the most profound mathematicians, were baffled when they tried to unravel the motions of the planets.

I think the figure pretty well explains itself. All I need mention is, that while the shape and position of each path is correctly shown, the size of the sun at center is immensely exaggerated. A mere pin point, but shining with star-like splendor, would properly represent him. As for the figures of the earth and Mars, they are still more tremendously out of proportion. The cross-breadth of the lines representing these planets' tracks is *many times* greater than the breadth of either planet on the scale of the chart.

On September 5 the earth and Mars came to the position shown at E and M. You observe that they could not be much nearer. It is indeed very seldom that Mars is so well placed for observation. His illuminated face was turned toward the dark or night half of the earth, so that he shone brightly

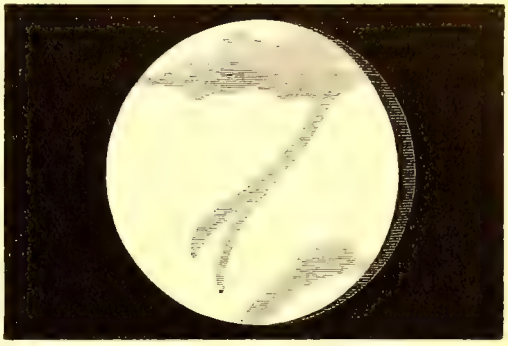
in the sky at midnight, and can be well studied with the telescope.

When Galileo turned toward Mars the telescope with which he had discovered the moons of Jupiter, the crescent form of Venus, and many other wonders in the heavens, he was altogether disappointed. His telescope was indeed too small to show any features of interest in Mars, though the planet of war is much nearer to us than Jupiter. Mars is but a small world. The diameter of the planet is about 4,400 miles, that of our earth being nearly 8,000. Jupiter, though much farther away, has his immense diameter of more than 80,000 miles to make up, and much more than make up, for the effect of distance. With his noble system of moons he appears a remarkable object even with a small telescope, while Mars shows no feature of interest even with telescopes of considerable size.

It was not, then, till very powerful telescopes had been constructed that astronomers learned what we now know about Mars.*

It is found that his surface is divided into land and water, like the surface of our own earth. But his seas and oceans are not nearly so large compared with his continents and lands. You know that on our own earth the water covers so much larger a surface than the land that the great continents are in reality islands. Europe, Asia and Africa together form one great island; North and South America another, not quite so large; then come Australia, Greenland, Madagascar, and so forth; all the lands being islands, larger or smaller. On the other hand, except the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Aral, there are no large seas entirely land-bound. In the case of Mars a very different state of things prevails, as you will see from the three accompanying pictures (hitherto unpublished), drawn by the famous English observer, Dawes (called the Eagle-eyed). The third and best was drawn with a telescope constructed by your famous optician, Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The dark parts are the seas, the light parts being land, or in some cases cloud or snow. But in these pictures most of the lighter portions represent land; for they have been seen often so shaped, whereas clouds, of course, would change in shape.

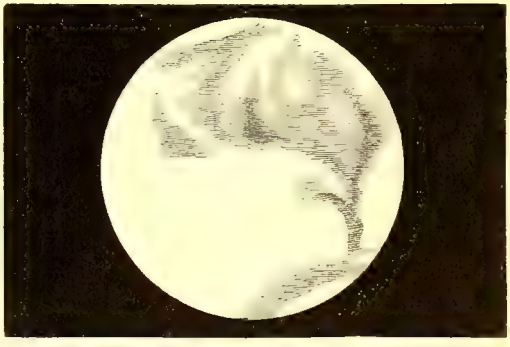
The planet Mars, like our earth, turns on its axis, so that it has day and night as we have. The length of its day is not very different from that of our own day. Our earth turns once on its axis in ——but before reading on, try to complete this sentence for yourself. Every one knows that the earth's turning on its axis produces day and night, and nine persons out of ten, if asked how long the earth takes in turning round her axis, will answer, 24 hours; and if asked how many times she turns on her axis in a year, will say 365 times, or if disposed to be very exact, "about 365¼ times." But neither answer is correct. The earth turns on her axis about 366¼ times in each year, and each turning occupies 23 hours 56 minutes and 4 seconds and 1 tenth of a second. We, taking the ordinary day as the time of a turning or rotation, lose count of one rotation each year. It is necessary to mention this, in order that when I tell you how long



APPEARANCE OF MARS, 1852, MARCH 23, 5 H. 45 M., Greenwich Mean Time. Power of Telescope, 358; 6 1-3 inch object-glass.



APPEARANCE OF MARS, 1852, FEBRUARY 3, 6 H. 50 M., Greenwich Mean Time. Power of Telescope, 242 and 358 on 6 1-3 inch object-glass.



APPEARANCE OF MARS, 1860, JULY 6, 11 H. 33 M., Greenwich Mean Time. Power of Telescope, 201; 8 1-4 inch object-glass. Planet very low, yet pretty distinct.

* See item, "Moons of Mars," in "Letter-Box" Department.

the day of Mars is, you may be able correctly to compare it with our own day. Mars, then, turns on his axis in 24 hours 37 minutes 22 seconds and 7 tenth-parts of a second. So that Mars requires 41 minutes 18 seconds and 6-tenths of a second longer to turn his small body once round than our earth requires to turn round her much larger body. The common day of Mars is, however, only about 39 minutes longer than our common day.

Mars has a long year, taking no less than 687 of our days to complete his circuit round the sun, so that his year lasts only about one month and a half less than two of ours.

Like the earth, Mars has seasons, for his polar axis, like that of the earth, is aslant, and at one part of his year brings his northern regions more fully into sunlight, at which time summer prevails there and winter in his southern regions; while at the opposite part of his year his southern regions are turned more fully sunward and have their summer, while winter prevails over his northern regions.

Around his poles, as around the earth's, there are great masses of ice, insomuch that it is very doubtful whether any inhabitants of Mars have been able to penetrate to his poles, any more than Kane or Hayes or Nares or Parry, despite their courage and endurance, have been able to reach our northern pole, or Cook or Wilkes or James Ross our antarctic pole.

In the summer of either hemisphere of Mars, the north polar snows become greatly reduced in extent, as is natural, while in winter they reach to low latitudes, showing that in parts of the planet corresponding to the United States, or mid-Europe, as to latitude, bitter cold must prevail for several weeks in succession.

The land regions of Mars can be distinguished from the seas by their ruddy color, the seas being greenish. But here, perhaps, you will be disposed to ask how astronomers can be sure that the greenish regions are seas, the ruddy regions land, the white spots either snow or cloud. Might not materials altogether unlike any we are acquainted with exist upon that remote planet?

The spectroscope answers this question in the clearest way. You may remember what I told you in October, 1876, about Venus, how astronomers have learned that the vapor of water exists in her atmosphere. The same method has been applied, even more satisfactorily, to the planet of war, and it has been found that he also has his atmosphere at times laden with moisture. This being so, it is clear we have not to do with a planet made of materials utterly unlike those forming our earth. To suppose so, when we find that the air of Mars, formed like our own (for if it contained other gases the spectroscope would tell us), contains often large quantities of the vapor of water, would be as absurd as to believe in the green cheese theory of the moon, or in another equally preposterous, advanced lately by an English artist—Mr. J. Brett—to the effect that the atmosphere of Venus is formed of glass.

There is another theory about Mars, certainly not so absurd as either of those just named, but scarcely supported by evidence at present—the idea, namely, advanced by a French astronomer, that the ruddy color of the lands and seas of Mars is due to red trees and a generally scarlet vegetation. Your poet Holmes refers to this in those lines of his, "Star-clouds and Wind-clouds" (to my mind, among the most charming of his many charming poems):

> The snows that glittered on the disc of Mars
> Have melted, and the planet's fiery orb
> Rolls in the crimson summer of its year."

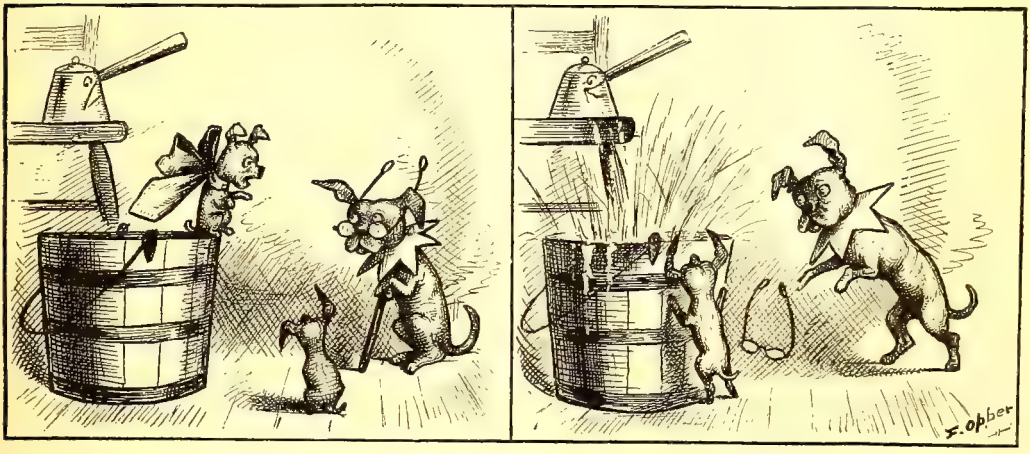
It is quite possible, of course, that such colors as are often seen in American woods in the autumn-time may prevail in the forests and vegetation of Mars during the fullness of the Martian summer. The fact that during this season the planet looks ruddier than usual, in some degree corresponds with this theory. But it is much better explained, to my mind, by the greater clearness of the Martian air in the summer-time. That would enable us to see the color of the soil better. If our earth were looked at from Venus during the winter-time, the snows covering large parts of her surface, and the clouds and mists common in the winter months, would hide the tints of the surface, whereas these would be very distinct in clear summer weather.

I fear my own conclusion about Mars is that his present condition is very desolate. I look on the ruddiness of tint to which I have referred as one of the signs that the planet of war has long since passed its prime. There are lands and seas in Mars, the vapor of water is present in his air, clouds form, rains and snows fall upon his surface, and doubtless brooks and rivers irrigate his soil, and carry down the moisture collected on his wide continents to the seas whence the clouds had originally been formed. But I do not think there is much vegetation on Mars, or that many living creatures of the higher types of Martian life as it once existed still remain. All that is known about the planet tends to show that the time when it attained that stage of planetary existence through which our earth is now passing must be set millions of years, perhaps hundreds of millions of years, ago. He has not yet, indeed, reached that airless and waterless condition, that extremity of internal cold, or in fact that utter unfitness to support any kind

of life, which would seem to prevail in the moon. The planet of war in some respects resembles a desolate battle-field, and I fancy that there is not a single region of the earth now inhabited by man which is not infinitely more comfortable as an abode of life than the most favored regions of Mars at the present time would be for creatures like ourselves.

But there are other subjects besides astronomy that the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS want to learn about. I do not wish you to have to say to me what a little daughter of mine said the other day. She had asked me several questions about the sun, and after I had answered them I went on to tell her several things which she had not asked. She listened patiently for quite a long time,—fully five minutes, I really believe,—and then she said: 'Don't you think, papa, that that's enough about the sun? Come and play with us on the lawn." So, as it was holiday time, we went and played in the sun, instead of talking about him.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY—IN TWO PARTS.



PART I.

"MOTHER! from this moment, behold me, my own master!
Yes, madam, I am old enough. I mean just what I say."

PART II.

AND, but for a sudden and unforeseen disaster,
The puppy might have kept his resolution to this day.

THE STICKLEBACK BELL-RINGERS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

A CERTAIN pond in the country was once peopled with a number of turtles, frogs, and fishes which I came to consider my pets, and which at last grew so tame that I fed them from my hands. Among them, however, were four or five little sticklebacks that lived under the shade of a big willow, and these were so quarrelsome that I generally fed them apart from the rest. But sometimes all met, and then the feast usually was ended by the death of a minnow. For, shocking to say, whenever there was a dispute for the food, some one of the little fishes was almost sure to be devoured by the hungry sticklebacks.

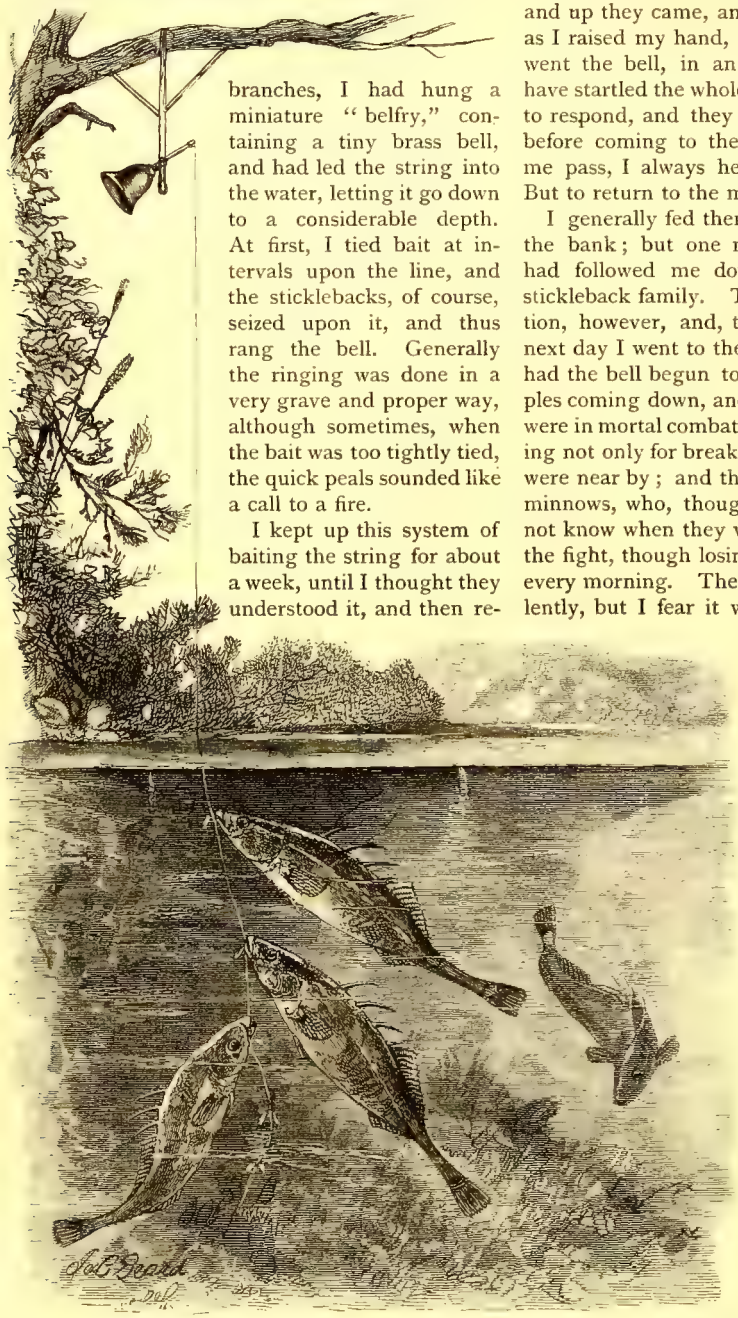
These stickleback-and-minnow combats, after a

while, came to be of daily occurrence, and the reason for this was a singular one, which I must explain.

Under the willow shade, and from one of the branches, I had hung a miniature "belfry," containing a tiny brass bell, and had led the string into the water, letting it go down to a considerable depth. At first, I tied bait at intervals upon the line, and the sticklebacks, of course, seized upon it, and thus rang the bell. Generally the ringing was done in a very grave and proper way, although sometimes, when the bait was too tightly tied, the quick peals sounded like a call to a fire.

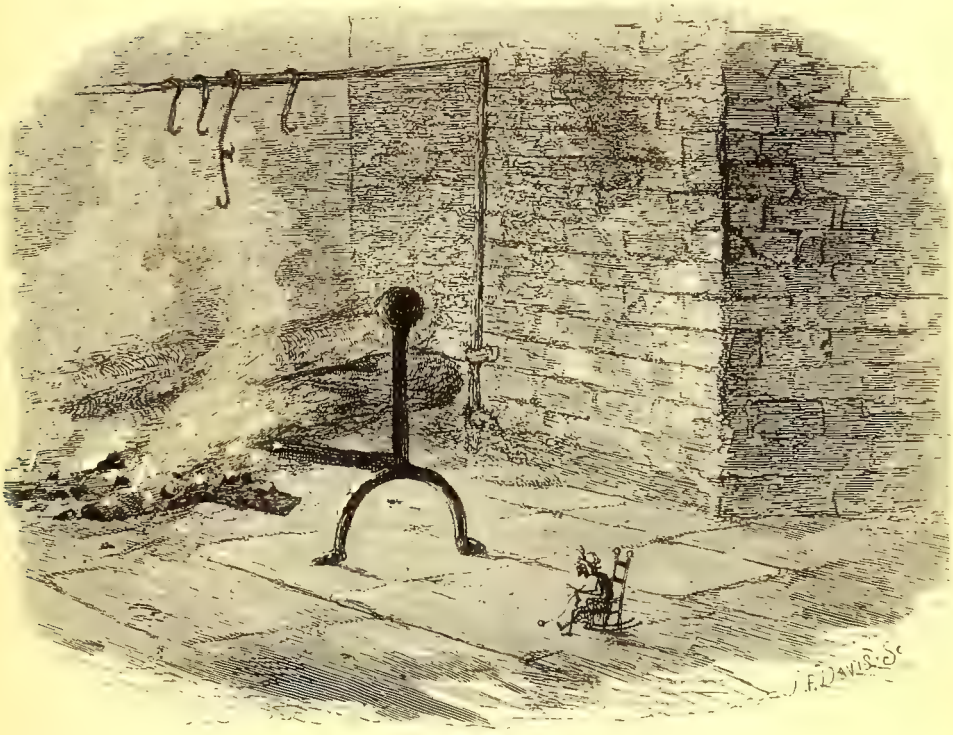
I kept up this system of baiting the string for about a week, until I thought they understood it, and then replaced the worms by bits of stone. As I expected, the next morning, as I looked through the grass and down into the water, tinkle! tinkle! rang the bell, and I knew my little friends were saying, "Good-morning!" and expected a breakfast. You may be sure they got it. I put my hand down, and up they came, and got one worm apiece; and as I raised my hand, down they rushed, and away went the bell, in an uproarious peal, that must have startled the whole neighborhood. I was quick to respond, and they soon learned to ring the bell before coming to the surface; in fact, if they saw me pass, I always heard their welcome greeting. But to return to the minnows.

I generally fed them first, about twenty feet up the bank; but one morning I found one or two had followed me down to the residence of the stickleback family. They met with a rude reception, however, and, to avoid making trouble, the next day I went to the willow first. But no sooner had the bell begun to ring, than I saw a lot of ripples coming down, and in a second the two factions were in mortal combat. The sticklebacks were fighting not only for breakfast, but for their nests, which were near by; and they made sad work of the poor minnows, who, though smart in some things, did not know when they were whipped, and so kept up the fight, though losing one of their number nearly every morning. The bell now and then rang violently, but I fear it was only sounding an appeal from a voracious stickleback whose appetite had got the better of his rage.



So it went on every morning. The minnows had learned what the bell meant, and though usually defeated in the fight, they in reality had their betters as servants to ring the bell and call them to meals. Finally, they succeeded, by force of great numbers, in driving away their pugnacious little rivals, and the bell hung silent; for, strange to say, they knew what the sound meant, but I could never teach them to ring it, when they could rise and steal the worm from my hand without. But I am inclined to think it was more laziness than inability to learn, as they afterward picked up readily some much more difficult tricks. I taught them to leap from the water into my hand, and lie as if dead; and having arranged a slide of polished wood upon the bank, by placing

worms upon it I soon had them leaping out and sliding down like so many boys coasting in the winter. That they afterward did it for amusement I know, as I often watched them unobserved when there was nothing to attract but the fun of sliding. This kind of amusement is not uncommon with many other animals, particularly seals, which delight in making "slides" on the icy shores.



THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

By Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.

Old Granny Cricket's rocking-chair,
  Creakety-creak, creakety-creak!—
Back and forth, and here and there,
  Squeakety-squeak, squeakety-squeak!—
On the hearth-stone, every night,
  Rocks and rocks in the cheery light.
Little old woman, dressed in black,
  With spindling arms and a crooked back,
She sits with a cap on her wise old head,
  And her eyes are fixed on the embers red;
She does not sing, she does not speak,
  But the rocking-chair goes creakety-creak!

Cheerily sounds the rocking-chair,
  Creakety-creak, creakety-creak!—
While it swings in the firelight there,
  Squeakety-squeak, squeakety-squeak!
Old Granny Cricket, rocking, rocking,
  Knits and knits on a long black stocking.
No matter how swiftly her fingers fly,
  She never can keep her family,
With their legs so long from foot to knee,
  Stockinged as well as they ought to be;
That's why, at night, week after week,
  Her rocking-chair goes squeakety-squeak!

HOW I WEIGHED THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

By G. M. SHAW.

"HERE, sir! Please take this bird around to Albro's, and see how much it weighs."

The idea! What would the folks over the way say, to see the "professor" walking out with a big turkey under his arm? That was the way the thing presented itself to the good-natured college-student acting as private tutor in the family. But Mrs. Simpson, the portly and practical housewife, had no such idea of the fitness of things.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and the farmer who had agreed to supply her with a turkey had brought it, but had not weighed it, and, of course, they could not agree on its weight, all of which ended in the startling proposition with which we began.

"Well, if you aint the laziest man ——! Just as though it was going to hurt you any to take this bird to the corner and back!" she went on, as she saw me looking, apparently, for a hole to crawl into, but, in reality, for the broom, which, when I found, I made use of in putting into execution a plan I had formed for weighing the turkey at home.

I hung the broom-handle to the gas-jet by a wire loop, and slid it along in the loop until it balanced. By this time all were curious to see what I was about.

I then fixed a wire to the turkey's feet and hooked it so that it would slide on the broom-handle. Next I got a flat-iron and fixed it in the same way. When the broom was nicely balanced, I hung the turkey on the broom end of the stick, two inches from the balancing loop. Then I hung the flat-iron on the other side, and shoved it along until it balanced the turkey. Next I measured the distances of the turkey and flat-iron from the balancing loop, and found that the turkey hung two inches and the flat-iron eight inches from the balancing loop. That was all. I had found the weight of the turkey, and told them: Twenty-four pounds.

"Do you s'pose I'm going to believe all that tomfoolery? It does n't weigh more 'n twenty, I know. Here, Maggie! Take this out and ask Albro to weigh it for you."

"I 'm blamed if he has n't hit it about right," said the farmer who had brought the turkey. "How did you find out?"

"Well, you see," said I, "the flat-iron has a figure 6 on it; that shows that it weighs six pounds. Now, if the turkey had not weighed more than the flat-iron they would have balanced each other at the same distance from the balancing loop; but the turkey was the heavier, so I had to move the flat-iron out further. At the same distance from the loop as the turkey (two inches), the flat-iron pulled six pounds' weight, and at every addition of that distance it would pull six pounds more. Thus: at four inches it pulled twelve pounds; at six inches, eighteen pounds; and at eight inches, twenty-four pounds. At that distance it just balanced the turkey, thus proving that it weighed ——"

"Well, Maggie, what does Albro say?"

"Twenty-four poun', mum," replied Maggie, coming in.

"Well, I give up," said Mrs. Simpson; and she did, and so do I—till next time.

NIMBLE JIM AND THE MAGIC MELON.

By J. A. JUDSON.

ONCE upon a time, in a snug little cottage by a brook under a hill, lived an old widow and her only child. She was a tidy, pleasant-faced dame, was "Old Mother Growser;" and as to her boy, there was n't a brighter lad of his age in all the village. His real name was James, but he had always been so spry and handy that when he was a little bit of a chap the neighbors called him "Nimble Jim." At work in the cottage garden, or at play on the village green, even at his books and slate, he was ever the same industrious, active "Nimble Jim," and always a comfort to his mother.

His father had been the village cobbler, and when he died the folks said: "Who 'll mend our shoes now, and auld Jamie gone?"

Then up sprang the boy, saying: "I 'll mend them, now father 's dead."

The simple folks laughed at him. "Hoot! toot! lad," said they; "ye canna mend shoes!"

But he answered bravely: "Am I not fifteen

years old, and e'en a'most a mon? Have n't I all father's tools? Have n't I seen him do it day after day ever since I was a wee boy? It 's time I was doing something besides jobbin' and runnin' and pretendin' to work! I may take to th' auld bench, and e'en get my father's place among ye in time, so I be good enough. Mother canna allus be a-spinnin', spinnin', spinnin'. The poor old eyes are growing dim a'ready,"—and Jim gently stroked her thin gray hair.

"Ye 're a brave darlin', and my own handy Nimble Jim," said the fond mother, smilingly.

"Ah, well, boy," the neighbors said, "be about it if ye will, for there 's no cobbler hereabout now, and the shoes must be mended. But ye 'll do the work fairly, mind, or we 'll no' pay ye a penny!"

"I 'll try my best, and bide your good favor, neighbors," was Jim's cheery answer.

And so he succeeded to his father's old bench by the window, the lap-stone and hammer and awl; and as he waxed his thread and stitched away, singing the old songs, the country folks passing by would listen, look at each other, smile and nod approvingly, or say:

"Hark to that, friend! One might think auld Jamie back again, with the whack o' the hammer and the blithe song, though the voice be n't so crackit like as th' auld one."

"Aye, it 's a bit clearer, but no happier. Auld cobbler Jamie was a merry soul," says one.

"And the lad 'll prove worthy his father, I warrant. Listen to the turn of that song, now; I 've heard Jamie singin' it many a day," says another.

"Whack! whack! thump-pet-ty crack!
In go the shoe-nails with many a smack.
Zu! zu! pull the thread through;
Soon will the shoe be done, master, for you!

"Nay! nay! there 's nothin' to pay,
If it is not mended as good as I say.
I do my work honestly—that is the thing;
Then Jamie the cobbler 's as good as the king!"

And the folks passed on, or stopped to leave shoes to mend.

Jim prospered in the old stall, and they called him "Nimble Jim, the Cobbler," for soon he was fairly installed as cobbler to the whole country-side. He was happy, and his old mother was happy, and proud, too, of the success of her boy, who was the light of her home and the joy of her heart.

All day Jim worked away at his bench. Winter evenings he read his few books by the firelight; in the cool of the summer days, or in the early mornings, he busied himself in the little garden. His vegetables were his pride, and for miles around no one had so trim a garden-patch, or so many good things in it, as Nimble Jim.

Only one kind of all his plants failed to come to anything,—his melon-vines,—and these always failed. This began to grieve him sorely, for he was fond of melons; and, besides, he thought if he could only raise fine ones, he might sell them for a deal of money, like gruff, rich old Farmer Hummidge.

"Oh dear! my melons don't grow like other folkses. They don't come up at all, or if they do they wither or spindle away," he said, losing his temper, and tearing up some of the vines by the roots. Then he went into the cottage, angrily, and began to pound away, driving in big hob-nails. With the twilight, his mother called him to the simple meal, but he was sullen and silent.

"What be the matter with ye, my Nimble Jim?" asked the good dame, cheerily.

"Matter enough, mother! My melons wont grow; there 's somethin' the matter with them. Faith, I believe some imp has cast a spell over 'em. I do, mother," quoth he, thumping the table with his fist until the dishes rattled.

"Softly, softly, boy! Where 's thy good nature gone?" said Mother Growser, staring at him in wonder.

"It be well enough to say 'Softly, softly,'" said he, "and I don't want to grieve ye, mother; but it 's naught with me but hammer, stitch, dig,—hammer, stitch, dig,—the day in, the day out, when I might be raisin' fine melons and sellin' 'em for mints of gold in the great city. Yea, mother, sellin' 'em e'en to the king and queen and all the grand lords and ladies at the court, like old Farmer Hummidge."

For almost the first time in his life Jim was unhappy.

"I would you had your wish, Nimble Jim; but then we 've a neat bit garden besides the melons; and the home is snug, and you 're a good boy and the best o' cobblers. Can't you be happy with that, my lad?"

But Nimble Jim shook his head, for the spirit of discontent had taken possession of him.

Now, for many days, Nimble Jim neglected his cobbling and let the weeds grow in his garden, while he moodily watched his melons as they withered away. Soon he came to idle about them in the evening, too, until, one bright moonlight night, as he was grieving over the wretched, scraggy vines, he heard a tiny, silvery voice quite near him cry, tauntingly:

"Hello, Nimble Jim! How are your melons?"

Jim would have been very angry at such a question could he have seen anybody to be angry with; but, though he looked and looked with all his eyes, not a soul could he see.

"Hello, Nimble Jim! How are your melons? Ha, ha, ha! Melons! melons! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the sweet little voice sang, in a merry, mocking strain:

"Nice sweet melons!
Round ripe melons!
Nimble Jim likes them, I know.
Mean sour melons,
Crooked green melons,
Nimble Jim only can grow!

Ha, ha, ha! How are your melons, Nimble Jim?"

"Who are you? What are you? Where are you?" cried Jim, hardly knowing whether to be angry, amused, or frightened.

"You ask a good many questions at once, don't you?" said the silvery voice. "*Who* am I? *What* am I? *Where* am I? Eh! I 'm the Queen of the Elfs," said her tiny majesty, "and if you look sharply you 'll see where I am."

Just then a moonbeam streaming through the trees overhead fell across his path, and, dancing up and down on it, he saw the tiny elfin queen,—a lovely little creature with long, bright, wavy hair, and glittering garments fluttering in the breeze, wings like a butterfly, a mischievous smile on her face, and in her hand a wee wand tipped with a star. But the brightest thing about her was the twinkle that played hide-and-seek in her eye.



THE ELFIN QUEEN.

Nimble Jim took off his hat and made a low bow.

"Now, what is all this about?—and why are you neglecting your work, sir?" demanded she, sternly.

Jim trembled beneath her royal gaze, little as she was, and replied humbly:

"May it please your majesty, I wish I 'd some melon-seeds that 'd grow like magic. I am dead tired of being nothin' but a cobbler. I want to be a melon-merchant, and raise the finest, largest melons ever seen,—supply the whole kingdom with them, and grow to be as rich as the king himself."

"Oh, you do, do you?" she answered, laughing her merry little laugh, and capering up and down the moonbeam. "Oh! quite a modest youth! Well, I 'll make a bargain with you; and if you will do something for me, you shall have your wish," said the queen.

Nimble Jim was about to pour out his gratitude, when she interrupted him, saying: "Now, Nimble Jim, listen to me. Your wish is a foolish one, and I warn you that if you gain it you will be sorry. Why will you not be content as you are?"

"Your majesty," replied the obstinate youth, "I *cannot* be content as I am."

"Well, since you insist on having your own way, we 'll make our bargain. Here,"—and, sitting down on the moonbeam, she pulled off a shoe,—"here, sir, I want you to mend my shoe. I tripped just now on a rough place in this moonbeam. Mend the rip; show me you are a good cobbler, and I promise that you shall have your wish."

"But, your majesty," began Nimble Jim, taking the shoe, which was no bigger than a bean, "I can't sew such a little shoe; my fingers are ——"

"There, there! Stop! I 'm a queen, and people don't say 'can't' or 'wont' to me, sir," interrupted her majesty, with much dignity. "Take the shoe, and find a way to mend it. I will come for it to-morrow night at this same place and hour," and off she went up the moonbeam, half skipping, half flying, while Jim stood stupidly staring until she had entirely disappeared. Then he began, slowly: "Well,—I—never—in—all—my—life—saw—such—a ——"

He said no more, but went in, and sat up all night, thinking how and where he could find needle and thread fine enough to do such a piece of cobbling as this. About dawn a thought struck him. His mother thought he had gone crazy when she saw him chasing bees and pulling down spider-webs. Hours and hours he worked, and though his fingers were big, they were nimble, like his name; so, by and by, with a needle made of a bee's sting and thread drawn from a spider-web, he sewed up the rip in her fairy majesty's dainty shoe.

He hardly could wait for the hour of meeting, but went into the garden, with the shoe in his hand, long before the time. At length, the queen came sliding down the moonbeam, laughing and singing:

"Hello, Nimble Jim! How are your melons?"

But he was not angry now; he only laughed respectfully, made a profound bow, and said:

"May it please your majesty, I have mended your majesty's shoe."

The merry little queen took it from him, looked at it closely, saying to herself: "Humph! I did n't think he could, but he did,"—and, turning to Jim, said, much more graciously than before: "I suppose you think yourself quite a cobbler; and so you are—for a mortal. Since you have done your work so well, I will do as I said. Now," she continued, handing him a little package about as big as a baby's thumb, "plant these melon-seeds, and ——"

"Are these little things melon-seeds? They look too small," interrupted Jim,—for he had made no ceremony, even in the queen's presence, about peeping into the package,—and it must be confessed that they were very small indeed.

"Certainly they are, or I would not tell you so. They are the magic melons of fairy-land. As I was about to say when you rudely interrupted, plant ——"

"I beg your pardon, your majes——"

"*Will* you keep still? Was there *ever* such a chatterbox!" said she. "I say, plant these melon-seeds to-morrow at sunrise, and you will have your wish, foolish boy." And, while Jim was thinking of melons and wealth, she skipped away up the moonbeam, singing:

"Nimble Jim is quite demented,—
Wants to be a melon-king!
Silly mortal! not contented
With the riches home-joys bring!
Oh! ho!
Oh! ho!
He will be sorry to-morrow;
To-morrow will bring only sorrow."

But Nimble Jim heeded her not. This night also he could not close his eyes, and in the early morning he hastened to tell his mother their good fortune. She looked grave, and said:

"Ah, my lad! I 'd rather you minded the cobbler's bench, nor trafficked with fairies. I fear me they 're uncanny folks to deal with."

"Never fear, mother; we 'll be rich yet, and I 'll make you a queen yourself, and then you need spin no more," said Jim, wild with hope and excitement.

"I don't mind the spinnin', my boy. I 'd rather be ——"

Jim heard no more, for he dashed off at once to the garden to plant his precious seeds just at sunrise. With furious energy, he tore up all his old



"BEFORE NIMBLE JIM COULD GET BACK TO THE HOUSE, THE YARD WAS FULL OF MELON-VINE."

vines, flung them over the fence, and, after that, spaded up the melon-bed with the greatest care. Then he opened the paper and poured the magical seeds into his hand.

There were only *four*—four wee seeds, each no bigger than a pin's head! His first impulse was to fling them away in wrath, for he thought such little things could n't possibly make as big a fortune as he wanted. But then he reflected, "Fairies are little, so I suppose their seeds are little, too. I 'll try them, anyhow." And with that he put them in the ground and carefully covered them.

In an instant, the ground burst open in four places, and up shot four sturdy melon-vines, that grew east, west, north, south!

Grew? No! they raced, they tore, they dashed through the country far and wide! In no time, before Nimble Jim could get back to the house door, the whole yard was full of melon-vine, and one great big melon, bigger than the cottage itself, blocked the door-way.

"Oh! oh! oh!" roared Jim. "What *have* I done? What *shall* I do?" And with his spade he cut a hole through the melon. It took him a whole hour, and when he got into the house he found that his poor mother had fainted from fright.

And all the time the vine and melons kept growing—east, west, north, south.

Nimble Jim was frantic!

But the vines did n't mind Jim. On they went, growing like mad, a mile a minute, faster than any railroad train. The big arms filled up the main roads; the smaller ones crammed themselves into the lanes and by-paths, while the tendrils embraced the tall trees, the houses, and the church steeples, and snarled up everything. The leaves grew so large, thick and green that they covered the whole face of the country, shutting out the sun from the fields so the crops could n't grow; and the whole kingdom became so dark from the awful shade of Nimble Jim's magic melon-vine, that the people had to burn candles day and night.

It grew like mad. On! on! Stem, branch, leaf, tendril, fruit—on, on it went! The melons grew—great, round, smooth, rich, ripe, juicy melons, as big as houses—at the cross-roads, on the roads, in the fields, filling barn-yards and door-yards so people and cattle could n't pass, or go in or out, till they had eaten their way through the melons, or got ladders and climbed over, or dug trenches and crawled under! On, on it went, surrounding the king's palaces and choking up his forts! Down, down it grew into the brooks and rivers, and out into the king's harbors, where the tendrils seized and wound about his ships of war riding at anchor, and climbed up the masts, while melons grew on the decks till the vessels sank to the bottom! It choked up and drank up all the rivers and lakes in the kingdom, or dammed them up so the waters overflowed the land, drowning people and cattle, and sweeping away houses and barns!

On, on it grew—melons, melons everywhere! Ruin and starvation stared the nation in the face; while poor, poor Nimble Jim, hid within the rind of the melon he had dug out, shivered, cried and bewailed his folly.



THE MAGIC MELON OVERRUNS THE COUNTRY.

"I 'll be killed! I 'll be killed! The people will murder me!" he shrieked. But no one of them all save his mother knew he had had anything to do with bringing on the dire calamity that had befallen the kingdom.

Then some of the people proposed: "Let us go immediately to our king, and ask him to make a law that the vine shall stop growing ere it ruin us forever."

But when they had eaten and hewed their way to the palace, they found the king had gone to count his soldiers; and while he was gone the vine came galloping along, and an enormous melon grew and blocked up the palace gate. So they had to help the king and his guards force their way through to the hall of audience.

When they all were in, and the king had wiped

the melon-juice off his robes and crown, and was fairly seated on his throne, surrounded by his guards and courtiers, the trumpets sounded, drums beat, banners waved, and the people fell on their knees and said:

"O mighty king! We, thy liege subjects, have come to tell thee of the ruin and desolation this fearful vine maketh in all thy great kingdom, and to entreat thy majesty to enact a law forbidding it to grow any more, and commanding it to wither away."

"Alas!" answered the troubled king, "what can I do? No law of mine can stop this awful thing. It is an enchanted vine sent to torment us. Hear me, my people! Proclaim it, ye my heralds! I pledge my kingly word to give up my crown and kingdom, and change places with any one of my subjects who will wither and instantly sweep away this direful vine. I, your king, am as helpless as a child to stop it."

And the king, who was a good old man, shed tears for the misery of his people, and commanded the queen and all the court to dress themselves in mourning and fast night and day.

The people got home as best they could, and each fell to thinking how he could stop the vine and so be king. Even Nimble Jim heard of this. So, every night, he watched, hoping to see the elfin queen. At last she came, as before, on her moonbeam footpath, saying: "Hello, Nimble Jim! How are your melons by this time?"

But he was in no mood to be facetious now. He only said, humbly:

"May it please your majesty, what can I do to stop the growth of this horrible vine, and instantly sweep it from the face of the earth? Help me, I beg your gracious majesty!"—and Jim knelt before her.

"Ha, ha! Nimble Jim don't seem to like melons! I told you you'd be sorry," laughed the little elfin queen. "I suppose you still want to be as rich as the king? Or perhaps you would like to be the king himself?" said she, tauntingly.

"Of course I would, your majesty," said Jim, "if the vine can only be stopped."

"You are a very good cobbler, Nimble Jim," she answered, "and since you mended my shoe so nicely, and as the king has promised to exchange with any one who will wither and destroy the vine, and as you might as well be king as another (and as you need a good lesson," said she to herself), "I give you the means to do it all!"

And the tiny queen pulled off the mended shoe, and cried: "Here, you silly boy! Take this and run to the palace. Once there, you need touch but a tendril with this magic shoe, and the vine will wither and disappear, and the crown and kingdom will be yours. I wish you joy of both. Good-bye! You will learn contentment yet, poor Jim, I hope," she added, as he ran out of hearing, with the precious little shoe in his hand.

Leaving his poor mother behind, for he had forgotten all about her during these days, Jim set off for the palace. It was a long, hard journey, on account of the melon-vines, that not only blocked the road, but even chased him. Many a narrow escape had he from being crushed to death in the embrace of some young tendril that would shoot out, wriggling and writhing toward him like a great green serpent.

At length, he arrived at the palace gate, which in old times was marble, but now was only a hole that had been cut through a melon.

"Halt! Who goes there!" shouted a sentinel, thrusting his spear in front of Jim's panting breast.

"It 's only Nimble Jim, the Cobbler. I want to see the king," said the boy.

"Be off, you fellow!" shouted the sentry. "Our noble king don't hob-nob with cobblers! Be off, I say, or ——" And he shook his spear at our hero ominously.

"Hold, there!" shouted the king himself, straining out of a window to look between the melon-leaves. "Hold, I say! What do you want, young cobbler?"

"I want your crown and kingdom, sire," boldly answered Jim. "I 've heard of the new law, and I 'll stop the melon-vine."

"Let him pass, guards," shouted the king; "and send him hither."

A little page dressed in black led Jim to the throne-room. The king and his court no longer blazed in gold and jewels. Black covered everybody and everything, even the golden throne itself, and grief and dismay were on all faces.

Then said the king, in a hollow tone: "What know you of this vine? Speak!"

And Jim, tremblingly, told the whole story.

"Wicked boy!" groaned the king. "You well deserve punishment for the ruin you have brought on the land. But I have passed my royal word, and you shall try to destroy the vine. If you succeed, bad as you are, you then will be the king and I the cobbler. But if you fail, you shall be put where you shall have nothing but melons to eat for the rest of your days. Guards, take him away!"

That night, before the king and queen and all the assembled court, when the moon was fairly risen, Nimble Jim touched with the toe of the magic shoe the end of a tendril that was running rapidly up a tower.

In an instant, every vestige of the vine vanished throughout all the palace grounds; and in the morning the people all over the country shouted

for joy and cried with one voice: "Let us all go up to the coronation, for to-day we have a new king who has delivered us from the horrible vine."

And on they came, in hordes, till the capital was full and the country about the palace was one vast camp, while throughout the kingdom not a trace of the vine was to be seen.

Then the nobles and prelates prepared for the coronation. It was magnificent. They girt Jim with the sword of state, clothed him in the imperial robes, placed the scepter in his hand, and, as the golden crown descended upon his head, all the people shouted:

"Hail, King Nimblejimble, our deliverer! Long live the king!"

And the silly boy was happy.

Meanwhile, the poor, faithful old king, who cheerfully had given up all for his people, was hammering and stitching and digging away on Jim's cobbler-bench off in the village; and Jim's mother, whom the naughty boy, in his strange elevation, had forgotten all about, tenderly cared for the humbled old monarch.

Before long, the elfin queen saw how patient the old king and Jim's mother were, and how badly Nimble Jim was behaving now he was king, for he was given up to all sorts of wickedness and tyranny, was fast becoming hated by every one, and himself was beginning to see that he was not nearly so happy as he had been while he was a cobbler.

Jim was really good at heart, only his unreasonable discontent with his lot had got him into all



MAKING AN ENTRANCE FOR THE KING THROUGH THE MELON IN FRONT OF THE PALACE GATE.

this misery. At last, he began to repent, and, one moonlight night when he was walking alone on the palace terrace, he said:

"I wish I could see that little elfin queen, and I would ask her to let me go back home again."

"Well, here I am!" said the silvery voice; and, sitting on a moonbeam beside him, there she was. "Tired of being king, Jim?" she asked.

"Yes, your majesty, indeed I am," he replied.

"Want any more melons, Jim?" said she, laughing.

"No, no, no!" groaned Jim. "No more!"

"How is your mother, Jim?" asked her majesty.

"Alas! I don't know,"—and he hung his head in shame.

"Are you ready to go and see her, Jim?" she asked, gently. "And will you be contented now?"

"Yes, yes!" was his eager reply.

Now, the old king had been mending shoes all day, and was at this moment resting in the cottage porch, when, suddenly, he was whisked away on a cloud and landed in his palace again. His crown was popped on his head, and the scepter thrust in his hand, while his old chamberlain tenderly tucked him up in bed.

At the same instant, another cloud brought back Nimble Jim to his bench and his faithful mother, who at once made him some oat-meal porridge without a murmur or word of reproach.

"There!" said the elfin queen to herself. "That boy is cured of his silly notions."

"Mother, I think I don't care much for melons. I wont plant any more," said Jim next morning.

"I don't like 'em myself, lad," said the mother. "I'd a deal rather you'd stick to the bench, like your auld father."

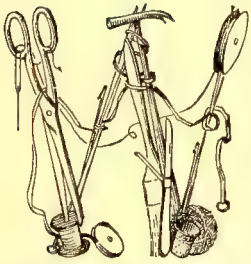
"I will, mother dear," answered Nimble Jim. And he is mending shoes there to this day, as happy as happy can be.



"Oh! I'm my mamma's lady-girl
And I must sit quite still;
It would not do to jump and whirl,
And get my hair all out of curl,
And rumple up my frill.
No, I'm my mamma's lady-girl,
So I must sit quite still."

A BUDGET OF HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

HINTS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS, LITTLE AND BIG.*



WHO is it that every year invents the thousand-and-one new and pretty things which hang on Christmas-trees, and stuff the toes of Christmas stockings? Who is it that has so wise and watchful an eye for the capacities of little people, and the tastes of bigger ones, providing for each, planning for tiny purses with almost nothing in them, as well as for fat wallets stuffed with bank-bills, and suggesting something which can be made, accepted and enjoyed by everybody, large and small, all the wide world over? Who can it be that possesses this inexhaustible fertility of invention and kindness of heart? No ordinary human being, you may be sure. Not Father Santa Claus! He has enough to do with distributing the presents after they are made; besides, fancy-work is not in a man's line,—not even a saint's! But what so likely as that he should have a mate, and that it is to her we are indebted for all this? What an immense work-basket Mother Santa Claus's must be! What a glancing thimble and swift needle and thread! Can't you imagine her throwing aside her scissors and spool-bag to help the dear saint "tackle up" and load the sledge? And who knows but she sits behind as he drives over the roofs of the universe on the blessed eve, and holds the reins while Santa Claus dispenses to favored chimneys the innumerable pretty things which he and she have chuckled over together months and months before the rest of us knew anything about them?

This is not a fact. It can't be proved in any way, for none of us knows anything about the Santa Clauses or their abode. There is no telegraphing, or writing to the selectmen of their town to inquire about them; they have n't even a post-office address. But admitting it to be a fiction, it is surely a pleasant one; so, as the children say, "Let 's play that it is true," and proceed to see what Mother Santa Claus has in her basket for us this year. We will first pull out some easy things for the benefit of little beginners who are not yet up to all the tricks of the needle; then some a little harder for the more advanced class; and, at bottom of all, big girls not afraid to dive will find plenty of elaborate designs suited to their taste and powers.

Here, to begin with, is something nice for papa's pocket:

A POSTAGE-STAMP HOLDER.

Cut two pieces of perforated board, or of stiff morocco, two inches long by one and a half wide, and stitch them together, leaving one end open. If you choose the board, a little border in cat-stitch or feather-stitch should be worked before putting the pieces together, and, if you like, an initial in the middle of one side. If the morocco is chosen, an initial in colored silk will be pretty, and the edges should be bound with narrow ribbon, and over-handed together.

Cut two other pieces of the material a quarter of an inch smaller than the first. Bind the morocco with ribbon. Make a fastening at one end with a ribbon loop; place the stamps between the two, and slip the little envelope thus filled into the outer case, the open end down. It fits so snugly that it will not fall out in the pocket, and is easily drawn forth by means of the loop when papa wants to get at his stamps.



A POSTAGE-STAMP HOLDER.

A letter-case for papa's other pocket: This can be made either of morocco, oiled silk, or rubber cloth. Cut an envelope-shaped piece, about an inch larger all round than an ordinary letter envelope. Bind the edges, work an initial on one side, and for a fastening use a loop of elastic braid.

SAND-BAGS FOR WINDOWS.

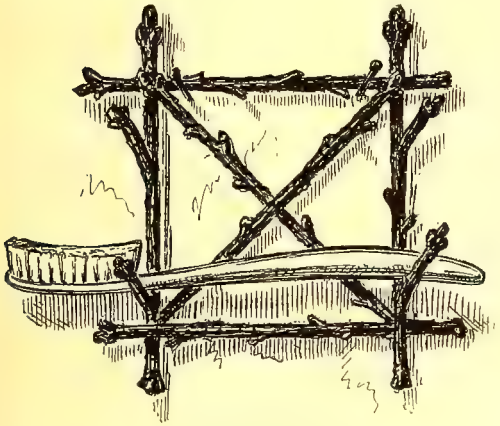
These are capital presents for grandmammas whose windows rattle in winter weather and let cold air in between the sashes. You must measure the window, and cut in stout cotton cloth a bag just as long as the sash is wide, and about four inches across. Stitch this all round, leaving one end

* The present paper will enable our young friends to make over seventy different articles for Christmas gifts. While a few familiar things may be found among them, a great majority of the objects are entirely novel, and are here described for the first time. All who may wish for still further hints in regard to home-made Christmas presents will find very many useful suggestions in the paper "One Hundred Christmas Presents, and How to Make Them," published in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1875—Vol. III.

open, and stuff it firmly with fine, dry sand. Sew up the open end, and slip the bag into an outer case of bright scarlet flannel, made just a trifle larger than the inner one, so that it may go in easily. Lay the sand-bag over the crack between the two sashes, and on cold nights, when you are asleep, grandmamma will rejoice in the little giver of such a comfortable bulwark against the wind.

Rack for Tooth-Brushes, in Rustic-work.

This is very simple, but it is pretty as well. Cut two straight spruce twigs, each having two or three little branches projecting upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. These twigs must be as much alike in shape as possible. Place them six inches apart; lay two cross-twigs across, as you see them



A RACK FOR TOOTH-BRUSHES.

in the picture, and tie the corners with fine wire, or fasten them with tiny pins. Two diagonal braces will add to the strength of the rack. Hang it to the wall above the wash-stand by a wire or ribbon. The tooth-brushes rest on the parallel branches.

For further particulars concerning spruce-wood work, see ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. III., pp. 114 and 115.

Miniature Hanging-Shelves.

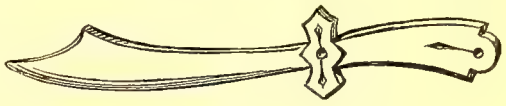
Boys who have learned to use their pocket-knives skillfully may make a very pretty set of hanging-shelves by taking three bits of thin wood (the sides of a cigar-box, for instance), well smoothed and oiled, boring a hole in each corner, and suspending them with cords, run in, and knotted underneath each shelf as in the picture. The wood should be about eight inches long by three wide, and the shelves, small as they are, will be found convenient for holding many little articles.



MINIATURE HANGING-SHELVES.

Paper-Cutters.

Another idea for these graduates of the knife is this falchion-shaped paper-cutter. It can be made

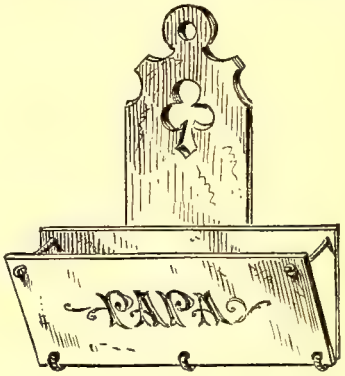


A FALCHION-SHAPED PAPER-CUTTER.

of any sort of hard-wood, neatly cut out, rubbed smooth with sand-paper, and oiled or varnished. It has the advantage that the materials cost almost nothing. Suggestions for more elaborate articles in wood will be given further on.

A Wall Letter-Holder.

This is something which quite a little boy could make. Cut out three pieces of thin wood, a foot long by six inches wide; smooth and sand-paper two of them, bore a hole in each corner and in the middle of one side, and fasten them together with fine wire, cord, ribbon, or the small brass pins which are used for holding manuscripts. The pieces should be held a little apart. Cut one end of the third piece into some ornamental shape, glue it firmly to the back of one of the others, and suspend it from the wall by a hole bored in the top. It will be found a useful thing to hold letters or pamphlets. A clever boy could make this much handsomer by cutting a pattern over the front, or



A WALL LETTER-HOLDER FOR PAPA.

an initial, or monogram, or name in the middle. The wood should be oiled or shellacked.

Shoe-Cases.

These cases are meant to take the place of paper when shoes are to be wrapped up to go in a trunk. They are made of brown crash, bound with red worsted braid. One end is pointed so as to turn

over and button down, or the top has strings over the braid to tie the mouth up. There should be



A SHOE-CASE FOR TRAVELING.

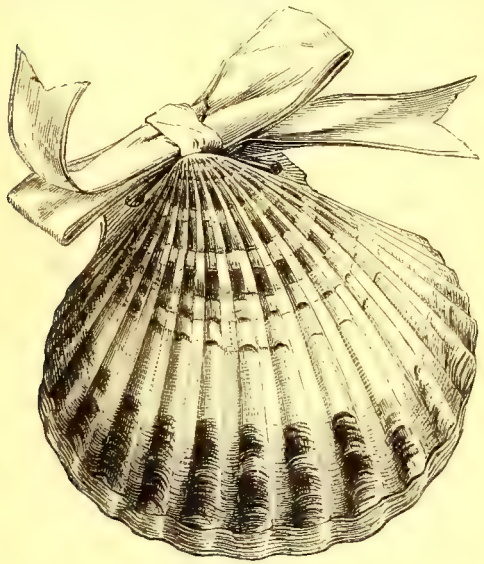
three or four made at a time, as each holds but one pair of shoes; and you will find that mamma or your unmarried aunts will like them very much.

SKATE-BAGS.

A nice present for a skating boy—and what boy does not skate?—is a bag made much after the pattern of the shoe-case just described, only larger and wider, and of stouter material. Water-proof cloth or cassimere is best. Sew it very strongly, and attach a string of wide braid, or a strong elastic strap, that the bag may be swung over the shoulders. A big initial letter cut out in red flannel and button-holed on will make a pretty effect.

A SCALLOP-SHELL ALBUM.

Young folks who are fortunate enough to have a pair of good-sized scallop-shells (picked up, perhaps, at the sea-side during the last summer vacation), can make a very pretty little autograph album in this way:



A SCALLOP-SHELL ALBUM.

Take a pair of well-mated scallop-shells. Clean them with brush and soap. When dry, paint them with the white of egg to bring out the colors, and let them dry again. Now insert between the shells a dozen or more pages of writing-paper, cut of the same shape and size as the shells, and very neatly scalloped around the edges. Then secure the whole loosely, as shown in the picture, by means of a narrow ribbon passed through two holes previously bored in the shells. Of course, holes also must be pierced in the sheets of paper to correspond with those in the shells.

A LITTLE NUN.

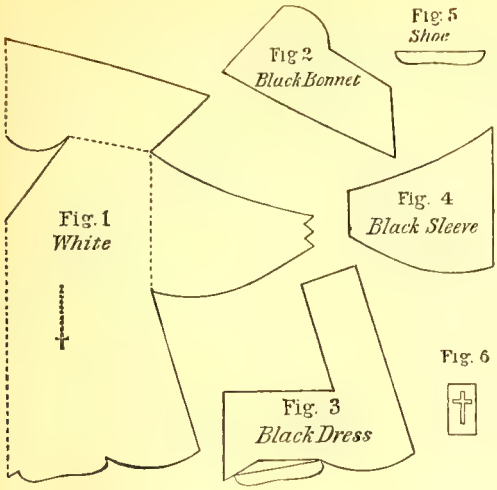
This droll figure is cut out in black and white paper. Fastened at the end of a wide ribbon, it would make an odd and pretty book-mark. The black paper should be dull black, though the glossy will answer if no other can be procured. Fig. 1 of the diagrams is cut in white, a rosary and cross being put in with pen and ink, and is folded in the middle by the dotted lines, the head and arms being afterward folded over, as indicated. Figs. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 are cut in black and pasted into place, leaving a narrow white border to the bonnet, a mite of white band at the end of the sleeve, and a suggestion of snowy stocking above the shoe. Fig. 6, cut double, forms a book, which can be pasted to look as if held in the hand.



A LITTLE NUN.

BEAN-BAG CASES.

Are there any of you who do not know the game of bean-bags? It is capital exercise for rainy days, besides being very good fun, and we would advise all of you who are not familiar with it to make a set at once. Usually, there are four bags to a set, but any number of persons from two to eight can play at bean-bags. Each player holds two, flinging to his opponent the one in his right hand, and rapidly shifting the one in his left to the right, so as to leave the left hand free to catch the bag which is thrown at him. A set of these bags would be a nice present for some of you little girls to make for your small brothers; and there are various ways of ornamenting the bags gayly and prettily. The real bags must first be made of stout ticking, over-handed strongly all round, and filled (not too full) with white baking-beans. Over these are drawn covers of flannel, blue or scarlet, and you can work an initial in white letters or braid on each, or make



DIAGRAMS FOR MAKING THE LITTLE NUN.

each of the four bags of a different color—yellow, blue, red, green; anything but black, which is hard to follow with the eye, or white, which soils too soon to be desirable.

Baby's Shoes in Cashmere.

Babies who can't walk are particularly hard on their shoes! We once heard of one who "wore out" nine pairs in two months! In these circumstances, it seems very desirable to have a home shoe-maker, and not have to frequent the shops too often; so we will tell you of an easy kind, which almost any little sister can make. You must take an old morocco shoe which fits, and cut out the shape in paper, first the sole, and then the upper. Then cut the same shape in merino or cashmere, line the little sole with Canton flannel or silk, and bind it with very narrow ribbon. Line and bind the upper in the same way, and feather-stitch round the top and down both sides of the opening in front; sew on two ends of ribbon to tie round the ankle, and the shoe is done. It will look very pretty on baby's pink foot, and he will thank you for your gift in his own way, by kicking his toes joyfully, and getting the shoes into his mouth as soon as possible.

A Hemlock Pillow.

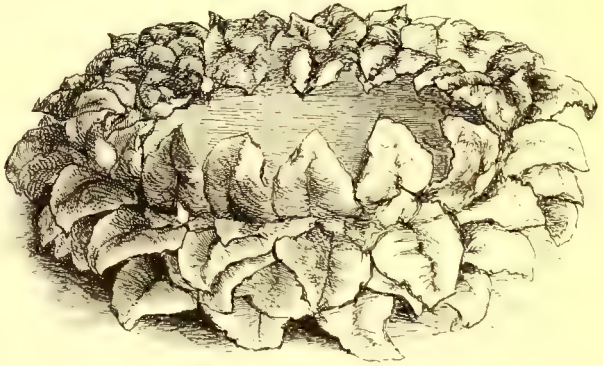
It is rather late in the year to make these pillows, but you can try them for next Christmas. They must be prepared for beforehand by gathering and drying a quantity of the needles of the hemlock, the fine ones from the ends of the young shrubs being the best. Make a large square bag of cotton, stuff it full of the needles, and inclose it in an outer case of soft thick silk or woolen stuff. The one from which we take our description had "Rêve du forêt" embroidered on it in dull yellow floss, and we don't believe any one could help dreaming of the forest who laid a cheek on the pillow and smelled the mingled spice and sweetness of its aromatic contents.

Sachets for Linen-Closets.

If you have any old-fashioned lavender growing in your garden, you can easily make a delightful sachet for mamma to lay among her sheets and pillow-cases in the linen-closet, by cutting a square bag of tarletane or Swiss muslin, made as tastefully as you please, and stuffing it full of the flowers. Another delightful scent is the *mellilotte*, or sweet clover, which grows wild in many parts of the country, and has, when dried, a fragrance like that of the tonquin-bean, only more delicate.

Tissue-Paper Mats.

We like to be able to tell you about these mats, or they cost almost nothing at all, and are so simple that any little boy or girl can make them. All the material needed for them is three sheets of tissue-paper,—a light shade, a medium shade, and a dark shade, or, if you like, they can also be made of one solid color, but are not quite so pretty then. Cut a piece of each color nine inches square, fold it across, and then across again, so as to form a small square, and then fold from point to point. Lay on it a pattern, like the first diagram on next page, and cut the tissue paper according to the lines of the pattern. Opening the paper, you will find it a circle, with the edge pointed in scallops. Now take a common hair-pin, bend its points over that



A TISSUE-PAPER MAT.

they may not tear the paper, slip it in turn over each point, as shown in the diagram, and draw it down, *crinkling* the paper into a sort of double scallop. (The second diagram on next page will explain this

process.) Treat your three rounds in this way, lay them over each other like a pile of plates, stick a

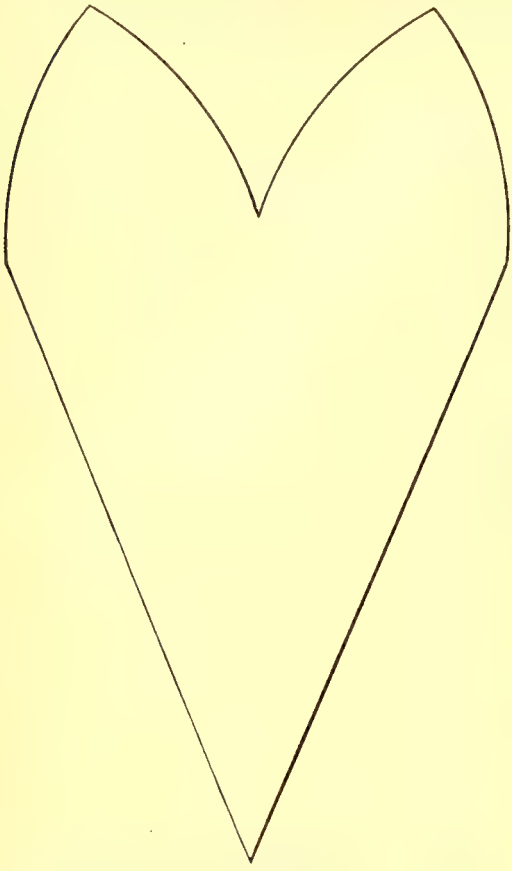


DIAGRAM FOR PAPER MAT, SHOWING MODE OF FOLDING AND SHAPING.

small pin in the middle to hold them, set a goblet upon them, and gently arrange the crinkled edges about its base, so as to give a full ruffled effect, like the petals of a dahlia, although less stiff and regular. These mats are exceedingly pretty.

A Work-Basket in Vanilla Grass.

If any of you live where the sweet-scented vanilla grass grows plentifully, you can make a delicious little basket by drying the long wiry blades, braiding them in strands of three, tying the ends firmly together to make a long braid, and coiling and sewing as in straw plaiting. Two circles the size of a dessert plate should be prepared, one for the bottom of the basket, and the other for the top of the lid (the latter a trifle the larger). Then draw the braid tighter, and form a rim to each about two inches deep. The lid, which is separate, fits over the bottom, and the scent of the grass will impart itself to everything kept in the basket.

So much for the dear little people. Our next dip into Mother Santa Claus's basket brings out a big handful for girls (and boys) who are a trifle older,—say from twelve to fifteen.

Hair-Pin Holders.

On the next page is a picture of the hair-pin holder when finished; and above it you will find a diagram of it when cut out and not yet put in shape. It is cut, as you will observe, in one piece. The material is perforated card-board, either white or "silver." The dotted lines show where to fold it.

A, A and B, B are lapped outside the end pieces, D, D, and held in place by stitches of worsted, long below and very short above, where the sides join. A little border is worked in worsted at top and bottom before the sides are joined. The inside is stuffed with curled hair, and topped with a little cover crocheted or knit in worsted—plain ribbing or the tufted crochet, just as you pre-

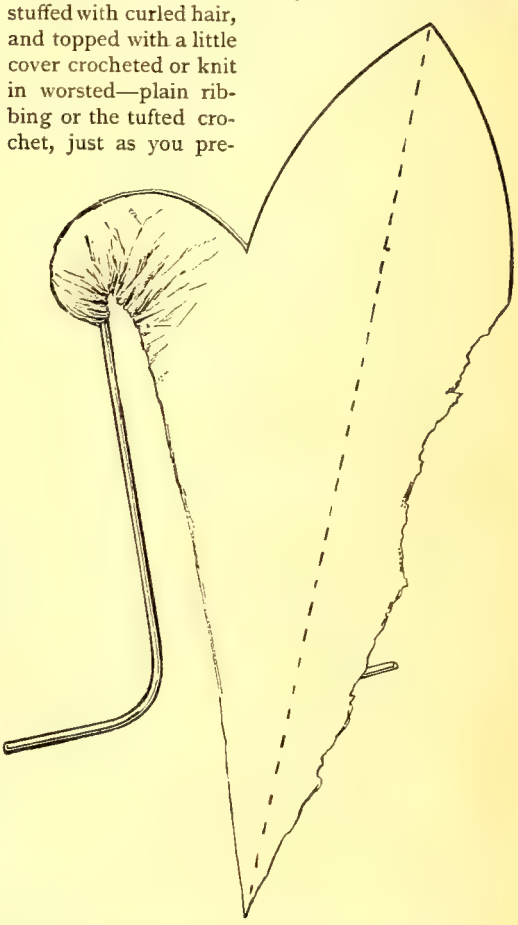
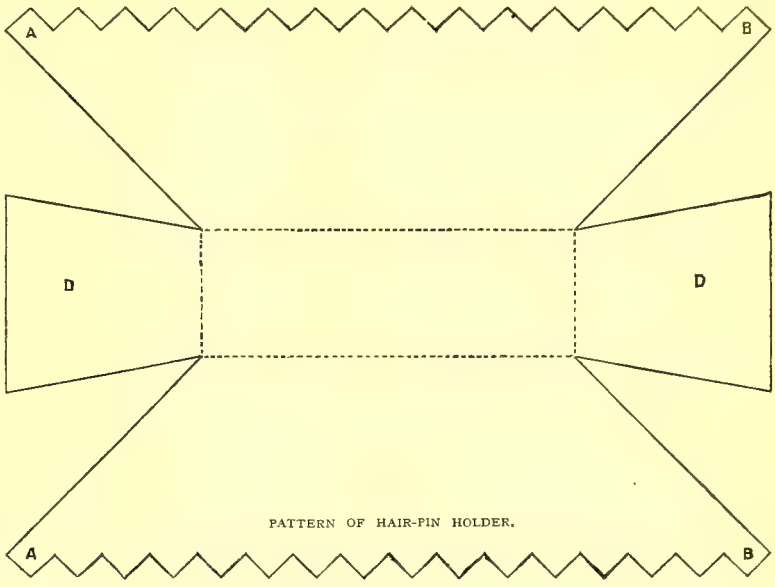


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE MANNER OF CRIMPING EACH SCALLOP OF THE PAPER MAT OVER A HAIR-PIN.

fer. A cord and a small worsted tassel at either end complete it, and it is a convenient little thing

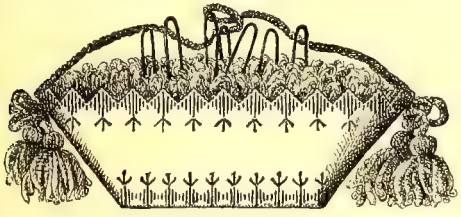
to hang or stand on mamma's or sister's toilet-table. It will be an easy matter to enlarge the pattern, if this hair-pin holder would be too small.



PATTERN OF HAIR-PIN HOLDER.

A Crib-Blanket for Baby.

The prettiest and simplest crib-blanket which we have seen of late, was made of thick white flannel, a yard wide, and a yard and a quarter long. Across each end were basted two rows of scarlet worsted braid, four inches apart, and between the two a row of bright yellow braid. These were cat-stitched down on both edges with black worsted, and between them were rows of feather-stitching in blue. Above, in each corner, was a small wheel made of rows of feather-stitch—black, red, yellow and blue. Nothing could be easier to make, but the effect was extremely gay and bright, and


A HAIR-PIN HOLDER.

we advise some of you who are lucky enough to "belong to a baby" to try it.

Another Baby's Blanket.

For this you must buy a real blanket—one of the small ones which come for use in a baby's crib. Those with blue stripes and a narrow binding of blue silk are prettiest for the purpose. Baste a narrow strip of canvas between the stripes and the binding, and with blue saddler's silk doubled, work in cross-stitch a motto, so arranged that it can be read when the top of the blanket is folded back. If the stripe is red instead of blue, the motto must be in red silk, and it should, of course, have reference to the baby. Here are some pretty ones in various languages: "*Nun guten ruh, die augen zu*" (Now go to sleep, and shut your eyes). "*Cap-à-pie*" (From head to foot). "*Ad ogni ucello, suo nido è bello*" (To every bird its own nest is beautiful). And here is one in English:

"Shut little eyes, and shut in the blue;
Sleep, little baby, God loves you."

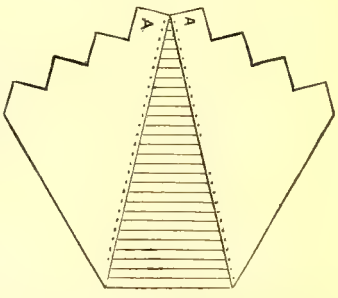
The same idea can be beautifully applied to a pair of large blankets, but this is rather a considerable gift for young people to undertake.

Summer Blankets.

A pair of thin summer blankets, of the kind which are scarcely heavier than flannel, can be made very pretty by button-holing them all round loosely with double zephyr wool in large scallops, and working three large initials in the middle of the top end.

A Work-Basket for "Sister."

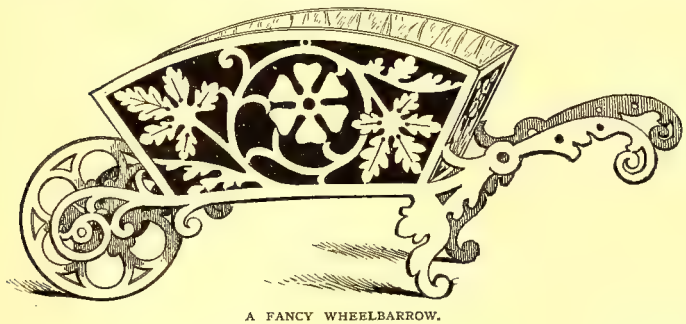
For this, you must buy a straw basket, flat in shape, and without a handle. It can be round, square, oval, or eight-sided, just as you prefer. You must also buy a yard of silk or cashmere in some pretty color. Line the whole basket, first of all, cutting the shape of the bottom exactly, and fastening the lining down with deft stitches, which shall


END OF HAIR-PIN HOLDER WHEN FOLDED.

show neither inside nor out. Make four little pockets of the stuff (six if the basket is large), draw their tops up with elastic cord, and fasten them round the sides at equal distances. These are to hold spools of silk, tapes, hooks-and-eyes, and such small wares, which are always getting into disorder in a pocketless basket. Between two of the pockets on one side, suspend a small square pincushion, and on the other a flat needle-book hung by a loop of ribbon. At the opposite ends, between the pockets, fasten an emery bag and a sheath of morocco bound with ribbon to hold a pair of scissors. Finish the top last of all with a quilling of ribbon, and you have as dainty and complete a gift as any younger sister can wish to make, or any older one receive. It will cost time and pains, but is pretty and useful enough to repay both.

A FANCY WHEELBARROW.

This cannot be made easily by any boy or girl who is not already acquainted with fancy wood-sawing, and to such the illustration gives all the hint that will be needed. We would simply suggest that the body of this barrow is about six inches long, that it is lined with crimson silk, and that standing upon a dressing-bureau, writing-table, or mantel-shelf, it makes a very pretty receiver of



A FANCY WHEELBARROW.

cards or knick-knacks. Many beautiful Christmas gifts can be made by boys or girls owning one of the little bracket-saws, which, with books of directions, can now be bought in almost any hardware shop.

For further particulars on wood-carving, see illustrated articles in ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. I., pp. 84, 215, 346, 592.

A SET OF TEA-NAPKINS.

There hardly could be a nicer gift for a girl to make for her mother or married sister than a set of tea-napkins, with a large initial letter in white, or white and red, embroidered on each. The doily should be folded in four, and the letter outlined in lead pencil in the corner of one of the quarters. If inked very black on paper, and held dry to the window behind the linen, the initial is easily traced. The pattern is then run and "stuffed" with heavy working-cotton, and the letter embroidered in finer cotton. Another nice gift is a long fringed towel, with three very large letters in white, or blue, or crimson, worked half-way between the middle and the side edge. Folded over lengthwise, it is a convenient thing to lay on a bureau-top or the front of a sideboard, and the large colored letters make it ornamental as well. Patterns of initials can be bought in any fancy shop. If desired, they can be bought already worked, requiring only to be transferred to the napkin.

NAPKIN-BANDS.

Any of you who have mastered cross-stitch, and learned to follow a pattern, will find these bands easy enough to make. Their use is to fasten a napkin round a child's neck at dinner, and take the place of that disobliging "pin," which is never at hand when wanted. You must cut a strip of Java canvas, two inches wide by a foot long; overcast the edges, and work on it some easy little vine in worsted, or a Grecian pattern, or, if you like, a short motto, such as "More haste, worse speed." Line the strip with silk, turn in the edges, overhand them, and finish the ends with two of those gilt clasps which are used to loop up ladies' dresses.

A RUSTIC VASE.

It is very easy to get the material out of which this vase is made. You need only go to your wood-pile, or, if you have none, to the wood-pile of a neighbor. Choose a round stick four inches in diameter and eight or ten inches long, with a smooth bark. If you find the stick, and it is too long, you can easily saw off an end. Now comes the difficult part of the work: The inside of the stick must be scooped out to within four inches of the bottom. The easiest way of accomplishing this will be to send it to a turning-mill if there is one at hand; if not, patience and a jack-knife will in the end prevail. Next, with a little oil-color, paint a pretty design on the bark, if you can,—trailing-arbutus, partridge berry, sprays of linnea,—any wood thing which can be supposed to cluster naturally round a stump. Set the stump in a flower-pot saucer, filled with earth, and planted with mosses and tiny ferns; fit a footless wine or champagne glass, or a plain cup, into the hollow end, and, with a bunch of grasses and wild flowers, or autumn leaves, you have a really exquisite vase, prettier than any formal article bought in a shop,

and costing little more than time and patience, with a touch of that rare thing—taste! which, after all, is not so very rare as some people imagine. Any friend will prize such a vase of your own making.

A Table-Cover.

A really charming cover for a small table can be made in this way: Cut a square—or oblong, as the case may be—of that loosely woven linen which is used for glass-towels, making it about four inches larger all round than the table it is meant to fit. Pale yellow or brown is the best color to select. Ravel the edges into a fringe two inches deep; then, beginning two inches within the edge, draw the linen threads all round in a band an inch and three-quarters wide. Lace the plain space thus left with dark-red ribbon of the same width, woven in and out in regular spaces, and at each corner tie the ribbon in a graceful knot with drooping ends.

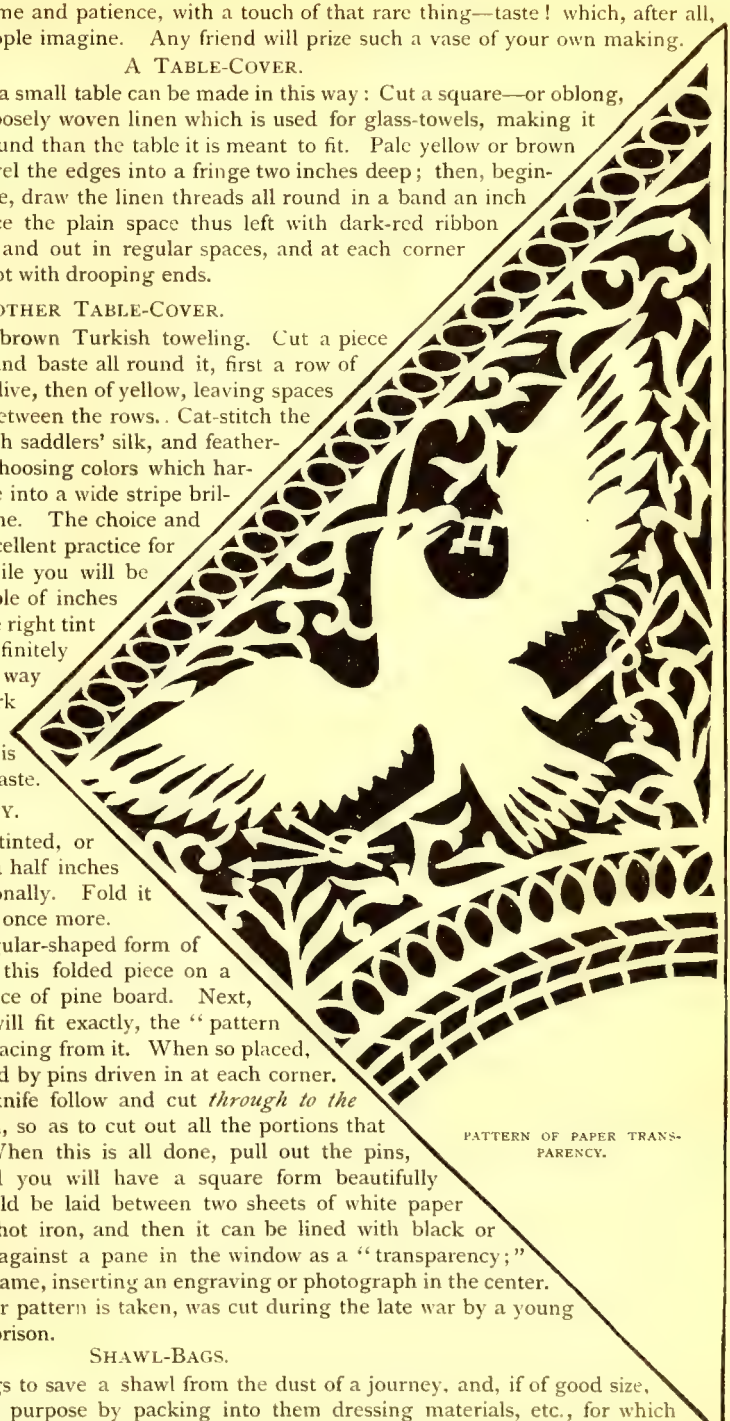
Another Table-Cover.

This cover is made of pale-brown Turkish toweling. Cut a piece of the size to suit your table, and baste all round it, first a row of scarlet worsted braid, then of olive, then of yellow, leaving spaces each an inch and a half wide between the rows. Cat-stitch the braids down on both edges with saddlers' silk, and feather-stitch between them in silks, choosing colors which harmonize, and turning the whole into a wide stripe brilliant and soft at the same time. The choice and placing of the colors will be excellent practice for your eye, and after a little while you will be able to tell, as soon as a couple of inches are done, if you are putting the right tint into the right place. It is infinitely more interesting to feel your way thus through a piece of work than to follow any set pattern, however pretty, and it is far more cultivating to the taste.

A Paper Transparency.

Take a piece of white, or tinted, or silver paper, exactly ten and a half inches square. Fold it double diagonally. Fold it double again. Fold it double once more.

You will now have a triangular-shaped form of eight thicknesses. Now lay this folded piece on a pine table, or on a smooth piece of pine board. Next, lay evenly over it, so that it will fit exactly, the "pattern of transparency," or an exact tracing from it. When so placed, secure them firmly to the board by pins driven in at each corner. Now, with a very sharp pen-knife follow and cut *through to the board* the lines of the pattern, so as to cut out all the portions that show black in the design. When this is all done, pull out the pins, open your folded paper, and you will have a square form beautifully figured in open-work. It should be laid between two sheets of white paper and carefully pressed with a hot iron, and then it can be lined with black or fancy tissue paper, and hung against a pane in the window as a "transparency;" or you may use it as a picture-frame, inserting an engraving or photograph in the center.



PATTERN OF PAPER TRANSPARENCY.

The original, from which our pattern is taken, was cut during the late war by a young Union soldier while in Libby prison.

Shawl-Bags.

These bags are capital things to save a shawl from the dust of a journey, and, if of good size, can be made to serve a useful purpose by packing into them dressing materials, etc., for which there is not room in your hand-bag. The best material for them is stout brown Holland. Cut two round end-pieces eight inches in diameter and a piece half a yard wide by twenty-four inches long.

Stitch these together, leaving the straight seam open nearly all the way across, and bind its edges and the edges of the end-pieces with worsted braid (maroon or dark brown), put on with a machine. Close the opening with five buttons and button-holes. Bind with braid a band of the Holland two inches wide, and fasten it over the button-holed side, leaving a large loop in the middle to carry the bag by.

By way of ornament you may embroider three large letters in single-stitch on the side, using worsted of the color of the braid, or may put a pattern down either side of the opening and round the ends in braiding, or a braided medallion with initials in the center.



JAPANESE HANGING-BASKET OF STRAW AND SILK.

A JAPANESE BASKET FOR GRANDMOTHER.

You will never guess what the top of this droll little basket is made of, unless we tell you. It is one of those Japanese cuffs of brown straw which can be bought nowadays for a small price at any of the Japanese shops. You may embroider a little pattern over it—diagonally, if you wish to make it look very Japanese-y; line it with silk or satin, and fasten a small bag of the same material to the bottom, drawn up with a ribbon bow or a tassel. A band of wide ribbon is sewed to the top. Grandmamma will find this just the thing to hang on her arm for holding her knitting-ball, or the knitting itself if she wishes to lay it aside. This sort of basket also is useful as a "catch-all" when hung at the side of a dressing-bureau.

A CATCH-ALL, MADE FROM A SINGLE SQUARE.

This is very pretty, and very easily made. Take a piece of silver (or gold) perforated paper, eight inches square, and ornament it with worsted or silk, as in the diagram, all in one direction. To make the cornucopia, it is only necessary to join any two edges (as A and B) by first binding each with ribbon and then sewing them together. Line with silk, and put box-plaiting at the top. A worsted tassel might be put at the top (in front) as well as at the bottom, and a loop at C.



A CATCH-ALL MADE OF PERFORATED PAPER.

If silver paper is used, the trimmings would better be all red. All blue would look well with gold paper. But the colors may

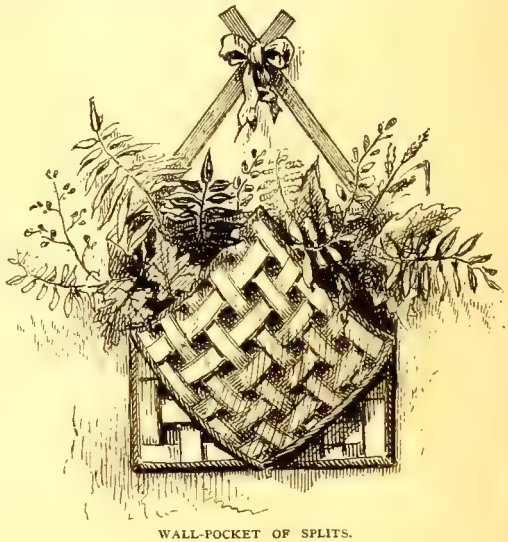


DIAGRAM OF PATTERN TO BE WORKED ON PERFORATED PAPER FOR A CATCH-ALL.

be varied according to taste. If your friend is a brunette, you will find that he or she will be most pleased with the red, while a blonde will prefer blue.

A WALL-POCKET OF SPLITS.

Splits, or cigar-lighters as they are sometimes called, are to be had at any of the fancy shops.



WALL-POCKET OF SPLITS.

They are an inch wide and about seven inches long, and come in various shades of brown and

straw color, and their flexibility makes it easy to weave them in and out like basket-work. For the wall-pocket you must weave two squares, each containing six splits each way, but one made larger than the other, as seen in the picture. A few stitches in cotton of the same color will hold the strips in place. Line the smaller of the squares with silk, and lay it across the face of the other in such a way that the four points shall make a diamond, touching the middle of each side of the square. Fasten it to the wall by two of the splits crossed and united by a bow of ribbons, and fill the pocket with dried autumn leaves and ferns gracefully arranged.



A LEAF PEN-WIPER.

Silhouette Likenesses.

This is rather a Christmas game than a present, but will answer well for either; and young folks can get much fun out of an evening spent in "taking" each other. Each in turn must stand so as to cast a sharp profile shadow on the wall, to which is previously pinned, white side out, a large sheet of paper, known as silhouette paper, black on one side and white on the other. Somebody draws the outline of this shadow *exactly* with a pencil; it is then cut out and pasted neatly, black side up, on a sheet of white paper. Good and expressive likenesses are often secured, and droll ones *very* often. Try it, some of you, in the long evenings which are coming.

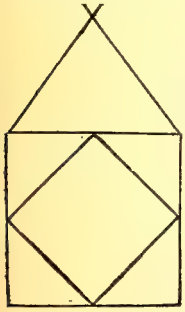


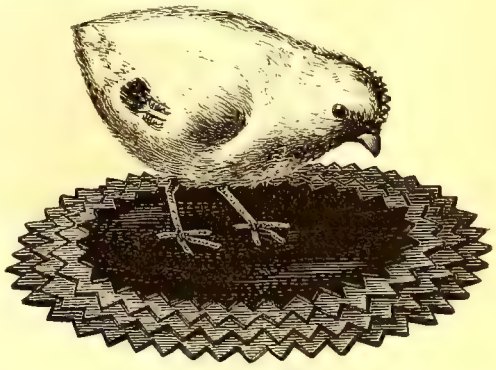
DIAGRAM OF WALL-POCKET.

A Leaf Pen-Wiper.

Your pattern for this must be a beech-leaf again, —a *long* one this time,—or you may trace the shape from the illustration. Outline the shape as before, and from the model thus secured cut six leaves in flannel—two green, two brown, and two red, or red, white and blue, or any combination you like. Snip the edge of each leaf into very tiny points, and chain-stitch veins upon it with gold-colored floss. Attach these leaves together by the upper ends, arranging under them three triply pointed leaves of black broadcloth or silk to receive the ink, and finish the top with a small bow of ribbon.

A Birds'-Nest Pen-Wiper.

Girls are always trying to find something which they can make to delight their papas, and a gay little pen-wiper with fresh uninked leaves rarely comes amiss to a man who likes an orderly writing-table. Here is a pretty one which is easily made. For the pattern you may borrow a moderately large beech-leaf from the nearest tree (or botanical work); lay it down on paper, pencil the outline and cut it out neatly. Repeat this six or eight times in black cloth or velvet, and sew the leaves round a small oval or circle of black cloth. Knit and ravel out a quantity of yellow worsted or floss silk, and with it construct a nest in the center of the oval, putting a hen into the nest. This hen may be made of canton flannel, stuffed with cotton-wool and painted in water color, with a comb of red flannel, two black beads for eyes, and a tuft of feathers by way of tail. But better still and much easier, buy one of the droll little Japanese chicks which can be had at the shops now for twenty or twenty-five cents, and fasten it in the middle of the nest. Three plain circles of cloth are fastened underneath for wiping the pens.



A JAPANESE PEN-WIPER.

Japanese Pen-Wiper.

A nice little pen-wiper can be made by cutting three circles of black cloth, snipping the edges or

button-holing them with colored silk, and standing in the middle one of the droll little Japanese birds just mentioned. Of course it should be secured firmly at the feet. There are long-legged birds and short-legged ones. A tiny stork is very pretty.

BLEACHED GRASSES.

Some of you who have been pressing autumn leaves for winter use may like to hear of a new way of bleaching grasses to mix with them. The process is exceedingly simple. Take a few of the grasses in your hand at a time, dip them into a pan of water, shake gently, dip into a pan of sifted flour, and again shake gently. All the superfluous flour will fall off, but enough will remain to make the grasses snowy-white. When dry it is perfectly firm, and you would never guess what process produced the effect. A bunch of these white grasses in a coral-red basket is a vivid object.

Colored grasses, to our thinking, are not half so pretty as the same grasses when left in their own soft natural browns and yellows. Still, as some people like them, we will just mention that the same process can be used for them as for the white grass, by mixing with small portions of flour, a little dry paint powder, vermilion, green, etc. A bunch of the deep red mixed with the bleached grass has a gay and uncommon effect.



A JAPANESE PEN-WIPER.

A NUBÉ IN TWO COLORS.

A novelty in knitting is a nubé in Shetland wool of two colors—pink or crimson or blue with white. The skeins are opened, and the two strands, laid side by side, are wound double in a large ball. The nubé is then knit in the usual way with large needles and common garter-stitch, and is very fine.

LAMP SHADES.

Plain white porcelain lamp-shades, such as are used on the German student-lamps, look well when decorated with wreaths of autumn leaves put on with mucilage. We read lately in the *Tribune* that leaves treated with extract of chlorophyl became transparent. This would be a fine experiment for some of you to try, and a garland of the transparent leaves would be much more beautiful around a shade than the ordinary dried ones.

There are other styles of lamp-shades that can be made with little difficulty, for instance: A very pretty shade is easily formed by cutting in thin drawing-board fine scalloped sections, which, tied together with narrow ribbon, take the form of a shade. Leaves are glued to the under side of these, and a lining of thin tissue-paper is pasted on to hold them in place. Still another is made in the same way, with doubled sections of card-board, between each pair of which is laid a steel engraving or wood-cut, or an unmounted photograph. The pictures are invisible till the lamp is lighted: then they gleam forth with something of the soft glow of a porcelain transparency.

A GLOVE-BOX.

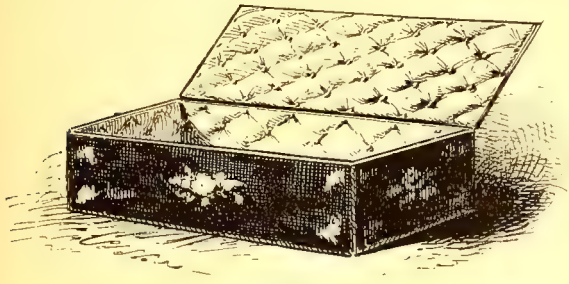
In any of the fancy shops you can now buy the slender frames of silvered tin on which these boxes are made. Cut out double pieces of pale-tinted silk to fit the top, bottom, sides and ends, and quilt each separately with an interlining of cotton batting, on which sachet-powder has been lightly sprinkled. Slip the pieces between the double rods of the frame, sew over and over, and finish with a plaited satin ribbon all round, adding a neat little loop and bow to lift the lid.

The small tin boxes in which fancy biscuits are sold can be utilized for glove-boxes, covered as you choose on the outside, and lined with wadded silk.

ANOTHER GLOVE-BOX.

This box can be made in very stiff card-board, but tin is better if you have the pieces which form its shape cut by the tinman, and punched with holes in rows an inch and a half apart. If you use card-board, you must punch your own holes, measuring the places for them with rule and pencil. In either

case, you will need the same number of pieces and of the same size, namely: two strips one foot long



SILK GLOVE-BOX.

and five inches wide, two strips one foot long and three inches wide, and two strips five inches long and three inches wide. Cover each piece with a layer of cotton wadding, sprinkled with sachet powder, and a layer of silk or satin of any color you prefer. Then catch the silk firmly down through the holes in the tin, making long stitches on the wrong side, and small cross-stitches on the right, so as to form neat regular tufts. A very tiny button sewed in each depression has a neat effect. When the inside of the box is thus tufted, baste the pieces together, cover the outside with black or dark silk or satin, embroidered or ornamented in any way your fancy may dictate, overhand the edges daintily, and neatly finish with a small cord.

Square boxes made in the same way are pretty for pocket-handkerchiefs.

A Coal-Scuttle Pincushion.

This droll little scuttle is made of black enamel cloth, cut according to the diagrams on next page. Fig. 1 is cut double and folded over at G. The two sides marked B and E in Fig. 1 are bound with black galloon; also the two sides marked with the same letters in Fig. 2.

Before binding over, cast a bit of wire around the top and one around the bottom of the scuttle, and bend each into its proper shape. Figs. 3 and 4 are bound all round, and sewed over and over to the places indicated. Wrap two bits of wire, one four inches long and the other an inch and a quarter, with black worsted, and insert them through little holes made for the purpose to serve as the handles of the scuttle; stuff the inside firmly with hair or cotton-wool, cover the top with flannel, cut after Fig. 4, and button-hole the edges down all round with worsted of the color of the flannel. If you like to add a needle-book you can do so by cutting three leaves of differently colored flannels, after the shape of Fig. 4, snipping the edges into points, or button-holing them, and fastening the leaves to the back of the scuttle above the pincushion.



COAL-SCUTTLE PINCUSHION AND NEEDLE-BOOK.

A Bit of Plain Work.

There are notable little sempstresses even in these days of machines ("and I am thankful to know that there are," says Mother Santa Claus) who set their stitches as swiftly and as precisely as ever their grandmothers did before them, and have the same liking for what used to be called "white seam." To such we would suggest, what a nice and useful Christmas present would be a beautifully made under-garment. It need not of necessity be a shirt, though in old days no girl was considered educated who could not finish one all by herself, from cutting out to the last button-hole; but an apron or petticoat or dressing-jacket or night-gown, over which little fingers had labored deftly and lovingly, would, it seems to us, be a most wonderful and delightful novelty for mamma or grandmamma to find on the Christmas-tree this year. A set of handkerchiefs nicely hemmed and marked (girls used to cross-stitch the marks in their own hair!), or a soft flannel petticoat, cat-stitched at the seams, scalloped with coarse working cotton,—which grows whiter with washing, instead of yellowing like silk,—with three pretty initials on the waistband, would be other capital ideas. Try them.

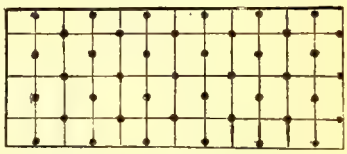


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE MANNER OF TUFTING THE LINING OF SILK GLOVE-BOX.

Work Aprons.

The great convenience of these aprons is that the work can be rolled up in them and laid aside for

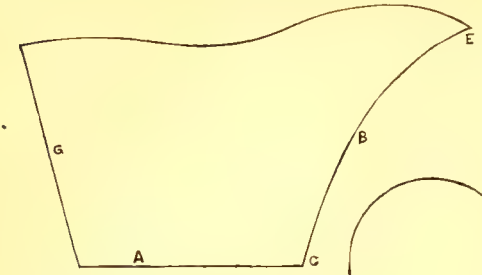


Fig. 1.—Pattern of Coal-Scuttle Pincushion.

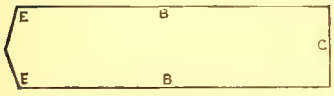


Fig. 2.—Part of Pattern of Coal-Scuttle Pincushion.

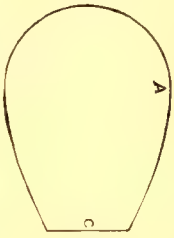


Fig. 3.—Bottom of Coal-Scuttle.

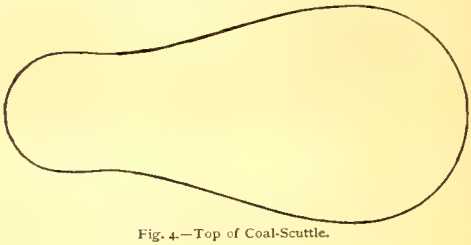


Fig. 4.—Top of Coal-Scuttle.

DIAGRAMS OF COAL-SCUTTLE PINCUSHION AND NEEDLE-BOOK.

use. They are made of brown Holland trimmed with black or blue or crimson worsted braid. Little loops of doubled braid ornament the edge, and are held in place by a plain row of the braid stitched on above them. The lower and largest pocket should be made full and drawn up with a cord at top, so as to hold rolls of pieces, worsteds and patterns. The little pockets are for spools of silk and thread, tapes, buttons, and so on.

A Leaf Needle-Book.

For this needle-book you will need the following materials: One-eighth of a yard of crimson or green velvet, one-eighth of a yard of lining silk to match, one-eighth of a yard of fine white flannel, two skeins of white silk floss, a bit of Bristol-board, and a half yard of narrow ribbon.

Cut in the Bristol-board a couple of leaf-shaped pieces like the illustration. Cover each with the white floss. Stitch the veins in the leaves with the floss, held tightly, so as to depress the lines a little. Cut three leaves of flannel in the same shape, button-hole the edges, lay them between the leaves, and fasten all together at top with a bow of ribbon. A tiny loop and button should be attached to the point to hold the needle-book together.

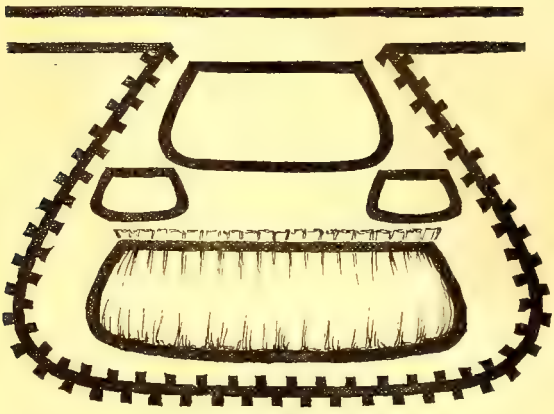
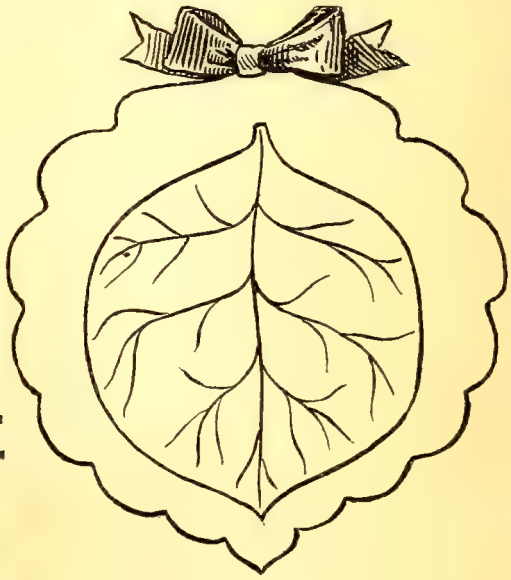


DIAGRAM OF WORK APRON.

velvet, turning in the edges neatly, line with the silk, and button-hole both together all round with

Book-Mark.

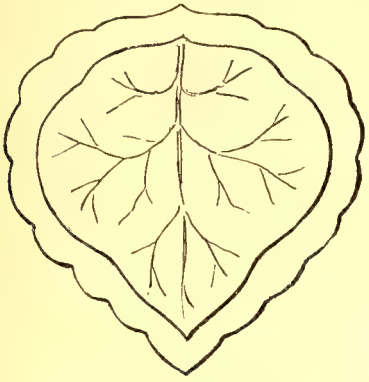
A large lace-like cross hanging from the end of a wide ribbon makes a handsome and appropriate



PATTERN OF LEAF NEEDLE-BOOK.

mark for a big bible or prayer-book. The materials cost almost nothing, all that is required being a bit of perforated card-board, a sharp penknife, and—patience. Trace the form of the cross on the card-board, and outline the pattern on one side in pencil. You will observe that the one given as illustration is made up of small forms many times repeated, and this is the case with all patterns used for this purpose. The easiest way to outline it regularly is to do a square of eight holes at a time,

marking the places to be cut, and leaving the uncut places white. When all is marked, place on a smooth board and cut, following the markings



PAD OF LEAF NEEDLE-BOOK.

exactly with your knife. The work cannot be hurried: it must be done slowly and very carefully if you hope to succeed.

And now we will turn out the more difficult things from the bottom of the basket, and you big, clever boys and girls who can do what you like with your fingers and knives and needles and paint-brushes, can take your pick from them.

Autumn-Leaf Work.

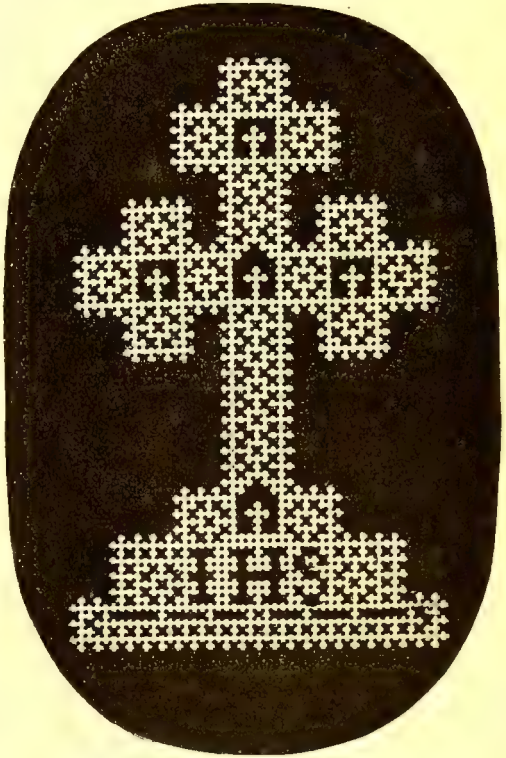
If you have an old work-box, or desk, or table-top, or screen, which has grown shabby, and which you would like to renew, we can tell you how to do so. First, you must take those generous friends, the woods, into your counsel. Gather and press every bright, perfect leaf and spray which comes in your way this autumn, and every graceful bit of vine, and a quantity of small brown and gold-colored ferns, and those white feathery ones which have blanched in the deep shadows. These ready, paint your box, or whatever it is, with solid black, let it dry, rub it smooth with fine sand-paper, and repeat the process three times. Then glue the leaves and ferns on, irregularly scattered, or in regular bouquets and wreaths, as suits your fancy. Apply a coat of isinglass, dissolved in water, to the whole surface, and when that is dry, three coats of copal varnish, allowing each to dry before the next is put on. The effect is very handsome. And, even without painting the objects black, this same style of leaf and fern-work can be applied to earthen vases, wooden boxes, trays and saucers, for card-receivers. For these, you may get some good hints from the illustrations on subsequent pages. The same illustrations will apply to the "novelties in fern-work" given further on.

A Window Transparency.

Another pretty use for autumn leaves is a transparency for a window. Arrange a group of the leaves upon a pane of glass, lay another pane of same size over these, and glue the edges together, first with a strip of stout muslin, and then with narrow red ribbon, leaving a loop at each upper corner to hang it up by. The deep leaf colors seen against the light are delightful.

Side-Light Transparencies.

Any of you who happen to live in a house which has, like many old houses, a narrow side-light on either side of its front-door, and a row of panes across the top, can make a pretty effect by preparing a series of these transparencies to fit the door-glasses, and fastening them on by driving a stout tack into the sashes so as to support the four corners of each pane. The transparencies could be prepared secretly and put into place overnight, or on



PATTERN OF CROSS FOR BOOK-MARK.

Christmas morning, before any one is up, so as to give mother a pleasant surprise as she comes downstairs.

A Frame of Autumn Leaves.

Procure an oblong bit of tin, eight inches by ten, or ten inches by twelve, and have a large oval cut

out in the middle. Paint the tin with two coats of black, glue a small group of leaves in each corner, with a wire spray or tendril to connect them, varnish with two coats of copal, and put a small picture behind the oval.



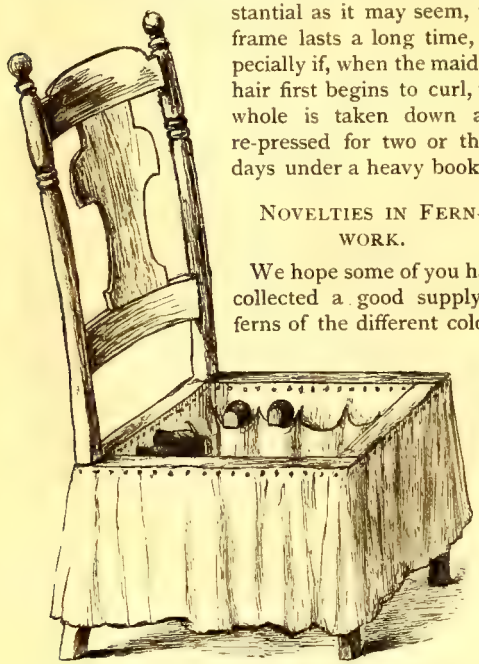
VASE (AUTUMN-LEAF WORK).

A FRAME OF MAIDEN-HAIR.

Cut a pasteboard frame three inches wide of the size you need, and sew thickly all over it little sprays of maiden-hair ferns, pressed and dried. It is fastened to the wall with a pin at each corner, and of course does not support a glass. The effect of the light fern shapes against the wall is very delicate and graceful, and unsubstantial as it may seem, the frame lasts a long time, especially if, when the maiden-hair first begins to curl, the whole is taken down and re-pressed for two or three days under a heavy book.

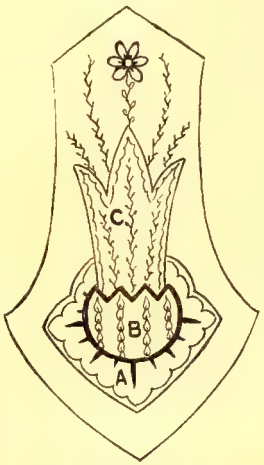
NOVELTIES IN FERN-WORK.

We hope some of you have collected a good supply of ferns of the different colors,



A SHOE-CHAIR, WITH COVER (OR SEAT) REMOVED.

—deep brown, yellow, green and white,—for by means of a new process you can make something really beautiful with them. It requires deft fingers and good eyes, but with practice and patience any of you could manage it. Supposing it to be a table-top which you wish to ornament, you proceed as follows: Paint the wood all over with black or very dark brown; let it dry, and rub it smooth with pumice. Next varnish. And here comes the point of the process. *While the varnish is wet*, lay your ferns down upon it, following a design which you have arranged clearly in your head, or marked beforehand on a sheet of paper. A pin's point will aid you to move and place the fragile stems, which must not be much handled, and must lie perfectly flat, with no little projecting points to mar the effect, which when done should be like mosaic-work. As soon as the pattern is in place, varnish again immediately. The ferns, thus inclosed in a double wall of varnish, will keep their



PATTERN OF EACH OF THE FOUR SIDES OF SCRAP-BAG.

places perfectly. Next day, when all is dry, varnish once more. Small articles of white holly-wood decorated in this way are very pretty, and a thin china plate with an overlaying of these varnished ferns becomes a beautiful and ornamental card-receiver.

A SHOE-CHAIR.

An old cane-seated chair will answer perfectly to make this, provided the frame-work is strong and good. Cut away the cane and insert in its place a stout bag of twilled linen, the size of the seat and about ten inches deep. Around this bag sew eight pockets, each large enough for a pair of shoes. The round pocket left in the middle will serve to hold stockings. Have a bit of thin wood



A SCRAP-BAG IN TURKISH TOWELING.

cut to fit the seat of the chair; fasten on this a cushion covered with cretonne, with a deep frill all around (or a narrow frill, provided you prefer to fasten the deep ruffle around the chair itself, as shown in the picture), and a little loop in front by which the seat can be raised like the lid of a box, when the shoes are wanted. This chair is really a most convenient piece of furniture for a bedroom.

Scrap-Bags in Turkish Toweling.

These are convenient little affairs. Hung on the gas-fixture beside a looking-glass, or on a hook above the work-table, they will be found just the things to catch odds and ends, such as hair, burnt matches, ravelings and shreds of cloth, which are always accumulating, and for which many city bedrooms afford no receptacle. The materials needed are three-quarters of a yard of pale-brown Turkish toweling, six yards of red worsted braid, four steel rings (to hold the strings), one-eighth of a yard each of blue, white, and scarlet cashmere, a skein each of blue, red, green, yellow, and black worsted, and a small red tassel in chenille or silk.

Cut four pieces of the toweling, twelve inches long and six and a half wide, and shape them according to diagram.

Bind each around with braid. Cut out a shape in cashmere of the three colors laid one over the other, and button-hole it on with worsted, contrasting the shades in as gay and marked a manner as possible. In the design given, A is white cashmere, B red, and C blue. A is button-holed with green, B with black, and C with yellow. B is chain-stitched in blue and white lines, C feather-stitched in white and yellow. The daisy-like flower above is white, with a yellow center and a green stem, and the long lines of stitching on either side are in red and black. Some of these bags are very pretty.

This bag could be simplified by using no cashmere, and feather-stitching each quarter diagonally across with alternate black, red, and yellow lines.



CARD-RECEIVER (AUTUMN-LEAF WORK).

Another Scrap-Bag.

The upper part of this bag is made of silver perforated paper. Buy a strip a foot long and six inches wide, and embroider it all over in alternate lines of cross and single stitching, using single zephyr worsted, blue or rose-colored. Cut a piece of stiff card-board of exactly the same size, and line it with pink or blue silk to match the worsted. Sew the two ends together to form a circle, lay the silver paper smoothly over it, stitch down, and trim both edges with plaited satin ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide.

This is the top of your bag. The bottom is crocheted in worsted by the ordinary long stitch, and sewed to the silver-paper top piece under the satin ribbon. A worsted tassel finishes the lower end.

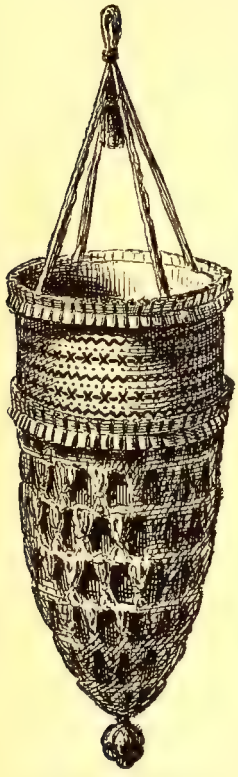
Artistic Embroidery.

Just here a word to the girls about embroidery. In old days, when embroidery was the chief occupation of noble dames and demoiselles, the needle was used as a paint-brush might be, to make a picture of some real thing or some ideal occurrence. For instance: the Bayeux tapestry, worked in the eleventh century by Matilda, wife



PAPER-CUTTER (NOVELTIES IN FERN-WORK).

of William the Conqueror, and her ladies, is a continuous series of pictures, two hundred and fourteen feet long by about two feet wide, which represent scenes in the invasion and conquest of England. Old as it is, the colors are still undimmed and brilliant. Even so lately as the last century, ladies designed their own patterns, and embroidered court dresses and trimmings with flowers and birds copied from nature. But for many years back fancy-work has degenerated into the following of set models, without exercising any "fancy" of one's own at all. Now the old method is come into fashion again, and it means so much more, and is so vastly more interesting than copying a cut-and-dried pattern from a shop, that we long to set you all to trying your hands at it. For example, if you want a cushion with a group of daisies, gather a handful of fresh ones,—take a bit of linen or china crape, or fine crash or pongee, and, with green and white and gray and gold-colored silks, make a picture of the daisies as they look to you, not using any particular kind of stitch, but employing long ones or short ones, or loose or tight ones, just as comes most easily in giving the effect you want to get. This is much nicer than counting the stitches on a paper pattern and a bit of canvas, and when done, produces a much better effect. Even in winter, a real flower or a fern-spray, by way of model, can always be found in the flower-shops or greenhouses. Practice will stimulate invention and suggest all sorts of devices and ideas. Bits of pretty stuffs will catch your eye as adaptable for use, and oddly tinted silks (the old, faded colors often work in better than fresh ones), patterns on fans, on rice paper, on Japanese pictures—all sorts of things—will serve as material for your fancy. And when your work is done it will be *original*, and, as such, more valuable and interesting than any shop model, however beautiful in itself, can possibly be.



ANOTHER SCRAP-BAG (SILVER PERFORATED PAPER AND CROCHET-WORK).

ORIENTAL WORK.

Very gay and quaint effects are produced with this work, which is an adaptation of the well-known Eastern embroideries. Its ground-work is plain cashmere or flannel, red, black or blue, on which small fantastically shaped figures in variously colored velvets or cashmeres are laid and button-holed down with floss silks. All sorts of forms are employed for these figures—stars, crescents, circles, trefoils, shields, palm-leaves, griffins, imps; and little wheels and comets in feather-stitch and cat-stitch are inserted between, to add to the oddity of the whole. These forms can be bought at a low price in almost any fancy shop. A good deal of ingenuity and taste can be shown in arranging and blending the figures richly and brilliantly, without making them too bright and glaring. Table-covers in this work should have falls of deep points, pinked on the edges. Smaller points of white cashmere are sometimes inserted between the deep ones, and similarly decorated. Bright little tassels are swung between the points by twisted silk cords. The tassels are made of strips of scarlet and white flannel, cut *almost* across, in narrow fringes, rolled into shape, and confined by a tiny heading of flannel embroidered with silk. Sofa-pillows in this Oriental work are bright and effective, also wall-pockets and brackets—in fact, it can be applied in many ways. The bracket shapes must be cut in wood, and topped with flannel, the embroidered piece hanging across the front like a miniature drapery.



VASE, PAINTED BLACK AND ORNAMENTED WITH FERNS (AUTUMN-LEAF WORK).

BEDSIDE RUGS.

The prettiest bedside rug which we ever saw was made in part of a snow-white lamb's-wool mat. This was laid in the center of a stout burlap, which projected six inches beyond the fleece all around, and was bordered with a band of embroidery on canvas six inches wide, the whole being lined with flannel and finished with a cord and a heavy tassel at each corner. A simpler rug is made of brown burlap, with a pattern in cross-stitch, worked in double zephyr

worsteds of gay colors. Initials, or a motto, can be embroidered in the middle. The burlap can be fringed out around the edges for a finish.

A Rag Rug.

An effective rug can be made in this way: Cut long inch-wide strips of cloths, flannels, and various kinds of material (widening the strip, however, in proportion as the fabric is thinner. Sew the ends together so as to make one very long strip, which, for convenience' sake, can be loosely wound up in a ball. Then, with a very large wooden crochet-needle, you crochet a circle, a square, or oblong mat of this rag-strip, just as with cotton or worsted. It makes a strong, durable, and, with bright and tasteful colors, a very pretty rug.

A Screen.

A folding clothes-horse with two leaves, such as is used in laundries, makes the foundation for this screen. The wood is painted solid black, and covered inside and out with very yellow unbleached cotton, stretched tightly over the frame, and held down by black upholstery braid fastened on with gilt nails. A design in flowers, leaves, birds, double circles, crescents, and parallel bars, to imitate the Japanese style of decoration, is painted in oil colors on the cotton, and a motto on the wood along the top. If the motto is arranged to read backward, the foreign effect of the whole will be enhanced. We have seen a striking screen of this sort made by a little girl who, as she could not paint in oil colors, decorated the surface with figures of various kinds cut from Japanese picture-papers, such as are now sold for from ten to twenty cents in the Japanese goods shops. Her figures were so well pasted and arranged, that the screen was one of the prettiest things in the bedroom.

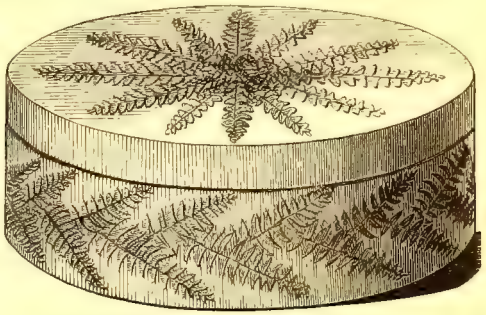
Screens covered with pictures cut from magazines and illustrated newspapers are very much liked by boys and girls, and by some of their elders.

A Couvre-Pied.

This is a large oblong in loosely knitted double zephyr wools, and is made double, dark brown on one side, for instance, and pale blue on the other. The two are united with a border in open crochet of the brown, laced through with light blue ribbon, which is finished at each corner with a loosely tied bow and ends. The *couvre-pied*, as the name indicates, is meant to cover the feet of a person who lies on a sofa, and is an excellent present to make to an elderly or invalid friend.

Tile or China Painting.

Don't be frightened at the word, dears. China-painting is high art sometimes, and intricate and difficult work often, but it is quite possible to produce pretty effects without knowing a great deal about either china or painting. Neither are the materials of necessity expensive. All that you need, to begin with, are a few half tubes of china or mineral paints, which cost about as much as oil colors,



WOODEN BOX, ORNAMENTED WITH FERNS (AUTUMN-LEAF WORK).

four or five camel's-hair brushes, a palette-knife, a small phial of oil-of-lavender, and another of oil-of-turpentine, a plain glazed china cup or plate or tile to work on, and either a china palette or another plate on which to rub the paints. For colors, black, capuchine red, rose-pink, yellow, blue, green and brown are an ample assortment for a novice and for purposes of practice. We would advise only two tubes, one of black and one of rose pink, which are colors that do not betray your confidence when it comes to baking. For the chief difficulty in china-painting is that to be permanent the work must be "fired,"—that is, fused by a great heat in a furnace,—and it requires a great deal of experience to learn what the different tints are likely to do under this test. Some colors—yellow, for instance—eat up, so to speak, the colors laid over them. Others change tint. Pinks and some of the greens grow more intense; white cannot be trusted, and mixing one paint with another, as in oils, can only be done safely by experts. It is well, therefore, to begin with two simple colors, and you will be surprised to see how much may be done with them. (See "Hollenberry Cup," in St. Nicholas for May, 1877, page 458.) A cup of transparent white china, the handle painted black, a Japanese-looking bough with black foliage and pink blossoms thrown over it, and a little motto, has a really charming effect. But be sure to put on the pink very pale, and the black, not in a hard, solid streak, but delicately, to suggest shading from dark to light, or the result of the baking will be disappointment.

The method of preparing the colors is to squeeze a very little paint from each tube upon your palette or plate; take a tiny drop of oil-of-lavender on the palette-knife, and with it rub the paint smooth. It

should be thinned just enough to work smoothly; every drop of oil added after that is a disadvantage. Use a separate brush for each color, and wash them thoroughly with soap and hot water before putting them aside. The painting should be set away where no dust can come to it, and it will dry rapidly in forty-eight hours or less. Elaborate work often requires repainting after baking, the process being repeated several times; but for simpler designs one baking is usually enough. There are bakeries in Boston, New York, and others of our large cities, to which china can be sent, the price of baking being about ten cents for each article.



TABLE-TOP (NOVELTIES IN FERN-WORK).

OTHER MODES OF DECORATING CHINA.

The picture-books which are to be found at the Japanese stores nowadays suggest numberless excellent designs for china decorating. So do the "Walter Crane Fairy-tales." A plain olive or cream-colored tile with a pattern in bamboo-boughs and little birds, a milk-jug in gray with leaves and a motto in black, a set of tiny butter-plates with initials and a flower-spray on each, are easy things to attempt and very effective when done. Pie-dishes can be ornamented with a long, sketchy branch of blossoms or a flight of swallows across the bottom, and we have seen those small dishes of Nancy ware, in which eggs are first poached and then served on table, made very pretty by a painting on each of a chicken, done in soft browns and reds, with a little line to frame it in and run down along the handle. What we have mentioned here are only suggestions; a little patience and practice will soon help you to other patterns of your own, and we can't help hoping that some of you will be tempted to try your hands at this delightful art.

DRAWING AND PAINTING ON WOOD.

Articles in plain white wood can be bought almost anywhere nowadays. Pen-trays, letter-racks, easels, paper-knives, photograph-frames, watch-cases, needle-books, portfolios, glove-boxes, fans, silk-winders—there is no end to the variety which can be had, and had at a very moderate price. Now, any girl or boy among you with a paint-box and a little taste for drawing, can make a really pretty gift by decorating some one of these wooden things, either in color or with pen drawings in brown or black. The pattern need by no means be elaborate. A wreath of ivy simply outlined in sepia or india-ink, or a group of figures sketched with the same, produces a very pleasing and harmonious effect. "Prout's Brown," a sort of fluent ink of a burnt-umber tint, will be found excellent for drawing purposes. For designs, our own ST. NICHOLAS will furnish excellent examples. Scarcely a number but holds something which a clever artist can adapt to his purpose. The "Miss Muffett" series, for example, or the silhouettes, or the sea-side sketches, or the ornamental borders and leaf-and-flower headings. Look over your back numbers, and you will see how rich they are in subjects for copies.

Here is a suggestion for such of you as live by the sea, and who know something about drawing. Search for clam-shells on the beach, and select the whitest and most perfectly formed. Separate the two shells, cleanse them thoroughly, and make on the smooth pearly lining of each a little drawing in sepia. It will serve as a receiver to stand on a lady's toilet and hold rings and trinkets, or it can

be used as an ash-holder by a smoking gentleman, or to contain pens on a writing-table.

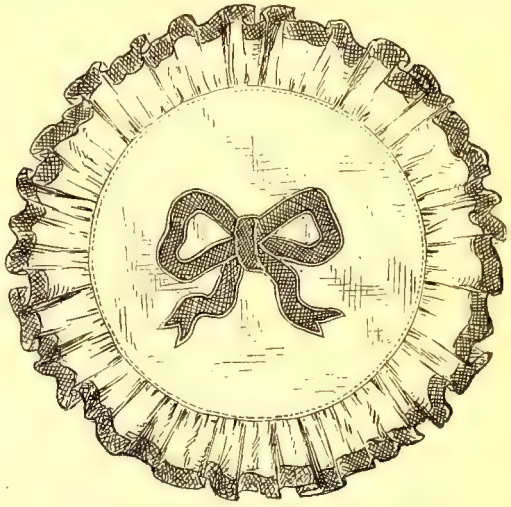
A Shoe-Chair Made of a Barrel.

Another shoe-chair as nice as that pictured on page 56 can be made out of a barrel by any girl who has a father or big brother to help her a little with the carpentering. The barrel is cut as in Fig. 1 below, so as to form a back and a low front. The back is stuffed a little, and covered with chintz nearly down to the floor. The front has a deep frill tacked on all around the chair. Four blocks are nailed inside the barrel to support a round of wood, stuffed and cushioned with the same chintz, to serve as a seat.

A straight shoe-bag, with eight pockets, is made in the same chintz, and tacked firmly all around the inside. A loop of the chintz serves to raise the seat. Four castors screwed to the bottom of the barrel will be an improvement, as the chair without them cannot easily be moved about. About five yards of chintz will be required for the covering; or you might use the merino of an old dress.

A Muslin Tidy.

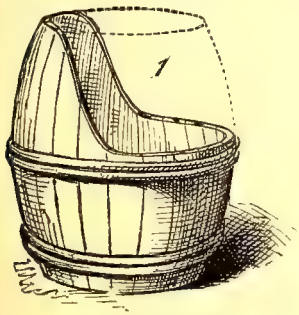
Three-quarters of a yard of clear French muslin will be needed for this. Lay a large dinner-plate down on the muslin, draw the circle made by its edge with a pencil, cut out, and lightly whip it round, pulling the thread a little to keep the circle perfect. Measure the circle, and cut a straight muslin ruffle, five inches wide and a little less than twice as long as the measure. Roll one edge finely,

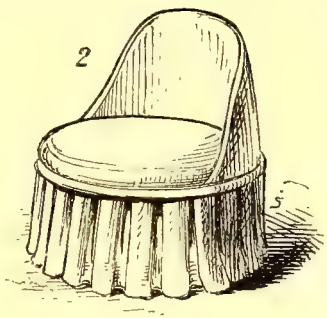


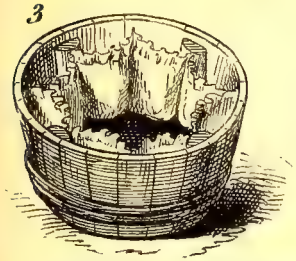
A MUSLIN TIDY TRIMMED WITH LACE FOOTING.

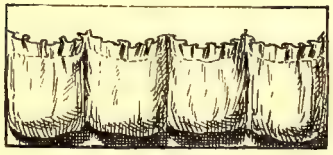
and overhand on a plain lace footing an inch and a half wide. Whip the other edge, and sew it round the circle, graduating the fullness equally.

Baste a bit of lace footing three-quarters of an inch wide in the middle of the circle, giving it the form of a bow-knot with two ends. The lace must be bent and folded into the form, but not cut. Run the edges with embroidery cotton, and button-hole all round. Then, with sharp scissors, cut away the muslin underneath, leaving the bow-knot transparent on a thicker ground. Dry-flute the ruffle. This little affair is very dainty and odd, one of the prettiest things which we have seen lately.









1. SHOWS MANNER OF CUTTING BARREL. 2. BARREL SHOE-CHAIR COMPLETED.
3. INTERIOR OF BARREL SHOE-CHAIR. 4. DIAGRAM SHOWING MODE OF MAKING POCKETS FOR BARREL SHOE-CHAIR.

An Illuminated Border for a Photograph.

St. Nicholas has given us of late such precise directions for the process of illuminating in color,* that it is not needful to repeat them; but we should like to suggest an idea to those of you who have begun to practice the art. This is to illuminate a border or "mount" around a favorite photograph. The picture must first be pasted on a large sheet of tinted card-board, pale cream or gray being the best tints to select. You then measure the spaces for your frame, which should be square if the picture is oval or round,

See St. Nicholas, Vol. IV., page 379.

and outline them lightly in lead-pencil. Next you sketch and paint your pattern,—flowers, leaves, birds, butterflies, or a set pattern, as you prefer,—putting the designs thickly together; and, lastly, you fill all the blank spaces in with gold paint, leaving the pattern in colors on a gilded ground. The outer edge of the frame should be broken into little scallops or trefoils in gold, and the card-board should be large enough to leave a space of at least three inches between the illuminated border and the frame, which should be a wide band of dull gilding or pale-colored wood, with a tiny line of black to relieve it. The ornament should, if possible, chord in some way with the picture. Thus a photograph of a Madonna might have the annunciation-lilies and passion-flowers on the gold ground.

A Book of Texts.

Another choice thing which can be done by a skillful illuminator is a small book, containing a few favorite texts, chosen by some friend. Half-a-dozen will be enough. Each text occupies a separate page, and is carefully lettered in red or black, with decorated initials, and a border in colors. A great deal of taste can be shown in the arrangement of these borders, which should be appropriate to the text they surround. A title-page is added, and the book is bound in some quaint way. A cover of parchment or white vellum, illuminated also, can be made very beautiful.

A Carte-de-Visite Receiver.

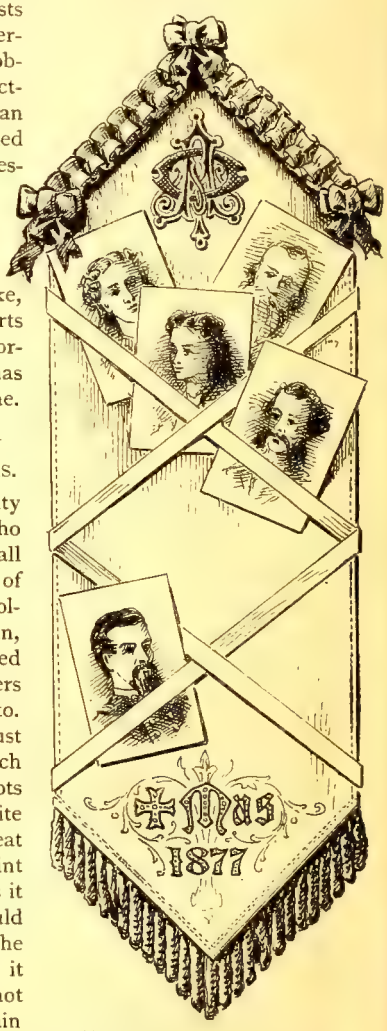
For this you must procure from the tin-man a strip of tin three times as long as it is wide—say six inches by eighteen—with each end shaped to a point, as indicated in the picture. Measure off two bits of card-board of exactly the same size and shape; cover one with silk or muslin for a back, and the other with Java canvas, cloth, or velvet, embroidered with a monogram in the upper point, and a little pattern or motto in the lower. Lay the double coverings one on each side of the tin, and cross the outside one with narrow ribbons, arranged as in the picture. Overhand firmly all around; finish the top with a plaited ribbon and a little bow and loop to hang it by, and the bottom with a bullion fringe of the color of the ribbon.

A Pair of Bellows.

There seems no end to the pretty devices which proficients in painting can accomplish. We saw not long since a pair of wooden bellows which had been decorated with a painting of a tiny owl sitting on a bough, and the motto "Blow, blow, thou bitter wind." Why should not some of you try your hands at something similar? Wood fires, thank heaven, are much more common than they used to be, and most of you must know a cozy chimney corner where a pretty pair of bellows would be valued.

A Door-Panel.

A great bunch of field-flowers, or fruit-boughs, or Virginia-creeper, painted in water-paints on the panel of an ordinary door, is another nice thing for you young artists to attempt. Perhaps you will object that a picture on a door can hardly be called a Christmas present; but we don't know. Anything which loving fingers can make, and loving hearts enjoy, is a gift worthy of Christmas or any other time.



CARTE-DE-VISITE RECEIVER.

A Sachet in Water-Colors.

Another dainty idea for you who can paint is a small perfume-case of white or pale-colored silk or satin, on which is painted a bunch of flowers or a little motto. The flowers must be small ones, such as forget-me-nots or purple and white violets. A great deal of white paint—body color, as it is called—should be mixed with the color, to make it thick enough not to soak and stain the silk along the edges of the pattern. Some people paint the whole design in solid white, let it dry, and then put on the color over the white. Others mix a little ox-gall with the paint.

Decorated Candles.

The large wax or composition candles, of a firm texture, are best for purposes of decoration. Water-color paints can be used, or those powders which

come for coloring wax flowers. In either case it will be necessary to use a little ox-gall to give the paint consistency. A band of solid tint—crimson, black, blue or gold—is usually put around the middle of the candle, with a pattern in flowers or small bright points above and below. Spirals of blue forget-me-nots all over the candle are pretty, or sprays of leaves and berries set in a regular pattern. These gay candles are considered ornamental for a writing-table, and look well in the brass candlesticks which are so much used just now, though *we* confess to a preference for unornamented candles of one solid tint.

A Rustic Jardinière.

Boys and girls who live in the country hardly know how lucky they are, or what mines of materials for clever handiwork lie close by them in the fruitful, generous woods. What with cones and leaves and moss and lichens and bark and fungi and twigs and ferns, these great green store-houses beat all the fancy shops for variety and beauty, and their "stock" is given away without money or price to all who choose to take. Most of you know something of the infinite variety of things which can be made out of these wood treasures, though nobody knows, or can know, *all*. Now, we want to tell you of a new thing, not at all difficult to make, and which would be a lovely surprise for some one this coming Christmas.

It is a rustic jardinière, or flower-pot. The first step toward making it is to find a small stump about ten inches high, and as odd and twisted in shape as possible. It should have a base broader than its top, and three or four little branches projecting from its sides. Carry this treasure home, brush off any dirt which may cling to it, and ornament it with mosses and lichens, glued on to look as natural as possible. Make three small cornucopias of pasteboard; cover them also with mosses and lichens, and fasten them to the stump between the forks of the branches, using small brads or tacks to keep them firm. Stuff the cornucopias with dry moss, and arrange in each a bouquet of grasses, autumn leaves, and dried ferns, dipping the end of each stem in flour paste, to make it secure in its place. Sprays of blackberry-vine or michella, and the satin-white pods of the old-fashioned "honesty," make an effective addition. When done, we have a delightful winter-garden, which will keep its beauty through the months of snow and sleet, and brighten any room it stands in. Nor is its use over when winter ends, for, inserting small glass phials in the cornucopias, fresh flowers can be kept in them as in a vase, and the grays and browns of the lichened wood set off their hues far better than any gay vase could.

Another Jardinière.

Another rustic flower-holder can be made by selecting three knotty twigs, two and a half feet long and about an inch in diameter, and nailing them together in the form of a tripod, one half serving as a base, the other to hold a small flower-pot or a goblet whose foot has been broken off. The lower half should be strengthened with cross pieces nailed on, and both halves with twists of wild grape-vine or green briar, wired at their crossings to hold them firmly in place. When the frame is ready, melt together half a pound of bees'-wax, a quarter of a pound of rosin, and enough powdered burnt-umber to give a dark brown color; and pour the mixture on boiling hot. It will give the wood a rich tint. Fill the pot with sand, place over the sand a layer of green moss well pulled apart, and in that arrange a bouquet of dried leaves, ferns and grasses, or, if it is summer-time, wild flowers and vines.

Now, dear fancy-workers, little and big, surely Mother Santa Claus has furnished you with ideas enough to keep you busy for more Christmases than one. Just one thing more, and that is the manner in which the presents shall be given. Nothing can be droller than to hang up one's stockings, and nothing prettier or more full of meaning than a Christmas-tree. But for some of you who may like to make a novelty in these time-honored ways, we will just mention that it is good fun to make a "Christmas-pie" in an enormous tin dish-pan, with a make-believe crust of yellow cartridge paper, ornamented with twirls and flourishes of the same, held down with pins, and have it served on Christmas Eve, full of pretty things and sugar-plums, jokes and jolly little rhymes fastened to the parcels. The cutting should be done beforehand, and hidden by the twirls of paper; but the carver can pretend to use his knife and fork, and spooning out the packages will insure a merry time for all at table. And one more suggestion. Little articles, wrapped in white paper, can be put inside cakes, baked and iced, and thus furnish another amusing surprise for the "pie" or the Christmas-tree.

We are indebted to Mrs. L. B. Goodall, Mrs. M. E. Stockton, Mrs. Tolles, Miss Annie M. Phœbus, Miss M. Meeker, and Miss M. H. D., for designs and suggestions in aid of this article; and to the "Ladies' Floral Cabinet" for some valuable hints on "Leaf-work."

LITTLE TWEET.

THERE were once some nice little birds who lived together in a great big cage. This cage was not at all like the bird-cages we generally see. It was called an aviary, and it was as large as a room. It had small trees and bushes growing in it, so that the birds could fly about among the green leaves and settle on the branches. There were little houses where the birds might make their nests and bring up their young ones, and there was everything else that the people who owned this big cage thought their little birds would want. It had wires all around it to keep the birds from flying away.



THE OTHER BIRDS BRING SEEDS TO POOR TWEET.

One of the tamest and prettiest of the birds who lived in this place was called little Tweet, because, whenever she saw any of the family coming near the cage she would fly up close to the wires and say, "Tweet! Tweet!" which meant "Good-morning! how do you do?" But they thought it was only her pretty way of asking for something to eat; and as she said "Tweet" so much, they gave her that for a name.

One day there was a boy who came to visit the family who owned the birds, and very soon he went to see the big cage. He had never seen anything like it before. He had never been so close to birds that were sitting on trees or hopping about among the branches. If the birds at home were as tame as these, he could knock over lots of them, he thought.

There was one that seemed tamer than any of the rest. It came up close to him and said: "Tweet! Tweet!"

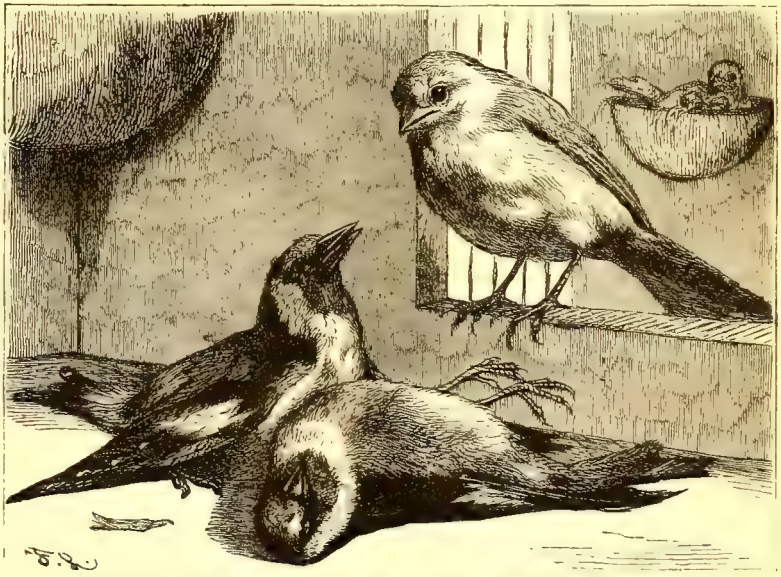
The boy got a little stick and pushed it through the wires at little Tweet, and struck her. Poor little Tweet was frightened and hurt. She flew up to a branch of the tree and sat there, feeling very badly. When the boy found he could not reach her any more with his stick, he went away.

Tweet sat on the branch a long time. The other birds saw she was sick, and came and asked how she felt. Some of them carried nice seeds to her in their bills. But little Tweet could not eat anything. She ached all over, and sat very quietly with her head down on her breast.

She sat on that branch nearly all day. She had a little baby-bird, who was in a nest in one of the small houses, but the other birds said she need not go and feed it if she did not wish to move about. They would take it something to eat.

But, toward night, she heard her baby cry, and then she thought she must go to it. So she slowly flew over to her house; and her baby, who was in a little nest against the wall, was very glad to see her.

In the morning, two of the birds came to the house to see how little Tweet was, and found her lying on the floor, dead. The little baby-bird was looking out of its nest, wondering what it all meant. How sorry those two birds were when they found that their good little friend Tweet was really dead!



"I WILL BE A KIND MOTHER TO IT, FOR THE SAKE OF POOR LITTLE TWEET."

"Poor Tweet!" said one of them, "She was the gentlest and best of us all. And that poor little dear in the nest there, what will become of it?"

"Become of it!" replied the other bird, who was sitting by poor Tweet, "Become of it! Why, it shall never want for anything. I shall take it for my own, and I will be a kind mother to it, for the sake of poor little Tweet."

Now, do you not think that there were good, kind birds in that big cage? But what do you think of the boy?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for the new volume!—Volume V., I believe it is to be called. That reminds me of the names of Japanese children, hundreds of years ago. Instead of being known by the Japanese for Tom, Henry, or John, it was No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and so on, through a whole family of little folks.

Once you had an article* on Japanese Games by a native of Japan, Ichy Zo Hattori. Well, this name, as you will all admit, is a fine-sounding appellative enough, but in English it means simply No. 1 Hattori.

So, welcome to the lovely new child, No. 5 ST. NICHOLAS!—and that he may grow to be a brave, bright volume, beautiful to look at and useful to this and many a generation of little folks, is your Jack's earnest wish.

Of one thing the little fellow may be sure,—Jack and the Deacon, and the dear, blessed Little Schoolma'am, will stand by him to the end. And so will you, my chicks, Jack verily believes. He 'll be a good friend to you, bringing you any amount of fun, and telling you more good things every month than you 'll remember in a thousand years.

Now we 'll take up our next subject.

AN ARTIFICIAL HORSE THAT CAN GO.

WELL, well! The birds must be joking, for who ever heard of a bird telling a deliberate lie? And yet it *may* be true. There have been artificial men,—manikins, automata, or whatever they are called,—so why should n't there be artificial horses?

Come to think of it, it was not the birds who told me about them. It was a letter; and "artificial horses" the letter said, as plainly as could be. It told how a fine specimen had just been exhibited in the capital of Prussia. The thing must look like a horse, too, for it is a hobby between two high wheels (the rider sits on the saddle), and it travels about as rapidly as a trotting horse. As I understand it, the rider moves his legs to make the machine go, and yet it is n't a bicycle. It goes over stony roads, turns corners, and, for aught Jack knows, rears and kicks like any ordinary charger—that is, when it 's out of order.

I should like to see one among the boys of the red school-house. How they would make it go!

A LETTER FROM DEACON GREEN.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I wish some of the boys and girls who think they never have any chance to read could know a little fellow of my acquaintance, named George. He is fourteen years old and employed as errand boy in a business house in New York. All day long he runs, runs,—up-town, down-town, across town,—until you would suppose that his little legs would be worn out. But, always on the alert as he is, and ready to do his duty whether tired or not, he still keeps constantly before his mind the idea of self-improvement, in business and out. Through a friend he has of late been able to procure books from the Mercantile Library. Although his time during the day, as I have said, is wholly taken up with his duties, yet he managed, during the evenings of last fall and winter (in five months), to read twelve books, some of them quite long ones and some of them in two volumes, all selected with his friend's assistance. From the list, I fancy the little fellow had an eye to enjoyment as well as profit, for they are not all what are called instructive books, although every one of them is a good book for a boy to read, and George tells me he enjoyed them all heartily.

As many of your youngsters, friend Jack, may like to know just what books the little fellow has read, I will give you the list that he wrote out at my request. It does not seem a very long list, perhaps, but I think very few hard-working boys in New York have read more than George in the same space of time. Here is the list:

"Robinson Crusoe;" "Benjamin Franklin," 2 vols.; "Life of Napoleon," 2 vols; "Schoolmaster Stories;" "Hans Brinker;" "Swiss Family Robinson;" "Dickens's Child's History of England:" "Kenilworth;" "The Scottish Chiefs;" "The Boy Emigrants;" "Sparks' Life of Washington;" "Glaisher's Aerial Navigation."

This letter, dear Jack, is sent, not by way of puffing George, but as a sort of spur to studious boys and girls who may follow his example, if somebody puts them up to it.—Yours truly,

SILAS GREEN.

"SEE HOW I HELP!"

ONE of Jack's good friends, L. W. J., sends you this new fable:

"See how I help!" said a little mouse
To the reapers that reaped the grain,
As he nibbled away, by the door of his house,
With all of his might and main.

"See how I help!" he went on with his talk;
But they laid all the wide field low
Before he had finished a single stalk
Of the golden, glittering row.

As the mouse ran into his hole, he said:
"Indeed, I cannot deny,
Although an idea I had in my head,
Those fellows work better than I."

AMONG THE CRANBERRY BOGS.

New Jersey, 1877.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You would not think, from their names, that cranberry bogs are pleasant places, but I enjoyed very much a visit to one last year in the fall. Seen merely from the road, a bog does n't show very well, for the leaves are small, and the vines are crowded in heavy masses; but, when you get near, the white and red berries look pretty among the dark-green leaves.

The meadow is checquered with little canals by means of which the whole surface is flooded in winter-time, so as to protect the vines from the ill effects of frosts and thaws. In the spring, the water is drawn off at low tide through the flood-gates.

When the cranberry-pickers are at work, they make a curious sight, for there are people of all ages, odd dresses, and both sexes among them, and often a tottering old man may be seen working beside a small child. The little ones can be trusted to gather cran-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1874.

berries, for the fruit is not easily crushed in handling. Where cranberries grow thickly, one can almost fill one's hand at a grasp.

The overseer's one-roomed shanty, where he cooks, eats and sleeps, is on a knoll, and near it are the barrels in which the berries are packed, after they have been sorted according to size and quality.

Picking cranberries may be pleasant enough in fine weather, but it must be miserable work on a cold, drizzly day.

I hope this short account will be news to some of your chicks, of whom I am one, dear Jack; and I remain yours truly, H. S.

MORE CRYSTALLIZED HORSES.

Piermont, N. H.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You ask in the March number of the ST. NICHOLAS if any of us have seen crystallized horses "with our own eyes." We (Willie and I) have seen them many times; so has everybody else who lives here; that is, we have seen something very much like it, though we do not call it the same. When the thermometer is from thirty to thirty-six degrees below zero, horses and oxen are all covered with a white frost, so you cannot tell a black horse or ox from a white one; nor can you tell young men from old ones. Their whiskers, eyebrows and eyelashes, are all perfectly white. I've often had my ears frost-bitten in going to the schoolhouse, which is only about as far as two blocks in a city.

When we see these sights, Jack Frost cannot paint his delicate pictures on the windows, for a thick white frost covers them all over, or rubs them out.

We like the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and even our little sister, Mary, likes to look at the pictures, and she said that she wished she could see Jack-in-the-Pulpit. We intend to introduce her next summer to some of your relations that live by the big brook. We live about one hundred miles north-west of Concord, in the Connecticut valley, about half a mile from the Connecticut River. I am thirteen years old.—Good-bye, E. A. M.

A TURTLE CART.

DEAR JACK: Looking over the fence into my neighbor's yard last summer, I saw what seemed to be a Lilliputian load of hay in a tiny cart, going along the path. Whatever power drew it, was hidden from my sight; but the motion of the cart made me half expect to see a yoke of tiny oxen turn the corner. In a few moments, a small turtle appeared in sight, plodding leisurely along and drawing behind him the cart I had seen, which was very small and light.

I was assured by my little neighbor that the turtle liked the business very much; but, belonging to the S. P. C. A., I felt obliged to know the facts. I found that the turtle had his liberty nearly all the time, and a pond of water specially for his use; and that, when the haying season should end, he would be turned out to pasture in his native bog for the rest of the year.

It was a very comical sight, and, knowing my little friend's tenderness of heart, I was sure the turtle would receive nothing but kindness at his hands. The shell was not pierced, but the queer trotter was attached to the cart by means of a harness made of tape, allowing him free movement of the head, legs, and tail. If any of your boys should decide to follow my little friend's example, I trust that they will be as gentle as he in the treatment of their turtles.—Yours truly, E. F. L.

ANOTHER TURTLE STORY.

DEAR JACK: One day, Rob and I (he's my brother) heard sister Welthy screaming awfully. We were playing in the barn, but of course we rushed out as hard as we could to save her life, if possible. We did not know where she was, but the screams grew louder as we neared the house.

At last we found her near the side-door—and what do you think was the matter?

Why, she was screaming at a turtle!



A CORNER IN TURTLES.

You don't know how funny it did seem. But we captured the dreadful monster (?) and comforted her as well as we could.

Now, Jack, as you and the Little Schoolma'am can do everything, wont you please get ST. NICHOLAS to show us a picture of this scene? I do believe sis would laugh as hard as any of us if she could see it.—Yours affectionately, NED G. P.

HALF SWEET, HALF SOUR.

THE birds tell me that in a certain country grows an apple one half of which is sweet and the other half sour. I don't think I should like that sort of apple. The sweet side might do very well, as far as it went; but if you happened to bite on the other side,—ugh!
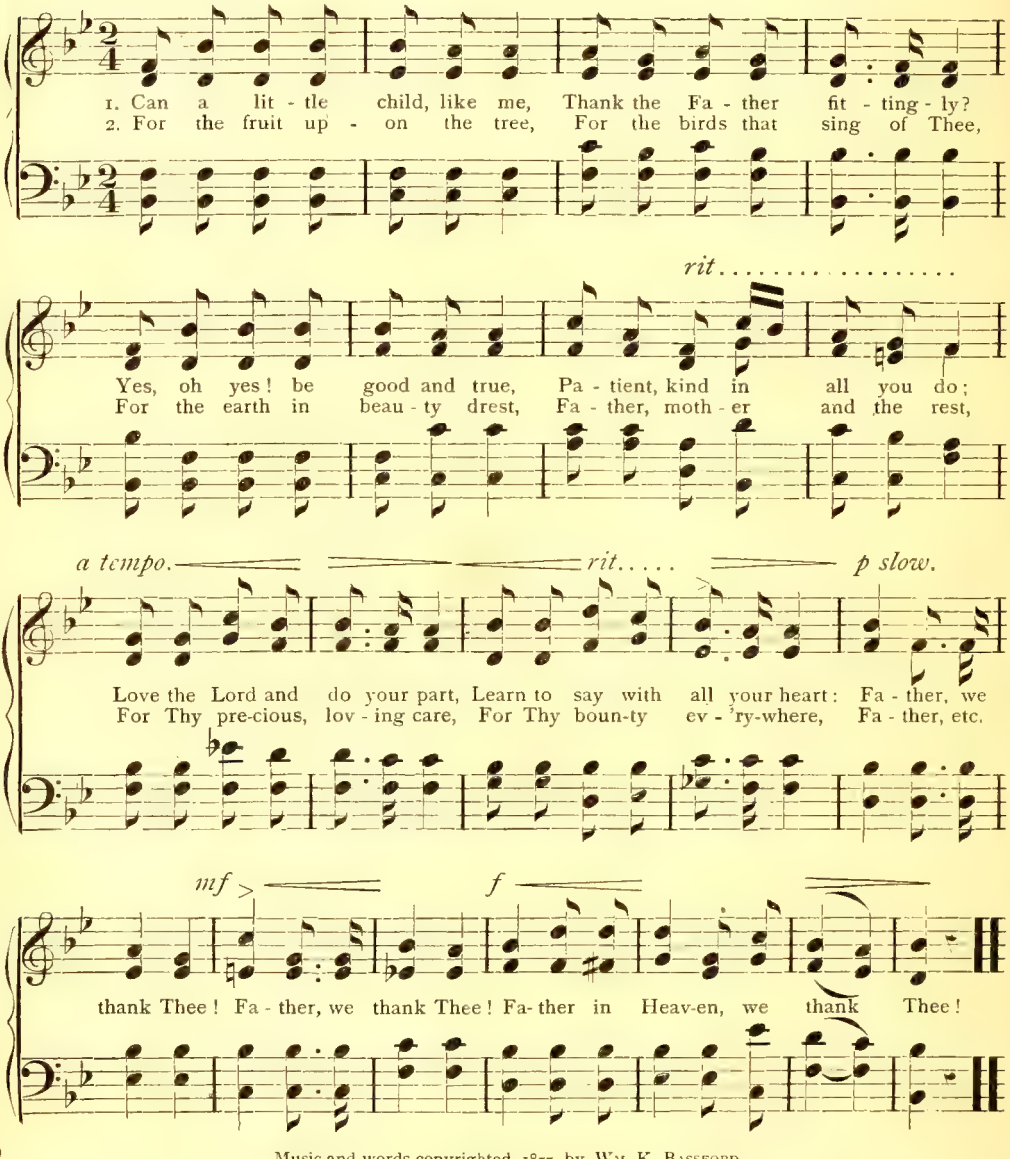
I like things that are good all through, so that I can be sure how to take them. Don't you?

CAN A LITTLE CHILD, LIKE ME?

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Words by MARY MAPES DODGE. Music by WM. K. BASSFORD.

With Spirit.



Music and words copyrighted, 1877, by WM. K. BASSFORD.

"THE BABY'S OPERA" AND WALTER CRANE.

Of the many great artists of England, Walter Crane is accounted among the ablest and most gifted. As a painter on the canvas he stands high with critics; and in this country he is most widely known by his designs of colored picture-books for children. This is what one critic says of him in this regard: "Walter Crane has every charm. His design is rich, original, and full of discovery. His drawing is at once manly and sweet, and his color is as delightful as a garden of roses in June. And with these accomplishments he comes full-handed to the children,—and to their parents and lovers too!—and makes us all rich with a pleasure none of us ever knew as children, and never could have looked to know."

After this, it is very discouraging to learn, from a letter of Mr. Crane's to the Editor of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, that one may be deceived in buying Mr. Crane's books. This is particularly the case with "The Baby's Opera." So now we tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS that every true copy of "The Baby's Opera" bears on its title-page the name of Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, the publishers, as well as Mr. Crane's, and that of the engraver and printer, Mr. Edmund Evans. To a purchaser, it would matter little that there were two editions of a work as long as the unauthorized one was exactly like the original; but Mr. Crane says that "the pirated edition grossly misrepresents his drawings, both in style and coloring; that the arrangement of the pages is different; and that the full-page colored plates are complete travesties, and very coarse ones, of the originals." And it does not at all improve the false copy that it is to be bought for less than the true one costs. It would be bad enough merely to deprive Mr. Crane of the profits of selling an exact imitation of his book, but it is far worse to put a *bad* sham before the people as the work of a true artist. This not only lessens his gains, but also takes away from his good name, besides spoiling the taste of the youngsters.

THE LETTER-BOX.

GIRLS AND BOYS: You will all be very sorry, we know, to learn that the beginning of Miss Alcott's serial story, "Under the Lilacs," has been postponed to the December number; but in place of it, we print this month the capital short story of "Mollie's Boyhood," which, we feel sure, will go far toward repaying you for the disappointment. We must ask you to wait a month longer for the opening chapters of the serial, and we mean to give you then a much longer installment of it than could have been printed in the present issue.

Meanwhile, you will find that the splendid article on Christmas Gifts, which occupies twenty-two pages of this number, contains novelties, hints, plates, and directions enough to keep your minds so busy planning, and your hands so busily at work, during the next few weeks, that the December ST. NICHOLAS will come before you think of expecting it, and perhaps before you have half finished your pretty gifts.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Please will you tell me if it is warm or cold, and if it is dark or light, in the places between the stars?—Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE DURIVAGE.

The Little Schoolma'am respectfully hands over this question to other little schoolma'ams.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I make so many of the "Thistle-Puffs" spoken of in the September number that I thought I would let you know how I fix mine. After I get the thistles I cut off all the green excepting a little at the bottom; then I pull out all the purple, and leave them out in the sun till they are perfectly round white balls. They are very pretty in hats. Please put me down as a Bird-defender.—Your constant reader, ALICE GERTRUDE BENEDICT.

Exmouth, England, August 27th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read the story of the "Blue-Coat Boy," and like it. I am in England, and almost every day see a Blue-Coat boy pass our house. I think he looks like the picture in the ST. NICHOLAS. I should not like to wear the long coat, because I could n't run in it; and I should think he would get a sunstroke, without a hat, if he ever goes to the beach. Aunt Fanny is like my mamma; she never asks for the right thing at the shops. I like the ST. NICHOLAS, and wish another one would come. My aunty gave it to me for a Christmas present for a whole year.—Your friend,

BENEDICT CROWELL.

WE are very glad to see the interest which our readers have taken in the subject of "School-luncheons." Many boys and girls have sent in letters, thanking us for the article in our September number, and filled with sage bits of experience. We should like to acknowledge these separately, and print some of them, but can do no more here than express our thanks to our young correspondents, one and all, for their kind and hearty words.

It will interest them all to know, however, that the article has attracted attention, and aroused enthusiasm among the older people too,—their fathers and mothers, and teachers, and even their favorite writers. For here, among the many letters it has brought us, is one that is peculiarly welcome. Our readers will have little difficulty in guessing who the writer is:

August 26th.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Being much interested, as well as amused, by the luncheon article in ST. NICHOLAS for September, I should like to add one more to the list of odd luncheons

A pretty little dish of boiled rice, with a cake of molasses, or preserve of some sort, in the middle. This, fitted into a basket, and covered with a plate, goes safely, and, with the addition of a napkin and two spoons, makes a simple meal for hungry children.

It may find favor in the eyes, or rather mouths, of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS, not only because it is good, but because it was the favorite lunch once upon a time of two little girls who are now pretty well known as "Meg and Jo March." It may be well to add that these young persons never had dyspepsia in their lives,—pie and pickles, cake and candy being unknown "goodies" to them.

With best wishes for the success of this much-needed reform in school-children's diet, I am, yours truly, L. M. A.

THE MOONS OF MARS.

SINCE Professor Proctor wrote the paper entitled "Mars, the Planet of War," published in this number, there has been made, in relation to its subject, a discovery that the scientists say will rank among the most brilliant achievements of astronomy.

A great difference once thought to exist between Mars and the other planets was that he had no moons, but during the night of the 16th of August, Professor Hall, of the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., actually saw through his telescope that Mars has a moon. On the 18th of August another was seen, smaller than the first and nearer to the planet. The larger satellite is believed to be not more than ten miles in diameter; it is less than 12,000 miles distant from its primary, and its period of revolution about it is

30 hours 14 minutes. The distance of the smaller moon is 3,300 miles, and its period 7 hours 38 minutes. There is no doubt that these newly found celestial bodies are the smallest known.

From measurements made by Professor Hall, it is found, with a near approach to certainty, that the mass of Mars is equal to 1–3,090,000th part of the mass of the sun. This result was arrived at after only ten minutes of calculation, and is believed to be more nearly accurate than that obtained by M. Le Verrier, the great French astronomer, from observations continued through a century and after several years of laborious calculation by a corps of computers. This wonderful difference in the expenditure of time and labor is due to the vigilance of Professor Hall and to the admirable qualities of his instrument, the great twenty-six inch refracting telescope made by Alvan Clark & Sons.

Oakland, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not wish to make you any trouble, but I would like it very much if you could find room in some number to give a good explanation of the great war in Europe. I can't understand it in the newspaper, but I am pretty sure you can make it plain and simple enough for all of your young readers.—Yours truly, NEB.

The Turco-Russian war is partly a conflict of religions and partly one of politics. The Turks came into Europe as the religious emissaries of the Mohammedan religion. In all the provinces of Turkey in Europe which they conquered, the Christians of the Greek, Armenian and Catholic churches were the victims of a bitter persecution. The Czar of Russia is the head of the Greek church. He has made repeated wars in defense of the children of his faith. There have been many wars and long sieges which, like the present, were said to be only in defense of the faith of the Greek church—a crusade and a holy war.

But if "Neb" will only look at the map of Russia, he will see, if he will study climate a little, that the vast empire of Russia has one thing lacking. It has no good outlet to the Atlantic Ocean, no power upon the seas. The Baltic Sea is closed half the year by ice. The great wheat trade of Russia concentrates at Odessa, on the Black Sea, and to get her grain to market she must pass through the Turkish lanes of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Russia is a prisoner as to access to the Mediterranean, and so to the Atlantic, and so to the world at large. If she is at war, she cannot float her fleets. If she is at peace, she cannot sell her grain without going roundabout through her neighbors' lots. Turkey stands the tollman at the turnpike-gate, controlling and usurping the highway of all nations.

Maps are fascinating reading. "Neb" must not think that religious faith ever occasioned a war. Russia sincerely desires the protection of Greek Christians in Roumania and Bulgaria in Europe, and Armenia in Asia, but she wants also to send her ships free to the winds through from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. Look at the map once more, "Neb," and see how much of a great country, fertile, strong, and industrious, is closed and shut against the outer world by the absolute Turkish control of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles.

Indianapolis, 1877

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken every number of your splendid magazine, and I will now try to do my share to entertain the others.

My papa was a soldier in the great civil war, and I was born in camp just after the close of the war, and am now nearly twelve years old.

General Sherman, who made the great "march to the sea," wrote me a letter, which is very much too good for one boy alone, so I send it to you to publish, so that other children may have the benefit of it too.—Your reader, BERNIE M.

"Head-quarters Army of the United States,
"Washington, D. C., April 21, 1877.

"MASTER BERNIE M.
"Indianapolis:

"I have received the handsome photograph sent me, and recognize the features of a fine young lad, who has before him every opportunity to grow up a man of fine physique, with a mind cultivated to meet whatever vicissitudes and opportunities the future may present. Many boys in reading history have a feeling of regret that their lives had not fallen in some former period, replete with events of stirring interest, such as our Revolutionary War, or that in Mexico or even the Civil War, wherein they feel that they might have played a conspicuous part.

"Don't you make this mistake. The next hundred years will present more opportunities for distinction than the past, for our country now contains only forty millions of people, which will probably double every thirty-three years, so that if you live to three score years and ten you will be a citizen of a republic of two hundred millions of people. Now, all changes are attended by conflict of mind or of arms, and you may rest easy that there will be plenty for you to do, and plenty of honor and fame if you want them. The true rule of life is to prepare in advance, so as to be ready for the opportunity when it presents itself.

"I surely hope you will grow in strength and knowledge, and do a full man's share in building up the future of this country, which your fathers have prepared for you. "Truly your friend,

"W. T. SHERMAN, General."

No doubt many of our readers have read some of the poems of Charles and Mary Lamb, and all who have will be interested in the following news concerning one of their books. In 1809 they published a little volume of "Poetry for Children," but only a few copies were printed, and these were soon out of print, so that the book has long been considered lost to the world. It was recently discovered, however, that the little book had been reprinted in Boston in 1812, and the only two copies of this edition known to exist in this country have lately come into possession of Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., who intend to republish the volume this fall. The book contains many delightful little poems for boys and girls, prettily rhymed, and full of the quaint humor and conceits which mark the other writings of the authors. We should like to print several of them, but have only room for these:

THE YOUNG LETTER-WRITER.

Dear Sir, *Dear Madam*, or *Dear Friend*.
With ease are written at the top;
When these two happy words are penn'd,
A youthful writer oft will stop,

And bite his pen, and lift his eyes,
As if he thinks to find in air
The wish'd-for following words, or tries
To fix his thoughts by fixed stare.

But haply all in vain—the next
Two words may be so long before
They 'll come, the writer, sore perplext,
Gives in despair the matter o'er;

And when maturer age he sees
With ready pen so swift inditing,
With envy he beholds the ease
Of long-accustom'd letter-writing.

Courage, young friend, the time may be,
When you attain maturer age,
Some young as you are now may see
You with like ease glide down a page.

Ev'n then, when you, to years a debtor,
In varied phrase your meanings wrap,
The welcom'st words in all your letter
May be those two kind words at top.

CRUMBS TO THE BIRDS.

A bird appears a thoughtless thing,
He 's ever living on the wing,
And keeps up such a carolling,
That little else to do but sing
A man would guess had he.

No doubt he has his little cares,
And very hard he often fares;
The which so patiently he bears,
That, listening to those cheerful airs,
Who knows but he may be

In want of his next meal of seeds?
I think for *that* his sweet song pleads:
If so, his pretty art succeeds.
I 'll scatter there among the weeds
All the small crumbs I see.

We very seldom take up a book only to break the tenth commandment; but Bayard Taylor's recent volume, "The Boys of Other Countries," published by the Putnams, always has that effect upon us, for we wish that every one of the stories in it had been written for ST. NICHOLAS. The best thing we can say to our boys and girls, of a book so well described by its title, is that it contains "Jon of Iceland," which originally appeared in this magazine, and that each of the stories is as good in its way as "Jon" itself.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials name a noted philosopher, and the finals an eminent astronomer.

1. A narrow arm of the sea. 2. A beautiful flower. 3. A tree, usually growing in moist land. 4. A small marine animal. 5. A river in the United States. 6. A cone-bearing tree. 7. A tract of land, surrounded by water. 8. A metal. ISOLA.

BROKEN WORDS.

FIND a word to fill the single blank, and divide it into smaller words (without transposing any letters) to fill the other blanks. Thus: Such *forages* have gone on in that forest *for ages*.

1. You must not think the whole were —— because he —— ——. 2. One of this boy's minor —— is his constant climbing —— ——. 3. When I gave him a pledge, the toper said with a —— look, "You —— —— —— ——." 6. The alder was pictured against the ——, every branch, leaf, and —— —— standing out clearly. B.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL REBUS.

FIND the sum expressed in each horizontal row, and add together the four numbers thus found, to form the complete sum expressed by the rebus.



HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. UNCEASING. 2. Of little worth. 3. Habitation. 4. Ancient. 5. A vowel. 6. Devoured. 7. To muse. 8. A maker of arms. 9. Small flat fish. The centrals read downward name the act of unfolding. GEORGE CHINN.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. CURTAIL a disgrace, and leave an imposture Behead, and leave one of Noah's sons. Curtail, and leave an exclamation denoting surprise, joy, or grief. Behead again, and leave a vowel.

2. Curtail a color, and leave a very small part. Behead, and leave a verb signifying "to strike." Behead again, and leave a pronoun. Curtail, and leave a simple, personal pronoun.

3. Curtail a beautiful marine production, and leave a girl's name. Behead, and leave an ancient coin. Curtail, and leave a conjunction. Behead, and leave a consonant

4 Behead a part of the body, and leave a kind of tree. Curtail, and leave an article used in toilets. Behead, and leave a preposition. Curtail, and leave a pronoun.

5. Curtail a sweet juice collected by bees, and leave a stone for sharpening razors. Behead, and leave a number. Curtail, and leave a preposition. Curtail, and leave an invocation. N. T. M.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

AFTER handing a mug of 9, 2, 3 to the man who was at the 7, 4, 5 of the 1, 6, 8, Frank resumed reading the life of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. ISOLA.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. In dwelling but not in house. 2 A Spanish poem. 3. A girl's name. 4. A precious stone. 5. A term in English law. 6. An insect. 7. In bird but not in beast. O'B.

CHARADE.

I.

OUT on the hill-side, bleak and bare,
In winter's chill and summer's glare,
Down by the ocean's rugged shore,
Where the restless billows toss and roar,
Deep in gloomy caves and mines,
Where mists are foul and the sun ne'er shines,
Man studies my first and second well,
To learn what story they have to tell.

II.

Go to the depths of the fathomless sea,
Go where the dew-drop shines on the lea,
Go where are gathered in lands afar
The treasures of earth for the rich bazaar,
Go to the crowded ball-room, where
All that is lovely, and young, and fair,
Charms the soul with beauty and grace,
And my third shall meet you face to face.

III.

When war's red hand was raised to slay,
And front to front great armies lay,
Then, oft in the silent midnight camp,
When naught was heard but the sentry's tramp,
As he patiently paced his lonely round,
My whole was sought, and yet when found,
It sent full many a warrior brave
To his last long rest, in a soldier's grave. E. J. A.

PUZZLE BOUQUET.

1. A CUNNING animal and a covering for the hand. 2. A voracious bird of prey and a useless plant. 3. A pipe and a flower 4. A sweetmeat and a bunch of hair. 5. A noun meaning a quick breaking and a winged serpent. 6. A stone fence and the blossom of a plant. 7. Fragrant and a vegetable.. 8. An entertainment of dancing and a boy's nickname. 9. Vapor frozen in flakes, and to let fall. 10. To enter into the conjugal state, and a precious metal.

GEORGE CHINN.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and then, by transposing the final letter to the place of the initial, form a word to fill the second blank. Example: In the *halls* of her ancestors she *shall* tread without fear.

1. There is not on —— a person of larger ——. 2. On the banks of the —— the traveler —— alone. 3. As the thought of her kindness —— up in my heart, it causes it to —— with gratitude. 4. It was with no —— intent that —— destroyed his first will. 5. I noticed on the —— of the pond quantities of ——. B.

LETTER ANAGRAMS.

WRITE a line in each case describing the position of the letters toward each other, and transpose the letters used in this description to make a word which will answer the definition given. Thus: R. } A part of the day. *Ans.* R. on M. (transposed) Morn.
M. }

1. { L. } A kind of bird.
   { P. }
2. S. R. Parts of a house.
3. S. T. A piece of furniture.
4. { L. } To pillage.
   { P. }
5. { Et. } Not rhythmical.
   { Ic. }

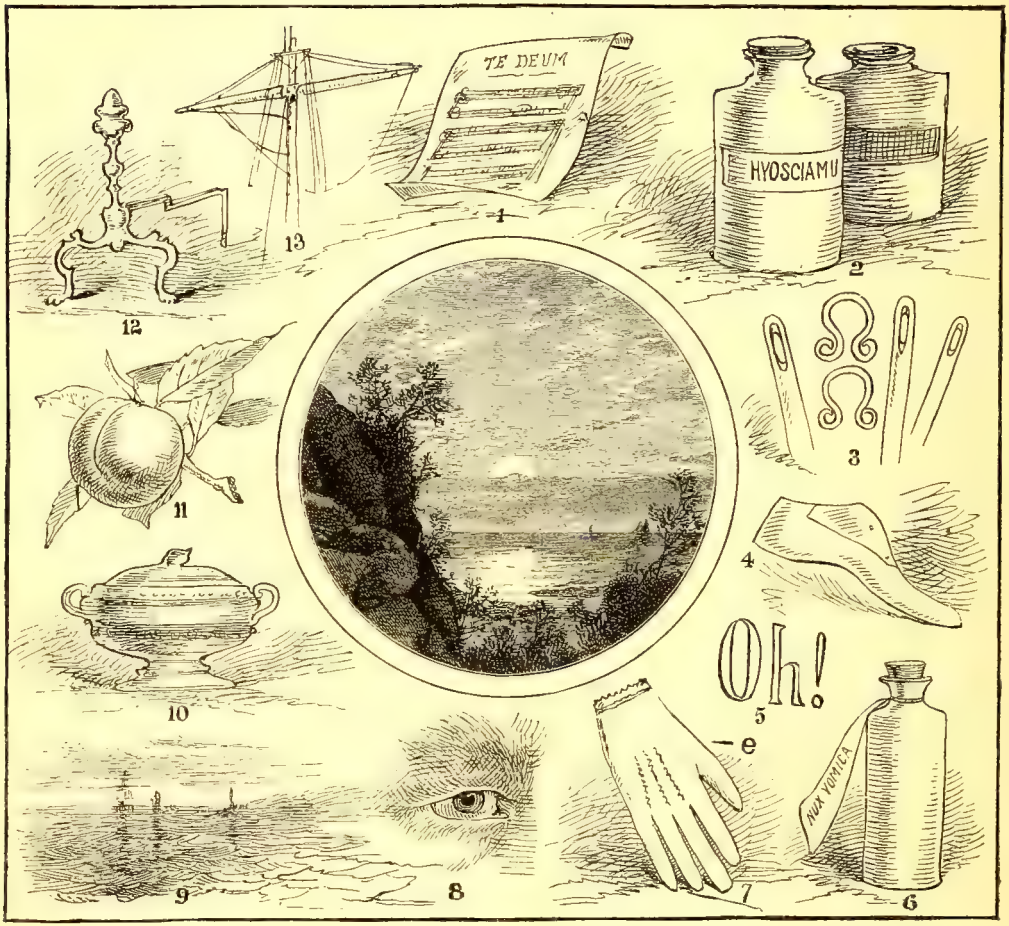
H. H. D.

HIDDEN DRESS GOODS.

1. SEIZING the rascal I compelled him to give up the money. 2. Aunt Nell is fond of singing Hamburg. 3. Belle Prescott only failed once last year. 4. Eveline never learned to control herself 5. Where is Towser, Gertie? 6. I met Homer in Oregon. 7 Where did you find such a queer fossil, Kenneth? 8. Tom Thumb is a tiny specimen of humanity. 9. Did Erasmus Lincoln lose all his property by the fire?

PICTORIAL PROVERB-ACROSTIC.

Arrange the words represented by the numbered pictures in their order. The initials and finals (reading down the former and continuing down the latter) form a familiar proverb, the sentiment of which is suggested by the central picture.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—M
G A S
M A P L E
S L Y
E
S
N U T
S U G A R
T A R
R

SQUARE-WORD.—Midas, Ivory, Donor, Arose, Syren.

CHARADE.—Dilapidated.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Handsome

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Centennial Exposition.—ClovE, EsseX, NaP, TallyhO, EpiglottiS, NerolI, NahanT, IttaI, ArnO, LemoN.

RIDDLE.—Linest, Inlets, Enlist, Tinsel, Silent, Listen.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Grand, Prate.

G L A R E
C R A T E
P L A T E
C R A N E
P L A I D

COMBINATION PUZZLE.—P—rive—T
F—pod—E
A—lid—A
C—ape—S
F—lop—E

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—I, Asa, Isola, Ale, A.

PUZZLE.—Gondola.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received previous to September 18, from—Emma Elliott, Brainerd P. Emery, Allie Bertram, Sarah D. Oakley, "Camille and Leonie," "Tip," "Yankee," J. W. Myers, George G. Champlin, Alice M. Mason, Maria Peckham, Florence E. Hyde, Minnie Warner, B. O'Hara, "Green Mountain Boy," John Hinkley, Florence Wilcox, "Bessie and Sue," Julia Kirene Ladd, Grace Austin Smith, Arthur C. Smith, George Herbert White, William A. Crocker, Jr, Georgiana Mead, A. G. D., James Iredell, Lizzie and Anna, Agnes E. Kennedy, Anna E. Mathewson, C. S. Riché, Edith McKeever, Nessie E. Stevens, Carrie Lawson, Charles G. Todd, Ella and Kittie Blanke, W. Creighton Spencer, W. Irving Spencer, Edith Heard, M. W. C., Mary C. Warren, Lena and Annie, Annie Streckewald, Hattie Peck, Jennie Passmore, George J. Fiske.



THE HOLY FAMILY.

FROM A PAINTING BY ITTENBACH

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1877. NO. 2.

[Copyright, 1877, by Scribner & Co.]

THE THREE KINGS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And the Wise Men knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night over hills and dells,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at the way-side wells.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltazar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news,
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered: "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said: "Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,—
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet;
The gold was their tribute to a king;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With the clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

ROWING AGAINST TIDE.

By Theodore Winthrop.

[The following hitherto-unprinted fragment by Theodore Winthrop, author of "John Brent," "The Canoe and the Saddle," "Life in the Open Air," and other works, was intended by him for the first chapter of a story called "Steers Flotsam," but it has an interest of its own, and is a complete narrative in itself.

Perhaps there are many of our young readers who do not know the history of that brave young officer who, one of the very first to fall in the late war, was killed at Great Bethel, Virginia, June 10, 1861. He was born at New Haven, Connecticut, in September, 1828. He was a studious and quiet boy, and not very robust. From early youth he had determined to become an author worthy of fame, but he tore himself away from his beloved work at the call of his country just as he was about to win that fame, leaving behind him a number of finished and unfinished writings, most of which were afterward published.

He could handle oars as well as write of them, could skate like his hero in "Love and Skates," and was good at all manly sports. He traveled much, visited Europe twice, lived two years at the Isthmus of Panama, and returning from there across the plains (an adventurous trip at that time), learned in those far western wilds to manage and understand the half-tamed horses and untamed savages about whom he writes so well. This varied experience gave a freedom and power to his pen that the readers of the St. Nicholas are not too young to perceive and appreciate.]

Almost sunset. I pulled my boat's head round, and made for home.

I had been floating with the tide, drifting athwart the long shadows under the western bank, shooting across the whirls and eddies of the rapid strait, grappling to one and another of the good-natured sloops and schooners that swept along the highway to the great city, near at hand.

For an hour I had sailed over the fleet, smooth glimmering water, free and careless as a sea-gull. Now I must 'bout ship and tussle with the whole force of the tide at the jaws of Hellgate. I did not know that not for that day only, but for life, my floating gayly with the stream was done.

I pulled in under the eastern shore, and began to give way with all my boyish force.

I was a little fellow, only ten years old, but my pretty white skiff was little, in proportion, and so were my sculls, and we were all used to work together.

As I faced about, a carriage came driving furiously along the turn of the shore. The road followed the water's edge. I was pulling close to the rocks to profit by every eddy. The carriage whirled by so near me that I could recognize one of the two persons within. No mistaking that pale, keen face. He evidently saw and recognized me also. He looked out at the window and signaled the coachman to stop. But before the horses could be pulled into a trot he gave a sign to go on again. The carriage disappeared at a turn of the shore.

This encounter strangely dispirited me. My joy in battling with the tide, in winning upward, foot by foot, boat's length after boat's length, gave place to a forlorn doubt whether I could hold my own—whether I should not presently be swept away.

The tide seemed to run more sternly than I had ever known it. It made a plaything of my little vessel, slapping it about most uncivilly. The black rocks, covered with clammy, unwholesome-looking sea-weed, seemed like the mile-stones of a nightmare, steadily to move with me. The water, bronzed by the low sun, poured mightily along, and there hung my boat, glued to its white reflection.

As I struggled there, the great sloops and schooners rustling by with the ebb, and eclipsing an instant the June sunset, gave me a miserable impression of careless unfriendliness. I had made friends with them all my life, and this evening, while I was drifting down-stream, they had been willing enough to give me a tow, and to send bluff, good-humored replies to my boyish hails. Now they rushed on, each chasing the golden wake of its forerunner, and took no thought of me, straining at my oar, apart. I grew dispirited, quite to the point of a childish despair.

Of course it was easy enough to land, leave my boat, and trudge home, but that was a confession of defeat not to be thought of. Two things only my father required of me—manliness and truth.

My pretty little skiff—the "Aladdin," I called it—he had given to me as a test of my manhood. I should be ashamed of myself to go home and tell him that I had abdicated my royal prerogative of taking care of myself, and pulling where I would in a boat with a keel. I must take the "Aladdin" home, or be degraded to my old punt, and confined to still water.

The alternative brought back strength to my arms. I threw off the ominous influence. I leaned to my sculls. The clammy black rocks began deliberately to march by me down-stream. I was making headway, and the more way I made, the more my courage grew.

Presently, as I battled round a point, I heard a rustle and a rush of something coming, and the bowsprit of a large sloop glided into view close by me. She was painted in stripes of all colors above her green bottom. The shimmer of the water shook the reflection of her hull, and made the edges of the stripes blend together. It was as if a rainbow had suddenly flung itself down for me to sail over.

I looked up and read the name on her headboards, "James Silt."

At the same moment a child's voice over my head cried, "Oh, brother Charles! what a little boy! what a pretty boat!"

The gliding sloop brought the speaker into view. She was a girl both little and pretty. A rosy, blue-eyed, golden-haired sprite, hanging over the gunwale, and smiling pleasantly at me.

"Yes, Betty," the voice of a cheerful, honest-looking young fellow at the tiller—evidently brother Charles—replied. "He 's a little chap, but he 's got a man into him. Hurrah!"

"Give way, 'Aladdin!' Stick to it! You 're sure to get there."

The sloop had slid along by me now, so that I could read her name repeated on her stern—"James Silt, New Haven."

"Good-bye, little boy!" cried my cherubic vision to me, flitting aft, and leaning over the port davit.

"Good-bye, sissy!" I returned, and raising my voice, I hailed, "Good-bye, Cap 'n Silt!"

Brother Charles looked puzzled an instant. Then he gave a laugh, and shouted across the broadening interval of burnished water, "You got my name off the stern. Well, it 's right, and you 're a bright one. You 'll make a sailor! Good luck to you!"

He waved his cap, and the strong tide swept his craft onward, dragging her rainbow image with her.

As far as I could see, the fair-haired child was leaning over the stern watching me, and brother Charles, at intervals, turned and waved his cap encouragingly.

This little incident quite made a man of me again. I forgot the hard face I had seen, and brother Charles's frank, merry face took its place, while, leaning over brother Charles's shoulder, was that angelic vision of his sister.

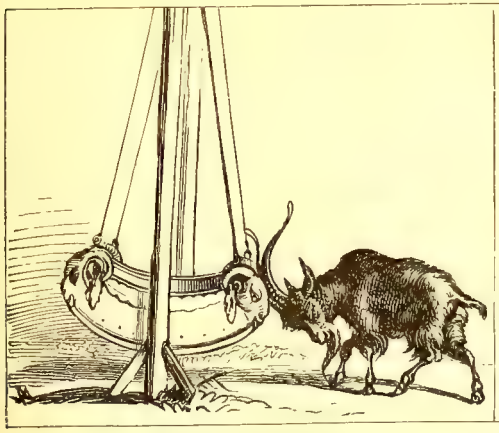
Under the inspiring influence of Miss Betty's smiles—a boy is never so young as not to conduct such electricity—I pulled along at double speed. I no longer measured my progress by the rocks in the mud, but by the cottages and villas on the bank. Now that I had found friends on board one of the vessels arrowing by, it seemed as if all would prove freighted with sympathizing people if they would only come near enough to hail. But I was content with the two pleasant faces stamped on my memory, and only minded my business of getting home before dark.

The setting sun drew itself a crimson path across the widening strait. The smooth water grew all deliciously rosy with twilight. The moon had just begun to put in a faint claim to be recognized as a luminary, when I pulled up to my father's private jetty.

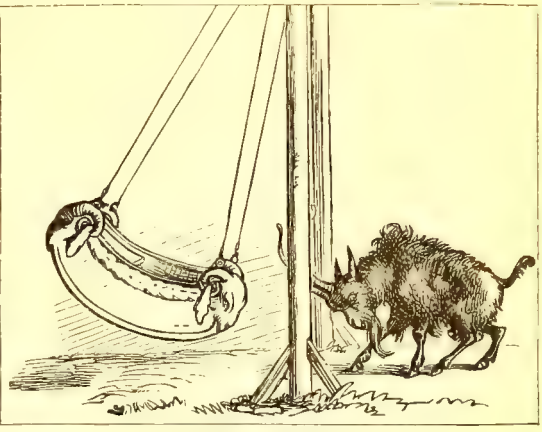
Everything looked singularly sweet and quiet. June never, in all her dreams of perfection, could have devised a fairer evening. I was a little disappointed to miss my father from his usual station on the wharf. He loved to be there to welcome me returning from my little voyages, and to hail me gently: "Now then, Harry, a strong pull, and let me see how far you can send her! Bravo, my boy! We 'll soon make a man of you. You shall not be a weakling all your life as your father has been, mind and body, for want of good strong machinery to work with."

He was absent that evening. I hurried to bestow my boat neatly in the boat-house. I locked the door, pocketed the key, and ran up the lawn, thinking how pleased my father would be to hear of my adventure with the sloop and its crew, and how he would make me sketch the sloop for him, which I could do very fairly, and how he would laugh at my vain attempts to convey to him the cheeks and the curls of Miss Betty.

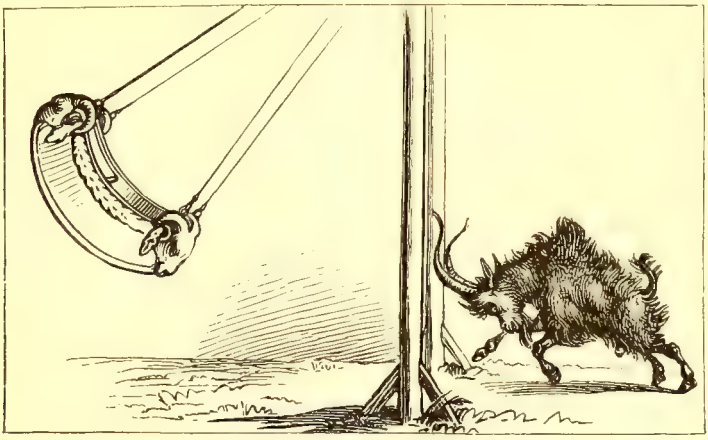
A CHAPTER OF BUTTS.



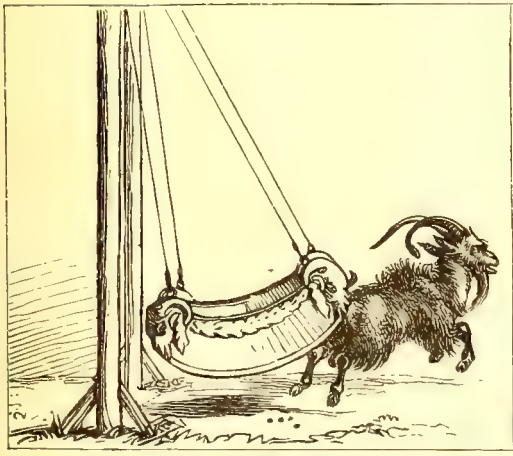
"I 'LL BUTT IT" SAID THE GOAT.



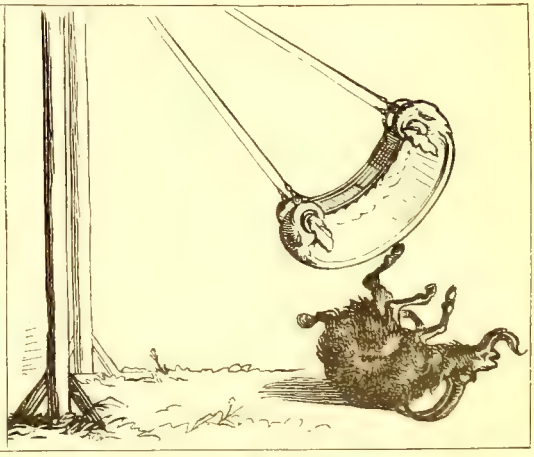
"WHAT! IT BUTTS AGAIN."



"I 'LL GIVE IT A GOOD ONE, THIS TIME."



"PERHAPS I 'D BETTER GET OUT OF ITS WAY."

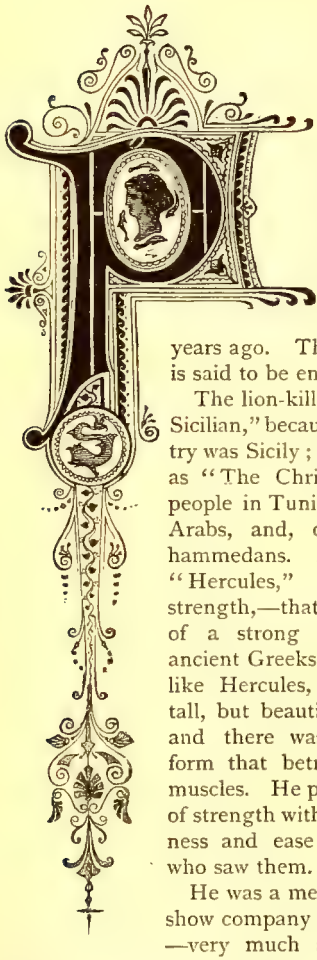


BUT HE DID N'T.

THE LION-KILLER.

(From the French of Duatyeff.)

By Mary Wager Fisher.



PEOPLE in Tunis, Africa,—at least, some of the older people,—often talk of the wonderful exploits of a lion-killer who was famous there forty years ago. The story is this, and is said to be entirely true:

The lion-killer was called "The Sicilian," because his native country was Sicily; and he was known as "The Christian" among the people in Tunis, who were mostly Arabs, and, consequently, Mohammedans. He was also called "Hercules," because of his strength,—that being the name of a strong demi-god of the ancient Greeks. He was not built like Hercules, however; he was tall, but beautifully proportioned, and there was nothing in his form that betrayed his powerful muscles. He performed prodigies of strength with so much gracefulness and ease as to astonish all who saw them.

He was a member of a traveling show company that visited Tunis,—very much as menagerie and circus troupes go about this country now from town to town. His part of the business was, not simply to do things that would display his great strength, but also to represent scenes by pantomime so that they would appear to the audience exactly as if the real scenes were being performed before their very eyes. In one of these scenes he showed the people how he had encountered and killed a lion with a wooden club in the country of Damascus. This is the manner in which he did it:

After a flourish of trumpets, the Sicilian came upon the stage, which was arranged to represent a circle, or arena, and had three palm-trees in the middle. He was handsomely dressed in a costume of black velvet, trimmed with silver braid, and, as he looked around upon the audience with a grave but gentle expression, and went through with the Arabian salutation, which was to bear his right hand to his heart, mouth and forehead successively, there was perfect silence, so charmed were the people with his beauty and dignity.

Then an interpreter cried:

"The Christian will show you how, with his club, he killed a lion in the country of Damascus!"

Immediately following this came another flourish of trumpets and a striking of cymbals, as if to announce the entrance of the lion. Quickly the Sicilian sprang behind one of the three palms, whence to watch his enemy. With an attentive and resolute eye, leaning his body first to the right, and then to the left, of the tree, he kept his gaze on the terrible beast, following all its movements with the graceful motions of his own body, so naturally and suitably as to captivate the attention of the spectators.

"The lion surely is there!" they whispered. "*We* do not see him, but *he* sees him! How he watches his least motion! How resolute he is! He will not allow himself to be surprised ——"

Suddenly the Sicilian leaps; with a bound he has crossed from one palm-tree to another, and, with a second spring, has climbed half-way up the tree, still holding his massive club in one hand. One understands by his movements that the lion has followed him, and, crouched and angry, stops at the foot of the tree. The Sicilian, leaning over, notes the slightest change of posture; then, like a flash of light, he leaps to the ground behind the trunk of the tree; the terrible club makes a whistling sound as it swings through the air, and the lion falls to the ground.

The scene was so well played that the wildest applause came from all parts of the audience.

Then the interpreter came in, and, throwing at the feet of the Hercules a magnificent lion's skin, cried:

"Behold the skin of the lion that the Christian killed in the country of Damascus."

The fame of the Sicilian reached the ears of the Bey of Tunis. But the royal dignity of the Bey, the reigning prince of that country, would not allow him to be present at exhibitions given to the common people. Finally, however, having heard so much about the handsome and strong Sicilian, he became curious to see him, and said:

"If this Christian has killed one lion with a club, he can kill another. Tell him that if he will knock down my grand lion with it, I will give him a thou-

sand ducats"—quite a large sum in those days, a ducat being about equal to the American dollar.

At this time the Bey had several young lions that ran freely about in the court-yard or garden of his palace, and in a great pit, entirely surrounded by a high terrace, on a level with the ground-floor of the palace, a superb Atlas lion was kept in royal captivity. It was this lion that the Bey wished the Sicilian to combat. The proposition was sent to the Sicilian, who accepted it without hesitation, and without boasting what he would do.

The combat was to take place a week from that time, and the announcement that the handsome Sicilian was to fight a duel with the grand lion was spread far and wide, even to the borders of the desert, producing a profound sensation. Everybody, old and young, great and small, desired to be present; moreover, the people would be freely admitted to the garden of the Bey, where they could witness the combat from the top of the terrace. The duel was to be early in the morning, before the heat of the day.

During the week that intervened, the Sicilian performed every day in the show, instead of two days a week, as had been his custom. Never was he more calm, graceful and fascinating in his performances. The evening before the eventful day, he repeated in pantomime his victory over the lion near Damascus, with so much elegance, precision and suppleness as to elicit round after round of enthusiastic cheers. Of course everybody who had seen him *play* killing a lion was wild with curiosity to see him actually fight with a *real* lion.

So, on the following morning, in the early dawn, the terrace around the lion's pit was crowded with people. For three days the grand lion had been deprived of food in order that he might be the more ferocious and terrible. His eyes shone like two balls of fire, and he incessantly lashed his flanks with his tail. At one moment he would madly roar, and, in the next, rub himself against the wall, vainly trying to find a chink between the stones in which to insert his claws.

Precisely at the appointed hour, the princely Bey and his court took the places that had been reserved for them on one side of the terrace. The Sicilian came a few steps behind, dressed in his costume of velvet and silver, and holding his club in his hand. With his accustomed easy and regular step, and a naturally elegant and dignified bearing, he advanced in front of the royal party and made a low obeisance to the Bey. The prince made some remark to him, to which he responded with a fresh salute; then he withdrew, and descended the steps which led to the lion's pit.

The crowd was silent. At the end of some seconds, the barred gate of the pit was opened, and gave entrance, not to the brave and powerful Hercules, but to a poor dog that was thrown toward the ferocious beast with the intention of still more exciting its ravenous appetite. This unexpected act of cruelty drew hisses from the spectators, but they were soon absorbed in watching the behavior of the dog. When the lion saw the prey that had been thrown to him, he stood motionless for a moment, ceased to beat his flanks with his tail, growled deeply, and crouched on the ground, with his paws extended, his neck stretched out, and his eyes fixed upon the victim.

The dog, on being thrown into the pit, ran at once toward a corner of the wall, as far as possible from the lion, and, trembling, yet not overcome by fear, fixed his eyes on the huge beast, watching anxiously, but intently, his every motion.

With apparent unconcern, the lion creepingly advanced toward the dog, and then, with a sudden movement, he was upon his feet, and in a second launched himself into the air! But the dog that same instant bounded in an opposite direction, so that the lion fell in the corner, while the dog alighted where the lion had been.

For a moment the lion seemed very much surprised at the loss of his prey; with the dog, the instinct of self-preservation developed a coolness that even overcame his terror. The body of the poor animal was all in a shiver, but his head was firm, his eyes were watchful. Without losing sight of his enemy, he slowly retreated into the corner behind him.

Then the lion, scanning his victim from the corners of his eyes, walked sidewise a few steps, and, turning suddenly, tried again to pounce with one bound upon the dog; but the latter seemed to anticipate this movement also, and, in the same second, jumped in the opposite direction, as before, crossing the lion in the air.

At this the lion became furious, and lost the calmness that might have insured him victory, while the courage of the unfortunate dog won for him the sympathy of all the spectators.

As the lion, excited and terrible, was preparing a new plan of attack, a rope ending in a loop was lowered to the dog. The brave little animal, whose imploring looks had been pitiful to look upon, saw the help sent to him, and, fastening his teeth and claws into the rope, was immediately drawn up. The lion, perceiving this, made a prodigious leap, but the dog was happily beyond his reach. The poor creature, drawn in safety to the terrace, at once took flight, and was soon lost to view.

At the moment when the lion threw himself on the ground of the pit, roaring with rage at the escape of his prey, the Sicilian entered, calm and

firm, superb in his brilliant costume, and with his club in his hand.

At his appearance in the pit, a silence like death came over the crowd of spectators. The Hercules walked rapidly toward a corner, and, leaning upon his club, awaited the onslaught of the lion, who, blinded by fury, had not yet perceived his entrance.



"THE BEAST GAVE A MIGHTY SPRING."

The waiting was of short duration, for the lion, in turning, espied him, and the fire that flashed from the eyes of the terrible beast told of savage joy in finding another victim.

Here, however, the animal showed for a moment a feeling of anxiety; slowly, as if conscious that he was in the presence of a powerful adversary, he retreated some steps, keeping his fiery eyes all the time on the man. The Sicilian also kept his keen gaze on the lion, and, with his body slightly inclined forward, marked every alteration of position. Between the two adversaries, it was easy to see that fear was on the side of the beast; but, in comparing the feeble means of the man—a rude club—with the powerful structure of the lion, whose boundings made the very ground beneath him tremble, it was hard for the spectators to believe that courage, and not strength, would win the victory.

The lion was too excited and famished to remain long undecided. After more backward steps, which he made as if gaining time for reflection, he suddenly advanced in a sidelong direction in order to charge upon his adversary.

The Sicilian did not move, but followed with his fixed gaze the motions of the lion. Greatly irritated, the beast gave a mighty spring, uttering

a terrible roar; the man, at the same moment, leaped aside, and the lion had barely touched the ground, when the club came down upon his head with a dull, shocking thud. The king of the desert rolled heavily under the stroke, and fell headlong, stunned and senseless, but not dead.

The spectators, overcome with admiration, and awed at the exhibition of so much calmness, address and strength, were hushed into profound silence. The next moment, the Bey arose, and, with a gesture of his hand, asked mercy for his favorite lion.

"A thousand ducats the more if you will not kill him!" he cried to the Sicilian. "Agreed!" was the instant reply.

The lion lay panting on the ground. The Hercules bowed at the word of the Bey, and slowly withdrew, still keeping his eyes on the conquered brute. The two thousand ducats were counted out and paid. The lion shortly recovered.

With a universal gasp of relief, followed by deafening shouts and cheers, the spectators withdrew from the terrace, having witnessed a scene they could never forget, and which, as I said at the beginning, is still talked of in Tunis.

BRUNO'S REVENGE.

By the Author of "Alice in Wonderland."

It was a very hot afternoon,—too hot to go for a walk or do anything,—or else it would n't have happened, I believe.

In the first place, I want to know why fairies should always be teaching *us* to do our duty, and lecturing *us* when we go wrong, and we should never teach *them* anything? You can't mean to say that fairies are never greedy, or selfish, or cross, or deceitful, because that would be nonsense, you know. Well, then, don't you agree with me that they might be all the better for a little scolding and punishing now and then?

I really don't see why it should n't be tried, and I 'm almost sure (only *please* don't repeat this loud in the woods) that if you could only catch a fairy, and put it in the corner, and give it nothing but bread and water for a day or two, you 'd find it quite an improved character; it would take down its conceit a little, at all events.

The next question is, what is the best time for seeing fairies? I believe I can tell you all about that.

The first rule is, that it must be a *very* hot day—that we may consider as settled; and you must be just a *little* sleepy—but not too sleepy to keep your eyes open, mind. Well, and you ought to feel a little—what one may call "fairyish"—the Scotch call it "eerie," and perhaps that 's a prettier word; if you don't know what it means, I 'm afraid I can hardly explain it; you must wait till you meet a fairy, and then you 'll know.

And the last rule is, that the crickets should n't be chirping. I can 't stop to explain that rule just now—you must take it on trust for the present.

So, if all these things happen together, you 've a good chance of seeing a fairy—or at least a much better chance than if they did n't.

The one I 'm going to tell you about was a real, naughty little fairy. Properly speaking, there were two of them, and one was naughty and one was good, but perhaps you would have found that out for yourself.

Now we really *are* going to begin the story.

It was Tuesday afternoon, about half-past three,—it 's always best to be particular as to dates,—and I had wandered down into the wood by the lake, partly because I had nothing to do, and that seemed to be a good place to do it in, and partly (as I said at first) because it was too hot to be comfortable anywhere, except under trees.

The first thing I noticed, as I went lazily along through an open place in the wood, was a large beetle lying struggling on its back, and I went down directly on one knee to help the poor thing on its feet again. In some things, you know, you can't be quite sure what an insect would like; for instance, I never could quite settle, supposing I were a moth, whether I would rather be kept out of the candle, or be allowed to fly straight in and get burnt; or, again, supposing I were a spider, I 'm not sure if I should be *quite* pleased to have my web torn down, and the fly let loose; but I feel quite certain that, if I were a beetle and had rolled over on my back, I should always be glad to be helped up again.

So, as I was saying, I had gone down on one knee, and was just reaching out a little stick to turn the beetle over, when I saw a sight that made

me draw back hastily and hold my breath, for fear of making any noise and frightening the little creature away.

Not that she looked as if she would be easily frightened; she seemed so good and gentle that I 'm sure she would never expect that any one could wish to hurt her. She was only a few inches high, and was dressed in green, so that you really would hardly have noticed her among the long grass; and she was so delicate and graceful that she quite seemed to belong to the place, almost as if she were one of the flowers. I may tell you, besides, that she had no wings (I don't believe in fairies with wings), and that she had quantities of long brown hair and large, earnest brown eyes, and then I shall have done all I can to give you an idea of what she was like.

Sylvie (I found out her name afterward) had knelt down, just as I was doing, to help the beetle; but it needed more than a little stick for *her* to get it on its legs again; it was as much as she could do, with both arms, to roll the heavy thing over; and all the while she was talking to it, half-scolding and half-comforting, as a nurse might do with a child that had fallen down.

"There, there! You need n't cry so much about it; you 're not killed yet—though if you were, you could n't cry, you know, and so it 's a general rule against crying, my dear! And how did you come to tumble over? But I can see well enough how it was,—I need n't ask you that,—walking over sand-pits with your chin in the air, as usual. Of course if you go among sand-pits like that, you must expect to tumble; you should look."

The beetle murmured something that sounded like "I *did* look," and Sylvie went on again:

"But I know you did n't! You never do! You always walk with your chin up—you 're so dreadfully conceited. Well, let 's see how many legs are broken this time. Why, none of them, I declare! though that 's certainly more than you deserve. And what 's the good of having six legs, my dear, if you can only kick them all about in the air when you tumble? Legs are meant to walk with, you know. Now, don't be cross about it, and don't begin putting out your wings yet; I 've some more to say. Go down to the frog that lives behind that buttercup—give him my compliments—Sylvie's compliments—can you say 'compliments?'"

The beetle tried, and, I suppose, succeeded.

"Yes, that 's right. And tell him he 's to give you some of that salve I left with him yesterday. And you 'd better get him to rub it in for you; he 's got rather cold hands, but you must n't mind that."

I think the beetle must have shuddered at this idea, for Sylvie went on in a graver tone:

"Now, you need n't pretend to be so particular as all that, as if you were too grand to be rubbed by a frog. The fact is, you ought to be very much obliged to him. Suppose you could get nobody but a toad to do it, how would you like that?"

There was a little pause, and then Sylvie added:

"Now you may go. Be a good beetle, and don't keep your chin in the air."

And then began one of those performances of humming, and whizzing, and restless banging about, such as a beetle indulges in when it has decided on flying, but has n't quite made up its mind which way to go. At last, in one of its awkward zigzags, it managed to fly right into my face, and by the time I had recovered from the shock, the little fairy was gone.

I looked about in all directions for the little creature, but there was no trace of her—and my "eerie" feeling was quite gone off, and the crickets were chirping again merrily, so I knew she was really gone.

And now I 've got time to tell you the rule about the crickets. They always leave off chirping when a fairy goes by, because a fairy 's a kind of queen over them, I suppose; at all events, it 's a much grander thing than a cricket; so whenever you 're walking out, and the crickets suddenly leave off chirping, you may be sure that either they see a fairy, or else they 're frightened at your coming so near.

I walked on sadly enough, you may be sure. However, I comforted myself with thinking, "It 's been a very wonderful afternoon, so far; I 'll just go quietly on and look about me, and I should n't wonder if I come across another fairy somewhere."

Peering about in this way, I happened to notice a plant with rounded leaves, and with queer little holes cut out in the middle of several of them. "Ah! the leaf-cutter bee," I carelessly remarked; you know I am very learned in natural history (for instance, I can always tell kittens from chickens at one glance); and I was passing on, when a sudden thought made me stoop down and examine the leaves more carefully.

Then a little thrill of delight ran through me, for I noticed that the holes were all arranged so as to form letters; there were three leaves side by side, with "B," "R" and "U" marked on them, and after some search I found two more, which contained an "N" and an "O."

By this time the "eerie" feeling had all come back again, and I suddenly observed that no crickets were chirping; so I felt quite sure that "Bruno" was a fairy, and that he was somewhere very near.

And so indeed he was—so near that I had very nearly walked over him without seeing him; which

would have been dreadful, always supposing that fairies *can* be walked over; my own belief is that they are something of the nature of will-o'-the-wisps, and there 's no walking over *them*.

Think of any pretty little boy you know, rather fat, with rosy cheeks, large dark eyes, and tangled brown hair, and then fancy him made small enough to go comfortably into a coffee-cup, and you 'll have a very fair idea of what the little creature was like.

"What 's your name, little fellow?" I began, in as soft a voice as I could manage. And, by the way, that 's another of the curious things in life that I never could quite understand—why we always begin by asking little children their names; is it because we fancy there is n't quite enough of them, and a name will help to make them a little bigger? You never thought of asking a real large man his name, now, did you? But, however that may be, I felt it quite necessary to know *his* name; so, as he did n't answer my question, I asked it again a little louder. "What 's your name, my little man?"

"What 's yours?" he said, without looking up.

"My name 's Lewis Carroll," I said, quite gently, for he was much too small to be angry with for answering so uncivilly.

"Duke of Anything?" he asked, just looking at me for a moment, and then going on with his work.

"Not Duke at all," I said, a little ashamed of having to confess it.

"You 're big enough to be two Dukes," said the little creature. "I suppose you 're Sir Something, then?"

"No," I said, feeling more and more ashamed. "I have n't got any title."

The fairy seemed to think that in that case I really was n't worth the trouble of talking to, for he quietly went on digging, and tearing the flowers to pieces as fast as he got them out of the ground. After a few minutes I tried again:

"*Please* tell me what your name is."

"B'uno," the little fellow answered, very readily. "Why did n't you say 'please' before?"

"That 's something like what we used to be taught in the nursery," I thought to myself, looking back through the long years (about a hundred and fifty of them) to the time when I used to be a little child myself. And here an idea came into my head, and I asked him, "Are n't you one of the fairies that teach children to be good?"

"Well, we have to do that sometimes," said Bruno, "and a d'eadful bother it is."

As he said this, he savagely tore a heart's-ease in two, and trampled on the pieces.

"What *are* you doing there, Bruno?" I said.

"Spoiling Sylvie's garden," was all the answer Bruno would give at first. But, as he went on tearing up the flowers, he muttered to himself, "The nasty c'oss thing—would n't let me go and play this morning, though I wanted to ever so much—said I must finish my lessons first—lessons, indeed! I 'll vex her finely, though!"

"Oh, Bruno, you should n't do that!" I cried. "Don't you know that 's revenge? And revenge is a wicked, cruel, dangerous thing!"

"River-edge?" said Bruno. "What a funny word! I suppose you call it cooel and dangerous because, if you went too far and tumbled in, you 'd get d'owned."

"No, not river-edge," I explained; "rev-enge" (saying the word very slowly and distinctly). But I could n't help thinking that Bruno's explanation did very well for either word.

"Oh!" said Bruno, opening his eyes very wide, but without attempting to repeat the word.

"Come! try and pronounce it, Bruno!" I said, cheerfully. "Rev-enge, rev-enge."

But Bruno only tossed his little head, and said he could n't; that his mouth was n't the right shape for words of that kind. And the more I laughed, the more sulky the little fellow got about it.

"Well, never mind, little man!" I said. "Shall I help you with the job you 've got there?"

"Yes, please," Bruno said, quite pacified. "Only I wish I could think of something to vex her more than this. You don't know how hard it is to make her ang'y!"

"Now listen to me, Bruno, and I 'll teach you quite a splendid kind of revenge!"

"Something that 'll vex her finely?" Bruno asked with gleaming eyes.

"Something that 'll vex her finely. First, we 'll get up all the weeds in her garden. See, there are a good many at this end—quite hiding the flowers."

"But *that* wont vex her," said Bruno, looking rather puzzled.

"After that," I said, without noticing the remark, "we 'll water the highest bed—up here. You see it 's getting quite dry and dusty."

Bruno looked at me inquisitively, but he said nothing this time.

"Then, after that," I went on, "the walks want sweeping a bit; and I think you might cut down that tall nettle; it 's so close to the garden that it 's quite in the way ——"

"What *are* you talking about?" Bruno impatiently interrupted me. "All that wont vex her a bit!"

"Wont it?" I said, innocently. "Then, after that, suppose we put in some of these colored pebbles—just to mark the divisions between the different kinds of flowers, you know. That 'll have a very pretty effect."

Bruno turned round and had another good stare at me. At last there came an odd little twinkle in his eye, and he said, with quite a new meaning in his voice:

"V'y well—let 's put 'em in rows—all the 'ed together, and all the blue together."

"That 'll do capitally," I said; "and then—what kind of flowers does Sylvie like best in her garden?"

Bruno had to put his thumb in his mouth and consider a little before he could answer. "Violets," he said, at last.

"There 's a beautiful bed of violets down by the lake——"

"Oh, let 's fetch 'em!" cried Bruno, giving a little skip into the air. "Here! Catch hold of my hand, and I 'll help you along. The g'ass is rather thick down that way."

I could n't help laughing at his having so entirely forgotten what a big creature he was talking to.

"No, not yet, Bruno," I said; "we must consider what 's the right thing to do first. You see we 've got quite a business before us."

"Yes, let 's consider," said Bruno, putting his thumb into his mouth again, and sitting down upon a stuffed mouse.

"What do you keep that mouse for?" I said. "You should bury it, or throw it into the lake."

"Why, it 's to measure with!" cried Bruno. "How ever would you do a garden without one? We make each bed th'ee mouses and a half long, and two mouses wide."

I stopped him, as he was dragging it off by the tail to show me how it was used, for I was half afraid the "eerie" feeling might go off before we had finished the garden, and in that case I should see no more of him or Sylvie.

"I think the best way will be for *you* to weed the beds, while *I* sort out these pebbles, ready to mark the walks with."

"That 's it!" cried Bruno. "And I 'll tell you about the caterpillars while we work."

"Ah, let 's hear about the caterpillars," I said, as I drew the pebbles together into a heap, and began dividing them into colors.

And Bruno went on in a low, rapid tone, more as if he were talking to himself. "Yesterday I saw two little caterpillars, when I was sitting by the brook, just where you go into the wood. They were quite g'een, and they had yellow eyes, and they did n't see *me*. And one of them had got a moth's wing to carry—a g'eat b'own moth's wing, you know, all d'y, with feathers. So he could n't want it to eat, I should think—perhaps he meant to make a cloak for the winter?"

"Perhaps," I said, for Bruno had twisted up the last word into a sort of question, and was looking at me for an answer.

One word was quite enough for the little fellow, and he went on, merrily:

"Well, and so he did n't want the other caterpillar to see the moth's wing, you know; so what must he do but t'y to carry it with all his left legs, and he t'ied to walk on the other set. Of course, he toppled over after that."

"After what?" I said, catching at the last word, for, to tell the truth, I had n't been attending much.

"He toppled over," Bruno repeated, very gravely, "and if *you* ever saw a caterpillar topple over, you 'd know it 's a serious thing, and not sit g'inning like that—and I shan't tell you any more."

"Indeed and indeed, Bruno, I did n't mean to grin. See, I 'm quite grave again now."

But Bruno only folded his arms and said, "Don't tell *me*. I see a little twinkle in one of your eyes—just like the moon."

"Am *I* like the moon, Bruno?" I asked.

"Your face is large and round like the moon," Bruno answered, looking at me thoughtfully. "It does n't shine quite so bright—but it 's cleaner."

I could n't help smiling at this. "You know I wash *my* face, Bruno. The moon never does that."

"Oh, does n't she though!" cried Bruno; and he leaned forward and added in a solemn whisper, "The moon's face gets dirtier and dirtier every night, till it 's black all ac'oss. And then, when it 's dirty all over—*so*—" (he passed his hand across his own rosy cheeks as he spoke) "then she washes it."

"And then it 's all clean again, is n't it?"

"Not all in a moment," said Bruno. "What a deal of teaching you want! She washes it little by little—only she begins at the other edge."

By this time he was sitting quietly on the mouse, with his arms folded, and the weeding was n't getting on a bit. So I was obliged to say:

"Work first and pleasure afterward; no more talking till that bed 's finished."

After that we had a few minutes of silence, while I sorted out the pebbles, and amused myself with watching Bruno's plan of gardening. It was quite a new plan to me: he always measured each bed before he weeded it, as if he was afraid the weeding would make it shrink; and once, when it came out longer than he wished, he set to work to thump the mouse with his tiny fist, crying out, "There now! It 's all 'ong again! Why don't you keep your tail st'aight when I tell you!"

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do," Bruno said in a half-whisper, as we worked: "I 'll get you an invitation

to the king's dinner-party. I know one of the head-waiters."

I could n't help laughing at this idea. "Do the waiters invite the guests?" I asked.

"Oh, not *to sit down!*" Bruno hastily replied. "But to help, you know. You 'd like that, would n't you? To hand about plates, and so on."

"Well, but that 's not so nice as sitting at the table, is it?"

"Of course it is n't," Bruno said, in a tone as if he rather pitied my ignorance; "but if you 're not even Sir Anything, you can't expect to be allowed to sit at the table, you know."

I said, as meekly as I could, that I did n't expect it, but it was the only way of going to a dinner-party that I really enjoyed. And Bruno tossed his head, and said, in a rather offended tone, that I might do as I pleased—there were many he knew that would give their ears to go.

"Have you ever been yourself, Bruno?"

"They invited me once last year," Bruno said, very gravely. "It was to wash up the soup-plates —no, the cheese-plates I mean—that was g'and enough. But the g'andest thing of all was, *I* fetched the Duke of Dandelion a glass of cider!"

"That *was* grand!" I said, biting my lip to keep myself from laughing.

"Was n't it!" said Bruno, very earnestly. "You know it is n't every one that 's had such an honor as *that!*"

This set me thinking of the various queer things we call "an honor" in this world, which, after all, have n't a bit more honor in them than what the dear little Bruno enjoyed (by the way, I hope you 're beginning to like him a little, naughty as he was?) when he took the Duke of Dandelion a glass of cider.

I don't know how long I might have dreamed on in this way if Bruno had n't suddenly roused me.

"Oh, come here quick!" he cried, in a state of the wildest excitement. "Catch hold of his other horn! I can't hold him more than a minute!"

He was struggling desperately with a great snail, clinging to one of its horns, and nearly breaking his poor little back in his efforts to drag it over a blade of grass.

I saw we should have no more gardening if I let this sort of thing go on, so I quietly took the snail away, and put it on a bank where he could n't reach it. "We 'll hunt it afterward, Bruno," I said, "if you really want to catch it. But what 's the use of it when you 've got it?"

"What 's the use of a fox when you 've got it?" said Bruno. "I know you big things hunt foxes."

I tried to think of some good reason why "big things" should hunt foxes, and he should n't hunt snails, but none came into my head: so I said at last, "Well, I suppose one 's as good as the other. I 'll go snail-hunting myself, some day."

"I should think you would n't be so silly," said Bruno, "as to go snail-hunting all by yourself. Why, you 'd never get the snail along, if you had n't somebody to hold on to his other horn!"

"Of course I sha' n't go alone," I said, quite gravely. "By the way, is that the best kind to hunt, or do you recommend the ones without shells?"

"Oh no! We never hunt the ones without shells," Bruno said, with a little shudder at the thought of it. "They 're always so c'oss about it; and then, if you tumble over them, they 're ever so sticky!"

By this time we had nearly finished the garden. I had fetched some violets, and Bruno was just helping me to put in the last, when he suddenly stopped and said, "I 'm tired."

"Rest, then," I said; "I can go on without you."

Bruno needed no second invitation: he at once began arranging the mouse as a kind of sofa. "And I 'll sing you a little song," he said as he rolled it about.

"Do," said I: "there 's nothing I should like better."

"Which song will you choose?" Bruno said, as he dragged the mouse into a place where he could get a good view of me. "'Ting, ting, ting,' is the nicest."

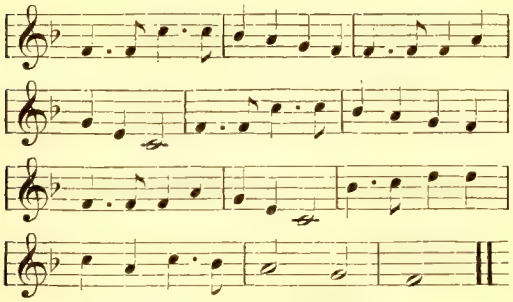
There was no resisting such a strong hint as this: however, I pretended to think about it for a moment, and then said, "Well, I like 'Ting, ting, ting,' best of all."

"That shows you 're a good judge of music," Bruno said, with a pleased look. "How many bluebells would you like?" And he put his thumb into his mouth to help me to consider.

As there was only one bluebell within easy reach, I said very gravely that I thought one would do *this* time, and I picked it and gave it to him. Bruno ran his hand once or twice up and down the flowers,—like a musician trying an instrument,—producing a most delicious delicate tinkling as he did so. I had never heard flower-music before,—I don't think one can unless one 's in the "eerie" state,—and I don't know quite how to give you an idea of what it was like, except by saying that it sounded like a peal of bells a thousand miles off.

When he had satisfied himself that the flowers were in tune, he seated himself on the mouse (he never seemed really comfortable anywhere else), and, looking up at me with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he began. By the way, the tune was rather

a curious one, and you might like to try it for yourself, so here are the notes:



"Rise, oh, rise! The daylight dies:
The owls are hooting, ting, ting, ting!
Wake, oh, wake! Beside the lake
The elves are fluting, ting, ting, ting!
Welcoming our fairy king
We sing, sing, sing."

He sang the first four lines briskly and merrily, making the bluebells chime in time with the music; but the last two he sang quite slowly and gently, and merely waved the flowers backward and forward above his head. And when he had finished the first verse, he left off to explain.

"The name of our fairy king is Obberwon" (he meant Oberon, I believe), "and he lives over the lake—*there*—and now and then he comes in a little boat—and then we go and meet him—and then we sing this song, you know."

"And then you go and dine with him?" I said, mischievously.

"You should n't talk," Bruno hastily said; "it interrupts the song so."

I said I would n't do it again.

"I never talk myself when I 'm singing," he went on, very gravely; "so you should n't either."

Then he tuned the bluebells once more, and sung:

"Hear, oh, hear! From far and near
A music stealing, ting, ting, ting!
Fairy bells adown the dells
Are merrily pealing, ting, ting, ting!
Welcoming our fairy king
We ring, ring, ring.

"See, oh, see! On every tree
What lamps are shining, ting, ting, ting!
They are eyes of fiery flies
To light our dining, ting, ting, ting!
Welcoming our fairy king
They swing, swing, swing.

"Haste, oh, haste! to take and taste
The dainties waiting, ting, ting, ting!
Honey-dew is stored ——"

"Hush, Bruno!" I interrupted, in a warning whisper. "She 's coming!"

Bruno checked his song only just in time for Sylvie not to hear him; and then, catching sight of her as she slowly made her way through the long grass, he suddenly rushed out headlong at her like a little bull, shouting, "Look the other way! Look the other way!"

"Which way?" Sylvie asked, in rather a frightened tone, as she looked round in all directions to see where the danger could be.

"*That* way!" said Bruno, carefully turning her round with her face to the wood. "Now, walk backward—walk gently—don't be f'ightened; you sha' n't t'ip!"

But Sylvie did "t'ip," notwithstanding; in fact he led her, in his hurry, across so many little sticks and stones, that it was really a wonder the poor child could keep on her feet at all. But he was far too much excited to think of what he was doing.

I silently pointed out to Bruno the best place to lead her to, so as to get a view of the whole garden at once; it was a little rising ground, about the height of a potato; and, when they had mounted it, I drew back into the shade that Sylvie might n't see me.

I heard Bruno cry out triumphantly, "*Now* you may look!" and then followed a great clapping of hands, but it was all done by Bruno himself. Sylvie was quite silent; she only stood and gazed with her hands clasped tightly together, and I was half afraid she did n't like it after all.

Bruno, too, was watching her anxiously, and when she jumped down from the mound, and began wandering up and down the little walks, he cautiously followed her about, evidently anxious that she should form her own opinion of it all, without any hint from him. And when at last she drew a long breath, and gave her verdict,—in a hurried whisper, and without the slightest regard to grammar,—"It 's the loveliest thing as I never saw in all my life before!" the little fellow looked as well pleased as if it had been given by all the judges and juries in England put together.

"And did you really do it all by yourself, Bruno?" said Sylvie. "And all for me?"

"I was helped a bit," Bruno began, with a merry little laugh at her surprise. "We 've been at it all the afternoon; I thought you 'd like ——" and here the poor little fellow's lip began to quiver, and all in a moment he burst out crying, and, running up to Sylvie, he flung his arms passionately round her neck, and hid his face on her shoulder.

There was a little quiver in Sylvie's voice too, as she whispered, "Why, what 's the matter, darling?" and tried to lift up his head and kiss him.

But Bruno only clung to her, sobbing, and would n't be comforted till he had confessed all.

"I tried—to spoil your garden—first—but—I 'll never—never ——" and then came another burst of tears which drowned the rest of the sentence. At last he got out the words, "I liked—putting in

the flowers—for *you*, Sylvie—and I never was so happy before," and the rosy little face came up at last to be kissed, all wet with tears as it was.

Sylvie was crying too by this time, and she said nothing but "Bruno dear!" and "*I* never was so happy before;" though why two children who had never been so happy before should both be crying was a great mystery to me.



"IT'S THE LOVELIEST THING AS I NEVER SAW IN ALL MY LIFE BEFORE!"

I, too, felt very happy, but of course I did n't cry; "big things" never do, you know—we leave all that to the fairies. Only I think it must have been raining a little just then, for I found a drop or two on my cheeks.

After that they went through the whole garden again, flower by flower, as if it were a long sentence they were spelling out, with kisses for commas, and a great hug by way of a full-stop when they got to the end.

"Do you know, that was my river-edge, Sylvie?" Bruno began, looking solemnly at her.

Sylvie laughed merrily.

"What *do* you mean?" she said, and she pushed back her heavy brown hair with both hands, and looked at him with dancing eyes in which the big tear-drops were still glittering.

Bruno drew in a long breath, and made up his mouth for a great effort.

"I mean rev—enge," he said; "now you under-

'tand." And he looked so happy and proud at having said the word right at last that I quite envied him. I rather think Sylvie did n't "under-'tand" at all; but she gave him a little kiss on each cheek, which seemed to do just as well.

So they wandered off lovingly together, in among the buttercups, each with an arm twined round the other, whispering and laughing as they went, and never so much as once looked back at poor me. Yes, once, just before I quite lost sight of them, Bruno half turned his head, and nodded me a saucy little good-bye over one shoulder. And that was all the thanks I got for *my* trouble.

I know you 're sorry the story 's come to an end—are n't you?—so I 'll just tell you one thing more. The very last thing I saw of them was this: Sylvie was stooping down with her arms round Bruno's neck, and saying coaxingly in his ear, "Do you know, Bruno, I 've quite forgotten that hard word; do say it once more. Come! Only this once, dear!"

But Bruno would n't try it again.

THE MOCKING-BIRD AND THE DONKEY.

(From the Spanish of the Mexican poet José Rosas.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A MOCK-BIRD in a village
  Had somehow gained the skill
To imitate the voices
  Of animals at will.

And singing in his prison,
  Once, at the close of day,
He gave, with great precision,
  The donkey's heavy bray.

Well pleased, the mock-bird's master
  Sent to the neighbors 'round,
And bade them come together
  To hear that curious sound.

They came, and all were talking
  In praise of what they heard,
And one delighted lady
  Would fain have bought the bird.

A donkey listened sadly,
  And said: "Confess I must
That these are shallow people,
  And terribly unjust.

"I 'm bigger than the mock-bird,
  And better bray than he,
Yet not a soul has uttered
  A word in praise of me."

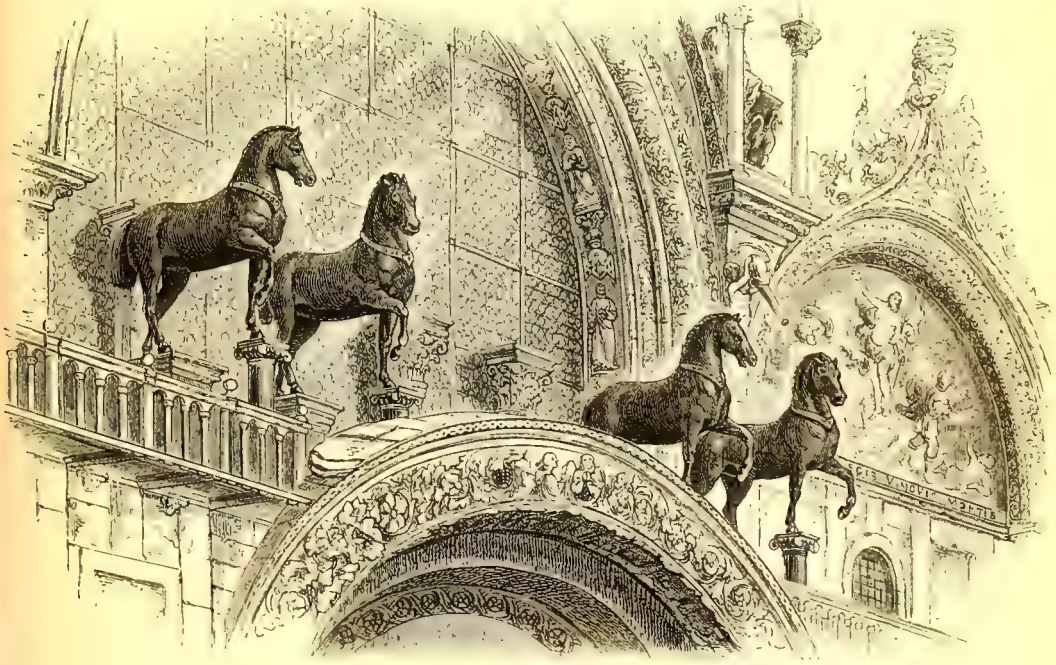
THE FAMOUS HORSES OF VENICE.

By Mary Lloyd.

No doubt you all know something of Venice, that wonderful and fairy-like city which seems to rise up out of the sea; with its bridges and gondolas; its marble palaces coming down to the water's edge; its gay ladies and stately doges. What a magnificent pageant was that which took place every Ascension Day, when the doge and all his court sailed grandly out in the "Bucentaur," or state galley, with gay colors flying, to the tune of lively music, and went through the oft-repeated ceremony of dropping a ring into the Adriatic, in token of marriage between the sea and Venice! This was a custom instituted as far back as 1177. The Venetians having espoused the cause of the pope, Alexander III., against the emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, gained a great victory over the imperial fleet, and the pope, in grateful remembrance of the event, presented the doge with the ring symbolizing the subjection of the Adriatic to Venice.

But one of the most wonderful things about Venice is that, with the exception of those I intend to tell you about, there are no horses there. How charming it must be, you think, when you want to visit a friend, to run down the marble steps of some old palace, step into a gondola, and glide swiftly and noiselessly away, instead of jolting and rumbling along over the cobble-stones! And then to come back by moonlight, and hear the low plash of the oar in the water, and the distant voices of the boatmen singing some love-sick song,—oh, it's as good as a play!

Of course there are no carts in Venice; and the fish-man, the vegetable-man, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, all glide softly up in their boats to the kitchen door with their vendibles, and chaffer and haggle with the cook for half an hour, after the manner of market-men the world over.



THE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.

So you see the little black-eyed Venetian boys and girls gaze on the brazen horses in St. Mark's Square with as much wonder and curiosity as ours when we look upon a griffin or a unicorn.

These horses—there are four of them—have quite a history of their own. They once formed part of a group made by a celebrated sculptor of

antiquity, named Lysippus. He was of such acknowledged merit that he was one of the three included in the famous edict of Alexander, which gave to Apelles the sole right of painting his portrait, to Lysippus that of sculpturing his form in any style, and to Pyrgoteles that of engraving it upon precious stones.

Lysippus executed a group of twenty-five equestrian statues of the Macedonian horses that fell at the passage of the Granicus, and of this group the horses now at Venice formed a part. They were carried from Alexandria to Rome by Augustus, who placed them on his triumphal arch. Afterward Nero, Domitian and Trajan, successfully transferred them to arches of their own.

When Constantine removed the capital of the Roman empire to the ancient Byzantium, he sought to beautify it by all means in his power, and for this purpose he removed a great number of works of art from Rome to Constantinople, and among them these bronze horses of Lysippus.

In the early part of the thirteenth century the nobles of France and Germany, who were going on the fourth crusade, arrived at Venice and stipulated with the Venetians for means of transport to the Holy Land. But instead of proceeding to Jerusalem they were diverted from their original intention, and, under the leadership of the blind old doge, Dandolo, they captured the city of Constantinople. The fall of the city was followed by an almost total destruction of the works of art by which it had been adorned; for the Latins disgraced themselves by a more ruthless vandalism than that of the Vandals themselves.

But out of the wreck the four bronze horses were saved and carried in triumph to Venice, where they were placed over the central porch of St. Mark's Cathedral. There they stood until Napoleon Bonaparte in 1797 removed them with other trophies to Paris; but after his downfall they were restored, and, as Byron says in "Childe Harold":

> "Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
> Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
> But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
> Are they not bridled?"—

Apropos of the last two lines I have quoted, I must tell you an incident of history.

During the middle ages, when so many of the Italian cities existed as independent republics, there was a great deal of rivalry between Genoa and Venice, the most important of them. Both were wealthy commercial cities; both strove for the supremacy of the sea, upon which much of their prosperity depended, and each strove to gain the advantage over the other. This led to many wars between them, when sometimes one would gain the upper hand, and sometimes the other. At length, in the year 1379, the Genoese defeated the Venetians in the battle of Pola, and then took Chiozza, which commanded, as one might say, the entrance to Venice. The Venetians, alarmed beyond measure, sent an embassy to the Genoese commander, Pietro Doria, agreeing to any terms whatever, imploring only that he would spare the city. They also sent the chief of the prisoners they had taken in the war in order to appease the fierce anger of the general. "Take back your captives, ye gentlemen of Venice," was the too confident reply of the haughty Doria; "we will release them and their companions. On God's faith, ye shall have no peace till we put a curb into the mouths of those wild horses of St. Mark's. Place but the reins once in our hands, and we shall know how to bridle them for the future."

Armed with the courage and energy which despair alone can give, the Venetians rallied for the defence of their city. Women and children joined in the preparations. All private feuds, jealousies and animosities were forgotten in the common danger. All were animated by the one feeling of implacable hatred of the Genoese. Pisani, an old commander, who had been unjustly imprisoned through the envy of his fellow-citizens, was released and put in command of the fleet. On coming out of his cell, he was surrounded by those who had injured him, who implored him to forget the injustice with which he had been treated. He partook of the sacrament with them in token of complete forgetfulness and forgiveness, and then proceeded against the enemy. The confidence of the republic had not been misplaced. His bravery, skill and foresight, together with the aid of another brave captain, Carl Zeno, saved the city, retook Chiozza, and completely humiliated the Genoese, who were now willing to sue for peace. So that, after all, Doria's angry menace was the means of saving the independence of the city, and the proud possession of the bronze horses of St. Mark's.

CHRISTMAS CARD.

(See "Letter-Box.")



THE PETERKINS' CHARADES.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

Ever since they had come home from the great Centennial at Philadelphia, the Peterkins had felt anxious to have "something." The little boys wanted to get up a "great Exposition," to show to the people of the place who had not been able to go to Philadelphia. But Mr. Peterkin thought it too great an effort, and it was given up.

There was, however, a new water-trough needed on the town-common, and the ladies of the place thought it ought to be something handsome,—something more than a common trough,—and they ought to work for it.

Elizabeth Eliza had heard at Philadelphia how much women had done, and she felt they ought to contribute to such a cause. She had an idea, but she would not speak of it at first, not until after she

had written to the lady from Philadelphia. She had often thought, in many cases, if they had asked her advice first, they might have saved trouble.

Still, how could they ask advice before they themselves knew what they wanted? It was very easy to ask advice, but you must first know what to ask about. And again: Elizabeth Eliza felt you might have ideas, but you could not always put them together. There was this idea of the water-trough, and then this idea of getting some money for it. So she began with writing to the lady from Philadelphia. The little boys believed she spent enough for it in postage-stamps before it all came out.

But it did come out at last that the Peterkins were to have some charades at their own house for the benefit of the needed water-trough,—tickets sold only to especial friends. Ann Maria Bromwich was to help act, because she could bring some old bonnets and gowns that had been worn by an aged aunt years ago, and which they had always kept. Elizabeth Eliza said that Solomon John would have to be a Turk, and they must borrow all the red things and Cashmere scarfs in the place. She knew people would be willing to lend things.

Agamemnon thought you ought to get in something about the Hindoos, they were such an odd people. Elizabeth Eliza said you must not have it too odd, or people would not understand it, and she did not want anything to frighten her mother. She had one word suggested by the lady from Philadelphia in her letters,—the one that had "Turk" in it,—but they ought to have two words.

"Oh yes," Ann Maria said, "you must have two words; if the people paid for their tickets, they would want to get their money's worth."

Solomon John thought you might have "Hindoos"; the little boys could color their faces brown to look like Hindoos. You could have the first scene an Irishman catching a hen, and then paying the water-taxes for "dues," and then have the little boys for Hindoos.

A great many other words were talked of, but nothing seemed to suit. There was a curtain, too, to be thought of, because the folding doors stuck when you tried to open and shut them. Agamemnon said the Pan-Elocutionists had a curtain they would probably lend John Osborne, and so it was decided to ask John Osborne to help.

If they had a curtain they ought to have a stage. Solomon John said he was sure he had boards and nails enough, and it would be easy to make a stage if John Osborne would help put it up.

All this talk was the day before the charades. In the midst of it Ann Maria went over for her old bonnets and dresses and umbrellas, and they spent the evening in trying on the various things,—such odd caps and remarkable bonnets! Solomon John said they ought to have plenty of bandboxes; if you only had bandboxes enough, a charade was sure to go off well; he had seen charades in Boston. Mrs. Peterkin said there were plenty in their attic, and the little boys brought down piles of them, and the back parlor was filled with costumes.

Ann Maria said she could bring over more things if she only knew what they were going to act. Elizabeth Eliza told her to bring anything she had,—it would all come of use.

The morning came, and the boards were collected for the stage. Agamemnon and Solomon John gave themselves to the work, and John Osborne helped zealously. He said the Pan-Elocutionists would lend a scene also. There was a great clatter of bandboxes, and piles of shawls in corners, and such a piece of work in getting up the curtain! In the midst of it, came in the little boys, shouting, "All the tickets are sold at ten cents each!"

"Seventy tickets sold!" exclaimed Agamemnon.

"Seven dollars for the water-trough!" said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And we do not know yet what we are going to act!" exclaimed Ann Maria.

But everybody's attention had to be given to the scene that was going up in the background, borrowed from the Pan-Elocutionists. It was magnificent, and represented a forest.

"Where are we going to put seventy people?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, venturing, dismayed, into the heaps of shavings and boards and litter.

The little boys exclaimed that a large part of the audience consisted of boys, who would not take up much room. But how much clearing and sweeping and moving of chairs was necessary before all could be made ready! It was late, and some of the people had already come to secure good seats even before the actors had assembled.

"What are we going to act?" asked Ann Maria.

"I have been so torn with one thing and another," said Elizabeth Eliza, "I have n't had time to think!"

"Have n't you the word yet?" asked John Osborne, for the audience was flocking in, and the seats were filling up rapidly.

"I have got one word in my pocket," said Elizabeth Eliza, "in the letter from the lady from Philadelphia. She sent me the parts of the word. Solomon John is to be a Turk, but I don't yet understand the whole of the word."

"You don't know the word and the people are all here!" said John Osborne, impatiently.

"Elizabeth Eliza!" exclaimed Ann Maria, "Solomon John says I 'm to be a Turkish slave, and I 'll have to wear a veil. Do you know where the veils are? You know I brought them over last night."

"Elizabeth Eliza! Solomon John wants you to send him the large cashmere scarf," exclaimed one

of the little boys, coming in. "Elizabeth Eliza! you must tell us what kind of faces to make up!" cried another of the boys.

And the audience were heard meanwhile taking their seats on the other side of the thin curtain.

"You sit in front, Mrs. Bromwich, you are a little hard of hearing; sit where you can hear."

"And let Julia Fitch come where she can see," said another voice.

"And we have not any words for them to hear or see!" exclaimed John Osborne behind the curtain.

"Oh, I wish we 'd never determined to have charades!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza. "Can't we return the money!"

"They are all here; we must give them something!" said John Osborne, heroically.

"And Solomon John is almost dressed," reported Ann Maria, winding a veil around her head.

"Why don't we take Solomon John's word 'Hindoos' for the first?" said Agamemnon.

John Osborne agreed to go in the first, hunting the "hin," or anything, and one of the little boys took the part of the hen, with the help of a feather duster. The bell rang, and the first scene began.

It was a great success. John Osborne's Irish was perfect. Nobody guessed it, for the hen crowed by mistake; but it received great applause.

Mr. Peterkin came on in the second scene to receive the water-rates, and made a long speech on taxation. He was interrupted by Ann Maria as an old woman in a huge bonnet. She persisted in turning her back to the audience, and speaking so low nobody heard her; and Elizabeth Eliza, who appeared in a more remarkable bonnet, was so alarmed, she went directly back, saying she had forgotten something. But this was supposed to be the effect intended, and it was loudly cheered.

Then came a long delay, for the little boys brought out a number of their friends to be browned for Hindoos. Ann Maria played on the piano till the scene was ready. The curtain rose upon five brown boys done up in blankets and turbans.

"I am thankful that is over," said Elizabeth Eliza, "for now we can act my word. Only I don't myself know the whole."

"Never mind, let us act it," said John Osborne, "and the audience can guess the whole."

"The first syllable must be the letter P," said Elizabeth Eliza, "and we must have a school."

Agamemnon was master, and the little boys and their friends went on as scholars. All the boys talked and shouted at once, acting their idea of a school by flinging peanuts about, and scoffing at the master.

"They 'll guess that to be 'row,'" said John Osborne in despair; "they 'll never guess 'P'!"

The next scene was gorgeous. Solomon John, as a Turk, reclined on John Osborne's army-blanket. He had on a turban, and a long beard, and all the family shawls. Ann Maria and Elizabeth Eliza were brought in to him, veiled, by the little boys in their Hindoo costumes.

This was considered the great scene of the evening, though Elizabeth Eliza was sure she did not know what to do,—whether to kneel or sit down; she did not know whether Turkish women did sit down, and she could not help laughing whenever she looked at Solomon John. He, however, kept his solemnity. "I suppose I need not say much," he had said, "for I shall be the 'Turk who was dreaming of the hour.'" But he did order the little boys to bring sherbet, and when they brought it without ice, insisted they must have their heads cut off, and Ann Maria fainted, and the scene closed.

"What are we to do now?" asked John Osborne, warming up to the occasion.

"We must have an 'inn' scene," said Elizabeth Eliza, consulting her letter; "two inns if we can."

"We will have some travelers disgusted with one inn, and going to another," said John Osborne.

"Now is the time for the bandboxes," said Solomon John, who, since his Turk scene was over, could give his attention to the rest of the charade.

Elizabeth Eliza and Ann Maria went on as rival hostesses, trying to draw Solomon John, Agamemnon and John Osborne into their several inns. The little boys carried valises, hand-bags, umbrellas and bandboxes. Bandbox after bandbox appeared, and when Agamemnon sat down upon his, the applause was immense. At last the curtain fell.

"Now for the whole," said John Osborne, as he made his way off the stage over a heap of umbrellas.

"I can't think why the lady from Philadelphia did not send me the whole," said Elizabeth Eliza, musing over the letter.

"Listen, they are guessing," said John Osborne. "'*D-ice-box.*' I don't wonder they get it wrong."

"But we know it can't be that!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza, in agony. "How can we act the whole if we don't know it ourselves!"

"Oh, I see it!" said Ann Maria, clapping. "Get your whole family in for the last scene."

Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin were summoned to the stage, and formed the background, standing on stools; in front were Agamemnon and Solomon John, leaving room for Elizabeth Eliza between; a little in advance, and in front of all, half kneeling, were the little boys in their India rubber boots.

The audience rose to an exclamation of delight, "the Peterkins!"

It was not until this moment that Elizabeth Eliza guessed the whole.

"What a tableau!" exclaimed Mr. Bromwich; "the Peterkin family guessing their own charade."

A DOUBLE RIDDLE.*

BY J. G. H.

THERE is a word of music's own
  That lifts the soul to see and do,—
A happy word, that leaps alone
  From lips by pleasure touched anew,

Which, if it join thy parted name,
  O Blessed Virgin! bears a curse,
Than which the fatal midnight flame,
  Or fateful war, holds nothing worse!

What is this word, with baleful charm,
  To change the sweetest name we know
To one surcharged with subtile harm?—
  And what the strange, new name of woe?

And if you guess this riddle well,
  And speak this word in answer true,
How may it lift—I pray you tell—
  The tuneful soul to see and do?

UNDER THE LILACS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS DOG.

THE elm-tree avenue was all overgrown, the great gate was never unlocked, and the old house had been shut up for several years. Yet voices were heard about the place, the lilacs nodded over the high wall as if they said, "We could tell fine secrets if we chose," and the mullein outside the gate made haste to reach the keyhole that it might peep in and see what was going on.

If it had suddenly grown up like a magic bean-stalk, and looked in on a certain June day, it would have seen a droll but pleasant sight, for somebody evidently was going to have a party.

From the gate to the porch went a wide walk, paved with smooth slabs of dark stone, and bordered with the tall bushes which met overhead, making a green roof. All sorts of neglected flowers and wild weeds grew between their stems, covering the walls of this summer parlor with the prettiest tapestry. A board, propped on two blocks of wood, stood in the middle of the walk, covered with a little plaid shawl much the worse for wear, and on it a miniature tea-service was set forth with great elegance. To be sure, the tea-pot had lost its spout, the cream-jug its handle, the sugar-bowl its cover, and the cups and plates were all more or less cracked or nicked; but polite persons would not take notice of these trifling deficiencies, and none but polite persons were invited to this party.

On either side of the porch was a seat, and here a somewhat remarkable sight would have been revealed to any inquisitive eye peering through the aforesaid key-hole. Upon the left-hand seat lay seven dolls, upon the right-hand seat lay six, and so varied were the expressions of their countenances, owing to fractures, dirt, age and other afflictions, that one would very naturally have thought this a doll's hospital, and these the patients waiting for their tea. This, however, would have been a sad mistake; for, if the wind had lifted the coverings laid over them, it would have disclosed the fact that all were in full dress, and merely reposing before the feast should begin.

* The answer will be given in "Letter-Box" of January number.

There was another interesting feature of the scene which would have puzzled any but those well acquainted with the manners and customs of dolls. A fourteenth rag baby, with a china head, hung by her neck from the rusty knocker in the middle of the door. A sprig of white and one of purple lilac nodded over her, a dress of yellow calico, richly trimmed with red flannel scallops, shrouded her slender form, a garland of small flowers crowned her glossy curls, and a pair of blue boots touched toes in the friendliest, if not the most graceful, manner. An emotion of grief, as



"A RAG-BABY HUNG FROM THE RUSTY KNOCKER."

well as of surprise, might well have thrilled any youthful breast at such a spectacle, for why, oh! why, was this resplendent dolly hung up there to be stared at by thirteen of her kindred? Was she a criminal, the sight of whose execution threw them flat upon their backs in speechless horror? Or was she an idol, to be adored in that humble posture? Neither, my friends. She was blonde Belinda, set, or rather hung, aloft, in the place of honor, for this was her seventh birthday, and a superb ball was about to celebrate the great event.

All were evidently awaiting a summons to the festive board, but such was the perfect breeding of these dolls that not a single eye out of the whole twenty-seven (Dutch Hans had lost one of the black beads from his worsted countenance) turned for a moment toward the table, or so much as winked, as they lay in decorous rows, gazing with mute admiration at Belinda. She, unable to repress the joy and pride which swelled her sawdust bosom till the seams gaped, gave an occasional bounce as the wind waved her yellow skirts or made the blue boots dance a sort of jig upon the door. Hanging was evidently not a painful operation, for she smiled contentedly, and looked as if the red ribbon around her neck was not uncomfortably tight; therefore, if slow suffocation suited *her*, who else had any right to complain? So a pleasing silence reigned, not even broken by a snore from Dinah, the top of whose turban alone was visible above the coverlet, or a cry from baby Jane, though her bare feet stuck out in a way that would have produced shrieks from a less well-trained infant.

Presently voices were heard approaching, and through the arch which led to a side path came two little girls, one carrying a small pitcher, the other proudly bearing a basket covered with a napkin. They looked like twins, but were not—for Bab was a year older than Betty, though only an inch taller. Both had on brown calico frocks, much the worse for a week's wear, but clean pink pinafores, in honor of the occasion, made up for that, as well as the gray stockings and thick boots. Both had round rosy faces rather sunburnt, pug noses somewhat freckled, merry blue eyes, and braided tails of hair hanging down their backs like those of the dear little Kenwigses.

"Don't they look sweet?" cried Bab, gazing with maternal pride upon the left-hand row of dolls, who might appropriately have sung in chorus, "We are seven."

"Very nice; but my Belinda beats them all. I do think she is the splendidest child that ever was!" And Betty set down the basket to run and embrace the suspended darling, just then kicking up her heels with joyful abandon.

"The cake can be cooling while we fix the children. It does smell perfectly delicious!" said Bab, lifting the napkin to hang over the basket, fondly regarding the little round loaf that lay inside.

"Leave some smell for me!" commanded Betty, rushing back to get her fair share of the spicy fragrance.

The pug noses sniffed it up luxuriously, and the bright eyes feasted upon the loveliness of the cake, so brown and shiny, with a tipsy-looking B in pie-crust staggering down one side, instead of sitting properly atop.

"Ma let me put it on the very last minute, and it baked so hard I could n't pick it off. We can give Belinda that piece, so it 's just as well,"

observed Betty, taking the lead, as her child was queen of the revel.

"Let 's set them round, so they can see too," proposed Bab, going, with a hop, skip and jump, to collect her young family.

Betty agreed, and for several minutes both were absorbed in seating their dolls about the table, for some of the dear things were so limp they would n't sit up, and others so stiff they would n't sit down, and all sorts of seats had to be contrived to suit the peculiarities of their spines. This arduous task accomplished, the fond mammas stepped back to enjoy the spectacle, which, I assure you, was an impressive one. Belinda sat with great dignity at the head, her hands genteelly holding a pink cambric pocket-handkerchief in her lap. Josephus, her cousin, took the foot, elegantly arrayed in a new suit of purple and green gingham, with his speaking countenance much obscured by a straw hat several sizes too large for him; while on either side sat guests of every size, complexion and costume, producing a very gay and varied effect, as all were dressed with a noble disregard of fashion.

"They will like to see us get tea. Did you forget the buns?" inquired Betty, anxiously.

"No; got them in my pocket." And Bab produced from that chaotic cupboard two rather stale and crumbly ones, saved from lunch for the fête. These were cut up and arranged in plates, forming a graceful circle around the cake, still in its basket.

"Ma could n't spare much milk, so we must mix water with it. Strong tea is n't good for children, she says." And Bab contentedly surveyed the gill of skim-milk which was to satisfy the thirst of the company.

"While the tea draws and the cake cools let 's sit down and rest; I 'm so tired!" sighed Betty, dropping down on the door-step and stretching out the stout little legs which had been on the go all day; for Saturday had its tasks as well as its fun, and much business had preceded this unusual pleasure.

Bab went and sat beside her, looking idly down the walk toward the gate, where a fine cobweb shone in the afternoon sun.

"Ma says she is going over the house in a day or two, now it is warm and dry after the storm, and we may go with her. You know she would n't take us in the fall, 'cause we had whooping-cough and it was damp there. Now we shall see all the nice things; wont it be fun?" observed Bab, after a pause.

"Yes, indeed! Ma says there 's lots of books in one room, and I can look at 'em while she goes round. May be I 'll have time to read some, and then I can tell you," answered Betty, who dearly loved stories and seldom got any new ones.

"I 'd rather see the old spinning-wheel up garret, and the big pictures, and the queer clothes in the blue chest. It makes me mad to have them all shut up there when we might have such fun with them. I 'd just like to bang that old door down!" And Bab twisted round to give it a thump with her boots. "You need n't laugh; you know you 'd like it as much as me," she added, twisting back again, rather ashamed of her impatience.

"I did n't laugh."

"You did! Don't you suppose I know what laughing is?"

"I guess I know I did n't."

"You did laugh! How darst you tell such a fib?"

"If you say that again I 'll take Belinda and go right home; then what will you do?"

"I 'll eat up the cake."

"No, you wont! It 's mine, ma said so, and you are only company, so you 'd better behave or I wont have any party at all, so now."

This awful threat calmed Bab's anger at once, and she hastened to introduce a safer subject.

"Never mind; don't let 's fight before the children. Do you know ma says she will let us play in the coach-house next time it rains, and keep the key if we want to."

"Oh, goody! that 's because we told her how we found the little window under the woodbine, and did n't try to go in, though we might have just as easy as not," cried Betty, appeased at once, for after a ten years' acquaintance she had grown used to Bab's peppery temper.

"I suppose the coach will be all dust and rats and spiders, but I don't care. You and the dolls can be the passengers, and I shall sit up in front and drive."

"You always do. I shall like riding better than being horse all the time with that old wooden bit in my mouth, and you jerking my arms off," said poor Betty, who was tired of being horse all the time.

"I guess we 'd better go and get the water now," suggested Bab, feeling that it was not safe to encourage her sister in such complaints.

"It is not many people who would dare to leave their children all alone with such a lovely cake, and know they would n't pick at it," said Betty proudly, as they trotted away to the spring, each with a little tin pail in her hand.

Alas, for the faith of these too confiding mammas! They were gone about five minutes, and when they returned a sight met their astonished eyes which produced a simultaneous shriek of hor-

ror. Flat upon their faces lay the fourteen dolls, and the cake, the cherished cake, was gone!

For an instant the little girls could only stand motionless, gazing at the dreadful scene. Then Bab cast her water-pail wildly away, and doubling up her fist, cried out fiercely:

"It was that Sally! She said she 'd pay me for slapping her when she pinched little Mary Ann, and now she has. I 'll give it to her! You run that way. I 'll run this. Quick! quick!"

Away they went, Bab racing straight on, and bewildered Betty turning obediently round to trot in the opposite direction as fast as she could, with the water splashing all over her as she ran, for she had forgotten to put down her pail. Round the house they went, and met with a crash at the back door, but no sign of the thief appeared.

"In the lane!" shouted Bab.

"Down by the spring!" panted Betty, and off they went again, one to scramble up a pile of stones and look over the wall into the avenue, the other to scamper to the spot they had just left. Still nothing appeared but the dandelions' innocent faces looking up at Bab, and a brown bird scared from his bath in the spring by Betty's hasty approach.

Back they rushed, but only to meet a new scare, which made them both cry "Ow!" and fly into the porch for refuge.



BAB AND BETTY ON THEIR WAY TO THE TEA-PARTY.

A strange dog was sitting calmly among the ruins of the feast, licking his lips after basely eating up the last poor bits of bun when he had bolted the cake, basket and all.

"Oh, the horrid thing!" cried Bab, longing to give battle but afraid, for the dog was a peculiar as well as a dishonest animal.

"He looks like our China poodle, does n't he?" whispered Betty, making herself as small as possible behind her more valiant sister.

He certainly did; for, though much dirtier than the well-washed China dog, this live one had the same tassel at the end of his tail, ruffles of hair round his ankles, and a body shaven behind and curly before. His eyes, however, were yellow, instead of glassy black, like the other's, his red nose worked as he cocked it up, as if smelling for more cakes in the most impudent manner, and never during the three years he had stood on the parlor mantel-piece had the China poodle done the surprising feats with which this mysterious dog now proceeded to astonish the little girls almost out of their wits.

First he sat up, put his fore-paws together, and begged prettily; then he suddenly flung his hind legs into the air, and walked about with great ease. Hardly had they recovered from this shock when the hind legs came down, the fore legs went up, and he paraded in a soldierly manner to and fro, like a sentinel on guard. But the crowning performance was when he took his tail in his mouth and waltzed down the walk, over the prostrate dolls, to the gate and back again, barely escaping a general upset of the ravaged table.

Bab and Betty could only hold each other tight and squeal with delight, for never had they seen anything so funny; but when the gymnastics ended, and the dizzy dog came and stood on the step before them barking loudly, with that pink nose of his sniffing at their feet and his queer eyes fixed sharply upon them, their amusement turned to fear again, and they dared not stir.

"Whish, go away!" commanded Bab.

"Scat!" meekly quavered Betty.

To their great relief the poodle gave several more inquiring barks, and then vanished as suddenly as he appeared. With one impulse the children ran to see what became of him, and after a brisk scamper through the orchard saw the tasseled tail disappear under the fence at the far end.

"Where *do* you s'pose he came from?" asked Betty, stopping to rest on a big stone.

"I 'd like to know where he 's gone, too, and give him a good beating, old thief," scolded Bab, remembering their wrongs.

"Oh dear, yes! I hope the cake burnt him dreadfully if he did eat it," groaned Betty, sadly remembering the dozen good raisins she chopped up, and the "lots of 'lasses" Ma put into the dear lost loaf.

"The party 's all spoilt, so we may as well go home," and Bab mournfully led the way back.

Betty puckered up her face to cry, but burst out laughing in spite of her woe, "It was *so* funny to see him spin round and walk on his head! I wish he 'd do it all over again; don't you?"

"Yes; but I hate him just the same. I wonder what ma will say when—why! why!"—and Bab stopped short in the arch, with her eyes as round and almost as large as the blue saucers on the tea-tray.

"What is it? oh, what is it?" cried Betty, all ready to run away if any new terror appeared.

"Look! there! it's come back!" said Bab in an awe-stricken whisper, pointing to the table.

Betty did look and her eyes opened even wider,—as well they might,—for there, just where they first put it, was the lost cake, unhurt, unchanged, except that the big B. had coasted a little further down the gingerbread hill.

CHAPTER II.

WHERE THEY FOUND HIS MASTER.

NEITHER spoke for a minute, astonishment being too great for words; then, as by one impulse, both stole up and touched the cake with a timid little finger, quite prepared to see it fly away in some mysterious and startling manner. It remained sitting tranquilly in the basket, however, and the children drew a long breath of relief, for, though they did not believe in fairies, the late performances did seem rather like witchcraft.

"The dog did n't eat it!"

"Sally did n't take it!"

"How do you know?"

"*She* never would have put it back."

"Who did?"

"Can't tell, but I forgive 'em."

"What shall we do now?" asked Betty, feeling as if it would be very difficult to settle down to a quiet tea-party after such unusual excitement.

"Eat that cake up just as fast as ever we can," and Bab divided the contested delicacy with one chop of the big knife, bound to make sure of her own share at all events.

It did not take long, for they washed it down with sips of milk and ate as fast as possible, glancing round all the while to see if the queer dog was coming again.

"There! now I 'd like to see any one take *my* cake away," said Bab, defiantly crunching her half of the pie-crust B.

"Or mine either," coughed Betty, choking over a raisin that would n't go down in a hurry.

"We might as well clear up, and play there had been an earthquake," suggested Bab, feeling that some such convulsion of nature was needed to explain satisfactorily the demoralized condition of her family.

"That will be splendid. My poor Linda was knocked right over on her nose. Darlin' child, come to your mother and be fixed," purred Betty, lifting the fallen idol from a grove of chickweed, and tenderly brushing the dirt from Belinda's heroically smiling face.

"She 'll have croup to-night as sure as the world. We 'd better make up some squills out of this sugar and water," said Bab, who dearly loved to dose the dollies all round.

"P'r'aps she will, but you need n't begin to sneeze yet awhile. I can sneeze for my own children, thank you, ma'am," returned Betty, sharply, for her usually amiable spirit had been ruffled by the late occurrences.

"I did n't sneeze! I 've got enough to do to talk and cry and cough for my own poor dears without bothering about yours," cried Bab, even more ruffled than her sister.

"Then who did? I heard a real, live sneeze just as plain as anything," and Betty looked up to the green roof above her, as if the sound came from that direction.

A yellow-bird sat swinging and chirping on the tall lilac-bush, but no other living thing was in sight.

"Birds don't sneeze, do they?" asked Betty, eying little Goldy suspiciously.

"You goose! of course they don't."

"Well, I should just like to know who is laughing and sneezing round here. May be it is the dog," suggested Betty, looking relieved.

"I never heard of a dog's laughing, except Mother Hubbard's. This is such a queer one, may be he can, though. I wonder where he went to?" and Bab took a patient survey down both the side paths, quite longing to see the funny poodle again.

"I know where *I 'm* going to," said Betty, piling the dolls into her apron with more haste than care. "I 'm going right straight home to tell Ma all about it. I don't like such actions, and I 'm afraid to stay."

"I aint; but I guess it is going to rain, so I shall have to go anyway," answered Bab, taking advantage of the black clouds rolling up the sky, for *she* scorned to own that she was afraid of anything.

Clearing the table in a summary manner by catching up the four corners of the cloth, Bab put the rattling bundle into her apron, flung her children on the top, and pronounced herself ready to depart. Betty lingered an instant to pick up odds and ends that might be spoilt by the rain, and when she turned from taking the red halter off the knocker, two lovely pink roses lay on the stone steps.

"Oh, Bab, just see! Here 's the very ones we wanted. Was n't it nice of the wind to blow 'em down?" she called out, picking them up and running after her sister, who had strolled moodily along, still looking about her for her sworn foe, Sally Folsom.

The flowers soothed the feelings of the little girls, because they had longed for them, and bravely resisted the temptation to climb up the trellis and help themselves, since their mother had forbidden such feats, owing to a fall Bab got trying to reach a honeysuckle from the vine which ran all over the porch.

Home they went and poured out their tale, to Mrs. Moss's great amusement, for she saw in it only some playmate's prank, and was not much impressed by the mysterious sneeze and laugh.

"We 'll have a grand rummage Monday, and find out what is going on over there," was all she said.

But Mrs. Moss could not keep her promise, for on Monday it still rained, and the little girls paddled off to school like a pair of young ducks, enjoying every puddle they came to, since India rubber boots made wading a delicious possibility. They took their dinner, and at noon regaled a crowd of comrades with an account of the mysterious dog, who appeared to be haunting the neighborhood, as several of the other children had seen him examining their back yards with interest. He had begged of them, but to none had he exhibited his accomplishments except Bab and Betty, and they were therefore much set up, and called him "our dog" with an air. The cake transaction remained a riddle, for Sally Folsom solemnly declared that she was playing tag in Mamie Snow's barn at that identical time. No one had been near the old house but the two children, and no one could throw any light upon that singular affair.

It produced a great effect, however; for even "teacher" was interested, and told such amazing tales of a juggler she once saw that doughnuts were left forgotten in dinner-baskets, and wedges of pie remained suspended in the air for several minutes at a time, instead of vanishing with miraculous rapidity as usual. At afternoon recess, which the girls had first, Bab nearly dislocated every joint of her little body trying to imitate the poodle's antics. She had practiced on her bed with great success, but the wood-shed floor was a different thing, as her knees and elbows soon testified.

"It looked just as easy as anything; I don't see

how he did it," she said, coming down with a bump after vainly attempting to walk on her hands.

"My gracious, there he is this very minute!" cried Betty, who sat on a little wood-pile near the door.

There was a general rush, and sixteen small girls gazed out into the rain as eagerly as if to behold Cinderella's magic coach, instead of one forlorn dog trotting by through the mud.

"Oh, do call him in and make him dance!" cried the girls, all chirping at once, till it sounded as if a flock of sparrows had taken possession of the shed.

"*I* will call him, he knows *me*," and Bab scrambled up, forgetting how she had chased the poodle and called him names two days ago.

He evidently had not forgotten, for though he paused and looked wistfully at them, he would not approach, but stood dripping in the rain with his frills much bedraggled, while his tasseled tail wagged slowly, and his pink nose pointed suggestively to the pails and baskets, nearly empty now.

"He 's hungry; give him something to eat, and then he 'll see that we don't want to hurt him," suggested Sally, starting a contribution with her last bit of bread and butter.

Bab caught up her new pail, and collected all the odds and ends, then tried to beguile the poor beast in to eat and be comforted. But he only came as far as the door, and sitting up, begged with such imploring eyes that Bab put down the pail and stepped back, saying pitifully:

"The poor thing is starved; let him eat all he wants and we wont touch him."

The girls drew back with little clucks of interest and compassion, but I regret to say their charity was not rewarded as they expected, for, the minute the coast was clear, the dog marched boldly up, seized the handle of the pail in his mouth, and was off with it, galloping down the road at a great pace. Shrieks arose from the children, especially Bab and Betty, basely bereaved of their new dinner-pail; but no one could follow the thief, for the bell rang, and in they went, so much excited that the boys rushed tumultuously forth to discover the cause.

By the time school was over the sun was out, and Bab and Betty hastened home to tell their wrongs and be comforted by mother, who did it most effectually.

"Never mind, dears, I 'll get you another pail, if he does n't bring it back as he did before. As it is too wet for you to play out, you shall go and see the old coach-house as I promised. Keep on your rubbers and come along."

This delightful prospect much assuaged their woe, and away they went, skipping gayly down the graveled path, while Mrs. Moss followed, with skirts well tucked up, and a great bunch of keys in her hand, for she lived at the Lodge and had charge of the premises.

The small door of the coach-house was fastened inside, but the large one had a padlock on it, and this being quickly unfastened, one half swung open, and the little girls ran in, too eager and curious even to cry out when they found themselves at last in possession of the long-coveted old carriage. A dusty, musty concern enough, but it had a high seat, a door, steps that let down, and many other charms which rendered it most desirable in the eyes of children.

Bab made straight for the box and Betty for the door, but both came tumbling down faster than they went up, when, from the gloom of the interior came a shrill bark, and a low voice saying quickly: "Down, Sancho, down!"

"Who is there?" demanded Mrs. Moss, in a stern tone, backing toward the door with both children clinging to her skirts.

The well-known curly white head was popped out of the broken window, and a mild whine seemed to say, "Don't be alarmed, ladies; we wont hurt you."

"Come out this minute, or I shall have to come to get you," called Mrs. Moss, growing very brave all of a sudden as she caught sight of a pair of small, dusty shoes under the coach.

"Yes 'm, I 'm coming as fast as I can," answered a meek voice, as what appeared to be a bundle of rags leaped out of the dark, followed by the poodle, who immediately sat down at the bare feet of his owner with a watchful air, as if ready to assault any one who might approach too near.

"Now, then, who are you, and how did you get here?" asked Mrs. Moss, trying to speak sternly, though her motherly eyes were already full of pity as they rested on the forlorn little figure before her.

CHAPTER III.

BEN.

"PLEASE 'M, my name is Ben Brown, and I 'm traveling."

"Where are you going?"

"Anywheres to get work."

"What sort of work can you do?"

"All kinds. I 'm used to horses."

"Bless me! such a little chap as you?"

"I 'm twelve, ma'am, and can ride anything on four legs;" and the small boy gave a nod that seemed to say, "Bring on your Cruisers. I 'm ready for 'em."

"Have n't you got any folks?" asked Mrs. Moss, amused but still anxious, for the sunburnt face was

very thin, the eyes big with hunger or pain, and the ragged figure leaned on the wheel as if too weak or weary to stand alone.

"No, 'm, not of my own; and the people I was left with beat me so, I—run away." The last words seemed to bolt out against his will, as if the woman's sympathy irresistibly won the child's confidence.

"Then I don't blame you. But how did you get here?"

"I was so tired I could n't go any further, and I thought the folks up here at the big house would take me in. But the gate was locked, and I was so discouraged, I jest lay down outside and give up."

"Poor little soul, I don't wonder," said Mrs. Moss, while the children looked deeply interested at mention of *their* gate.

The boy drew a long breath, and his eyes began to twinkle in spite of his forlorn state as he went on, while the dog pricked up his ears at mention of his name:

"While I was restin' I heard some one come along inside, and I peeked, and saw them little girls playin'. The vittles looked so nice I could n't help wantin' 'em; but I did n't take nothin',—it was Sancho, and he took the cake for me."

Bab and Betty gave a gasp and stared reproachfully at the poodle, who half closed his eyes with a meek, unconscious look that was very droll.

"And you made him put it back?" cried Bab.

"No; I did it myself. Got over the gate when you was racin' after Sanch, and then clim' up on the porch and hid," said the boy, with a grin.

"And you laughed?" asked Bab.

"Yes."

"And sneezed?" added Betty.

"Yes."

"And threw down the roses?" cried both.

"Yes; and you liked 'em, did n't you?"

"Course we did! What made you hide?" said Bab.

"I was n't fit to be seen," muttered Ben, glancing at his tatters as if he 'd like to dive out of sight into the dark coach again.

"How came you *here?*" demanded Mrs. Moss, suddenly remembering her responsibility.

"I heard them talk about a little winder and a shed, and when they 'd gone I found it and come in. The glass was broke, and I only pulled the nail out. I have n't done a mite of harm sleepin' here two nights. I was so tuckered out I could n't go on nohow, though I tried a Sunday."

"And came back again?"

"Yes, 'm; it was so lonesome in the rain, and this place seemed kinder like home, and I could hear 'em talkin' outside, and Sanch he found vittles, and I was pretty comfortable."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Moss, whisking up a corner of her apron to wipe her eyes, for the thought of the poor little fellow alone there for two days and nights with no bed but musty straw, no food but the scraps a dog brought him, was too much for her. "Do you know what I 'm going to do with you?" she asked, trying to look calm and cool, with a great tear running down her wholesome, red cheek, and a smile trying to break out at the corners of her lips.

"No, ma'am; and I dunno as I care. Only don't be hard on Sanch; he 's been real good to me, and we 're fond of one another; aint us, old



GETTING BEN'S SUPPER.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

chap?" answered the boy, with his arm around the dog's neck, and an anxious look which he had not worn for himself.

"I 'm going to take you right home, and wash and feed and put you in a good bed, and to-morrow—well, we 'll see what 'll happen then," said Mrs. Moss, not quite sure about it herself.

"You 're very kind, ma'am. I 'll be glad to work for you. Aint you got a horse I can see to?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"Nothing but hens and a cat."

Bab and Betty burst out laughing when their mother said that, and Ben gave a faint giggle, as if he would like to join in if he only had the strength to do it. But his legs shook under him, and he felt a queer dizziness; so he could only hold on to Sancho, and blink at the light like a young owl.

"Come right along, child. Run on, girls, and put the rest of the broth to warming, and fill the

kettle. I'll see to the boy," commanded Mrs. Moss, waving off the children, and going up to feel the pulse of her new charge, for it suddenly occurred to her that he might be sick and not safe to take home.

The hand he gave her was very thin, but clean and cool, and the black eyes were clear though hollow, for the poor lad was half starved.

"I 'm awful shabby, but I aint dirty. I had a washin' in the rain last night, and I 've jest about lived on water lately," he explained, wondering why she looked at him so hard.

"Put out your tongue."

He did so, but took it in again to say quickly:

"I aint sick—I 'm only hungry; for I have n't had a mite but what Sanch brought for three days, and I always go halves; don't I, Sanch?"

The poodle gave a shrill bark, and vibrated excitedly between the door and his master as if he understood all that was going on, and recommended a speedy march toward the promised food and shelter. Mrs. Moss took the hint, and bade the boy follow her at once and bring his "things" with him.

"I aint got any. Some big fellers took away my bundle, else I would n't look so bad. There 's only this. I 'm sorry Sanch took it, and I 'd like to give it back if I knew whose it was," said Ben, bringing the new dinner pail out from the depths of the coach where he had gone to housekeeping.

"That 's soon done; it 's mine, and you 're welcome to the bits your queer dog ran off with. Come along, I must lock up," and Mrs. Moss clanked her keys suggestively.

Ben limped out, leaning on a broken hoe-handle, for he was stiff after two days in such damp lodgings, as well as worn out with a fortnight's wandering through sun and rain. Sancho was in great spirits, evidently feeling that their woes were over and his foraging expeditions at an end, for he frisked about his master with yelps of pleasure, or made playful darts at the ankles of his benefactress, which caused her to cry, "Whish!" and "Scat!" and shake her skirts at him as if he were a cat or hen.

A hot fire was roaring in the stove under the broth-skillet and tea-kettle, and Betty was poking in more wood, with a great smirch of black on her chubby cheek, while Bab was cutting away at the loaf as if bent on slicing her own fingers off. Before Ben knew what he was about, he found himself in the old rocking-chair devouring bread and butter as only a hungry boy can, with Sancho close by gnawing a mutton-bone like a ravenous wolf in sheep's clothing.

While the new-comers were thus happily employed, Mrs. Moss beckoned the little girls out of the room, and gave them both an errand.

"Bab, you run over to Mrs. Barton's, and ask her for any old duds Billy don't want; and Betty, you go to the Cutters, and tell Miss Clarindy I 'd like a couple of the shirts we made at last sewing circle. Any shoes, or a hat, or socks, would come handy, for the poor dear has n't a whole thread on him."

Away went the children full of anxiety to clothe their beggar, and so well did they plead his cause with the good neighbors, that Ben hardly knew himself when he emerged from the back bedroom half an hour later, clothed in Billy Barton's faded flannel suit, with an unbleached cotton shirt out of the Dorcas basket, and a pair of Milly Cutter's old shoes on his feet.

Sancho also had been put in better trim, for, after his master had refreshed himself with a warm bath, he gave his dog a good scrub, while Mrs. Moss set a stitch here and there in the new old clothes, and Sancho re-appeared, looking more like the china poodle than ever, being as white as snow, his curls well brushed up, and his tassely tail waving proudly over his back.

Feeling eminently respectable and comfortable, the wanderers humbly presented themselves, and were greeted with smiles of approval from the little girls and a hospitable welcome from "Ma," who set them near the stove to dry, as both were decidedly damp after their ablutions.

"I declare I should n't have known you!" exclaimed the good woman, surveying the boy with great satisfaction; for, though still very thin and tired, the lad had a tidy look that pleased her, and a lively way of moving about in his clothes, like an eel in a skin rather too big for him. The merry black eyes seemed to see everything, the voice had an honest sound, and the sun-burnt face looked several years younger since the unnatural despondency had gone out of it.

"It 's very nice, and me and Sanch are lots obliged, ma'am," murmured Ben, getting red and bashful under the three pairs of friendly eyes fixed upon him.

Bab and Betty were doing up the tea-things with unusual dispatch, so that they might entertain their guest, and just as Ben spoke Bab dropped a cup. To her great surprise no smash followed, for, bending quickly, the boy caught it as it fell, and presented it to her on the back of his hand with a little bow.

"Gracious! how could you do it?" asked Bab, looking as if she thought there was magic about it.

"That 's nothing; look here," and taking two plates Ben sent them spinning up into the air, catching and throwing so rapidly that Bab and Betty stood with their mouths open, as if to swallow the plates should they fall, while Mrs. Moss,

with her dish-cloth suspended, watched the antics of her crockery with a housewife's anxiety.

"That does beat all!" was the only exclamation she had time to make, for, as if desirous of showing his gratitude in the only way he could, Ben took several clothes-pins from a basket near by, sent several saucers twirling up, caught them on the pins, balanced the pins on chin, nose, forehead, and went walking about with a new and peculiar sort of toad-stool ornamenting his countenance.

The children were immensely tickled, and Mrs. Moss was so amused she would have lent her best soup-tureen if he had expressed a wish for it. But Ben was too tired to show all his accomplishments at once, and he soon stopped, looking as if he almost regretted having betrayed that he possessed any.

"I guess you 've been in the juggling business," said Mrs. Moss, with a wise nod, for she saw the same look on his face as when he said his name was Ben Brown,—the look of one who was not telling the whole truth.

"Yes, 'm. I used to help Senior Pedro, the Wizard of the World, and I learned some of his tricks," stammered Ben, trying to seem innocent.

"Now, look here, boy, you 'd better tell me the whole story, and tell it true, or I shall have to send you up to Judge Allen. I would n't like to do that, for he is a harsh sort of a man; so, if you have n't done anything bad, you need n't be afraid to speak out, and I 'll do what I can for you," said Mrs. Moss, rather sternly, as she went and sat down in her rocking-chair, as if about to open the court.

"I *have n't* done anything bad, and I *aint* afraid, only I don't want to go back; and if I tell, may be you 'll let 'em know where I be," said Ben, much distressed between his longing to confide in his new friend and his fear of his old enemies.

"If they abused you, of course I would n't. Tell the truth and I 'll stand by you. Girls, you go for the milk."



"BEN PRESENTED IT TO HER ON THE BACK OF HIS HAND."

"Oh, Ma, do let us stay! We 'll never tell, truly, truly!" cried Bab and Betty, full of dismay at being sent off when secrets were about to be divulged.

"I don't mind 'em," said Ben, handsomely.

"Very well, only hold your tongues. Now, boy, where did you come from?" said Mrs. Moss, as the little girls hastily sat down together on their private and particular bench opposite their mother, brimming with curiosity and beaming with satisfaction at the prospect before them.

(To be continued.)

A CHAT ABOUT POTTERY.

By Edwin C. Taylor.

"DID you see those funny little china figures at the Centennial when you were there?" asked Willie of his cousin Al on their way home from school one day.

"What figures, Will? Do you mean those large red clay things from England, or the Chinese figures that Mr. Wu had at his place?" said Al.



LONDON CABMAN (ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN).

"I don't mean either; I said small figures. Don't you remember a splendid show of pottery near the music-stand in the main building?" asked Will.

"Yes," said Al.

"Well, there was a lot of figures of London street-people, and some were the funniest-looking things you ever saw."

"I saw so much china and 'pottery,' as you call it, that I hardly recollect any of it. But 'pottery,' I thought, meant merely flower-pots and other ordinary stone-ware?"

"Why, no," said Willie; "it means anything that is formed of earth and hardened by fire. I heard Uncle Jack say so, and he knows, does n't he?" said Willie, decidedly.

"Of course; but people do call these things 'china' or 'porcelain' as well as 'pottery,' don't they?"

"Yes; but Uncle Jack says 'pottery' means all those together, and 'porcelain,' 'majolica,' and other names like that are names of different kinds of pottery," answered Willie.

"Well," said Al, "let 's ask Uncle Jack to tell us all about it. What do you say?"

"Yes; let 's ask him this very night."

When the lads reached home they told their plan to Willie's sister Matie, and then all three determined to carry it out.

"Rap-a-tap, tap," sounded briskly at the library door after supper. "Come in," was the response, and in bounded the three children, their faces lighted up with smiles at the prospect of spending an evening with Uncle Jack.

"Welcome, youngsters," said he, in a cheery tone. "But you look as if you were expecting something; what is it?"

"Oh, Uncle Jack, we want you to tell us all about pottery," cried the boys.

"Yes, please do," chimed in Matie.

"All about pottery? Why, my dear children, that 's very like asking me to tell you all about the whole civilized world, for a complete history of one would be almost a history of the other; and I could hardly do that, you know," said Uncle Jack, with a smile.

"Willie said you could talk about pottery all night," cried Matie.

"And so I might, dear, and not get further than the A B C of its history, after all," answered Uncle Jack.

"But how many kinds are there, uncle?" asked Will.

"That question demands an answer that must teach something," said Uncle Jack. "There are two general kinds."

"Why, I saw a thousand kinds at the Centennial," interrupted Al, with a wise look.



CHINESE DOG (ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN).

"That may be," said his uncle. "But then, too, you saw a thousand kinds of people, and yet all those people were either men or women; so all

pottery comes under the two general classes of 'hard paste' and 'soft paste.'"

"Why, none of it was soft, Uncle Jack, was it?



TEA-STAND (ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN)

I thought it was all baked hard," said Will, looking incredulous.

"So all pottery *is* baked hard, for, until it is made hard by firing, it is only wet clay and sand,—in pretty shapes, perhaps, but not fit for any use or ornament,—and is not yet pottery."

"Then why is it called 'soft?'"

"You've seen pieces of stone that you could grind to powder under your heel? You'd call them 'soft.' Other pieces you could n't crush, and you'd call them 'hard.' That is something like what is meant by 'hard' and 'soft' applied to pottery,—at least, 'soft' does n't mean soft like putty."

"But if it's all baked, why is n't it all hard alike?" asked Will.

"Because different clays are used, and different degrees of heat applied. At one time we get a kind of pottery that can be scratched with a knife, at another a ware too hard to be so scratched; the one is called 'soft paste' and the other 'hard paste.'"

The boys seemed to be satisfied with this explanation.

"Uncle, did n't you see at the Centennial some funny little figures representing all sorts of London street-people?" asked Will.

"Yes, and I brought one with me, I think. Ah! here's one," he said, showing them a droll little man about four inches high, "and it looks very like a London cabman—or 'cabby,' as he is called."

"He 's very homely," said Matie. "Where was he made, Uncle Jack?"

Her uncle turned the figure over, and, looking at a small round impression on the under side, answered: "At the Royal Worcester Works in England, where some of the best of modern porcelain has been made."

"Is that hard paste or soft, Uncle Jack?" asked Willie, while Al, as if inclined to test the matter, began a search in his pockets for a knife.

"This is hard paste porcelain; it is 'translucent,'—that is, it shows the light through," and he held the little cabman before the lamp.

"Here 's another piece from the same factory," continued he, selecting a second specimen from the cabinet. "This is a copy of the Chinese 'conventional dog,' made of blue 'crackle-ware.' You see, the glaze is cracked all over the surface," he added.

"Who ever saw a blue dog?" cried Matie.

"In life, no one, my dear; but there are many



DRESDEN CHINA.

things in Chinese art that are not much like living objects."

"I suppose you have all heard of Dresden china," presently continued her uncle.

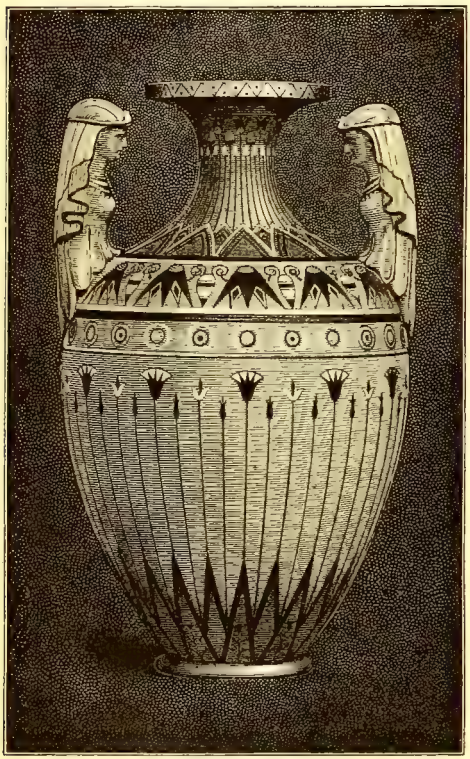
"Oh yes, sir!" cried Al. "Aunt Susie had a

Dresden tea-pot that belonged to her grandmother, and she said the tea always tasted better out of it than from anything else."

"Well, here is an excellent French copy of an old Dresden figure. It is a pretty flower-girl. See how gracefully she reaches for a nosegay from her basket. I have seen bouquets of Dresden porcelain that you could hardly distinguish from real flowers," said Uncle Jack.

"You 'd hardly think that such a beautiful thing was made from common earth," said Will.

"Nor is it," said his uncle. "This kind of china is made from a very fine and very rare clay that, for a long time, was found only in China and the Corean islands; but about a hundred and sixty years ago, a noted chemist of Meissen, in Saxony,



TERRA COTTA VASE.

named Böttcher, discovered a bed of it there, and manufactured the first true porcelain made in Europe," said Uncle Jack.

"Why could n't they get the fine clay from China and make their porcelain anywhere?" asked Will.

"Because the Chinese jealously kept all their clay to themselves," answered Uncle Jack.

"How did that man come to discover where the clay was, and if it was of the right kind?" asked Al.

"By a strange chance. According to the fashion of the time, men powdered their hair, using wheat flour for that purpose. One day a neighbor of the chemist, in traveling an unfrequented part of the country, observed on his horse's hoofs some white



MARK OF DRESDEN CHINA.



MARK OF WORCESTER PORCELAIN.

sticky clay, and it occurred to him that this white clay, dried and powdered, would make an excellent and cheap substitute for wheat flour as a hair powder. So he carried a little home with him, and some of it finally reached Böttcher. The chemist found it extremely heavy, and, fearing the presence of some metal hurtful to the skin, he tested the clay in his laboratory. To his surprise and joy this white hair-powder proved itself possessed of the same qualities as the veritable Chinese *kaolin*, as their clay is called."

"Why, that sounds like a story," said Matie.

"Here now," said Uncle Jack, "is a vase; that might carry the mind back thousands of years, to the time when bodies were burned instead of buried, and the ashes kept in just such urns as this."

"Is that vase thousands of years old?" asked Matie.

"No, dear; this vase is only modeled after the ancient cinerary urns, as they were called, and was made a year or two ago by Ipsen, of Copenhagen."

"That is n't porcelain, is it, uncle?" asked Al.

"No, this is 'terra cotta,' which is Italian for 'earth cooked.' Those beautiful lines of color and gilding are painted on the surface."

"Did you ever see any real antique vases, uncle?" asked Willie.

"Why, certainly. There are some in the Cesnola collection at our Metropolitan Museum of Art in Fourteenth street that are known to have been made 1,400 years before the Christian era. They were found on the island of Cyprus, in the Mediterranean Sea, by General Di Cesnola, who dug up a great many articles,—statues, ornaments of gold, silver and bronze, beautiful glass bottles, and many domestic utensils. I saw a cullender made of such earthenware as we have in the kitchen at this day; it had been used as a milk-strainer, and particles of dried milk were still clinging to its sides, after lying buried more than three thousand years."

"Oh, we must go and see them!" cried Matie and the boys.

"Yes, you certainly should go," said their uncle. "You would see some very curious things there,

and the elegant forms of many of the articles would show you that a love for beauty has existed almost as long as man has lived."

"You were thinking of ancient times when you



JEWELED PORCELAIN.

said the history of pottery was almost that of the civilized world; were n't you, uncle?" asked Will.

"Yes," answered his uncle, taking from his cabinet a small jug covered with rich gilding, and glistening as if set with precious stones.

"Oh, is n't that lovely?" cried Matie.

"Well, yes; some people think that this jeweled porcelain, as it is called, is among the choicest of Copeland's works."

"Whose, sir?"

"Copeland, of Stoke-upon-Trent, where are some of the largest potteries in England."

"But don't you like it, uncle?" asked Matie.

"I do admire it very much, Matie; but not so much as some more simple objects that I have. Here is something that will explain my meaning," he added, taking from the cabinet a little vase of grayish-brown with darker indented lines drawn in the form of small animals, flowers and foliage.

"Oh, I 've seen ever so many pieces like that, and I thought they were common stone-ware, the same as the kitchen dishes," said Al.

"They are of common clay, it is true, but look at the drawing of the figures," said his uncle, pointing to the tracery upon the surface of the vase.

"Why, yes; it almost seems as if that little rabbit would run away, it is so life-like," said Willie.

"It was not only for its beauty that I valued this vase, but for the story that it tells," said Uncle Jack. "In the first place it tells that the simple earth we walk upon can be made by man into works of enduring beauty."

"Where was that vase made, uncle?" asked Willie.

"At the Doulton Works, Lambeth, England."

"What is the rest of the story about it?" inquired Al.

"For many years, common drain-pipes and building-tiles were the only things made at the Doulton works; but some of the pottery people went to an art school, and they thought it would be a good idea to ornament some of the common things they made with the designs they had learned to draw at school. So, with a bit of pointed stick, they made some of their favorite pictures on the soft clay objects; and when these were fired, the



DOULTON WARE.

glaze flowed into the lines, making them darker than the other parts, and thus the drawings showed plainly."

"And since they found that out, have they given up making common pipes and tiles?" asked Willie, with a look of interest.

"They still make quantities of those things at the Doulton works, but the young men and women who had received drawing lessons and applied their knowledge so well are the authors, I might almost say, of a new style of artistic pottery," said Uncle Jack, in reply.

"Why, that was splendid, was n't it?" cried Matie.

"Indeed it was a triumph not only for them, but for art itself, and it shows what a good influence art has on even the humblest people," said Uncle Jack. "Now can you see why I did not value my little vase most for its beauty?"

"Oh yes, sir! for when you see it, you think of the potters who became artists," said Will.

"Yes, and I never see any work of art or of patient industry without trying to understand the meaning its maker meant it to carry, and to remember the toils that were perhaps endured in its production," replied his uncle. Then, turning to Matie, he said: "I brought this little 'English pug-dog' for you, Matie. He does n't bite, and you 'll not need to give him any food," and he put upon the table a comical little porcelain dog with a wry nose.

"Oh! is n't it funny? What an ugly black nose it has!" cried Matie. "Will the black come off?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why not?" asked Al.

"Because it 's fired; that is, after having been painted, the dog was placed in a furnace and heated

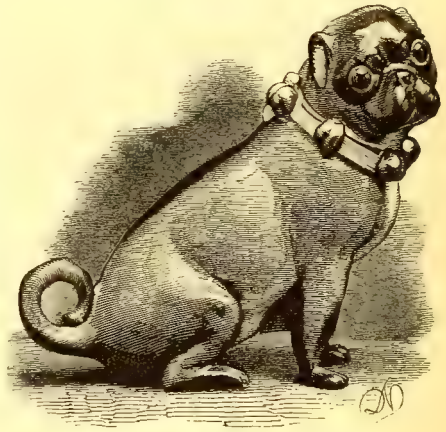


MAJOLICA PLATE FROM CASTELLANI COLLECTION.

so as to melt the coloring matter, which had been mixed with other ingredients, so that it flowed on the surface, and cooled hard like glass."

"Are the colors like those I have in my paint-box?" asked Willie.

"No. They put the color on, worked up with



ENGLISH PUG IN PORCELAIN.

what is called a flux, and the mixture has the appearance of thin mud, showing no color at all; the different tints are seen only after 'firing.'"

"How can they tell what it 's going to look like, if they don't see the color?"

"That is one of the nice points of the 'ceramic art,' and much skill and fine imagination are required to produce some of the wonderful combinations of color seen upon Italian majolica."

"Why do they call it majolica?" asked Al.

"The name is derived from the Spanish island of Majorca in the Mediterranean Sea, one of the places in Europe where glazed pottery was first made. About the twelfth century, some Moorish potters had settled there and carried their art with them."

"Did you ever see any of the old Italian majolica, uncle?" asked Al.

"Yes; in the splendid Castellani collection there are some of the very best specimens of the finest majolica ever made,—that produced in the fifteenth century by Giorgio Andreoli of Gubbio, and others who followed him."

"Where is Gubbio?" asked Al.

"In Italy."

"Is the Castellani collection in Italy?"

"No, it 's at the Metropolitan Museum, too; but only on loan at present, though an effort is being made to purchase and keep it in this country forever. I hope it will be successful, for it is a grand collection. But I must tell you that when the French came to manufacture majolica, most of which by that time was made in the little Italian town of Faenza, they called the ware *faience*, after it. This name is applied

to most soft paste glazed pottery, while majolica is a ware that has a peculiar luster, and in different lights displays all the colors of the rainbow. Much ordinary glazed, unlustered pottery is incorrectly called majolica, however."

"How do they make the luster, uncle?"

"By coating the ware with certain metallic oxides, which, at the last of the many necessary firings, diffuses a glaze over the surface."

"You said the painting was one of the 'nice points of the ceramic art,' uncle. What does 'ceramic' mean?" asked Willie.

"It is sometimes spelled K-e-r-a-m-i-c, *keramic*, and comes from the Greek word κέράμος, signifying 'potters' clay,' and hence, in a general sense, pottery of every kind and methods of producing it."

Here Matie, who had been hugging her little pug for some time, began to grow very sleepy, so Uncle Jack dismissed the children with a "good-night" all around.

The door closed softly, and the little ones ran off to their beds, while Uncle Jack leaned back in his easy chair in a pleasant reverie, which we will leave him to enjoy.

POEMS BY TWO LITTLE AMERICAN GIRLS.

[ELAINE AND DORA READ GOODALE, the two sisters some of whose poems are here given for the benefit of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, are children of thirteen and ten years of age.

Their home, where their infancy and childhood have been passed, is on a large and isolated farm, lying upon the broad slopes of the beautiful Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts, and is quaintly called "Sky Farm."

Here, in a simple country life, divided between books and nature, they began, almost as soon as they began to talk, to express in verse what they saw and felt, rhyme and rhythm seeming to come by instinct. Living largely out-of-doors, vigorous and healthful in body as in mind, they draw pleasure and instruction from all about them.

One of their chief delights is to wander over the lovely hills and meadows adjoining Sky Farm. Peeping into mossy dells, where wild flowers love to hide, hunting the early arbutus, the queen harebell, or the blue gentian, they learn the secrets of nature, and these they pour forth in song as simply and as naturally as the birds sing.]

SOME VERSES, WRITTEN BY DORA, ON A HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST, WHICH SHE FOUND OVER HER STOCKING ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

WHEN June was bright with roses fair,
And leafy trees about her stood,
When summer sunshine filled the air
And flickered through the quiet wood,
There, in its shade and silent rest,
A tiny pair had built their nest.

And when July, with scorching heat,
Had dried the meadow grass to hay,
And piled in stacks about the field
Or fragrant in the barn it lay,
Within the nest so softly made
Two tiny, snowy eggs were laid.

But when October's ripened fruit
Had bent the very tree-tops down,
And dainty flowers faded, drooped,
And stately forests lost their crown,
Their brood was hatched and reared and flown—
The mossy nest was left alone.

And now the hills are cold and white,
'T is sever'd from its native bough;
We gaze upon it with delight;
Where are its cunning builders now?
Far in the sunny south they roam,
And leave to us their northern home.

THE GRUMBLER.

His Youth.

HIS coat was too thick and his cap was too thin,
He could n't be quiet, he hated a din;
He hated to write, and he hated to read,
He was certainly very much injured indeed;
He must study and work over books he detested,
His parents were strict, and he never was rested;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

His Maturity.

His farm was too small and his taxes too big,
He was selfish and lazy, and cross as a pig;
His wife was too silly, his children too rude;
And just because he was uncommonly good,

He never had money enough or to spare,
He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

His Old Age.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears,
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years;
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away
His home and his fortune, his life's little day.
But, alas! 't is too late,—it is no use to say
That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is too gray.
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be,
There *is* no one more wretchedly wretched than he.

DORA.

JUNE.

FOR stately trees in rich array,
For sunlight all the happy day,
For blossoms radiant and rare,
For skies when daylight closes,
For joyous, clear, outpouring song
From birds that all the green wood throng,
For all things young, and bright, and fair,
We praise thee, Month of Roses!

For blue, blue skies of summer calm,
For fragrant odors breathing balm,
For quiet, cooling shades where oft
The weary head reposes,
For brooklets babbling thro' the fields
Where Earth her choicest treasures yields,
For all things tender, sweet and soft,
We love thee, Month of Roses!

ELAINE.

SPRING SONG.

OH, the little streams are running,
Running, running!—
Oh, the little streams are running
O'er the lea;
And the green soft grass is springing,
Springing, springing!—
And the green soft grass is springing,
Fair to see.

In the woods the breezes whisper,
Whisper, whisper!—
In the woods the breezes whisper
To the flowers;
And the robins sing their welcome,
Welcome, welcome!—
And the robins sing their welcome,—
Happy hours!

Over all the sun is shining,
Shining, shining!—
Over all the sun is shining,
Clear and bright,—
Flooding bare and waiting meadows,
Meadows, meadows!—
Flooding bare and waiting meadows
With his light.

Sky Farm, March, '76. ELAINE.

[Grown people often write in sympathy with children, but here is a little poem by a child written in sympathy with grown folks:]

ASHES OF ROSES.

SOFT on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

ELAINE.

SUMMER IS COMING.

"SUMMER is coming!" the soft breezes whisper;
"Summer is coming!" the glad birdies sing.
Summer is coming—I hear her quick footsteps;
Take your last look at the beautiful Spring.

Lightly she steps from her throne in the woodlands:
"Summer is coming, and I cannot stay;
Two of my children have crept from my bosom:
April has left me but lingering May.

"What tho' bright Summer is crownèd with roses,
Deep in the forest Arbutus doth hide;
I am the herald of all the rejoicing;
Why must June always disown me?" she cried.

Down in the meadow she stoops to the daisies,
Plucks the first bloom from the apple-tree's bough:
"Autumn will rob me of all the sweet apples;
I will take one from her store of them now."

Summer is coming! I hear the glad echo;
Clearly it rings o'er the mountain and plain.
Sorrowful Spring leaves the beautiful woodlands,
Bright, happy Summer begins her sweet reign.

DORA.

SWEET MARJORAM DAY.

(A Fairy Tale.)

By Frank R. Stockton.

It was a very delightful country where little Corette lived. It seemed to be almost always summer-time there, for the winters were just long enough to make people glad when they were over. When it rained, it mostly rained at night, and so the fields and gardens had all the water they wanted, while the people were generally quite sure of a fine day. And, as they lived a great deal out-of-doors, this was a great advantage to them.



THE BABIES IN THE SWEET MARJORAM BEDS.

The principal business of the people of this country was the raising of sweet marjoram. The soil and climate were admirably adapted to the culture of the herb, and fields and fields of it were to be seen in every direction. At that time, and this was a good while ago, very little sweet marjoram was raised in other parts of the world, so this country had the trade nearly all to itself.

The great holiday of the year was the day on which the harvest of this national herb began. It was called "Sweet Marjoram Day," and the people, both young and old, thought more of it than of any other holiday in the year.

On that happy day everybody went out into the fields. There was never a person so old, or so young, or so busy that he or she could not go to help in the harvest. Even when there were sick people, which was seldom, they were carried out to the fields and staid there all day. And they generally felt much better in the evening.

There were always patches of sweet marjoram planted on purpose for the very little babies to play in on the great day. They must be poor, indeed, these people said, if they could not raise sweet marjoram for their own needs and for exportation, and yet have enough left for the babies to play in.

So, all this day the little youngsters rolled, and tumbled, and kicked and crowed in the soft green and white beds of the fragrant herb, and pulled it up by the roots, and laughed and chuckled, and went to sleep in it, and were the happiest babies in the world.

They needed no care, except at dinner-time, so the rest of the people gave all their time to gathering in the crop and having fun. There was always lots of fun on this great harvest day, for everybody worked so hard that the whole crop was generally in the sweet marjoram barns before breakfast, so that they had nearly the whole day for games and jollity.

In this country, where little Corette lived, there were fairies. Not very many of them, it is true, for the people had never seen but two. These were sisters, and there were never fairies more generally liked than these two little creatures, neither of them over four inches high. They were very fond of the company of human beings, and were just as full of fun as anybody. They often used to come to spend an hour or two, and sometimes a whole day, with the good folks, and they seemed always glad to see and to talk to everybody.

These sisters lived near the top of a mountain in a fairy cottage. This cottage had never been seen by any of the people, but the sisters had often told them all about it. It must have been a charming place.

The house was not much bigger than a bandbox, and it had two stories and a garret, with a little portico running all around it. Inside was the dearest little furniture of all kinds,—beds, tables, chairs, and everything that could possibly be needed.

Everything about the house and grounds was on the same small scale. There was a little stable and a little barn, with a little old man to work the little garden and attend to the two little cows. Around the house were garden-beds ever so small, and little graveled paths; and a kitchen-garden, where the peas climbed up little sticks no bigger than pins, and where the little chickens, about the size of flies, sometimes got in and scratched up the little vegetables. There was a little meadow for pasture, and a grove of little trees; and there was also a small field of sweet marjoram, where the blossoms were so tiny that you could hardly have seen them without a magnifying glass.

It was not very far from this cottage to the sweet marjoram country, and the fairy sisters had no trouble at all in running down there whenever they felt like it, but none of the people had ever seen this little home. They had looked for it, but could not find it, and the fairies would never take any of them to it. They said it was no place for human beings. Even the smallest boy, if he were to trip his toe, might fall against their house and knock it over; and as to any of them coming into the fairy grounds, that would be impossible, for there was no spot large enough for even a common-sized baby to creep about in.

On Sweet Marjoram Day the fairies never failed to come. Every year they taught the people new games, and all sorts of new ways of having fun. People would never have even thought of having such good times if it had not been for these fairies.

One delightful afternoon, about a month before Sweet Marjoram Day, Corette, who was a little girl just old enough, and not a day too old (which is exactly the age all little girls ought to be), was talking about the fairy cottage to some of her companions.

"We never can see it," said Corette, sorrowfully.

"No," said one of the other girls, "we are too big. If we were little enough, we might go."

"Are you sure the sisters would be glad to see us, then?" asked Corette.

"Yes, I heard them say so. But it does n't matter at all, as we are not little enough."

"No," said Corette, and she went off to take a walk by herself.

She had not walked far before she reached a small house which stood by the sea-shore. This house belonged to a Reformed Pirate who lived there all by himself. He had entirely given up a sea-faring life so as to avoid all temptation, and he employed his time in the mildest pursuits he could think of.

When Corette came to his house, she saw him sitting in an easy-chair in front of his door near the edge of a small bluff which overhung the sea, busily engaged in knitting a tidy.

When he saw Corette, he greeted her kindly, and put aside his knitting, which he was very glad to do, for he hated knitting tidies, though he thought it was his duty to make them.

"Well, my little maid," he said, in a sort of a muffled voice, which sounded as if he were speaking under water, for he tried to be as gentle in every way as he could, "how do you do? You don't look quite as gay as usual. Has anything run afoul of you?"

"Oh no!" said Corette, and she came and stood by him, and taking up his tidy, she looked it over carefully and showed him where he had dropped a lot of stitches and where he had made some too tight and others a great deal too loose. He did not know how to knit very well.

When she had shown him as well as she could how he ought to do it, she sat down on the grass by his side, and after a while she began to talk to him about the fairy cottage, and what a great pity it was that it was impossible for her ever to see it.

"It *is* a pity," said the Reformed Pirate. "I've heard of that cottage and I 'd like to see it myself. In fact, I 'd like to go to see almost anything that was proper and quiet, so as to get rid of the sight of this everlasting knitting."

"There are other things you might do besides knit," said Corette.

"Nothing so depressing and suitable," said he, with a sigh.

"It would be of no use for you to think of going there," said Corette. "Even I am too large, and you are ever and ever so much too big. You could n't get one foot into one of their paths."

"I've no doubt that 's true," he replied; "but the thing might be done. Almost anything can be done if you set about it in the right way. But you see, little maid, that you and I don't know enough. Now, years ago, when I was in a different line of business, I often used to get puzzled about one thing or another, and then I went to somebody who knew more than myself."

"Were there many such persons?" asked Corette.

"Well, no. I always went to one old fellow who was a Practicing Wizard. He lived, and still lives, I reckon, on an island about fifty miles from here, right off there to the sou'-sou'-west. I've no doubt that if we were to go to him he'd tell us just how to do this thing."

"But how could we get there?" asked Corette.

"Oh! I'd manage that," said the Reformed Pirate, his eyes flashing with animation. "I've an old sail-boat back there in the creek that's as good as ever she was. I could fix her up, and get everything all ship-shape in a couple of days, and



THE REFORMED PIRATE.

then you and I could scud over there in no time. What do you say? Would n't you like to go?"

"Oh, I 'd like to go ever so much!" cried Corette, clapping her hands, "if they 'd let me."

"Well, run and ask them," said he, rolling up his knitting and stuffing it under the cushion of his chair, "and I 'll go and look at that boat right away."

So Corette ran home to her father and mother and told them all about the matter. They listened with great interest, and her father said:

"Well now, our little girl is not looking quite as well as usual. I have noticed that she is a little pale. A sea-trip might be the very thing for her."

"I think it would do her a great deal of good," said her mother, "and as to that Reformed Pirate, she 'd be just as safe with him as if she was on dry land."

So it was agreed that Corette should go. Her father and mother were always remarkably kind, and as he was to do it for the benefit of a good little girl, it was all perfectly right and proper.

When they started off, the next day but one, all the people who lived near enough, came down to see them off. Just as they were about to start, the Reformed Pirate said:

"Hello! I wonder if I had n't better run back to the house and get my sword! I only wear the empty scabbard now, but it might be safer, on a trip like this, to take the sword along."

So he ran back and got it, and then he pushed off amid the shouts of all the good people on the beach.

The boat was quite a good-sized one, and it had a cabin and everything neat and comfortable. The Reformed Pirate managed it beautifully, all by himself, and Corette sat in the stern and watched the waves, and the sky, and the sea-birds, and was very happy indeed.

As for her companion, he was in a state of



THE REFORMED PIRATE IS THE JOLLIEST MAN AFLOAT.

The Reformed Pirate was perfectly delighted when he heard this, and he went hard to work to get his little vessel ready. To sail again on the ocean seemed to him the greatest of earthly joys, ecstasy. As the breeze freshened, the sails filled, and the vessel went dashing over the waves, he laughed and joked, and sang snatches of old sea-songs, and was the jolliest man afloat.

After a while, as they went thus sailing merrily along, a distant ship appeared in sight. The moment his eyes fell upon it, a sudden change came over the Reformed Pirate. He sprang to his feet and, with his hand still upon the helm, he leaned forward and gazed at the ship. He gazed and he gazed, and he gazed without saying a word. Corette spoke to him several times, but he answered not. And as he gazed he moved the helm so that his little craft gradually turned from her course, and sailed to meet the distant ship.

As the two vessels approached each other, the Reformed Pirate became very much excited. He tightened his belt and loosened his sword in its sheath. Hurriedly giving the helm to Corette, he went forward and jerked a lot of ropes and hooks from a cubby-hole where they had been stowed away. Then he pulled out a small, dark flag, with bits of skeleton painted on it, and hoisted it to the top-mast.

By this time he had nearly reached the ship, which was a large three-masted vessel. There seemed to be a great commotion on board; sailors were running this way and that; women were screaming; and officers could be heard shouting, "Put her about! Clap on more sail!"

But steadily on sailed the small boat, and the moment it came alongside the big ship, the Reformed Pirate threw out grapnels and made the two vessels fast together. Then he hooked a rope-ladder to the side of the ship, and rushing up it, sprang with a yell on the deck of the vessel, waving his flashing sword around his head!

"Down, dastards! varlets! hounds!" he shouted. "Down upon your knees! Throw down your arms! SURRENDER!"

Then every man went down upon his knees, and threw down his arms and surrendered.

"Where is your Captain?" roared their conqueror.

The Captain came trembling forward.

"Bring to me your gold and silver, your jewels and your precious stones, and your rich stuffs!"

The Captain ordered these to be quickly brought and placed before the Reformed Pirate, who continued to stride to and fro across the deck waving his glittering blade, and who, when he saw the treasures placed before him, shouted again:

"Prepare for scuttling!" and then, while the women got down on their knees and begged that he would not sink the ship, and the children cried, and the men trembled so that they could hardly kneel straight, and the Captain stood pale and shaking before him, he glanced at the pile of treasure, and touched it with his sword.

"Aboard with this, my men!" he said. "But first I will divide it. I will divide this into,—into,—into *one* part. Look here!" and then he paused, glanced around, and clapped his hand to his head. He looked at the people, the treasure and the ship. Then suddenly he sheathed his sword, and, stepping up to the Captain, extended his hand.

"Good sir," said he, "you must excuse me. This is a mistake. I had no intention of taking this vessel. It was merely a temporary absence of mind. I forgot I had reformed, and seeing this ship, old scenes and my old business came into my head, and I just came and took the vessel without really thinking what I was doing. I beg you will excuse me. And these ladies,—I am very sorry to have inconvenienced them. I ask them to overlook my unintentional rudeness."

"Oh, don't mention it!" cried the Captain, his face beaming with joy as he seized the hand of the Reformed Pirate. "It is of no importance, I assure you. We are delighted, sir, delighted!"

"Oh yes!" cried all the ladies. "Kind sir, we are charmed! We are charmed!"

"You are all very good indeed," said the Reformed Pirate, "but I really think I was not altogether excusable. And I am very sorry that I made your men bring up all these things."

"Not at all! not at all!" cried the Captain. "No trouble whatever to show them. Very glad indeed to have the opportunity. By the by, would you like to take a few of them, as a memento of your visit?"

"Oh no, I thank you," replied the Reformed Pirate, "I would rather not."

"Perhaps, then, some of your men might like a trinket or a bit of cloth ——"

"Oh, I have no men! There is no one on board but myself—excepting a little girl, who is a passenger. But I must be going. Good-by, Captain!"

"I am sorry you are in such a hurry," said the Captain. "Is there anything at all that I can do for you?"

"No, thank you. But stop!—there may be something. Do you sail to any port where there is a trade in tidies?"

"Oh yes! To several such," said the Captain.

"Well, then, I would be very much obliged to you," said the Reformed Pirate, "if you would sometimes stop off that point that you see there, and send a boat ashore to my house for a load of tidies."

"You manufacture them by the quantity, then?" asked the Captain.

"I expect to," said the other, sadly.

The Captain promised to stop, and, after shaking hands with every person on deck, the Reformed Pirate went down the side of the ship, and taking in his ladder and his grapnels, he pushed off.

As he slowly sailed away, having lowered his flag, the Captain looked over the side of his ship, and said:

"If I had only known that there was nobody but a little girl on board! I thought, of course, he had a boat-load of pirates."

Corette asked a great many questions about everything that had happened on the ship, for she had heard the noise and confusion as she sat below in the little boat; but her companion was disposed to be silent, and said very little in reply.

When the trip was over, and they had reached the island, the Reformed Pirate made his boat fast, and taking little Corette by the hand, he walked up to the house of the Practicing Wizard.

This was a queer place. It was a great rambling house, one story high in some places, and nine or ten in other places; and then, again, it seemed to run into the ground and re-appear at a short distance—the different parts being connected by cellars and basements, with nothing but flower-gardens over them.

Corette thought she had never seen such a wonderful building; but she had not long to look at the outside of it, for her companion, who had been there before, and knew the ways of the place, went up to a little door in a two-story part of the house and knocked. Our friends were admitted by a dark cream-colored slave, who informed them that the Practicing Wizard was engaged with other visitors, but that he would soon be at leisure.

So Corette and the Reformed Pirate sat down in a handsome room, full of curious and wonderful things, and, in a short time, they were summoned into the Practicing Wizard's private office.

"Glad to see you," said he, as the Reformed Pirate entered. "It has been a long time since you were here. What can I do for you, now? Want to know something about the whereabouts of any ships, or the value of any cargoes?"

"Oh, no! I'm out of that business now," said the other. "I've come this time for something entirely different. But I'll let this little girl tell you what it is. She can do it a great deal better than I can."

So Corette stepped up to the Practicing Wizard, who was a pleasant, elderly man, with a smooth white face, and a constant smile, which seemed to have grown on his face instead of a beard, and she told him the whole story of the fairy sisters and their cottage, of her great desire to see it, and of the difficulties in the way.

"I know all about those sisters," he said; "I don't wonder you want to see their house. You both wish to see it?"

"Yes," said the Reformed Pirate; "I might as well go with her, if the thing can be done at all."

"Very proper," said the Practicing Wizard, "very proper, indeed. But there is only one way in which it can be done. You must be condensed."

"Does that hurt?" asked Corette.

"Oh, not at all! You 'll never feel it. For the two it will be one hundred and eighty ducats," said he, turning to the Reformed Pirate; "we make a reduction when there are more than one."

"Are you willing?" asked the Reformed Pirate of Corette, as he put his hand in his breeches' pocket.

"Oh yes!" said Corette, "certainly I am, if that 's the only way."

Whereupon her good friend said no more, but pulled out a hundred and eighty ducats and handed them to the Practicing Wizard, who immediately commenced operations.

Corette and the Reformed Pirate were each placed in a large easy-chair, and upon each of their heads the old white-faced gentleman placed a little pink ball, about the size of a pea. Then he took a position in front of them.

"Now then," said he, "sit perfectly still. It will be over in a few minutes," and he lifted up a long thin stick, and, pointing it toward the couple, he began to count: "One, two, three, four ——"

As he counted, the Reformed Pirate and Corette began to shrink, and by the time he had reached fifty they were no bigger than cats. But he kept on counting until Corette was about three and a half inches high and her companion about five inches.

Then he stopped, and knocked the pink ball from each of their heads with a little tap of his long stick.

"There we are," said he, and he carefully picked up the little creatures and put them on a table in front of a looking-glass, that they might see how they liked his work.

It was admirably done. Every proportion had been perfectly kept.

"It seems to me that it could n't be better," said the Condensed Pirate, looking at himself from top to toe.

"No," said the Practicing Wizard, smiling rather more than usual, "I don't believe it could."

"But how are we to get away from here?" said Corette to her friend. "A little fellow like you can't sail that big boat."

"No," replied he, ruefully, "that 's true; I could n't do it. But perhaps, sir, you could condense the boat."

"Oh no!" said the old gentleman, "that would never do. Such a little boat would be swamped before you reached shore, if a big fish did n't swallow you. No, I 'll see that you get away safely."

So saying, he went to a small cage that stood in a window, and took from it a pigeon.

"This fellow will take you," said he. "He is very strong and swift, and will go ever so much faster than your boat."

Next he fastened a belt around the bird, and to the lower part of this he hung a little basket, with two seats in it. He then lifted Corette and the Condensed Pirate into the basket, where they sat down opposite one another.

"Do you wish to go directly to the cottage of the fairy sisters?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh yes!" said Corette.

So he wrote the proper address on the bill of the pigeon, and, opening the window, carefully let the bird fly.

"I 'll take care of your boat," he cried to the Condensed Pirate, as the pigeon rose in the air. "You 'll find it all right, when you come back."

And he smiled worse than ever.

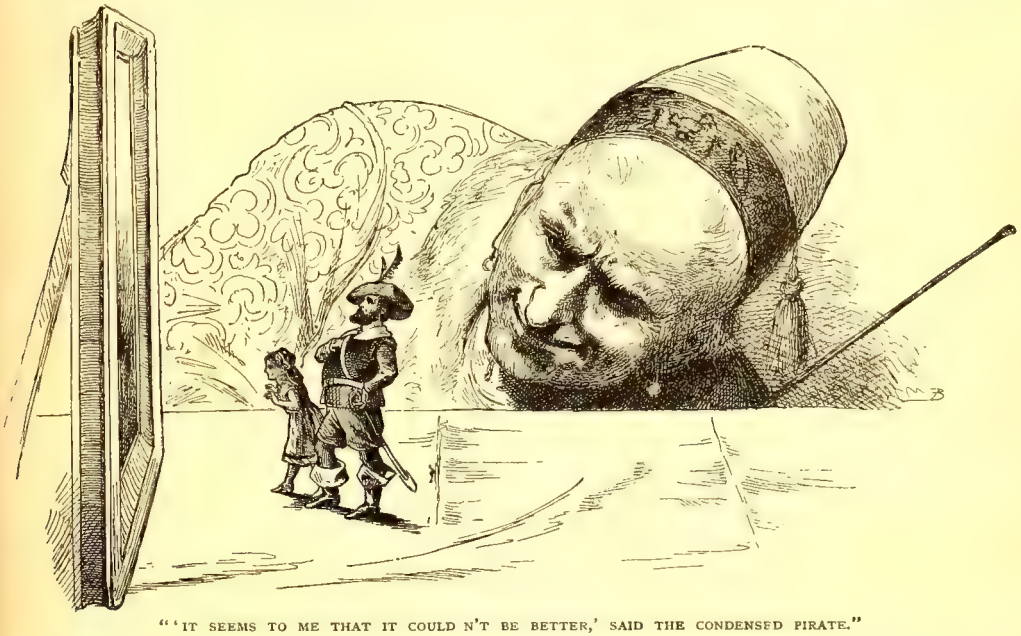
The pigeon flew up to a great height, and then he took flight in a straight line for the Fairy Cottage, where he arrived before his passengers thought they had half finished their journey.

The bird alighted on the ground, just outside of the boundary fence; and when Corette and her companion had jumped from the basket, he rose and flew away home as fast as he could go.

The Condensed Pirate now opened a little gate in the fence, and he and Corette walked in. They went up the graveled path, and under the fruit-trees, where the ripe peaches and apples hung, as big as peas, and they knocked at the door of the fairy sisters.

When these two little ladies came to the door, they were amazed to see Corette.

"Why, how did you ever?" they cried. "And if there is n't our old friend the Reformed Pirate!"



"'IT SEEMS TO ME THAT IT COULD N'T BE BETTER,' SAID THE CONDENSED PIRATE."

"Condensed Pirate, if you please," said that individual. "There 's no use of my being reformed while I 'm so small as this. I could n't hurt anybody if I wanted to."

"Well, come right in, both of you," said the sisters, "and tell us all about it."

So they went in, and sat in the little parlor, and told their story. The fairies were delighted with the whole affair, and insisted on a long visit, to which our two friends were not at all opposed.

They found everything at this cottage exactly as they had been told. They ate the daintiest little meals off the daintiest little dishes, and they thoroughly enjoyed all the delightful little things in the little place. Sometimes, Corette and the fairies would take naps in little hammocks under the trees, while the Condensed Pirate helped the little man drive up the little cows, or work in the little garden.

On the second day of their visit, when they were all sitting on the little portico after supper, one of the sisters, thinking that the Condensed Pirate might like to have something to do, and knowing how he used to occupy himself, took from her

basket a little half-knit tidy, with the needles in it, and asked him if he cared to amuse himself with that.

"No, MA'AM!" said he, firmly but politely. "Not at present. If I find it necessary to reform again, I may do something of the kind, but not now. But I thank you kindly, all the same."

After this, they were all very careful not to mention tidies to him.

Corette and her companion stayed with the fairies for more than a week. Corette knew that her father and mother did not expect her at home for some time, and so she felt quite at liberty to stay as long as she pleased.

As to the sisters, they were delighted to have their visitors with them.

But, one day, the Condensed Pirate, finding Corette alone, led her, with great secrecy, to the bottom of the pasture field, the very outskirts of the fairies' domain.

"Look here," said he, in his lowest tones. "Do you know, little Corette, that things are not as I expected them to be here? Everything is very nice and good, but nothing appears very small to me. Indeed, things seem to be just about the right size. How does it strike you?"

"Why, I have been thinking the same thing," said Corette. "The sisters used to be such dear, cunning little creatures, and now they're bigger than I am. But I don't know what can be done about it."

"I know," said the Condensed Pirate.

"What?" asked Corette.

"Condense 'em," answered her companion, solemnly.

"Oh! But you could n't do that!" exclaimed Corette.

"Yes, but I can—at least, I think I can. You remember those two pink condensing balls?"

"Yes," said Corette.

"Well, I've got mine."

"You have!" cried Corette. "How did you get it?"

"Oh! when the old fellow knocked it off my head, it fell on the chair beside me, and I picked it up and put it in my coat-pocket. It would just go in. He charges for the balls, and so I thought I might as well have it."

"But do you know how he works them?"

"Oh yes!" replied the Condensed Pirate. "I watched him. What do you say? Shall we condense this whole place?"

"It wont hurt them," said Corette, "and I don't really think they would mind it."

"Mind it! No!" said the other. "I believe they'd like it."

So it was agreed that the Fairy Cottage, inmates, and grounds should be condensed until they were, relatively, as small as they used to be.

That afternoon, when the sisters were taking a nap and the little man was at work in the barn, the Condensed Pirate went up into the garret of the cottage and got out on the roof. Then he climbed to the top of the tallest chimney, which overlooked everything on the place, and there he laid his little pink ball.

He then softly descended, and, taking Corette by the hand (she had been waiting for him on the portico), he went down to the bottom of the pasture field.

When he was quite sure that he and Corette were entirely outside of the fairies' grounds, he stood up, pointed to the ball with a long, thin stick which he had cut, and began to count: "One, two, three ——"

And as he counted the cottage began to shrink. Smaller and smaller it became, until it got to be very little indeed.

"Is that enough?" said the Condensed Pirate, hurriedly between two counts.

"No," replied Corette. "There is the little man, just come out of the barn. He ought to be as small as the sisters used to be. I'll tell you when to stop."

So the counting went on until Corette said, "Stop!" and the cottage was really not much higher than a thimble. The little man stood by the barn, and seemed to Corette to be just about the former size of the fairy sisters; but, in fact, he was not quite a quarter of an inch high. Everything on the place was small in proportion, so that when Corette said "Stop!" the Condensed Pirate easily leaned over and knocked the pink ball from the chimney with his long stick. It fell outside of the grounds, and he picked it up and put it in his pocket.

Then he and Corette stood and admired everything! It was charming! It was just what they had imagined before they came there. While they were looking with delight at the little fields, and trees, and chickens,—so small that really big people could not have seen them,—and at the cute little house, with its vines and portico, the two sisters came out on the little lawn.

When they saw Corette and her companion they were astounded.

"Why, when did you grow big again?" they cried. "Oh! how sorry we are! Now you cannot come into our house and live with us any longer."

Corette and the Condensed Pirate looked at each other, as much as to say, "They don't know they have been made so little."

Then Corette said: "We are sorry too. I sup-

pose we shall have to go away now. But we have had a delightful visit."

"It has been a charming one for us," said one of the sisters, "and if we only had known, we would have had a little party before you went away; but now it is too late."

The Condensed Pirate said nothing. He felt rather guilty about the matter. He might have waited a little, and yet he could not have told them about it. They might have objected to be condensed.

"May we stay just a little while and look at things?" asked Corette.

"Yes," replied one of the fairies; "but you must be very careful not to step inside the grounds, or to stumble over on our place. You might do untold damage."

So the two little big people stood and admired the fairy cottage and all about it, for this was indeed the sight they came to see; and then they took leave of their kind entertainers, who would have been glad to have them stay longer, but were really trembling with apprehension lest some false step or careless movement might ruin their little home.

As Corette and the Condensed Pirate took their way through the woods to their home, they found it very difficult to get along, they were so small. When they came to a narrow stream, which Corette would once have jumped over with ease, the Condensed Pirate had to make a ferry-boat of a piece of bark, and paddle himself and the little girl across.

"I wonder how the fairies used to come down to us," said Corette, who was struggling along over the stones and moss, hanging on to her companion's hand.

"Oh! I expect they have a nice smooth path somewhere through the woods, where they can run along as fast as they please; and bridges over the streams."

"Why did n't they tell us of it?" asked Corette.

"They thought it was too little to be of any use to us. Don't you see?—they think we 're big people and would n't need their path."

"Oh, yes!" said Corette.

In time, however, they got down the mountain and out of the woods, and then they climbed up on one of the fences and ran along the top of it toward Corette's home.

When the people saw them, they cried out: "Oh, here come our dear little fairies, who have not visited us for so many days!" But when they saw them close at hand, and perceived that they were little Corette and the Pirate who had reformed, they were dumbfounded.

Corette did not stop to tell them anything; but still holding her companion's hand, she ran on to her parents' house, followed by a crowd of neighbors.

Corette's father and mother could hardly believe that this little thing was their daughter, but there was no mistaking her face and her clothes, and her voice, although they were all so small; and when she had explained the matter to them, and to the people who filled the house, they understood it all. They were filled with joy to have their daughter back again, little or big.

When the Condensed Pirate went to his house, he found the door locked, as he had left it, but he easily crawled in through a crack. He found everything of an enormous size. It did not look like the old place. He climbed up the leg of a chair and got on a table, by the help of the table-cloth, but it was hard work. He found something to eat and drink, and all his possessions were in order, but he did not feel at home.

Days passed on, and while the Condensed Pirate did not feel any better satisfied, a sadness seemed to spread over the country, and particularly over Corette's home. The people grieved that they never saw the fairy sisters, who indeed had made two or three visits, with infinite trouble and toil, but who could not make themselves observed, their bodies and their voices being so very small.

And Corette's father and mother grieved. They wanted their daughter to be as she was before. They said that Sweet Marjoram Day was very near, but that they could not look forward to it with pleasure. Corette might go out to the fields, but she could only sit upon some high place, as the fairies used to sit. She could not help in the gathering. She could not even be with the babies; they would roll on her and crush her. So they mourned.

It was now the night before the great holiday. Sweet Marjoram Eve had not been a very gay time, and the people did not expect to have much fun the next day. How could they if the fairy sisters did not come? Corette felt badly, for she had never told that the sisters had been condensed, and the Condensed Pirate, who had insisted on her secrecy, felt worse. That night he lay in his great bed, really afraid to go to sleep on account of rats and mice.

He was so extremely wakeful that he lay and thought, and thought, and thought for a long time, and then he got up and dressed and went out.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he made his way directly to Corette's house. There, by means of a vine, he climbed up to her window, and gently called her. She was not sleeping well, and she soon heard him and came to the window.

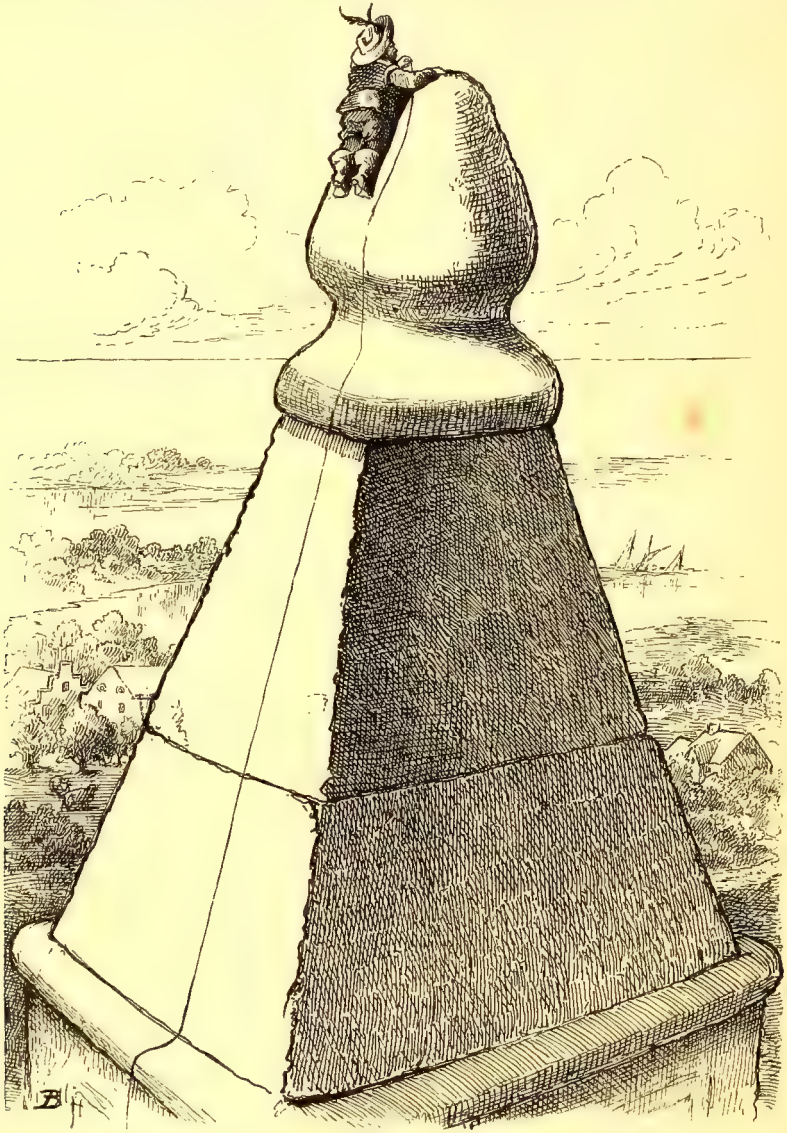
He then asked her to bring him two spools of fine thread.

Without asking any questions, she went for the thread, and very soon made her appearance at the window with one spool in her arms, and then she went back for another.

"Now, then," said the Condensed Pirate, when he had thrown the spools down to the ground, "will you dress yourself and wait here at the window until I come and call you?"

Corette promised, for she thought he had some good plan in his head, and he hurried down the vine, took up a spool under each arm, and bent his way to the church. This building had a high steeple which overlooked the whole country. He left one of his spools outside, and then, easily creeping with the other under one of the great doors, he carried it with infinite pains and labor up into the belfry.

There he tied it on his back, and, getting out of a window, began to climb up the outside of the steeple.



THE CONDENSED PIRATE CLIMBS UP THE OUTSIDE OF THE STEEPLE.

It was not hard for him to do this, for the rough stones gave him plenty of foot-hold, and he soon stood on the very tip-top of the steeple. He then took tight hold of one end of the thread on his spool and let the spool drop. The thread rapidly unrolled, and the spool soon touched the ground.

Then our friend took from his pocket the pink ball, and passing the end of the thread through a little hole in the middle of it, he tied it firmly. Placing the ball in a small depression on the top of the steeple, he left it there, with the thread hanging from it, and rapidly descended to the ground. Then he took the other spool and tied the end of its thread to that which was hanging from the steeple.

He now put down the spool and ran to call Corette. When she heard his voice she clambered down the vine to him.

"Now, Corette," he said, "run to my house and stand on the beach, near the water, and wait for me."

Corette ran off as he had asked, and he went back to his spool. He took it up and walked slowly to his house, carefully unwinding the thread as he went. The church was not very far from the seashore, so he soon joined Corette. With her assistance he then unwound the rest of the thread, and made a little coil. He next gave the coil to Corette to hold, cautioning her to be very careful, and then he ran off to where some bits of wood were lying, close to the water's edge. Selecting a little piece of thin board he pushed it into the water, and taking a small stick in his hand, he jumped on it, and poled it along to where Corette was standing. The ocean here formed a little bay where the water was quite smooth.

"Now, Corette," said the Condensed Pirate, "we must be very careful. I will push this ashore and you must step on board, letting out some of the thread as you come. Be sure not to pull it tight. Then I will paddle out a little way, and as I push, you must let out more thread."

Corette did as she was directed, and very soon they were standing on the little raft a few yards from shore. Then her companion put down his stick, and took the coil of thread.

"What are you going to do?" asked Corette. She had wanted to ask before, but there did not seem to be time.

"Well," said he, "we can't make ourselves any bigger—at least, I don't know how to do it, and so I'm going to condense the whole country. The little pink ball is on top of the steeple, which is higher than anything else about here, you know. I can't knock the ball off at the proper time, so I've tied a thread to it to pull it off. You and I are outside of the place, on the water, so we wont be made any smaller. If the thing works, everybody will be our size, and all will be right again."

"Splendid!" cried Corette. "But how will you know when things are little enough?"

"Do you see that door in my house, almost in front of us? Well, when I was of the old size, I used just to touch the top of that door with my head, if I did n't stoop. When you see that the door is about my present height, tell me to stop. Now then!"

The Condensed Pirate began to count, and instantly the whole place, church, houses, fields, and of course the people who were in bed, began to shrink! He counted a good while before Corette thought his door would fit him. At last she called to him to stop. He glanced at the door to feel sure, counted one more, and pulled the thread. Down came the ball, and the size of the place was fixed!

The whole of the sweet marjoram country was now so small that the houses were like bandboxes, and the people not more than four or five inches high—excepting some very tall people who were six inches.

Drawing the ball to him, the Condensed Pirate pushed out some distance, broke it from the thread, and threw it into the water.

"No more condensing!" said he. He then paddled himself and Corette ashore, and running to his cottage, threw open the door and looked about him. Everything was just right! Everything fitted! He shouted with joy.

It was just daybreak when Corette rushed into her parents' house. Startled by the noise, her father and mother sprang out of bed.

"Our daughter! Our darling daughter!" they shouted, "and she has her proper size again!!"

In an instant she was clasped in their arms.

When the first transports of joy were over, Corette sat down and told them the whole story—told them everything.

"It is all right," said her mother, "so that we are all of the same size," and she shed tears of joy.

Corette's father ran out to ring the church-bell, so as to wake up the people and tell them the good news of his daughter's restoration. When he came in, he said:

"I see no difference in anything. Everybody is all right."

There never was such a glorious celebration of Sweet Marjoram Day as took place that day.

The crop was splendid, the weather was more lovely than usual, if such a thing could be, and everybody was in the gayest humor.

But the best thing of all was the appearance of the fairy sisters. When they came among the people they all shouted as if they had gone wild.

And the good little sisters were so overjoyed that they could scarcely speak.

"What a wonderful thing it is to find that we have grown to our old size again! We were here several times lately, but somehow or other we seemed to be so very small that we could n't make you see or hear us. But now it 's all right. Hurrah! We have forty-two new games!"

And at that, the crop being all in, the whole country, with a shout of joy, went to work to play.

There were no gayer people to be seen than Corette and the Condensed Pirate. Some of his friends called this good man by his old name, but he corrected them.

"I am reformed, all the same," he said, "but do not call me by that name. I shall never be able to separate it from its associations with tidies. And with *them* I am done for ever. Owing to circumstances, I do not need to be depressed."

The captain of the ship never stopped off the coast for a load of tidies. Perhaps he did not care to come near the house of his former captor, for fear that he might forget himself again, and take the ship a second time. But if the captain had come, it is not likely that his men would have found the cottage of the Condensed Pirate, unless they had landed at the very spot where it stood.

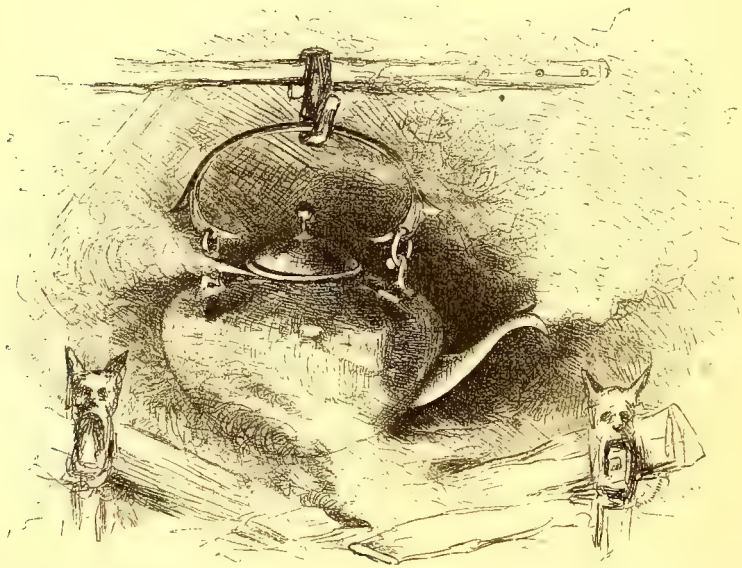
And it so happened that no one ever noticed this country after it was condensed. Passing ships could not come near enough to see such a very little place, and there never were any very good roads to it by land.

But the people continued to be happy and prosperous, and they kept up the celebration of Sweet Marjoram Day as gayly as when they were all ordinary-sized people.

In the whole country there were only two persons, Corette and the Pirate, who really believed that they were condensed.

"SING-A-SING!"

BY S. C. STONE.



LISTEN! and hear the tea-kettle sing:
"Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!"
It matters not how hot the fire,
It only sends its voice up higher:
"Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!
Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!"

Listen! and hear the tea-kettle sing:
"Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!"
As if 't were task of fret and toil
To bring cold water to a boil!
"Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!
Sing a-sing a-sing a-sing!"

NOW, OR THEN?

By Gail Hamilton.

I SUPPOSE the wise young women—fourteen, fifteen, sixteen years old—who read ST. NICHOLAS, who understand the most complex vulgar fractions, who cipher out logarithms "just for fun," who chatter familiarly about "Kickero" and "Iuliuse Kiser," and can bang a piano dumb and helpless in fifteen minutes—they, I suppose, will think me frivolous and unaspiring if I beg them to lay aside their science,—which is admirable,—and let us reason together a few minutes about such unimportant themes as little points of good manners.

A few months ago I had the pleasure of talking with a gentleman who thought he remembered being aroused from his midnight sleep by loud rejoicings in the house and on the streets over the news that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered the British to the American forces. He was only two years old at that time; but, he said, he had a very strong impression of the house being full of light, of many people hurrying hither and yon, and of the watchman's voice in the street penetrating through all the din with the cry—"Past twelve o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!"

Among many interesting reminiscences and reflections, this dignified and delightful old gentleman said he thought the young people of to-day were less mannerly than in the olden time, less deferential, less decorous. This may be true, and I tried to be sufficiently deferential to my courtly host, not to disagree with him. But when I look upon the young people of my own acquaintance, I recall that William went, as a matter of course, to put the ladies in their carriage; Jamie took the hand luggage as naturally as if he were born for nothing else; Frank never failed to open a door for them; Arthur placed Maggie in her chair at table before he took his own; Nelly and Ruth came to my party just as sweet and bright as if they did not know that the young gentlemen whom they had expected to meet were prevented from attending; while Lucy will run herself out of breath for you, and Mary sits and listens with flattering intentness, and Anne and Alice and—well, looking over *my* constituency, I find the young people charming.

It is true that all manners are less formal, that etiquette is less elaborate, now than a hundred years ago. Our grandfathers and grandmothers—some, indeed, of our fathers and mothers—did not sit at breakfast with their fathers and mothers, but stood through the meal, and never spoke except when spoken to. I cannot say I think we have deteriorated in changing this. The pleasant, familiar, affectionate intercourse between parent and child seems to me one of the most delightful features of domestic life. The real, fond intimacy which exists between parents and children seems a far better and safer thing than the old fashion of keeping children at arm's length.

But in casting aside forms we are, perhaps, somewhat in danger of losing with them some of that inner kindness of which form is only the outward expression. Without admitting that we are an uncivil people, insisting even that we compare favorably with other nations, I wish our boys and girls would resolve that the courtesy of the Republic shall never suffer in their hands!

Does this seem a trivial aim for those who are bending their energies to attain a high standing in classics and mathematics? There is perhaps no single quality that does as much to make life smooth and comfortable—yes, and successful—as courtesy. Logarithms are valuable in their way, but there are many useful and happy people who are not very well versed even in the rule of three. A man may not know a word of Latin, or what is meant by "the moon's terminator," or how much sodium is in Arcturus, and yet be constantly diffusing pleasure. But no man can be agreeable without courtesy, and every separate act of incivility creates its little, or large, and ever enlarging circle of displeasure and unhappiness.

One does not wish to go through life trying to be agreeable; but life is a great failure if one goes through it disagreeable.

Yes, little friends, believe me, you may be very learned, very skillful, very accomplished. I trust you are: I hope you will become more so. You may even have sound principles and good habits; but if people generally do not like you, it is because there is something wrong in yourself, and the best thing you can do is to study out what it is and correct it as fast as possible. Do not for a moment fancy it is because you are superior to other people that they dislike you, for superiority never, of itself, made a person unlovely. It is invariably a defect of some sort. Generally it is a defect arising from training, and therefore possible to overcome.

For instance: two girls in the country have each a pony phaeton. One drives her sisters, her family, her guests, her equals, and never thinks of going outside that circle. Another does the same; but,

more than this, she often takes the cook, the laundress, or the one woman who often is cook, laundress, house-maid, all in one. And to them the drive is a far greater luxury than to her own comrades, who would be playing croquet or riding if they were not with her. Now and then she invites some poor neighbor, she takes some young sempstress or worsted-worker to town to do her shopping, she carries the tired housewife to see her mother, she asks three little girls—somewhat crowded but rapturously happy—three miles to see the balloon that has alighted on the hill; she drives a widowed old mother-in-Israel to a tea-drinking of which she would otherwise be deprived. These are not charities. They are courtesies, and this bright-faced girl is sunshine in her village home, and, by and by, when her box of finery is by some mistake left at the station, a stalwart youngster, unbidden, shoulders it and bears it, panting and perspiring, to her door-step, declaring that he would not do it for another person in town but Miss Fanny! And perhaps he does not even say *Miss* Fanny—only Fanny. Now she could get on very well without the villager's admiring affection, and even without her box of finery; yet the goodwill of your neighbors is exceeding pleasant.

Another thing Fanny excels in is the acknowledgment of courtesy, which is itself as great a courtesy as the performance of kindness. If she is invited to a lawn party or a boating picnic, whether she accept or not, she pays a visit to her hostess afterward and expresses her pleasure or her regrets; and she pays it with promptness, and not with tardy reluctance, as if it were a burden. If she has been making a week's visit away from home, she notifies her hostess of her safe return and her enjoyment of the visit, as soon as she is back again. If a bouquet is sent her,—too informal for a note,—she remembers to speak of it afterward. You never can remember? No; but Fanny does. That is why I admire her. If she has borrowed a book, she has an appreciative word to say when she returns it; and if she has dropped it in the mud, she does not apologize and offer to replace it. She replaces it first and apologizes afterward, though she has to sacrifice a much-needed pair of four-button gloves to do it! Indeed, no person has as little apologizing to do as Fanny, because she does everything promptly; and you may notice that what we apologize for chiefly is delay. We perform our little social duties, only not in good season, and so rob them of half their grace. It takes no longer to answer a letter to-day than it will take to-morrow. But if the letter requires an answer instantly, and you put it off day after day, your correspondent is vexed, and your tardy answer will never be quite a reparation. Remember that no explanation, no apology, is quite as good as to have done the thing exactly as it should be in the first place.

JACK'S CHRISTMAS.

By Emma K. Parrish.

JACK had just heard of Christmas for the first time! Ten years old, and never knew about Christmas before! Jack's mother was a weary, overworked woman, and had no heart to tell the children about merry times and beautiful things in which they could have no share.

His parents were very poor. When I tell you that they lived in a log-house you might think so, although some people live very comfortably in log-houses. But when I say that the snow drifted through the cracks in the roof until the chamber floor was fit to go sleighing on, and that it was so cold down-stairs that the gravy froze on the children's plates while they were eating breakfast, and that the little girls had no shoes but cloth ones which their mother sewed to their stockings, you will see that they were poor indeed. Mrs. Boyd, Jack's mother, generally went about her work with a shawl tied around her, and a comforter over her ears, on account of the ear-ache; and on the coldest days she kept Jack's little sisters wrapped up from head to foot and perched on chairs near the stove, so they would n't freeze. No; she did n't feel much like telling them about Christmas, when she did n't know but they would freeze to death, or, may be, starve, before that time. But Jack found out. He was going to school that winter, and one learns so much at school! He came home one night brimful of the news that Christmas would be there in three weeks, and that Santa Claus would come down chimneys and say, "I wish you Merry Christmas!" and then put lots of nice things in all the stockings.

Mrs. Boyd heard him talking, and was glad the

children were enjoying themselves, but hoped from her heart that they would n't expect anything, only to be bitterly disappointed. Most of that evening little Janey, the youngest girl, sat singing:

"Wis' you Melly Kitsmas!
Wis' you Melly Kitsmas!"

in a quaint, little minor key, that was n't plaintive enough to be sad, nor merry enough to be jolly, but only a sweet monotony of sounds and words showing that she was contented, and did n't feel any of the dreadful aches and pains which sometimes distressed her so.

For a week, Jack wondered and mused within himself how he could get something for Christmas presents for his little sisters. He could n't make anything at home without their seeing it, nor at school without the teacher's seeing it, or else the big boys plaguing him about it. Besides, he would rather buy something pretty, such as they had never seen before—china dolls in pink dresses, or something of that kind. One morning, however, Jack discovered some quail-tracks in the snow near the straw-stack, and he no longer wondered about ways and means, but in a moment was awake to the importance of this discovery. That very evening he made a wooden trap, and the next morning early set it near the stack, and laid an inviting train of wheat quite up to it, and scattered a little inside. He told his sisters, Mary and Janey, about the trap, but not about what he meant to do with the quails when he caught them. That afternoon Jack went to his trap, and to his unbounded joy found an imprisoned quail, frozen quite stiff. He quickly set the trap again, and ran to the house with his bird. All that evening he worked at quail-traps and made three more.

It was so much warmer that their mother let the children stay up a little later than usual; and Mary ventured to bring out her playthings and Janey's. These were two dolls, some bits of broken dishes, and a few little pine blocks. Mary watched her mother's face until she was sure she was "feeling good," before she ventured to begin a play, because on days when mother was very discouraged, it made her feel worse if the children were noisy, and so they would keep quiet and speak in whispers.

"Does Santa Claus bring dolls?" asked Mary, suddenly, of Jack.

"Oh yes; dolls with pretty dresses on; and little bunnits and pink shoes; and little cubberds to keep their clothes in, and chairs, and everything," said Jack, enthusiastically.

"Oh, my!" sighed Mary, as she looked dolefully at their poor little heap of toys.

Reader, their dolls were cobs, with square pieces of calico tied around them for dresses; and after hearing what Jack said, it was n't so much fun playing, and the little girls soon went to bed. After they were asleep, Mrs. Boyd said, reproachfully:

"Jack, I wish you would n't say anything more about Christmas to the children."

"Why, is it bad?" asked Jack, so astonished that he stopped whittling.

"No, of course not; but you 're getting their heads full of notions about fine things they never can have."

Jack's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, but you don't understand, mother," said he; "may be Santy Claus will come this year."

His mother shook her head.

"You know I caught one quail to-day?" whispered Jack.

"Well!" said his mother.

"Well, I 'm going to save 'em all the week, and Saturday take 'em to the meat-man in the village. I guess he 'll buy 'em. I heard that quails were fetching two cents apiece. And I 'm going to get enough money to buy the girls something nice, and you must make 'em hang up their stockings, mother, and then we 'll put the things in after they get asleep."

His mother smiled quite cheerfully. "Well," said she, "do the best you can."

Their father was away that evening. He was generally away evenings, because most of the neighbors had cozier firesides than his, besides apples, and sometimes cider; and so he passed many a pleasant hour in gossip and farm-talk, while his own little family shivered gloomily at home.

By Saturday morning Jack had ten quails. The four traps had not been as fruitful as they ought to have been, perhaps, but this was doing very well, and he trudged joyfully to town with his game hanging on a stick over his shoulder. The meat-man did indeed give two cents apiece for quails, and he invited Jack to bring as many more as he could get.

The next Saturday was only two days before Christmas, and how beautiful were all the stores on the village street! Even the groceries had Christmas toys and Christmas trees. A good many boys and girls stood around the store windows pointing out the things they most admired, and wondering what Santa Claus would bring them. Jack had fifteen quails, which brought him thirty cents; so he was now the owner of half a dollar, which was more money than he had ever possessed in all his life before. But when two dolls were bought, and they were n't very fine dolls either, there were only twenty cents left. Jack *did* mean to buy something for his mother too, but he had to give that up, and after looking over the bright colored toy-books in the show-case, he selected two

little primers, one with a pink cover and one with a blue one, and with a big ache in his throat, parted with his last ten cents for candy. How very, very little he was buying after all, and not one thing for his dear mother who had sat up till two o'clock the night before, mending his ragged clothes for him.

Jack's heart was very heavy as he walked out of the gay store with such a little package, but it sank still lower when his father's tall form loomed up suddenly before him right in front of the door.

"What you doing here?" he asked, sternly.

"Been buying a few things," said Jack.

"Let me see 'em," said his father.

Jack tremblingly opened his package.

"Where 'd you get the money?"

"With quails," said Jack, meekly.

His father fumbled over the things with his big, mittened hand, and said quite gently: "For the girls, I s'pose."

"Yes, sir," answered Jack, beginning to feel relieved.

"Well, run along home."

Jack was only too happy to do so. There was n't much sympathy between him and his father, nor, indeed, between his father and any of the family—that is, there did n't seem to be; but I guess the stream was frozen over, and only needed a few gleams of sunshine to make it bubble on, laughing and gurgling as in the best of hearts.



"'LET ME SEE 'EM,' SAID HIS FATHER."

Jack related his adventures to his mother in whispers, and hid the Christmas articles in the wash-boiler until such time as they should be wanted for certain small stockings. He told his mother how sorry he was not to have a present for

her, and that little speech went a long way toward making her happy. That night she sat up—I would n't dare tell you how late—making cookies,—something that had n't been in the house before that winter. She cut them out in all manner of shapes that feminine ingenuity and a case-knife could compass, not forgetting a bird for Janey, with a remarkably plump bill, and a little girl for Mary, with the toes turned out. She also made some balls of brown sugar (the Boyds never thought of such a luxury as white sugar), to make believe candy, for she did n't know Jack had bought any candy.

Now I am going to tell what Mr. Boyd did after he met Jack by the toy-store. He had gone to the village to have a "good time." That did n't mean, as it does with some men, to get tipsy; but it meant he was going to Munger's grocery, where he could meet people, and talk and joke, and keep warm.

Mr. Boyd had been chopping wood for a farmer, and had received his pay; but instead of going dutifully home and consulting with his wife about what he should buy, he was going to "look around" and see what Munger had. He was touched at the sight of Jack's poor little package of gifts, but I doubt if it would have made much impression on his mind if somebody had n't walked in to Munger's and asked in a brisk, loud voice: "Got any Brazil nuts, Munger?"

The man with the brisk voice bought I don't know how many quarts of Brazil nuts, and walnuts, and filberts, and almonds, with all the loungers looking on, very much interested in the spectacle. Then he bought raisins, and candy, and oranges, Mr. Munger growing more smiling every minute.

"Going to keep Christmas, I guess," said he, rubbing his hands together.

"That I am; 'Christmas comes but once a year,' and there are little folks up at our house who 've been looking for it with all their eyes for a fortnight."

Then he bought a bushel of apples, and, filling a peck measure with them, passed them around among the men who sat and stood about the stove.

"Take 'em home to your little folks if you don't want 'em," he said, when any one hesitated.

There were three or four apples apiece, and Mr. Boyd put all his in his pockets, with a slight feeling of Christmas warmth beginning to thaw his heart.

After this cheery purchaser had gone, some one asked: "Who is that chap?"

"He 's the new superintendent of the Orphant Asylum," answered Mr. Munger, rubbing his hands again; "and a mighty nice man he is, too. Pays for all them things out of his own pocket. Very fond of children. Always likes to see 'em happy."

There were two or three men around that stove who hung their heads, and Mr. Boyd was one of them. He hung his the lowest, perhaps because he had the longest neck. I don't know what the other men did,—something good and pleasant, I hope,—but Mr. Boyd thought and thought. First he thought how the "orphants" were going to have a brighter and merrier Christmas than his own children, who had both father and mother. Then he thought about sweet, patient little Janey, and quiet Mary, and generous Jack, who had taken so much pains to give pleasure to his sisters, and a great rush of shame filled his heart. Now, when Mr. Boyd was once thoroughly aroused, he was alive through the whole of his long frame. He thumped his knee with his fist, then arose and walked to the counter, where he dealt out rapid orders to the astonished grocer for nuts, candies and oranges; not in such large quantities, to be sure, as the "orphants'" friend had done, but generous enough for three children. And he bought a calico dress for his wife, a pair of shoes for each of the little girls, and a cap for Jack. That store contained everything, from grind-stones to slate-pencils, and from whale-oil to peppermint-drops. These purchases, together with some needful groceries, took all Mr. Boyd's money, except a few pennies, but a Christmas don't-care feeling pervaded his being, and he borrowed a bag, into which he stowed his goods, and set out for home.

It was a pretty heavy bagful, but its heaviness only made Mr. Boyd's heart the lighter. When he reached home, he stood the bag up in one corner, as if it held turnips, and said, "Don't meddle with that, children." Then he went out and spent the rest of the short day in chopping wood, which was very cheering to his wife. So many Sundays had dawned with just wood enough to cook breakfast, that Mrs. Boyd began to dread that day particularly, for her husband was almost sure to go right away after breakfast and spend the whole day at the neighbors' houses, while his own family shivered around a half-empty stove.

Mr. Boyd said never a word about the bag, and the unsuspecting household thought it contained corn or some other uninteresting vegetable, and paid little attention to it. It also stood there all the next day, and the children grew quite used to the sight of it.

Sunday went by quietly, and, to the surprise of all, Mr. Boyd stayed at home, making it his especial business to hold Janey on his lap, and keep the stove well filled with wood. Janey was n't feeling well that day, and this unusual attention to her made the family very kindly disposed toward their father, whom of late they had come to regard almost as an alien.

Jack, whose shoes were not yet worn out, went to Sunday-school, and after his return the winter day was soon gone. Then he began to fidget, and was very desirous that his mother should put the little girls to bed; while, strange to say, his father was desirous that the whole family should go to bed, except himself. In course of time the little girls were asleep in their trundle bed, with their little red stockings hanging behind the door. Mr. Boyd sat with his back to the door, so Jack slipped in his presents without his father's seeing him, and went to his cold bed upstairs.

"Aint you going to hang up your stocking, mother?" asked Mr. Boyd after Jack had gone.

Mrs. Boyd looked startled.

"Why, no," she answered, hesitatingly, not knowing whether the question was asked in irony or in earnest.

"You better," said Mr. Boyd, going to the bag in the corner, and beginning to untie the strings.

He laid out package after package on the floor. His wife knelt down by them in a maze of astonishment. Then, with a great deal of enjoyment, Mr. Boyd untied them one by one, showing candy, nuts, oranges, shoes, and all the rest, except the calico dress, which he kept out of sight.

Aladdin felt very fine when he found the cave-full of precious stones, but I don't believe he was much happier than Mrs. Boyd. Her eyes were so full of tears that there seemed to be about eight pairs of shoes, ten bags, and half a dozen Mr. Boyds; but she managed to lay hands on the real one, and him she embraced fervently. Then she brought out the cookies and sugar balls she had made, and said to her husband, in a very shame-faced way:

"See my poor presents; I did n't know the children would have anything nice, and I made these. I guess I wont put 'em in their stockings though, now."

But Mr. Boyd insisted on their going in with the other things, and I think they were prized by the children a little more dearly, if such a thing could be possible, than those which they called their "boughten" presents.

Now, I can't begin to describe the joyful time they had the next morning, and particularly, the utter astonishment of Jack, who did n't expect a thing, and had n't even hung up a stocking. When that devoted boy recognized one of his own gray socks crammed full of knobs and bunches, with a beautiful plush cap on top, he was almost out of his wits. Likewise, Mrs. Boyd's surprise was great at the discovery of her new dress. The little girls were too happy that day to do much else but count and arrange and re-arrange their delightful Christmas presents.

Mr. Boyd killed a chicken, and Jack contributed four quails which he had caught since market-day, and the festival of Christmas was kept with much hilarity by the Boyd family.

The neighbors, one by one, were surprised that Mr. Boyd had n't dropped in, as he usually did on Sundays and holidays. But Mr. Boyd was engaged elsewhere. And this was only the beginning of good days for that family, for, somehow, the Christmas feeling seemed to last through all the year with Mr. Boyd, and through many other years; and the little ball set rolling by Jack with his quail-traps, grew to be a mighty globe of happiness for the whole family.

LEFT OUT.

By A. G. W.

ONE day, St. Nicholas made a complaint:
"I think it 's quite plain why they call me a saint.
I wonder if any one happens to see
That nobody ever makes presents to me;
That I, who make presents to ever so many,
Am the only poor fellow who never gets any!"

MISS ALCOTT,

The Friend of Little Women and of Little Men.

By F. B. S.



Would the readers of St. Nicholas, who are all admirers of Miss Louisa Alcott, like to hear more than they now know about this kind friend of theirs, who has been giving them so much pleasure by her stories, and never writes so well as when she writes for boys and girls? Then, let me tell you something about her own family and childhood, and how she became the well-known writer that she is. She not only tells you pleasant stories about "little women" and "old-fashioned girls," "eight cousins," and children "under the lilacs,"—but she shows you how good it is to be generous and kind, to love others and not to be always caring and working for yourselves. And the way she can do this is by first being noble and unselfish herself. "Look into thine own heart and write," said a wise man to one who had asked how to make a book. And it is because Miss Alcott looks into her own heart and finds such kindly and beautiful wishes there that she has been able to write so many beautiful books. They tell the story of her life; but they tell many other stories also. So let me give you a few events and scenes in her life, by themselves.

Miss Alcott's father was the son of a farmer in Connecticut, and her mother was the daughter of a merchant in Boston. After growing up in a pretty, rural town, among hardy people who worked all day in the fields or the woods, and were not very rich, Mr. Alcott went down into Virginia and wandered about among the rich planters and the poor slaves who then lived there; selling the gentlemen and ladies such fine things as they would buy from his boxes,—for he was a traveling merchant, or peddler,—staying in their mansions sometimes, and sometimes in the cabins of the poor; reading all the books he could find in the great houses, and learning all that he could in other ways. Then, he went back to Connecticut and became a schoolmaster. So fond was he of children, and so well did he understand them, that his school soon became large and famous, and he was sent for to go and teach poor children in Boston. Miss May, the mother of Miss Alcott, was then a young lady in that city. She, too, was full of kind thoughts for children, the poor and the rich, and when she saw how well the young school-master understood his work, how much good he was seeking to do, and how well he loved her, why, Miss May consented to marry Mr. Alcott, and then they went away to Philadelphia together, where Mr. Alcott taught another school.

Close by Philadelphia, and now a part of that great city, is Germantown, a quiet and lovely village then, which had been settled many years before by Germans, for whom it was named, and by Quakers, such as came to Philadelphia with William Penn. Here Louisa May Alcott was born, and she spent the first two years of her life in Germantown and Philadelphia. Then, her father and mother went back to Boston, where Mr. Alcott taught a celebrated school in a fine large building called the Temple, close by Boston Common, and about this school an interesting book has been written, which, perhaps, you will some day read. The little Louisa did not go to it at first, because she was not old enough, but her father and mother taught her at home the same beautiful things which the older children learned in the Temple school. By and by people began to complain that Mr. Alcott was too gentle with his scholars, that he read to them from the New Testament too much, and talked with them about Jesus, when he should have been making them say their multiplication-table. So his school became unpopular, and all the more so because he would not refuse to teach a poor colored boy who wanted to be his pupil. The fathers and mothers of the white children were not willing to have a colored child in the same school with their darlings. So they took away their children, one after another, until, when Louisa Alcott was between six and seven years old, her father was left with only five pupils, Louisa and her two sisters ("Jo," "Beth" and "Meg"), one white boy, and the colored boy whom he would not send away. Mr. Alcott had depended for his support on the money which his pupils paid him, and now he became poor, and gave up his school.

There was a friend of Mr. Alcott's then living in Concord, not far from Boston,—a man of great wisdom and goodness, who had been very sad to see the noble Connecticut school-master so shabbily treated in Boston,—and he invited his friend to come and live in Concord. So Louisa went to that old country town with her father and mother when she was eight years old, and lived with them in a little cottage, where her father worked in the garden, or cut wood in the forest, while her mother kept the house and did the work of the cottage, aided by her three little girls. They were very poor, and worked hard; but they never forgot those who needed their help, and if a poor traveler came to the cottage door hungry, they gave him what they had, and cheered him on his journey. By and by, when Louisa was ten years old, they went to another country town not far off, named Harvard, where some friends of Mr. Alcott had bought a farm, on which they were all to live together, in a religious community, working with their hands, and not eating the flesh of slaughtered animals, but living on vegetable food, for this practice, they thought, made people more virtuous. Miss Alcott has written an amusing story about this, which she calls "Transcendental Wild Oats." When Louisa was twelve years old, and had a third sister ("Amy"), the family returned to Concord, and for three years occupied the house in which Mr. Hawthorne, who wrote the fine romances, afterward lived. There Mr. Alcott planted a fair garden, and built a summer-house near a brook for his children, where they spent many happy hours, and where, as I have heard, Miss Alcott first began to compose stories to amuse her sisters and other children of the neighborhood.

When she was almost sixteen, the family returned to Boston, and there Miss Alcott began to teach boys and girls their lessons. She had not been at school much herself, but she had been instructed by her father and mother. She had seen so much that was generous and good done by them that she had learned it is far better to have a kind heart and to do unselfish acts than to have riches or learning or fine clothes. So, mothers were glad to send her their children to be taught, and she earned money in this way for her own support.

But she did not like to teach so well as her father did, and thought that perhaps she could write stories and be paid for them, and earn more

money in that way. So she began to write stories. At first nobody would pay her any money for them, but she kept patiently at work, making better and better what she wrote, until in a few years she could earn a good sum by her pen. Then the great civil war came on, and Miss Alcott, like the rest of the people, wished to do something for her country. So she went to Washington as a nurse, and for some time she took care of the poor soldiers who came into the hospital wounded or sick, and she has written a little book about these soldiers which you may have read. But soon she grew ill herself from the labor and anxiety she had in the hospital, and almost died of typhoid fever; since when she has never been the robust, healthy young lady she was before, but was more or less an invalid while writing all those cheerful and entertaining books. And yet to that illness all her success as an author might perhaps be traced. Her "Hospital Sketches," first published in a Boston newspaper, became very popular, and made her name known all over the North. Then she wrote other books, encouraged by the reception given to this, and finally, in 1868, five years after she left the hospital in Washington, she published the first volume of "Little Women." From that day to this she has been constantly gaining in the public esteem, and now perhaps no lady in all the land stands higher. Several hundred thousand volumes of her books have been sold in this country, and probably as many more in England and other European countries.

Twenty years ago, Miss Alcott returned to Concord with her family, who have ever since resided there. It was there that most of her books were written, and many of her stories take that town for their starting-point. It was in Concord that "Beth" died, and there the "Little Men" now live. Miss Alcott herself has been two or three years in Europe since 1865, and has spent several winters in Boston or New York, but her summers are usually passed in Concord, where she lives with her father and mother in a picturesque old house, under a warm hill-side, with an orchard around it and a pine-wood on the hill-top behind. Two aged trees stand in front of the house, and in the rear is the studio of Miss May Alcott ("Amy"), who has become an artist of renown, and had a painting exhibited last spring in the great exhibition of pictures at Paris. Close by is another house, under the same hill-side, where Mr. Hawthorne lived and wrote several of his famous books, and it was along the old Lexington road in front of these ancient houses that the British Grenadiers marched and retreated on the day of the battle of Concord in April, 1775. Instead of soldiers marching with their plumed hats, you might have seen there last summer great plumes of asparagus waving in the field; instead of bayonets, the poles of grape-vines in ranks upon the hill; while loads of hay, of strawberries, pears and apples went jolting along the highway between hill and meadow.

The engraving shows you how Miss Alcott looks,—only you must recollect that it does not flatter her; and if you should see her, you would like her face much better than the picture of it. She has large, dark-blue eyes, brown clustering hair, a firm but smiling mouth, a noble head, and a tall and stately presence, as becomes one who is descended from the Mays, Quincys and Sewalls, of Massachusetts, and the Alcotts and Bronsons of Connecticut. From them she has inherited the best New England traits,—courage and independence without pride, a just and compassionate spirit, strongly domestic habits, good sense, and a warm heart. In her books you perceive these qualities, do you not? and notice, too, the vigor of her fancy, the flowing humor that makes her stories now droll and now pathetic, a keen eye for character, and the most cheerful tone of mind. From the hard experiences of life she has drawn lessons of patience and love, and now with her, as the apostle says, "abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." There have been men, and some women too, who could practice well the heavenly virtue of charity toward the world at large, and with a general atmospheric effect, but could not always bring it down to earth, and train it in the homely, crooked paths of household care. But those who have seen Miss Alcott at home know that such is not her practice. In the last summer, as for years before, the citizen or the visitor who walked the Concord streets might have seen this admired woman doing errands for her father, mother, sister, or nephews, and as attentive to the comfort of her family as if she were only their housekeeper. In the sick-room she has been their nurse, in the excursion their guide, in the evening amusements their companion and entertainer. Her good fortune has been theirs, and she has denied herself other pleasures for the satisfaction of giving comfort and pleasure to them.

"So did she travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet her heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

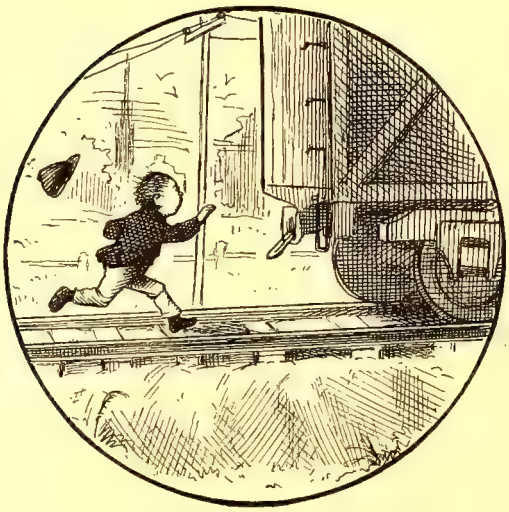
THE BOY WHO JUMPED ON TRAINS.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

THERE was a boy whose name was Dunn,
And he was one
As full of fun
As any boy could walk or run!

His cheeks were plump, his eyes were bright,
He stepped as light
As a camel might,
And bounced and played from morn till night.

And whether he was here or there,
His parents' care—
Unseen like air—
Followed and held him everywhere.



"HE WOULD JUMP ON THE CARS TO RIDE."

He really was their joy and pride—
Was good beside;
But woe betide—
He *would* jump on the cars to ride!

There, hanging to a brake or step,
Tight hold he kept,
And onward swept,
Yelling with all his might, "Git-tep!"

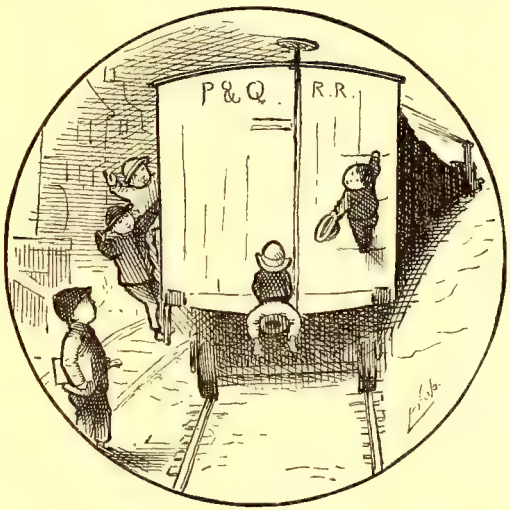
Dunn's father learned that he did so,
And told him to
Decline to go
Where trains were running to and fro.

As for his mother, she turned white,
And gasped with fright
To think Dunn might
Come home a pancake some fine night!



"HIS FATHER'S STERN COMMAND."

But his relations often said,
With shaking head,
That boy was led
To have his way if 't killed him dead!



"THE FREIGHT-CARS DECKED WITH BOYS DID SLIDE."

And sure enough when school was out,
And boys about
The trains flocked out,
Dunn followed too, with plunge and shout.

He did not mean to grab a ride,
But by his side,
With tempting glide,
The freight-cars decked with boys did slide!

Where was his father's stern command?
Out went his hand;
He gained a stand—
At least he *planned* to gain a stand!

What is it? Crash! His head is blind!
That wheel behind—
He hears it grind!
And he is paralyzed in mind!

On cork and crutches now goes Dunn!
Whole boys may run—
Grab rides for fun—
But, as I said, *this* boy is *Dunn!*"

THE TOWER-MOUNTAIN.

BY GUSTAVUS FRANKENSTEIN.

I.

MANY years ago, I was roving in a land strange and wonderful to me. It was a tropical country, and I was wandering alone among the grand scenery of the mountains, and the luxuriant vegetation of the hill-sides and valleys.

I had with me but few implements, and these, such as were light and easy to carry. A hunting-knife, a small hatchet, a canteen and a few marching necessaries made up my kit.

One day while rambling about, living on the bountiful supplies of fruit nature provides in that charming region, I came to a deep lake surrounded by steep hills. On the opposite side of this lake I could see a narrow gap or cleft, which seemed to lead to the higher ground. I therefore made a raft,—not without considerable trouble,—and paddled it across the lake. I found the gap quite narrow at its entrance, but it soon became wider, while far forward, at the end of the chasm, there appeared to be a series of rude steps.

I fastened the raft to the rock, in doing which I had the ill luck to drop my hatchet into the deep water, and, notwithstanding the evil omen, made my way into the crevice. I passed over the rough bottom of the chasm until I came to the steps; these I ascended. At a height of about a hundred feet I came to a wall of rock, the top of which I could just reach with the ends of my fingers. By a great effort, I got a good hold of the edge of the rock, and drew myself up.

When I stood at last upon the upper ground, I saw before me the most beautiful trees and flowers I had yet met with. On either side the rocks retreated and rose steeply to the summits I had partially seen from the lake below. As I passed on and surveyed the plateau, I found it to be a valley about a mile in diameter, encompassed by precipices more or less abrupt. With but little trouble I found a place of easy ascent, and soon climbed to the top of the rocky wall.

The delight I now experienced surpassed everything I had ever known. Spread out before me, as I stood upon an eminence somewhat above the general level, was a vast expanse overflowing with vegetation and extending for miles in every direction, whilst all round about rose the mighty domes and pinnacles of snow-clad mountains. I stood in the midst of the sublimest mountain scenery in the world. I could look down upon the beautiful lake, and up at the giant peaks, and all about me upon the fruitful verdure, whilst the atmosphere was

charged with delightful odors, and a pleasant breeze tempered the sweet warm air.

As here was a delightful climate, fruit in abundance, and scenery soul-exalting, of whose glory one could never grow tired, I felt rather pleased with the thought "Why not stay here? Why not remain in this beautiful place as long as circumstances will permit?"

All nature seemed here so lovely that I resolved to wander no further.

While gazing around at all this grandeur and beauty, my attention was particularly drawn to a group of lofty peaks which rose in the midst of this smiling garden. The sides of the towering eminences seemed almost perpendicular, and they were about three or four thousand feet high.

I soon gave up all hope of ever reaching the top, but in examining the rock I found at its base a great cavern, so high and wide that a very large building might have stood in it, with plenty of room to spare. The sides and roof sparkled with crystals of all hues, and were singularly and picturesquely variegated with differently colored veins running through them; and, as the cave opened toward the east, with a large clear space in front of it, nothing could have been more splendid than when the morning sun shone full into the vast chamber and lighted it up with dazzling brilliancy.

In that chamber I made my humble home.

Near one of the streams that flowed over the precipice into the lake, grew several species of very tall grasses, with great bushy heads of long silky fibers that adorned and protected their flowers and fruit. Of these fine strong threads I made a hammock, which I suspended from a strong frame bound together with these tough fibers, placing it a few feet back from the mouth of the cavern. Thus, I had an excellent bed, and if I should need covering there were plenty of palm-leaves at hand for the purpose. But in that torrid climate there was little need of extra protection; the air of the cavern was of just that delightful coolness which refreshes but does not chill.

Now, imagine me waking in the morning just as the dawn tinted the rosy east, refreshed with sweet slumbers and rejoicing to behold the light, rocking myself gently in my pretty hammock, and hailing the uprising sun with a merry song,—and would you not suppose there was one happy man in this great world?

While the day was yet young I would take a bath in the clear, soft water of a little stream near by. Then, when all was sparkling and bright in my humble house, I would partake with keen appetite of the precious fruits of my unlimited and self-producing garden.

In the neighboring streams were many kinds of fishes, some of which I knew to be very good eating, and I could have caught and eaten as many birds as I wished; but the fruits and nuts were so plentiful, and of so many different sorts, that I cared for, and, indeed, needed, no other kind of food.

Thus, several months passed away, and I was not weary of this paradise. There was enough to occupy my mind in the examination of the structure and mode of growth of a vast number of species of plants. Their flowering, their fruitage, and their decay offered a boundless field for thought, and kept up a never-flagging interest.

For the first four months the sun traced his course through the heavens to the north of me; I knew, therefore, that I was almost immediately under the equator. For several days at the end of the four months, the sun rose directly in the east, passing through the sky in a line dividing it almost exactly into halves north and south. After that, for six months, I had the great luminary to the south of me.

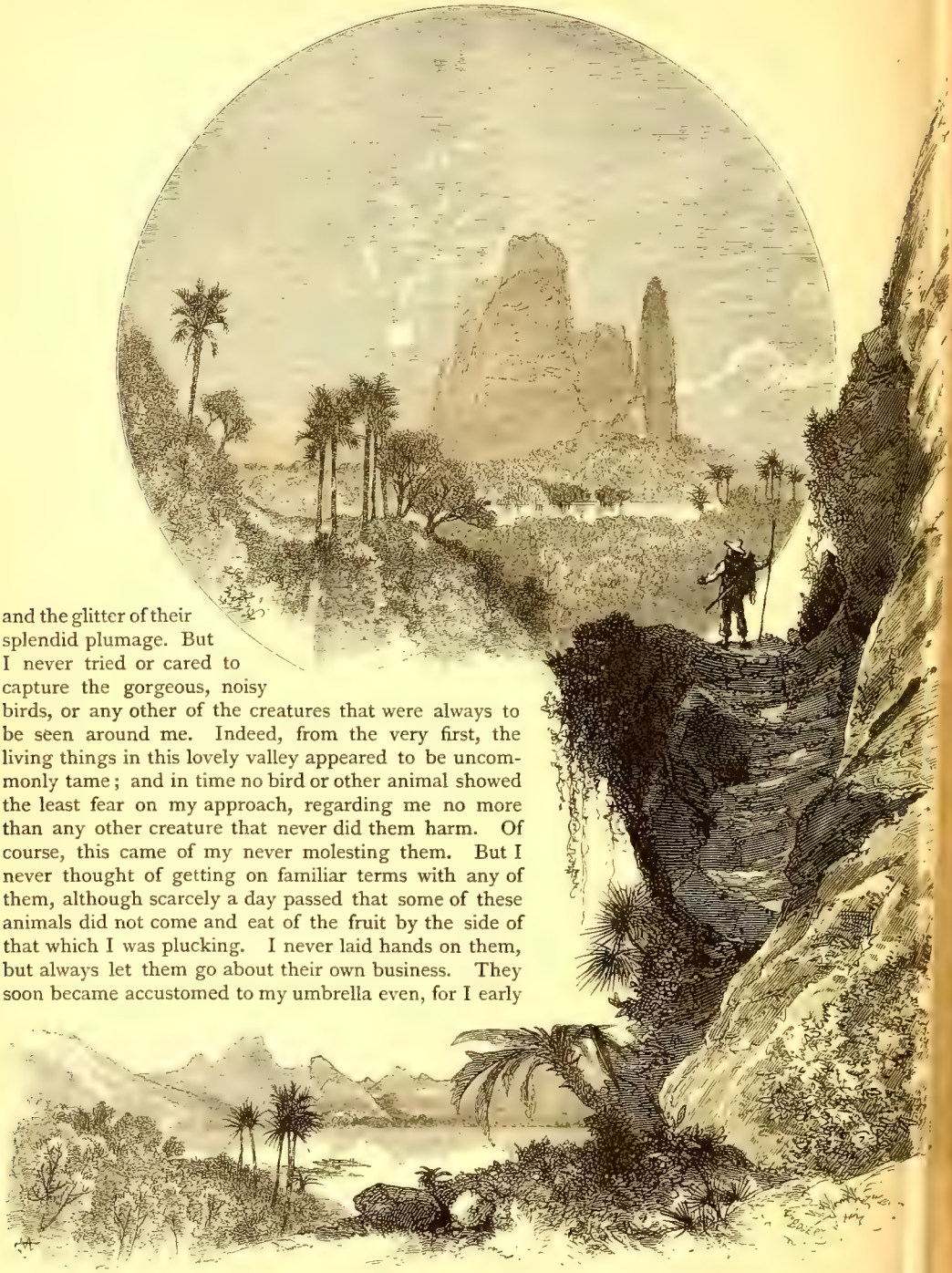
In all this time there was but little change in the weather. A short period without rain was the exception. Otherwise, the mornings and evenings were invariably clear, with a refreshing rain of about two hours' duration in the middle of the day. In the afternoon the sun was, of course, away from my cavern, shining upon the opposite side of the mountain of solid rock, which rendered my abode delightfully cool in the greatest heat of the day. Toward the end of the short dry period, magnificent thunder-showers passed over my domain. Nothing could be more glorious than these electrical displays of an equatorial sky, as I sat snug and safe within the rocky shelter. The heaviest shower could not wet me, the water without ran with a swift descent, from the cave, and over the precipice into the lake below. It was not likely that the lightning would take the trouble to creep in under the rock and there find me out. And as for the thunder, I was not in the least afraid of it, but gloried in its loud peals and distant reverberations among the encompassing mountains.

It was during the violence of one of these tempests that a parrot flew into my comfortable quarters.

"Hallo! my fine fellow!" said I. "Where do you come from, and what do you want here?"

It flew about the room looking for a place to perch, trying to find a footing against the wall, slipping down, and flying up again.

I left it free to find its own roosting-place, or fly out of the cavern, as it liked. I had seen a few parrots of the same kind, outside in my garden, had heard them chattering and shrieking amidst the foliage, and had always been very much amused with their odd ways, and pleased with the brilliance



and the glitter of their splendid plumage. But I never tried or cared to capture the gorgeous, noisy birds, or any other of the creatures that were always to be seen around me. Indeed, from the very first, the living things in this lovely valley appeared to be uncommonly tame; and in time no bird or other animal showed the least fear on my approach, regarding me no more than any other creature that never did them harm. Of course, this came of my never molesting them. But I never thought of getting on familiar terms with any of them, although scarcely a day passed that some of these animals did not come and eat of the fruit by the side of that which I was plucking. I never laid hands on them, but always let them go about their own business. They soon became accustomed to my umbrella even, for I early

THE VIEW FROM THE LEDGE.

made one of these necessities of a torrid climate; and although at first when I had occasion to walk the sun my appearance shaded by the portable roof caused unusual chattering and commotion, I speed

took on a familiar look to them. In the same way I became an object of curiosity when I plucked a leaf and made of it a cup to drink from. But at length all signs of strangeness vanished, and there even came to be a kind of friendship between us.

I therefore concerned myself no more about the parrot, thinking that, of course, as soon as the rain should stop, the bird would fly away.

I had made a small table of three slabs of rock, where I frequently placed fruits, nuts, roots and the like, that I might have in case I should feel hungry when in my house, and yet not care to eat the fruit directly from the plant, which I most generally preferred. Of course, too, it was always desirable to have provisions on hand when it rained.

The next morning, when I awoke, the rain was still descending, for it was just at this time that it rained for three or four days together.

I always had a healthy relish for the good things of this world, and, as there was no rosy dawn to look at, my eyes immediately went in search of the breakfast-table.

"What!" I exclaimed; and I sat upright in my hammock.

There was the parrot on the table.

I eyed him for some time, and then I cried out:

"You little thief! Stealing my food, are you?"

The parrot sat there, but said never a word. He merely raised one of his claws and sleeked up the feathers on the back of his neck, in the way his family know so well. Then, raising the feathers of his crest, he gave utterance to a very faint shriek.

"Get out of this, you rascal!" I cried, and immediately got up and went toward him with the purpose of putting him out.

I approached the table very rapidly, expecting that the bird would fly away. But he remained motionless. I was about to lay rude hands on him, but I desisted.

"Why do violence to the creature? Why mar the serenity of this peaceful vale?" I said to myself. "And why make such ado about a little fruit when there is abundance on every hand?"

Happening just then to glance at the fruit, it seemed to me that it had not been disturbed.

I examined it more closely, and began to feel I had done the parrot great injustice. There it lay, just as I had left it the night before; there was no evidence whatever of its having been picked at, and I came to the comforting conclusion that the handsome bird had broken no moral law.

The parrot rose greatly in my esteem at this happy discovery.

"Friend Parrot," said I, "I beg pardon for having so rashly jumped to the conclusion that you had been guilty of theft. I believe that you have touched nothing of the things which belong to me. Indeed, I am sure that you have not. That you have so scrupulously regarded the rights of property is to me the source of infinite gratification, and fills me with the highest admiration of your character. To show you that I am disinclined to let virtue go unrewarded, I accord you my permission to stay here while I am eating my breakfast, and when I have finished, you too may eat some, if you like."

Then, having arranged my toilet, I began to partake of the good things that lay on the table, the parrot all the while looking at me with lively interest. I could not help being amused at his significant performances. He turned his knowing head one way, and then another, now sidewise toward the fruits, and then obliquely up at me, as I sat enjoying the repast, enlivening his gestures with gentle prattle, and yet never making a single demonstration in the direction of my food. He put me in such good humor that I was impelled to say to him:

"Friend Parrot, I don't mind being sociable; and if you are inclined to do me the favor of honoring me with your company, I most respectfully invite you to partake of this humble collation." And, taking up one of the choicest nuts in the collection, I handed it to him forthwith.

He took it promptly, and proceeded to crack and munch it in regular parrot fashion.

"You must excuse me," I resumed, "that my viands are not of the choicest cooking, and that I have no servants to wait upon my highly esteemed guest, and that there are no silver knives and forks and spoons to eat with in the latest civilized style, but I have rid myself of all those things, and am glad of it."

The parrot nodded his head approvingly, as much as to say, "Right, quite right."

The poor bird was very hungry, and I let him eat his fill.

Breakfast over, my guest flew upon my shoulder and was disposed to be affectionate. He delicately pecked at my lips, drew his bill gently across my cheeks, and pulled my hair with his claws.

"Come, come! friend Parrot, none of your soft billing and cooing. Leave that to women and children."

So I gave my friend politely to understand that I did not care for such pretty endearments; and, soon comprehending the force of my objection, he very sensibly desisted from bestowing further attention upon me, and thenceforth kept his handsome person reasonably aloof.

I entertained my friend two days, during which I gave him much valuable advice, and, which was more to the purpose and perhaps better appreciated, plenty to eat.

On the morning of the third day, the sun rose in all his beauty again, and I fully expected the bird would fly away. He was in no hurry to go, however. I went out, wandered about, and toward noon returned home. Still the parrot was there. So it was the next day, and the next. I did not want to resort to force and drive him away.

Finally I said to him one day:

"Friend Parrot; since I see you are in no hurry to leave my humble home, and that it evidently grieves you to lose the pleasure of my society, I shall not eject you forcibly from the premises. Stay, therefore, as long as it shall please you. I will share with you food, and shelter from the sun and rain. And whenever you grow weary of this my society, tired of this plain habitation, or disgusted generally with civilization, and wish to return to the freedom of savage life, you are at liberty to go. 'T is a large door, always open, out of which you can fly; and when you are gone I shall shed no tears over your departure."

The bird seemed really to comprehend the drift of my discourse, and from that time forward we lived upon the most intimate terms, which, however, never passed the bounds of mutual respect.

Now, if we were to live in such close ties of friendship, it was necessary that my friend should have a name, and that he, too, should be able to address me by mine. The title, "Friend Parrot," was rather too formal, and his screeching at me in some unmeaning way every time he wanted me could not for long be tolerated.

So, "Mr. Parrot," said I, "you are Mr. Parrot no longer. Your name is 'Pippity.'"

He soon learned his new name, and then said I:

"Pippity! my name is 'Frank.'"

It was incredible how rapidly he learned mine.

"Further, Pippity," I continued, "you must learn the names of the things round about us."

Instruction began at once. For several days he had to be told the names of things many times before he was able to repeat them correctly; but after that, and apparently all of a sudden, he seemed to have caught a bright idea and to thoroughly understand my method of teaching.

From that time on, when the name of a thing was made plain to him, he seemed to grasp it immediately and never forgot it. This expedited matters wonderfully, for I liked to talk to him and observe his efforts to repeat what I said, so there was ample conversation, though somewhat one-sided, going on in our ancient dwelling. I marveled at the parrot's extraordinary power; but what astonished me above all was his wonderful memory, and his unlimited capacity for taking in new ideas. Sometimes I would ask him, after an interval of weeks, some name of a thing I had taught him, and the answer was invariably correct. On such occasions I would say to him:

"Pippity, what 's that?"

He would tell me immediately; and I laughed outright when, one day, as we were strolling through the forest, I stumbled over a stone, and the parrot, perching on it, pecked it with his bill, and then, looking up at me askance, asked:

"What 's that?"

That was a phrase I had unwittingly taught him. And now I began more than ever to perceive his extraordinary genius.

Thenceforth it was "What 's that?" and "What 's that?" and actually the fellow wanted to learn more quickly than I could teach.

Once, after this intelligent bird had been with me for some months, we were sitting quietly in our domicile, shaded from the afternoon sun by our lofty rock-built palace, enjoying the beauties of creation, when all at once he broke out in his clear, melodious voice:

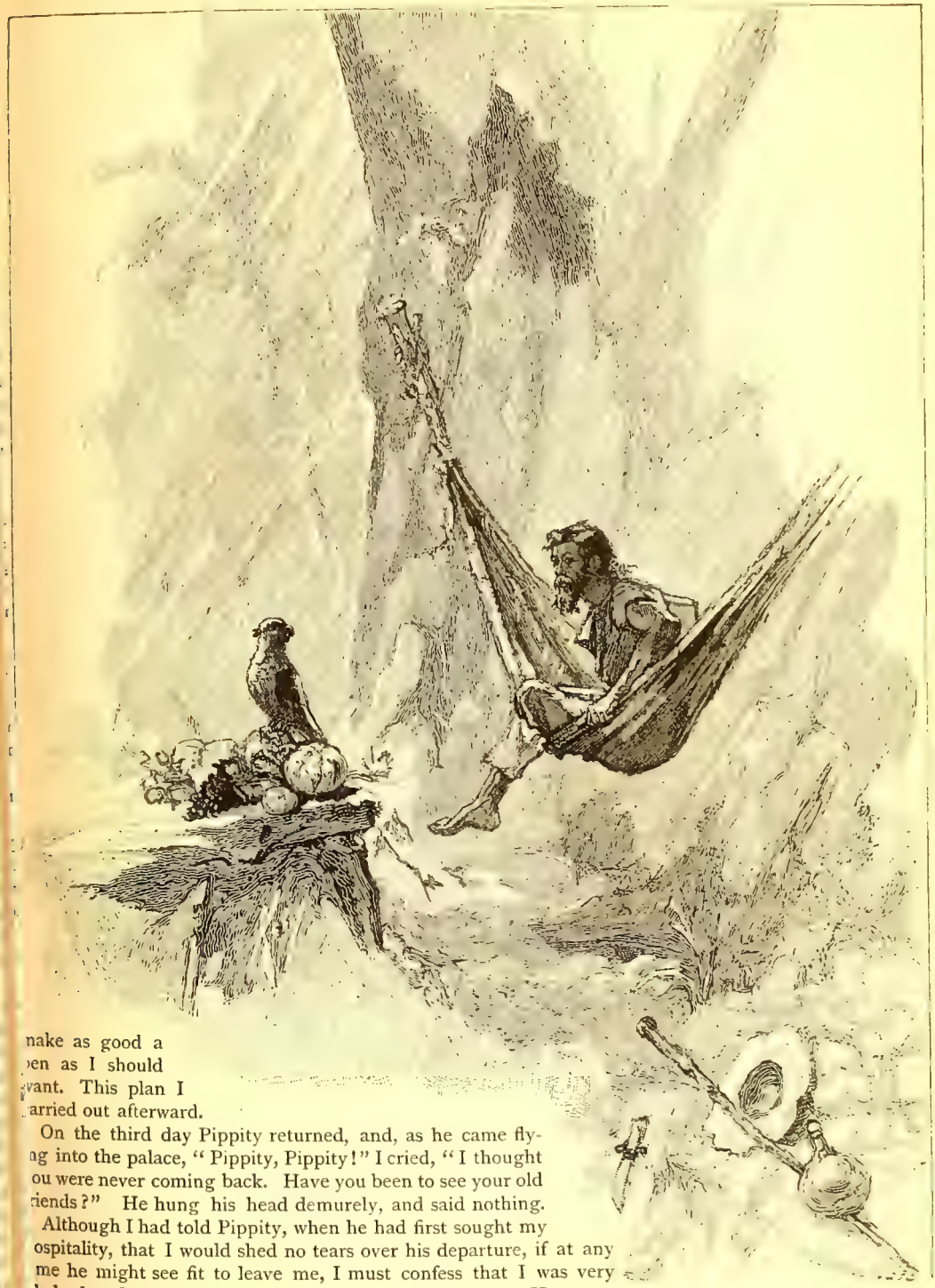
"Tell me something new!"

I looked at him in amazement. I had never taught him to say that; but undoubtedly he must have heard me say, at some time or other, "Pippity, now I will tell you something new." Yet how the bird had managed to turn the phrase grammatically to himself puzzled me not a little.

However, I soon began to teach him something else that was new, for I had been thinking that it was time that he should learn the names of the plants,—at least of the most interesting and useful. So it was not long before Pippity had a fair acquaintance with botany.

Nearly a year had now rolled round, when one day Pippity was missing. What could have happened to him? Had he grown tired of my society? Did he begin to think that, after all, savage freedom was to be preferred to dull, systematic civilization? Had he come to the conclusion that much learning is, at best, but vanity? Did he want to go babbling again in chaotic gibberish rather than to talk smoothly by rote?

Two days passed, in which to drive away any natural feeling of loneliness at the parrot's absence I set down notes as concisely as possible of what had occurred to me so far. For this purpose I used the point of my knife and thin slabs of mica, wishing to save the small stock of memorandum paper in my note-book and journals as much as I could. At other times I had used bark and similar things to write on, but the mica was more durable and more easily stowed away. It was my intention to make a still more condensed series of notes on the paper I had by me, whenever I should feel like undertaking the task. The juice of berries would serve for ink, and a feather or light reed would



nake as good a
en as I should
vant. This plan I
arried out afterward.

On the third day Pippity returned, and, as he came flying into the palace, "Pippity, Pippity!" I cried, "I thought ou were never coming back. Have you been to see your old riends?" He hung his head demurely, and said nothing.

Although I had told Pippity, when he had first sought my ospitality, that I would shed no tears over his departure, if at any me he might see fit to leave me, I must confess that I was very lad when he came back. His society was agreeable. He was a

good listener, and he was by no means an idler, as far as that kind of honorable work is concerned which consists in keeping body and soul together. For example, strolling through our fertile garden, if I should happen to see some fine fruit high on a tree, Pippity would fly up to it at my bidding, and, cutting its stem with his bill, would quickly bring it to the ground.

"Pippity," I would say, "do you see that extra fine bunch of bananas up there? Now, do you go up and cut the stalk, while I stand below and catch the luscious treasure on this soft bed of leaves."

And, before I would be done speaking, Pippity would already be pretty well advanced with his work. For getting nuts, and such fruit as it was desirable to take carefully from plants at great heights, his services were invaluable.

It is a remarkable fact that, although we had such an abundance of tropical fruits, as well as a large proportion of temperate productions, on our domain, the cocoa-nut was not one of them. I remembered that, in coming up from the lake, I had seen large numbers of cocoa-nut trees growing on the small flat at which I first arrived about nine hundred feet below the level of our palace plateau.

It would be an agreeable diversion, I thought, to go down there and get some of those nuts, and it undoubtedly would be quite a treat to Pippity to share them with me.

"So," said I, "Pippity, I am going down this narrow gorge to the lake; cocoa-nuts grow there, and I mean that you and I shall have some. Keep house while I am gone. I shall start with the first peep of dawn, while it is cool, and be back some time in the afternoon."

I had made some baskets, in which we hung up the fruit we gathered. One of these I took, and went down the declivity. I soon filled the basket with good cocoa-nuts, saw plenty of monkeys, and was much amused at their lively antics, and at their astonishment at seeing one so much like them, and yet so different. I then returned—not, however, without being obliged to throw away quite a number of the nuts before reaching the top, in order to lessen the burden, which was light enough at first, but which seemed to grow heavier and heavier as I proceeded.

As soon as Pippity saw me, he cried out:

"Cocoa-nuts! Cocoa-nuts!"

We relished them so much that I went down after them quite often, always leaving Pippity at home to mind the house.

On one occasion, while I was gathering these nuts, I was startled by a loud shrieking not far off, and, looking in the direction of the noise, I saw that there was a great commotion among the monkeys—about a hundred of them squealing and yelling and gesticulating at once. It was on the ground, where the monkey-crowd swayed to and fro like any civilized mob. I ran up to see what the fracas was about, but not without some misgiving as to the risk of meddling in other people's business

(To be continued.)

SINGING PINS.

By Harlan H. Ballard.

It has been said, you know, that all the millions of pins which are lost every year are picked up by fairies and hammered out on elfin anvils into notes of music. There are some who say that this statement must be received with caution, although they admit that the half and quarter notes do bear a very singular resemblance to pins.

I confess that I shared the doubts of this latter class of persons until a few evenings since; for although I knew well enough that pins were bright and sharp enough in their way, I never had been able to discover one of a musical turn of mind.

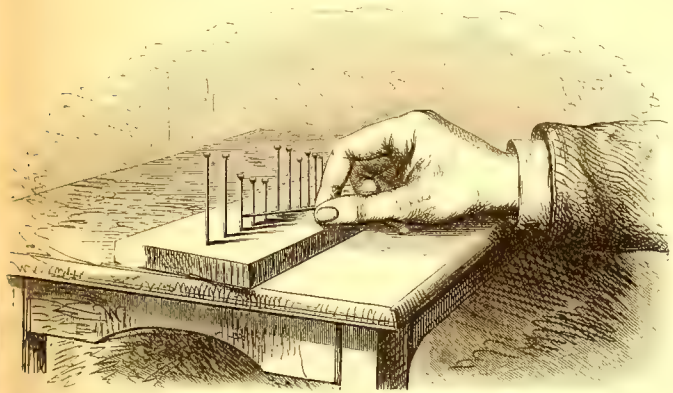
But having on a certain evening heard a choir of pins singing "Yankee Doodle" till you would have thought that their heads must ache forever after, hereby withdraw all my objections, and express m decided opinion that the above-named theory the future life of pins is fully as accurate as a other with which I am acquainted.

The chorus of pins who were singing "Yank Doodle" were standing at the time on a piece pine-board, and were evidently very much stuck u

One of their number, however, when asked they were not rather too self-important, bent h head quickly downward, and replied that could n't see the point, which was exceeding brassy for a pin.

They looked for all the world as if they were

line of music which, impatient of being forever kept under key and behind bars, had revolted under the leadership of an intrepid staff-officer,



TUNING THE PINS.

and marched right out of Sister Mary's instruction-book.

Indeed, from a remark which the staff-officer let fall, to the effect that if they did not all see sharp they would soon be flat again, nothing else would be natural than to accept that supposition as the truth.

Pins they were of all papers and polish.

They were not ranged according to height, as good soldiers should be, nor did they all stand erect, but each seemed bent on having his own way.

Their heads varied greatly from an even line, and on the whole they looked far more like the notes of music which they had been, than like the orderly row of singing-pins which they aspired to be. They had a scaly appearance.

My small brother had assumed the management of this curious chorus, and I was much amused at the manner in which he drilled them. For he coolly picked up the splendid staff-officer by his head and poked the first bass with his point, as if to say, "Time—sing!" Whereupon that pin set up a deep, twanging growl, to express his disapprobation of that method of drill.

In like manner did my brother treat each of the pins in succession. Then it appeared that each had a different voice, and was capable of producing but one sound. Moreover, they had been so arranged that, as they uttered each one his peculiar note, the sounds followed each other in such a manner as to produce the lively and patriotic air of "Yankee Doodle." This was very wonderful and pleasing.

"Well, Johnny," said I, as soon as I could stop laughing, "that's pretty good. Where did you pick that up?"

"Oh, a feller told me," said he. "'T aint nothing to do. All there is of it is to get a tune in your head, and then drive a pin down in a board, and keep a-driving, and trying it till it sounds like the first note in the tune. Then stick up another for the second note, and so on."

"How can you raise a pin to a higher note?" said I.

"Hammer her down farther," said he.

"And to make a lower note?" I asked.

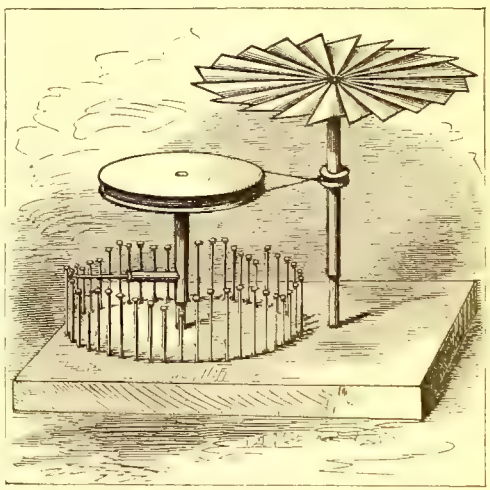
"Pull her up a little," said he.

"How do you manage the time?"

"Oh, when you want to go slow, you put the pins a good ways apart; and when you want to go fast, you plant 'em thicker."

The next day I found that this ridiculous brother of mine had set up a pin-organ in a circular form. He had made one of those little whirligigs which spin around when they are held over the register or by a stove-pipe, and then had connected it by a string with a wheel. This wheel, as it turned, set an upright shaft in motion, and from this there projected a stick armed at the end with a pin. This was arranged, as is shown in the cut, so that when it revolved, the pin in the stick played upon the pins in the circle, and rattled off the "Mulligan Guards" at a tremendous pace.

Johnny says that he invented the circular arrangement, and that all the boys he knows are



THE PIN-ORGAN.

making these pin-organs for themselves, which I am not at all surprised to hear.

ABOUT THE PORPOISES.

By J. D.

THE porpoise is a long, sleek fish without scales, black on the back, and white and gray beneath. He is from four to ten feet in length, and his sociability and good-nature are proverbial among seamen of all nations.

A porpoise is rarely seen alone, and if he by chance wanders from his friends, he acts in a very bewildered and foolish manner, and will gladly follow a steamer at full speed rather than be left alone. He is a very inquisitive fish, and is always thrusting his funny-looking snout into every nook that promises diversion or sport.

A very familiar spectacle at sea is a school of porpoises—or "porpusses," as the sailors call them. As soon as a school catches sight of a ship, they immediately make a frantic rush for it, as if their life depended upon giving it a speedy welcome. After diving under the vessel a few times to inspect it and try its speed, they take their station under the bows, just ahead, and proceed to cut up every antic that a fish is capable of. They jump, turn over, play "leap-frog" and "tag" in the most approved fashion. Their favorite antic is to dive a few feet and then come to the surface, showing their backs in a half circle, and then, making a sound like a long-drawn sigh, disappear again. Sailors call them "sea-clowns," and never allow them to be harmed.

They are met with in schools of from two or three to thousands. They often get embayed in the inlets and shallow rivers which their curiosity leads them to investigate. A porpoise once came in the Harlem River and wandered up and down for a week seeking a way out. One day he suddenly made his appearance amid some bathers and scattered them by his gambols.

When they change their feeding-places, the sea is covered for acres with a tumultuous multitude of these "sea-clowns," all swimming along in the same direction.

When one of these droves is going against the wind (or to windward), their plungings throw up little jets of water, which, being multiplied by thousands of fish, present a very curious appearance.



A SCHOOL OF PORPOISES.

THE WILD WIND.

By Clara W. Raymond.

Oh, the wind came howling at our house-door,
Like a maddened fiend set free;
He pushed and struggled with gasp and roar,
For an angry wind was he!

He dashed snow-wreaths at our window-panes,
The casements rattled and creaked;
Then up he climbed to the chimney tops,
And down through the flues he shrieked.

He found Jack's sled by the garden fence,
And tumbled it down in his spite;
And heaped the snow till he covered it up,
And hid it from poor Jack's sight.

He tore down the lattice and broke the house
Ned built for the birds last week;
And he bent the branches and bowed the trees,
Then rushed off fresh wrath to wreak.

And oh! how he frightened poor little Nell,
And made her tremble and weep,
Till mother came up and soothed the wee maid,
And lulled her with songs to sleep!

Her tiny hand nestled, content and still,
In her mother's, so soft and warm;
While with magical power of low, sweet tones
The mother-love hushed the storm.

THE MAGICIAN AND HIS BEE.

By P. F.

It was a spelling bee. The magician had never had one, but he thought it was better late than never, and so he sent word around that he would have his bee just outside of the town, on the green grass. Everybody came, because they had to. When the magician said they must do a thing, there was no help for it. So they all marched in a long procession, the magician at the head with his dictionary open at the "bee" page. Every now and then he turned around and waved his wand, so as to keep the musicians in good time. The cock-of-the-walk led the band and he played on his own bill, which had holes in it, like a flute. The rabbit beat the drum, and the pig blew the horn, while old Mother Clink, who was mustered in to make up the quartette, was obliged to play on the coffee-mill, because she understood no other instrument.

The king came, with his three body-guards marching in front. The first guard was a wild savage with bare legs, and a gnat stung him on the knee, which made the second guard laugh so much that the third one who carried the candles had a chance to eat a penny-dip, without any person seeing him. The king rode in his chariot, drawn by two wasps. He was a very warm gentleman, and not only carried a parasol to keep off the sun, but the head ninny-hammer squirted water on the small of his back to keep him cool.

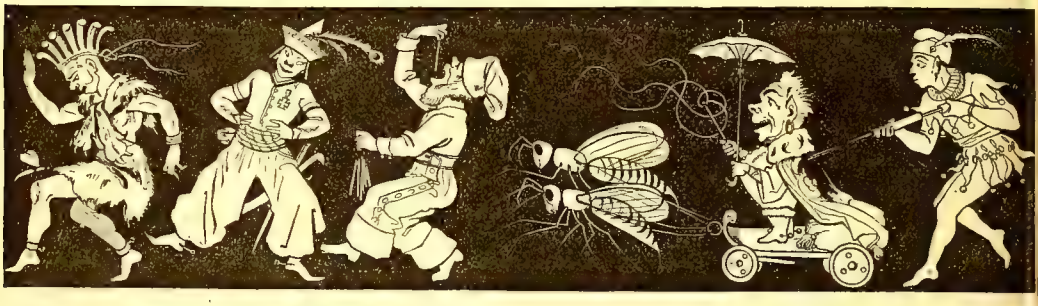
The court tailor rode on a goat, and he carried his shears and the goose he ironed with. He balanced himself pretty well until a bird sat on his queue, and that bent him over backward so that he nearly fell off.

The queen also came; she was bigger than the king and had to have cats to draw her chariot. The cats fought a good deal, but the driver, who was a mouse, managed to get them along. The footman was also a mouse, and the queen had two pet mice that sat at her feet or played with her scepter. After the queen came the chief jumping jack, who did funny tricks with bottles as he danced along.

Then came the ladies of the court. They sat in nautilus shells, which were each borne by two bearers. The first shell went along nicely, but the men who carried the second were lazy and the lady beat them with a hair-brush. As for the bearers of the last shell, they had a fight and took their poles to beat each other, leaving their shell, with



the lady in it, on the ground. She did n't mind, for she thought that if they went off and left her, she would n't have to do any spelling. So she



stayed in her shell and smiled very contentedly.

The town bell-man walked along in grand state ringing his bell, and the cock-who-could-n't-walk



rode on a wheelbarrow and crowed by note. The old ram wheeled the barrow, in which was also a basket containing the hen and chickens. The



smallest chicken tried to crow in tune with his father, but nobody could hear whether he crowed right or wrong—and what is more, nobody cared.

The monkey did n't walk, but was carried in a bucket by a mountaineer, and he blew peas through a tube at the palace steward who was having his hair combed by the court barber. It was so lat that the barber had to hurry, and so he used a rak instead of a comb. The steward did not like this



but there was so little time that nothing else could be done, for the procession was already moving.

There was a lion who lived at the Town-hall.



He was very wise, and his business was to bite criminals. When he heard about the bee he thought he would have to go, but the moment he showed himself in the street all the relatives of the criminals got after him. The wasps stung him, a game-cock pecked at him, a beetle nipped him, a dog barked at him, an old woman ran after him with a broom, a wooden-legged soldier pursued him with a sword, a rat gave chase to him, while a rabbit took down his shot-gun and cried out, fiercely, that he would blow the top of that old lion's head off, if he could only get a fair crack at him.



Two of the liveliest animals in the town were the donkey and the old cow. They went to the bee, but they danced along as if they did n't care at all



whether they spelled cat with a *c* or a *k*. They each had two partners. The donkey had two regular danseuses, but the cow had to content herself with the court librarian and the apothecary.

Out in the green grass where the company assembled there were a lot of grasshoppers and little gnats. The grasshoppers said to each other, "We can't put letters together to make words, so let us dance for a spell," which they did,—all but one poor young creature who had no partner, and who sat sorrowfully on one side, while the others skipped gayly about.

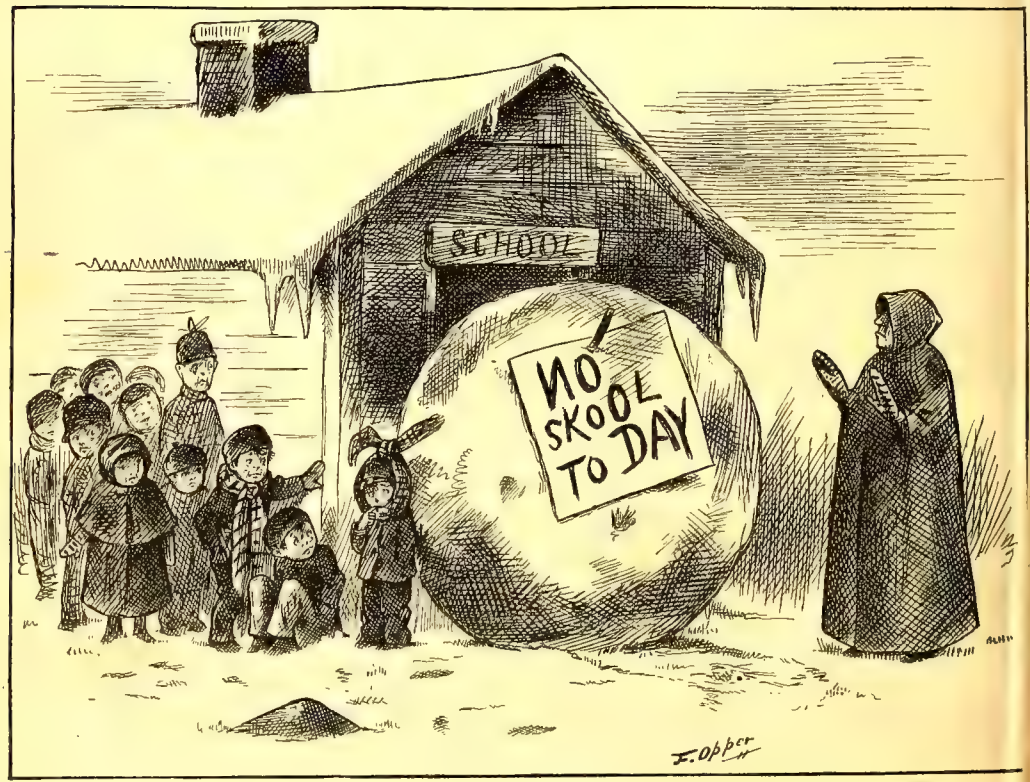
As soon as the people and the chickens and donkeys and wasps and cows and all the others were seated, side by side, in two long rows, the magician gave out the first word. It was "Roe–dough–mon–taide"—at least that was the way he pronounced it. The king and the queen were at the heads of the two lines, and it was their duty to begin,—first the king, and then the queen, if he missed.

But neither of them had ever heard of the word, and so they did n't try. Then one of the wasps tried, and afterward a ram, a rabbit, and the head ninny-hammer; but they made sad work of it. Then each one of the company made an effort and did his, her or its very best, but it was of no use; they could not spell the word.

Uprose then the little chicken that had stood on his mother's back and tried to crow in tune with his father, and he cried out: "Give it up!"

"Wrong!" said the magician. "That 's not it. You are all now under the influence of a powerful spell. Here you will remain until some one can correctly answer my question."

They are all there yet. How long would you, my reader, have to sit on the grass before you could spell that word?



SCRUBBY'S BEAUTIFUL TREE.

By J. C. Purdy.

I.

"Papa!"

"Well, dear!"

"Wont to-morrow be Kissmuss?"

"Why, no, darling! We had Christmas-day long ago. Don't you remember?"

"Yes; but you said we'd have another Kissmuss in a year, and then I'd have such a pitty tree. I'm sure it's a year. It *is* a year, papa; and it takes so awful long to wait for some time—it's jess a noosance. I fink ole Kriss was dreffful mean not to let me have a tree only cos we'd got poor. Was n't we ever poor before, papa? Don't he give trees to *any* poor little girls? I *do* want a tree—sech a pitty one, like I used to have!"

It was little Scrubby said all that. She was only four years old, but she could say what she had to say in her own fashion. When she saw her father's sorrowful face, she thought she had said rather too much this time; so she gave him a hug and put up her mouth for a kiss.

"I dess I can wait, papa," she said. "But he will bring me a tree *next* Kissmuss, wont he? Jess like I used to have? And then wont that be nice! There's my baby waked up. She'll be cryin' in a minute, I s'pose."

Old Lucy, the dearest baby of all in this little girl's large family, was taken up and quieted; and then something happened that was really wonderful. Scrubby, with her poor torn and tangled doll in her arms, sat very still for at least five minutes. The little maid was thinking all that time. She did not think very straight, perhaps, but she thought over a great deal of ground, and settled a good many things in that busy little head of hers; then she sang them all over to good old Lucy.

"Hush, my dear!" she sang. "Don't stay long, for it beats my heart when the winds blow; and come back soon to your own chickabiddy, and then Kissmuss 'll be here. S'umber on, baby dear. Kriss is coming with such a booful tree; then wont you be s'prised? She went to the hatter's to get him a coffin, and when she come back he was fixin' my Kissmuss-tree!"

The little singer grew so enthusiastic when she came to the tree that she could not wait to sing any more; so she just danced Lucy up and down and chattered to her as fast as her tongue could go.

"It 'll be for me and for you, Lucy, and for all the babies, and then wont you be glad! And for mamma too, and for papa, cos we 's all good little chillen, if we *is* poor. Yes, indeed, Ole Kriss is coming with his reindeer. And he 'll bring me a horse with pink shoes on; and you 'll have a piano—a *really* piano, ye know; and mamma, she 'll have two little glass s'ippers, and—and ——"

Little Scrubby stopped chattering just there, and laid her head down on poor old Lucy's kind bosom.

"Oh dear!" she sighed, "I do *wish* ole Kriss 'd come with that pitty tree!"

The kitten curled up on the hearth, and the little broken dog that lay tipped over in the corner, and good old Lucy, and the three dolls tucked up in mamma's basket, all heard the wish of the poor little disappointed child.

II.

Everybody has noticed that the kittens and the dogs take a great many naps in the day-time, and that the dolls and toy-animals let the children do the most of the playing. That is because the pets and the toys are tired out and sleepy after their doings the night before, when the children were asleep and the grown people out of the way. They have rare sprees all by themselves, but just as soon as any person comes about, the fun stops,—the cat and the dog are sound asleep, the dolls drop down anywhere still as a wood-pile, and the rocking-horse don't even switch the ten hairs left in his tail.

As for talking, though, they might chatter all the time and nobody be the wiser. People hear them, but not a soul knows what it is. Mamma sticks paper into the key-hole to keep out the wind that whistles so, papa takes medicine for the cold that makes such a ringing in his head, and Bridget sets a trap to catch the mouse that "squales and scrabbles about so, a body can't slape at all, 'most;" and all the while it is the dolls and pets laughing and talking among themselves.

The bird in the cage and the bird out-of-doors know what it is. Very tame squirrels and rabbits understand it; and the poor little late chicken, which was brought into the kitchen for fear of freezing, soon spoke the language like a native.

Scrubby understood all that any of them said, and they all understood her and liked her immensely. Even the plants in the window would nod and wink and shake out their leaves whenever she came about.

After little Scrubby and everybody else in the house had gone to bed that night, Minx, the kitten, came out from behind the broom, and prancing

up to the little pasteboard and wool dog that lay tipped over in the corner, pawed him about until he was as full of fun as herself. Then she jumped upon the table and clawed the three dolls out of mamma's work-basket, sending them all sprawling on the floor.



"OLE KRISS IS COMING WITH HIS REINDEER."

They were a sad-looking lot of babies, anyway. There was Peg, knit out of blue, red and yellow worsted, and with black beads for eyes. She was a good deal raveled out, but there was plenty of fun in her yet, after all.

Then there was Française. She was a French girl, who had been brought from Paris for Scrubby before that bad time when papa "got poor." She had been very elegant, but now her laces were torn, her hair would never curl again, one arm swung loose, and her head wobbled badly; but, for all that, she was still full of lively French airs. Lyd was the last of the lot. Poor thing! She had been such a lovely wax blonde: but now the wax had all melted off her cheeks, she was as bald as a squash, one eye had been knocked out, and, worst of all, she had not a stitch of clothes on. Scrubby had brought her to this plight; but, for all that, Ly loved the very ground Scrubby tumbled over; a

so did all the rest of them, for that matter, never caring how much she abused them in her happy, loving way.

Very soon high fun was going on in that room, and it is a wonder the neighbors did not come in to see what the uproar meant; but nobody heard it.

Yes, Ned, the bird, heard it, took his head out from under his wing, and laughed at the fun until he almost tumbled out of his cage. The lively dog, Spot, heard it out in his shed, too, and whined at the door until Jumping Jack contrived to undo the latch and let him in. The little late chicken heard it also, hopped out of his snug basket, and was soon enjoying himself as much as if they were all chickens and it was a warm spring day.

Lucy heard it, too; but Scrubby had taken Lucy to bed with her, and had her hugged up so tightly that the kind old baby could n't get away, and had to lie there and listen and wait.

They were having a good time in that room. The rocking-horse had been hitched to the little wagon, and Jumping Jack was driver; Miss Française had climbed into the wagon, and was sitting there as gracefully as she could, trying to hold her head steady; she had the pasteboard dog for a lap-dog, while Peg and Lyd sprawled on the wagon-bottom, and Minx stood upon the horse's back like a circus-rider.

And so they went tearing around the room in fine style, Spot racing with them and wagging his tail till it looked like a fan. Ned fairly shouted in his cage, and the chicken jumped on a chair and tried his best to crow.

After a while, Spot grabbed up a piece of paper from one corner, and began to worry it. The fine Française saw that and tumbled out of the wagon in a minute, as if she were only a very quick-tempered little girl. She snatched the paper away from Spot and snapped out: "You sha' n't spoil that! It 's Scrubby's letter!"

The horse had stopped now, Jumping Jack jerked himself up to the astonished dog, and said, very severely: "Spot, aint you ashamed to worry anything that belongs to our Scrubby? I 'll put you out if there 's any more of it."

"It 's too bad, so it is," said Peg.

Lyd began to cry with her one eye, while Ned stopped laughing and went to scolding; the chicken put his claw before his face, as if ashamed of such a dog, and even the horse shook his head.

Poor Spot was under a cloud.

"I did n't know it was anything Scrubby cared for, and I don't believe it is, either," he snapped.

"I saw Scrubby write it," said Minx, "and she stuck the pencil in my ear when she 'd finished."

"She was sitting on us when she wrote it," said Peg and Lyd together.

"Yes, and she held me on her lap and read it to me when it was done," put in Française.

"Of course it 's her letter," spoke up the rocking-horse. "Don't you remember, Fran, she hitched it to my bridle and told you to ride right off and give it to old Kriss when he came around?"

"You 're a nice crowd!" growled Spot. "Every one of you knew all about this, and left it kicking around on the floor! You *are* a nice crowd! I 'll take charge of it myself now, and see that old Kriss gets it. He can't read it, of course. Nobody could read that; but it shows how much *you* all think of Scrubby."

Spot had the best of it now; but the French lady spoke up in a way that put the others in good spirits right off, and made honest Spot feel as if he had been sat down upon.

"Perhaps some people can read, if you cant," she said. "*I* can read that letter for you, and for old Kriss too, if he wants me to."

She could not read a word, but she opened out the scribbled sheet in fine style, and just repeated what she had heard Scrubby say. And this is what Scrubby tried to put in the letter:

OLE KRISS: I want a tree, please, ole Kriss, *right away*. And lots of pitty things. And glass s'ippers for mamma. And moss under it, and animals, jess like I used to have. And a pink coat for papa, and not wait for some time, cos that 's a noosance.

It was very queer how they all acted when they heard the letter. There was not another cross word said—or a word of any kind for that matter. Not one of them even looked at the others, and it was not until poor Spot gave a big snuff that each of them found out that the rest were crying.

"Well, I know what *I 'm* going to do," said Minx, at last. "I 'm just going to get that child a tree; that 's what I 'm going to do."

"And I 'm going to help you," Française said, as heartily as if she were not a fine lady at all. "She ruined my dress, and tore my lace, and put my hair in such a state as never was; but I don't care. She wants a tree, and she 's going to have it."

"You ought to have heard how she talked to her papa and old Luce to-night," sobbed the one-eyed baby. "It was enough to break a body's heart."

"We did hear her," they all snuffled.

Then they wiped their eyes, and a minute afterward, with much chatter, they began to make preparations for getting the tree.

All but Spot. Scrubby had used him the worst of all, she loved him so. She had pulled every hair on him loose, and had twisted his tail until it hung crooked; and yet Spot could not speak or do anything for crying over little Scrubby's grief.

III.

PRETTY soon, Lucy, who had listened to as much of this talk as she could, heard the whole party go

out of the back door and start off somewhere. She was in a great state of mind about it. Not for anything in the world would she waken Scrubby; but oh! how she longed to tumble down-stairs and rush off after the rest!

What a party it was that did go out of that back door! And in what style they went! Ned, the canary, was the only one left behind; and those who could n't walk, rode. For they had hitched the horse to Scrubby's little battered sled, and made a grand sleighing party of it.

Jumping Jack drove, of course. The French lady had the seat of honor on the sled, and much trouble she had to keep it, for there was nothing to hold on by, and her head was so loose that it nearly threw her over.

Lyd had wrapped a dish-towel about her, and felt very comfortable and well-dressed; while Peg had come just as she was, and they both rolled about on the sled in a very dangerous fashion.

The late chicken held on with his claws to the curl of the runner, and flapped his wings and squawked every time the sled plunged a little in the snow. Minx rode horseback as before, while Spot went afoot, jumping and barking, and snapping up a mouthful of snow every few minutes.

But not one of them knew where they were going, or what they were going to do. They meant to get Scrubby a tree somehow, and that was all they knew about it.

At last, Peg said (Peg was a very sensible baby, if she *was* raveled out):

"What are we going to do, anyhow?"

"Why, we're going to get a tree for Scrubby," they all answered.

"Well, what kind of a tree?—and where?"

That was a poser. None of them had thought so far as that. At last, Minx said:

"Why, any kind—somewhere."

"There are plenty of trees in France," said Française.

"Then that's the place for us to go," said Jumping Jack; and at once they raced off to the end of the garden, on their way to France.

"This aint the way, after all," Minx said, when they got to the fence. "The world comes to an end just over there. I got up on the fence one day, and there was nothing beyond but a great, deep hole."

"There's no use going off this other way," Spot put in, "for there's nothing over there but a big lot of water with a mill standing by it. I was over there one day."

"Then that is our way," said the French lady, decisively. "That is the ocean. I know they brought me across the ocean, and I was awfully sick all the way."

That last rather discouraged them, for nobody wanted to get awfully sick if there was any other way to find Scrubby's tree; so they concluded not to go to France.

"Well, let's go somewhere, for I'm getting cold," peeped the chicken; and then there was a great discussion. At last, Spot said:

"We *are* a stupid lot! There's that sparrow comes about the door every day—he could tell us all about trees in a minute if we could find him."

Minx knew where the sparrow kept himself, for she always watched him with an eye to business.

"But," she said, "some of the rest of you will have to talk to him, for he'll never let me come near him."

So then the chicken called to the sparrow, and the sparrow answered. The matter was explained to him, and the bird fluttered down among them as much excited as anybody.

"It's for little Scrubby, eh?" he said. "What in the world does she want a tree for? I know. It's because she is half bird herself—bless her heart!—and she likes trees just like any other bird. And don't she come to the door every morning and give me crumbs and talk to me so friendly? Of course, I'll help find a tree for her."

But he had not found one yet, and so the chicken told him.

"I don't know," he said. "Suppose I call Mrs. Squirrel. She can tell." And off he flew, and had the gray squirrel there in a minute, cold as it was.

Then they had to tell the story over again to Mrs. Squirrel and to Mr. Rabbit, who had also hopped along to see what the fuss was all about.

"Scrubby's got to have a tree, and that's all about it," chattered Mrs. Squirrel, as she whisked about in a state of great excitement. "I did n't know old Kriss could be so mean as that. Call *him* a saint! And all because Scrubby's poor! Humph! Don't seem to *me* she is so very poor. Did n't I give her those eyes she has? And did n't the robin give her his own throat? And has n't she a sunbeam inside, that shines all through? And did n't Miss June roll up all the flowers she had, and a dozen birds beside, and wrap the whole bundle up in Scrubby's brown skin? I don't call that being so very poor, do you? Anyhow, she is not so poor but that she could make me feel jolly every time she came out-doors last summer to run after me and chatter to me."

The rabbit had been standing all this time with one cold foot wrapped up in his ear. He unfolded his ear now, and wiped his eyes with it.

"She almost cried," he said. "Just think of one of my little bunnies wanting anything she could n't get, and crying about it! It just breaks my heart."

"Tree!" chirped the chicken.

"Yes," said Mrs. Squirrel, "why don't you go and get a tree for Scrubby? What do you all stand here for, chattering and doing nothing? I'd give her mine, only that great beech could n't be got into the house."

"We wanted your advice," the sparrow suggested.

"Advice! You don't need any advice. Why don't you give her your own tree? That little Norway spruce is just the thing. Come along, and don't be so selfish!"

"I'm not selfish; but really Norway is not fit, and, besides, I don't believe he 'll go."

"Nonsense! He 's a beautiful tree, only there is n't much green on him; and of course he 'll go, for we 'll make him go," answered the very decided Mrs. Squirrel.

So they all whisked away to the sparrow's roosting-place. Norway was not in good health, that was evident. He was very thin, and his temper was in bad condition too; for when the sparrow asked him if he would please step out and come with them, he answered:

"Not much I wont! It 's bad enough standing there in the ground, poorly as I am, without coming out there in the snow; and I 'll not do it for anybody."

"Oh dear! Scrubby will be *so* disappointed! What will she do?" they all cried out at once.

"What 's that about Scrubby? What has Scrubby got to do with my catching my death-cold, anyhow?" asked Norway.

And then they told him the whole story. He hardly waited for them to get through before he broke out talking very fast.

"Why did n't you say so? How should I know it was for Scrubby? Of course, I 'll go! I 'd do anything for her. She did enough for me, I should think,"—and, as quickly as he could, he pulled his one foot out of the ground and hopped into the snow beside the horse. Then he went on talking. "You see if it had n't been for Scrubby I would n't be alive at all. She heard somebody say that I needed to have the dirt loosened about my roots, and to have plenty of water. So she dug around me at a great rate, and watered me until I was almost drowned. She cut off a good many of my roots, and once she threw hot water all down this side of me; but she did n't know. I 'm not much of a tree, I confess; but Scrubby did what *she* could, and if she wants me she shall have me."

"Come on, then," said the chicken, "for I 'm so cold my bill chatters." And they went.

It was a very funny procession they made going back to the house,—the horse prancing along with the sled, the three dolls taking a sleigh-ride in their queer way, Spot racing about everywhere with Minx on his back, and the tree hopping along after the sled as fast as his one foot could go. The chicken rode back on one of Norway's branches, and fluttered and squawked more than ever.

When they started, they looked about and called for the sparrow, Mrs. Squirrel, and Mr. Rabbit, but they had all disappeared; so the rest went back without them, shouting, laughing and singing.

IV.

It was a brave sight they saw when Jumping Jack opened the door to let the party in.

Luce had got away from her little bedfellow at last without waking her. She knew that the others had gone to get a tree for little Scrub, and she knew that a tree was just no tree at all without plenty of things to hang upon it. So she went to work, and by the time Jack opened the door she had a great deal done. It was astonishing how many things she had found to put on that tree; but then she had been rummaging among Scrubby's old playthings up in the garret.

There were old dolls, little and big; there were old toys of all sorts; there were pretty little pictures, and quantities of flowers made of bright paper. A great many of the things Scrubby had thrown aside so long ago they would be new to her now; and some of them mamma had put away very carefully, so that the little girl should not altogether spoil them.

Lucy had found them all and had brought them down-stairs; and now she had them in a heap on the floor, trying to keep them in order, for they were all very lively at being brought out again.

"Well, Luce, you *have* done it!" Jack said.

"Of course, I have," answered Lucy. "Do keep that horse away, Jack, and not let him run over these babies."

"Oh dear!" squawked the chicken, and fluttered under the table, for these new-comers were all strangers to him.

Spot tried not to bark his astonishment and delight; Minx began to claw all the old dolls and toys about; the French lady walked away into a corner and waited to be introduced, while Lyd and Peg shook hands with their old cronies until it seemed as though they never would stop.

The tree had hopped into the room and stood there, not knowing what to do with himself. Lucy did not see him at first, being so busy with the rest; but as soon as she did see him, she gave him such a hug as nearly pulled him over.

"Oh, you dear old Norway! Did *you* come? You 're so good, and I 'm so glad! Come up to the fire and get warm. Here, Jack, and Lyd, and Française, help me get this big foot-stool into the corner. It 's getting awful late."

Lucy flew about in a ragged kind of way until she had all the rest flying about too, doing an amount of work nobody would have believed possible. They were all glad enough to do the work, but they needed just such a driving, thoughtful old body as Lucy to show them what to do and keep them at it.

The big foot-stool was put where Lucy wanted it, and Norway warmed his foot and hopped upon the stool, pushing himself as far back in the corner as he could get, to make sure that he would not fall.

Then Lucy climbed upon a chair in front of him, ready for business. She took Française up on the chair beside her to help arrange the things, for the French girl had excellent taste, and nobody could deny it. Lyd and Peg, and Minx and Spot, and even the chicken, brought the things to go on the tree, and faster, too, than they could possibly be used, while Ned shouted all manner of directions.

Poor Norway fairly bowed his head under the weight of all the things that were hung upon him. And it was astonishing how pretty those battered old dolls, broken toys, and torn flowers looked when upon the tree. There were so many, and they had been arranged so nicely, that they really did make a splendid show.

"But, oh dear!" Lucy sighed, when it was all done. "It 's not your fault I know, Norway, and you are just as good as you can be; but if you only were not quite so thin, and were just a little bit greener! And then we 've no moss to put under



SCRUBBY'S FRIENDS ARRANGING HER CHRISTMAS-TREE.

you. But we have n't any nice little animals to put on the moss, if we had it."

Just then, Jumping Jack heard a queer kind of noise outside, and opened the door to see what it was. In whisked Mrs. Squirrel; the sparrow hopped in close beside her, and Mr. Rabbit jumped along right after them.

"How are you getting on?" asked the grey lady. "I brought this along because I thought it might come handy. We laid in a great deal more than we needed for our nest last fall, and we could just as well spare it as not."

It was a big bundle of beautiful green moss she

had brought, enough to spread all around under the tree and make a fine carpet.

"Oh, you dear, good old thing!" said Luce. "That is just exactly what we wanted. Here, Lyd! Peg! Help me spread this down."

"Chick," said the sparrow, "will you please take charge of this?"

And there was a great long vine of shining green ivy which the sparrow had dragged in with him from some place in the woods. Lucy was so delighted that she fairly clapped her brown leather hands.

"Quick, Française!" she cried. "Take this and twist it around the tree. Just the thing to hide poor old Norway's bare places. Oh, it 's just lovely!"

All this time Mr. Rabbit had been holding his ears very straight up, and now he shook a couple of button-balls and some acorn-cups out of one, and a lot of mountain-ash berries out of the other.

"Do to hang around on the tree. Look kind of odd and nice," he said.

"Well, I should think so!" Luce answered. "I never did see such good creatures as you are; and we all thought you had gone home to bed."

Speaking of bed made the chicken gape a little, and they all remembered how late it was. They never stopped chattering and laughing for a minute; but they went to work harder than ever, and soon had all the moss spread down, the ivy twined over the tree, and the button-balls, acorn-cups, and berries hung up where they would show best.

Then Mr. Rabbit got up on the stool and nearly covered himself with moss; Mrs. Squirrel got under the tree and stood up on her hind-feet, with an acorn in her paws; Minx curled herself up in the funniest way on the moss; the sparrow flew up into the tree and began pecking at the mountain-ash berries; Française and Lyd and Peg all sat down as well as they could near the squirrel and the rabbit; Jumping Jack mounted the horse and rode around beside the tree, to stand guard; Spot stood up on his hind-legs just in front of the stool, with Scrubby's letter in his mouth, and the chicken hopped up on Spot's head.

Then good old Lucy started to go upstairs after Scrubby, but she got no further than the door. Scrubby had waked up and missed her dear old doll, so she had come down to look for her, and there she stood now, just inside the door, with her bright brown eyes wide open.

A minute before there had been only the scraggy little tree she had taken care of, the battered old toys, the torn dolls and the little pets she had played with and loved so well, the bird and the wild creatures she had fed and chattered to, and a little bit of ivy and green moss. But just as soon as she looked at them all, there was the most beautiful Christmas-tree that ever was seen.

It was very curious; but it was the light that did it—the light of her own happy eyes. It dies out of eyes that are older.

THE MINSTREL'S CAROL.

A Christmas Colloquy.

MR. and MRS. BURTON. MR. and MRS. REMSEN.
TOMMY, *aged seven.* HARRY, } *Twins, aged*
MAY, *aged five.* SADIE, } *six.*
LUCY, *aged eighteen.* PATRICK, *a hired man.*

Scene: The Burtons' parlor on Christmas Eve.

Mr. B. Tommy! stop making such a noise.

Tommy. Oh, I can't have any fun at all!

Mr. B. Why, yes you can. Look at all your toys scattered about. Play something quietly.

Tommy. Nobody to play with.

Mr. B. Play with your little sister.

Tommy. She 's sitting in mamma's lap; besides, she 's a girl. Oh, papa [*running to his father*]! I wish the Remsens would come! I want to play with Harry.

Mr. B. [*hastily*]. Never mind, never mind! The Remsens will not come.

May. Why wont the Remsens come?

Tommy. Oh, dear me, there is n't anything nice to do!

Mr. B. Tommy, stop your whining. Don't say another word. May, don't speak of the Remsens again. They are not coming, and that 's an end of it.

[*Enter* LUCY.]

Lucy. What! tears on Christmas Eve, little May! And Tommy pouting! Oh, that 'll never do! Come, cheer up! You 'll have plenty of fun soon with Harry and Sadie.—It must be nearly time to send for the Remsens, father.

Mr. B. [*vexed*]. Don't speak of them again. They 're not coming, and I don't want them. Why *will* every one keep talking about them?

[*Enter* PATRICK.]

Mrs. B. [*aside to Lucy*]. Mr. Remsen and your

father have quarreled about a piece of land; so the Remsens are not to come this year.

Mr. B. Well, Patrick, what is it?

Patrick. Shure, the horse is ready, sir.

Mr. B. Horse ready? What for?

Patrick. To be goin' for the Rimsins, shure!

Mr. B. [*angrily*]. We are not going for the Remsens! What do you mean by acting without orders? Take the horse out at once!

Patrick. Widout orthers, is it? An' it 's mesilf, thin, that hitched up the crather every Christmas 'Ave I 've lived wid yous for to go for them same.

Mr. B. Don't answer, sir; do as I bid you.

Patrick [*aside*]. It 's plain the masther 's rin his nose forninst somethin' harrud. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. B. [*going to Mr. B. and putting her arm about him, he sitting*]. Dear John, send for the Remsens, please. See how everything conspires to ask it of you, from the prattle of the children to old Patrick himself. It is Christmas Eve, dear! How can we teach the dear chicks to be kind to each other unless we set the example? Send for our old friends, John. They 've been with us every Christmas Eve these many years. You 'll settle your affair with Mr. Remsen all the better, afterward.

Mr. B. Why, Mary, would you have me crawl at the feet of a man who tries to overreach me?

Mrs. B. No, John! But stand on your own feet, and say: "Come, neighbor, let us do something better and wiser than hate each other."

Mr. B. I 'll not do it. He has ——

Lucy. Hark! What 's that?

[*Music outside—the sound of a harp, or of a concealed piano played very softly. Then, to its accompaniment, is sung the following carol:*]

"Be merry all, be merry all!
With holly dress the festive hall,
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome Merry Christmas.

"And, oh! remember, gentles gay,
To you who bask in fortune's ray
The year is all a holiday;—
The poor have only Christmas.

When you the costly banquet deal
To guests who never famine feel,
Oh spare one morsel from your meal
To cheer the poor at Christmas.

"So shall each note of mirth appear
More sweet to heaven than praise or prayer,
And angels, in their carols there,
Shall bless the poor at Christmas."

Lucy. Oh, what a beautiful carol! I 'll call in the minstrel.

Mrs. B. Yes, run Lucy! [*Exit* LUCY.]

Mr. B. Set a chair by the fire, Tommy.

[*Enter* LUCY, *with old minstrel carrying harp.*]

Minstrel. Good even, gentle folks, and a merry Christmas to you all!

Mrs. B. Come sit by the fire. Tommy placed the chair for you. It is cold outside.

Minstrel. Thank you kindly, ma'am. So Tommy set the chair for the old man? Where is Master Tommy? Ah, there 's my little man! Come here, Tommy. That 's right. So, up, on my knee. Why, that 's a bright face now! And it ought to be bright, too; for this is Christmas Eve, merry Christmas Eve, the children's happy time. Tommy, I remember when I was as young as you are. I had a little sister.

Tommy. I have a little sister, too.

Minstrel. Oh, you have a little sister, eh! Where is she, then?

Tommy [*pointing*]. Over there, in the corner.

Minstrel. Bless my old eyes, so she is! Run and bring her, Tommy.

[TOMMY *runs, and returns leading and coaxing* MAY.]

Minstrel [*setting one on each knee*]. Now, good folks, if you 'll let me, I 'll tell these little people a story of Jesus when he was a little boy. It is called "The Holy Well."

[*They group themselves about the minstrel.*

Early one bright May morning, Jesus, then a little boy of ten or twelve years, awoke, and at once remembered that it was a holiday. His eyes bright with the morning light, sparkled yet more brightly at the thought. There would be no school, no work. All the people would keep the feast. He knew, too, that on that day, the boys of his age would assemble betimes to play together at The Holy Well. So, brimful of joyful expectation, he ran to ask his mother's leave to go and join in the merry games. Soon he was on his way, and he quickened his steps when he came in sight of the troops of happy children running hither and thither in their sports. Drawing nearer, he stood still a little while, watching the games with pleased and eager eyes. Then he called out: "Little children, shall I play with you, and will you play with me? Now, these boys and girls were the children of rich parents, and lived in much finer houses than the one Jesus had for a home. They had handsome clothes, too, and everything of the best. So they looked on the plainly dressed stranger, the son of a poor carpenter, and bade him begone, saying, "We will not play with you, or with any such as you!" What a rebuff was that! The poor, sensitive little lad had not expected it, and his tender feelings were hurt. His eyes filled with tears; and running home as fast as he could, he laid his head in his mother's lap, and sobbed out to her the whole story. Then Mary was angry with the ill-natured children, and told her son to go back and destroy them all by his word; for she believed that her beautiful boy could do such things. But, surely

if he could have harbored that thought, he would not have been beautiful; and so, when his mother spoke, her words drew away his thoughts from himself to the children who had grieved him. He knew that they had never really known him, and so could not have understood what they were doing. Therefore he said to his mother that he must be helpful and gentle to people, and not destroy them. And that was the way with him to the very end. For when, years after, the people (perhaps among them some of those same children grown-up) were putting him to death on a cross, he bethought him again that they did not really know him, and prayed: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." And, even before then, he had told all people to love their enemies, and forgive and be good to one another. If he had not done all that, Christmas would not be so happy a time for us.

Mrs. B. [*approaching her husband and laying her hand on his shoulder*]. John, is not he right?

Mr. B. [*who has been lost in thought, starting and abruptly walking aside*]. He is right! So are they all. [*Turning about.*] Dear wife, Lucy, Tommy, May, you shall be happy! We'll have the Remsens! I say, we'll have our dear old friends. Patrick shall harness the horse at once, and ——

[*The Minstrel suddenly strips off his disguise and reveals himself as* MR. REMSEN.] What! Remsen! Is that you?

Mr. R. No need to harness up, old friend. Here I am! Ah! I knew how it would be.

Tommy [*capering about*]. Hi! Hi! Ho! Is n't it great, May? I shall have Harry to play with.

May [*clapping*]. And I shall have Sadie.

Lucy. Oh, what a delightful surprise! Oh, Mr. Remsen, I am glad, so very glad, that you have come. We will send for the others at once.

Mr. R. Why, they 're all here, too. You may be sure we all came together. [*Opening the door.*] Come! come in! It 's all right, as we knew it would be.

[*Enter* MRS. REMSEN *and her children*, HARRY *and* SADIE, *who immediately run to* TOMMY *and* MAY.]

Mrs. B. [*to Mrs. R.*] Welcome, welcome, dear friend! This *is* kind.

Lucy. Now Christmas Eve is what it ought to be.

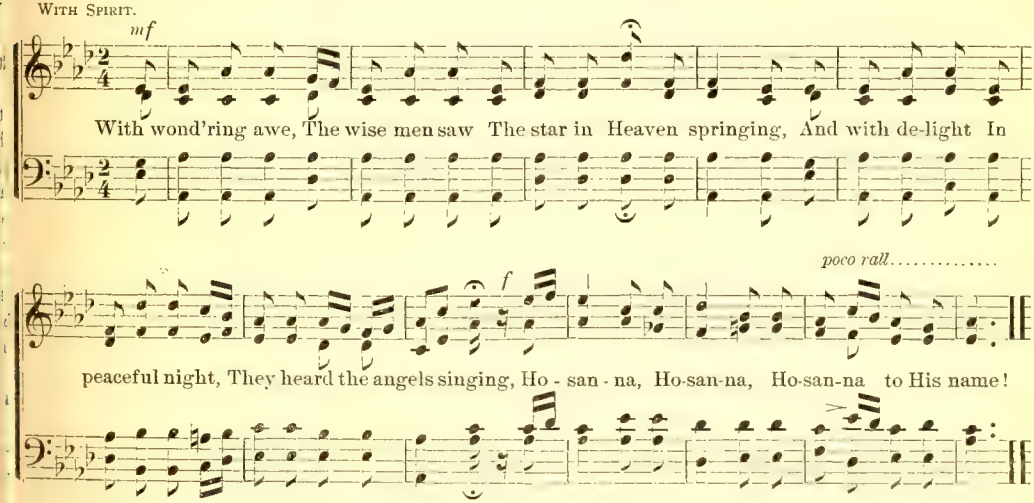
Mrs. R. Oh, Mrs. Burton, I am happy again now. I was afraid that Christmas would not bring love and joy for us this year. We could not help coming. Old memories were too strong for us.

Mr. R. to Mr. B. Ah! neighbor, it 's a sad thing to interrupt that "peace on earth" of which the angels sung. There 's my hand; take it kindly.

Mr. B. And there 's mine, with all my heart. We 'll not let a bit of land divide old friends.

Mr. R. Aye, aye! We 'd better divide the land.

Mr. B. It seems easy to settle now. But no more of that to-night. Come, let us sing our Christmas carol. It will be sweeter than ever. Take your harp, friend, and turn minstrel again for the occasion.



By light of star,
They traveled far
To seek the lowly manger;
A humble bed
Wherein was laid
The wondrous little stranger.
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name!

And still is found,
The world around,
The old and hallowed story;
And still is sung
In every tongue
The angels' song of glory:
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name!

The heavenly star
Its ray afar
On every land is throwing
And shall not cease
Till holy peace,
In all the earth is glowing
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, my darlings! It 's cold weather—too cold for any but a Scribner Jack-in-the-Pulpit to be out-of-doors—but our hearts are green, and there 's a fine bracing air.

Christmas will not be here when you first get the December magazine, I know, but ST. NICHOLAS likes to get a good start. He has Dutch blood in his veins, and he knows well that in Holland St. Nicholas' Day comes on the 6th of December.

So, just think of the dear Dutch youngsters, and what a happy holiday they keep on the 6th,—for that is their season of gift-giving,—and when the 25th comes to you, with its holy, beautiful light, and its home joys, you 'll be all the more ready to give it welcome.

Now for

A WINDFALL.

HERE is a copy of a printed scrap thrown to me by a high wind the other day. It is n't of very much use to a Jack-in-the-Pulpit; so I hand it over to you, my chicks. It strikes me that it has the gist of some of Deacon Green's remarks, and that somehow it does n't come under the head of what is called "pernicious reading":

"GOOD ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.—Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse, and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offense, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities, you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others."

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES.

HERE is a story which I heard a girl tell her little sister the other day, but I don't believe the girl told it altogether right. Can any of my youngsters straighten it out? This is the story:

King Alfred, after his fatal defeat at Marston Moor, having taken refuge in an oak-tree, was so absorbed in watching a spider which had tried to weave its web eleven times and succeeded on the twelfth, that he allowed the cakes to burn; whereupon, the herdsman's wife, rushing in, exclaimed:

"Oh, Diamond! Diamond! what mischief hast thou done?"

To which he meekly replied: "I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet."

"Take away," cried she, "that bauble!"

"I have done my duty, thank heaven!" said he, but he never smiled again.

A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I should like to tell the Little Schoolma'am about *our* little schoolma'am.

She is a young lady of about twenty-one years, and looks too delicate to govern such a school. But she does it; and though as fond of fun as any of us at the right time, yet in school she insists on attention to business, and will not tolerate idleness or disobedience. She is very kind and gentle, but firm and decided, and we all know that she means what she says, and must be obeyed implicitly. She says she wants us to love and trust her as a friend, and we do. Out of school she seems as young as we do, for she is full of fun and likes us to have a good time. She tries to make school pleasant to us, and a while ago she put a box on her desk, and said, when we had any questions to ask, or complaints to make, we might write them on a slip of paper and put it in that box, which was locked and had a hole in the top. Sometimes she answers the questions publicly, and sometimes she writes them and puts them in the "letter-box." The scholar who has the best record for a month keeps the key the next month, and once a week opens the box and distributes the contents. It is quite an honor to be "postmistress," but no one can have it two months at a time. She lets us make suggestions if we think of any improvements in the school, and sometimes adopts them. Another of her plans is to allow five minutes at the end of each hour when we may whisper, but not talk out loud. If we wish to speak to any one we can leave our seat and walk to them, if they are not near to us. But any one who whispers, or communicates in any way at any other time, forfeits this chance. I forgot to say that we put notes to each other in the letter-box. We do like our little schoolma'am so much!—Yours truly, ALLIE BERTRAM.

AS IDLE AS A BIRD.

IT is not so very long since I heard a little girl say that she "wished she could only be as idle as a bird."

Now, this was not a very lazy sort of wish, if she had but known it. There are very few little girls or boys,—or grown-ups either, for the matter of that,—who are as industrious as the birds. How many people would be willing to begin their daily labors as early as the birds begin theirs—at half past three o'clock in the morning—and keep on toiling away until after eight in the evening?

Think of it, my youngsters,—almost eighteen hours of constant work!

And the birds do it willingly, too; for it is a labor of love to bring dainty bits to their hungry little ones and keep the home-nest snug and warm.

One pair of birds that had been patiently watched from the first to the last of their long, long day made no less than four hundred and seventy-five trips, of about one hundred and fifty yards each, in search of food for their darling chicks!

As idle as a bird, indeed!—with all that hunting, and fetching, and carrying, and feeding to do!

"OWN FIRST COUSINS."

TALKING of birds, would you ever have thought it? The lovely and brilliant Bird of Paradise, I'm told, is "own first cousin" to the—Crows. And the Crows are not one bit ashamed to own the relationship! Very condescending of them, is n't it

ORANGE GROVES ON ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

Ocala, Marion County, Fla., 1877.

DEAR JACK: I was on the St John's River at work with my father about three years ago. There were real wild-orange groves there, and the trees bore sour and bitter-sweet fruit. I will now tell you what I was doing on that river. I was pressing out the juice of the sour oranges and boiling it, for making citric acid. We used a cider press for pressing out the juice, and a copper cauldron for boiling it. We shipped the acid to Philadelphia, and I do not know what was done with it next.

These groves were inhabited by wild beasts, such as opossums, wild cats, raccoons, deer, and, occasionally, bears and panthers.

The groves were situated on high mounds, made ages and ages ago, by people of an ancient race known as "mound-builders." There were always shells on the mounds, which in some instances appeared to be made entirely of shells. Some mounds were fifty feet, or more, above the surrounding country, and from two hundred to four hundred yards in length.

Now, I dare say, you would like me to say of what kind these shells were; but, as I never could find out for myself, I cannot tell you what kind they were. They are unlike any that I have seen elsewhere, and I think they do not belong to any living species of today. Farewell, dear Jack!—Yours truly, TROPIC.

THE BLIND CLERK.

DEAR JACK: Ever so many millions of letters are dropped into the London Post-Office every year, but some are so badly addressed that they never get out again. When a direction is so ill-written that the sorters can't make it out, the letter is taken to a man they call the "Blind Clerk," and he generally deciphers it. Why they call him "blind" I don't know, for few addresses are beyond the power of his sharp eyes to make out. Here is one that did not give him much trouble; but can any of your young folks tell what it means?

Sarvingle
Num for te Quins prade
Lunon.

I'll send you the "blind" man's solution next month. Meantime, here is a puzzle for your merry crowd. You shall have an answer in that same postscript; but I should like to have the Little Schoolma'am and the rest work it out for themselves:

"I am constrained to plant a grove
To satisfy the girl I love;
And in this grove I must compose
Just nineteen trees in nine straight rows,
And in each row five trees must place,
Or never more behold her face.

Ye sons of art, lend me your aid
To please this most exacting maid."

This puzzle is so old that it probably will be new to thousands of your young folks.—Yours truly, M. B. T.

BIRDS CAUGHT BY SALT.

YES. It 's so; though I must say I felt inclined to laugh the first time I heard one boy tell another to put salt on a bird's tail by way of catching it. Now, however, word comes, all the way from California, that there is a lake there, called "Deep Spring Lake," whose waters are very salt; and that during certain conditions of the weather the waterfowl of the lake become so encrusted with salt that they cannot fly, and the Indians wade into the water and simply catch the birds with their hands. The coating taken from one duck weighed six pounds,—enough to have drowned it, even if its eyes and bill had not been so covered as to blind and choke it. When the weather is favorable for the formation of this crust upon the birds, the Indians do their best with fires and noise to keep them away from the few fresh-water streams where the poor things would be safe from the salt. Besides this, the savages imitate the cries and calls of the birds, so as to entice them to the dangerous part of the lake.

It seems to me that men must be very mean as well as very hungry to take advantage of the birds in that way. However, "circumstances alter cases," as the school-boy said when he had been "punished for his good" by mistake.

A SPELL UPON KEROSENE.

Bridgeport, Conn.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: One would think that the word "kerosene" could not be a very difficult one for the average inhabitant to write correctly; but it is. From the New York *Independent* I learn that the following versions of the word have actually been received by the Portland Kerosene Oil Company in its correspondence:

Caracine, carecane, caroziene, carocine, cursene, carozyne, coriseen, carosyne, caricien, carsine, caresene, carozine, carocene, carosean, carycene, caresien, caraseen, caroseene, crosen, carecene, carizoein, keriscene, karosin, kerocine, keresscan, keriseene, kerasene, kerosen, kereseen, kerison, kerriseen, kerricene, keroseen, kerosine, karosina, keresene, kerrsein, keroscene, kerose, kerasseen, kereson, kerocene, kerozene, kerrisene, kerryseen, kerissien, kersien, kerossein, keriscene.

Now is n't that astonishing?—Yours sincerely, MARY N. G.

THE EYEBROW WORD.

WHAT do you think this is? It is neither more nor less than the word "supercilious," which is derived from *supercilium*, the Latin for "eyebrow," as I heard the Little Schoolma'am tell the children not long ago.

When she had said this, one of the little girls, in a rather scornful, superior way, said, "I don't see any sense in that." Whereat the Little Schoolma'am and two or three of the bigger girls laughed, for the little girl had raised her eyebrow in a most "supercilious" expression, giving the best possible proof of the appropriateness of the word. For, certainly, it is hard for one's face to express a supercilious feeling without raising the eyebrow, or at least changing that part of the countenance which is over the eyelid.

SINCERE.

HERE 'S one more derivation, while we are about it. I heard the other day that the bees, with the aid of Latin, have given us a beautiful word: "Sincere"—which is made of the words *sine-cera*, meaning "honey without wax."

Remember this, my chicks, and let your kind words and good actions be truly sincere,—pure honey, *sine cera*.

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

DEAR JACK: My grandfather knew a gentleman who was a very intimate friend of the author of "Home, Sweet Home"—John Howard Payne. Mr. Payne told this gentleman, Mr. C., how he came to write the song. He said that a play or operetta called "The Maid of Milan," that he had adapted from the French, was about to be played in London. In this play was a very pretty scene for which he had an air in his mind. He had to conjure up some words to suit the tune, and so he wrote the verses of "Home, Sweet Home." He also said that the very next day after the song had been brought out at the theater it was all over London. Everybody was singing it. Grandfather says that Mr. Payne got really very tired of hearing about this song, and at length said he supposed he would hereafter be known only as the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Robert S. Chilton wrote this beautiful verse about Mr. Payne's death:

Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels said:
"Welcome to heaven's Home, Sweet Home!"

I believe this verse was inscribed on Mr. Payne's tomb-stone in Tunis, Africa; but I am not sure. Can any one tell me?—Yours truly, KATIE T. M.

BABY-BO.



How many toes has the tootsy foot?
One, two, three, four, five!
Shut them all up in the little red sock,
Snugger than bees in a hive.

How many fingers has little wee hand?
Four, and a little wee thumb!
Shut them up under the bed-clothes tight,
For fear Jack Frost should come.

How many eyes has the Baby Bo?
Two, so shining and bright!
Shut them up under the little white lids,
And kiss them a loving good-night.

ARTHUR AND HIS PONY.

About the middle of the summer, little Arthur, who lived in the country, went to see his grandmother, whose house was three or four miles away from Arthur's home. He staid there a week, and when he came home and had been welcomed by all the family, his father took him out on the front piazza and said to him:

"Now, Arthur, if you are not tired, how would you like to take a ride?"

"Oh! I 'm not tired," said Arthur. "I 'd like a ride ever so much. Will you take me?"

"No," said his father. "I meant for you to take a ride by yourself."

"But I can't drive," said little Arthur.

"I know that," his father said, with a smile, "but I think we can manage it. Here, Joseph!" he called out to the hired man, "hurry and bring Arthur's horse."

"Oh, papa!" cried Arthur, "I don't want my horse. I can't take a real ride on him. He 's wooden, and I was tired of him long ago. I thought you meant for me to take a real ride," and the little fellow's eyes filled with tears.

"So I do, my son," said his father, "and here comes the horse on which you are to take it. Is that animal real enough for you, sir?"

Around the corner came Joseph, leading a plump little black pony, with a long tail and mane, and a saddle, and bridle, and stirrups.

Arthur was so astonished and delighted that at first he could not speak.

"Well, what do you think of him?" said his father.

"Is that my horse?" said Arthur.

"Yes, all your own."

Arthur did not go to look at his pony. He turned and ran into the house, screaming at the top of his voice:

"Mother! mother! I 've got a pony! Come quick! I 've got a pony —a real pony! Aunt Rachel! I 've got a pony. Laura! Laura! come, I 've got a pony!"

When he came out again, his father said: "Come now, get on and try your new horse. He has been waiting here long enough."

But Arthur was so excited and delighted, and wanted so much to run around his pony and look at him on all sides, and kept on telling his father how glad he was to get it, and how ever so much obliged he was to him for it, and what a good man he was, and what a lovely pony the

pony was, that his father could hardly get him still enough to sit in the saddle.

However, he quieted down after a while, and his father put him on the pony's back, and shortened the stirrups so that they should be the right length for him, and put the reins in his hands. Now he was all ready for a ride, and Arthur wanted to gallop away.

"No, no!" said his father, "you cannot do that. You do not know how to ride yet. At first your pony must walk."

So Arthur's father took hold of the pony's bridle and led him along the carriage-way in front of the house, and as the little boy rode off, sitting up straight in the saddle, and holding proudly to the reins, his mother and his aunt and his sister Laura clapped their hands, and cheered him; and this made Arthur feel prouder than ever.

He had a good long ride, up and down, and up and down, and the next day his father took him out again, and taught him how to sit and how to guide his pony.

In a week or two Arthur could ride by himself, even when the pony was trotting gently; and before long he rode all over the grounds, trotting or cantering or walking, just as he pleased.

The pony was a very gentle, quiet creature, and Arthur's father felt quite willing to trust his little boy to ride about on him, provided he did not go far from home.

Only once was there any trouble on the pony's account. As Arthur was riding in a field, one afternoon, there came along a party of gentlemen, who were hunting a fox. When they galloped away, over the smooth grass, Arthur whipped up his pony, and went after them as fast as he could go.

He went on and on, trying to keep up with the hunters, but he was soon left behind, for his pony could not gallop half as fast as the large, strong horses of the hunters.

Then he turned to come back, but he got into the wrong field, and soon found that he did not know the way home.

Arthur began to be very much frightened, for the sun was setting, and he could see no one of whom he could ask his way home. He first turned his pony this way and then that way, but the little horse was now hungry and tired, and he would not turn as Arthur wanted him to.

Then the pony resolutely started off and trotted along, paying no attention to Arthur's pulls and tugs, and did not stop until he had trotted right up to the door of Arthur's home.

You see, he knew the way well enough. Horses and dogs seldom lose their way, unless they are very far from home.

Arthur's parents were frightened at their little boy's long absence, and he was not allowed to ride again for three days, for he had been told not to go out of the field in which he was when he saw the hunters.



ARTHUR ON HIS PONY.

Arthur rode that pony until he became quite a big boy, and his feet nearly touched the ground as he sat in the saddle. Then he gave the good little animal to a young cousin.

But he never liked any horse so much as this pony, which was his own, real horse, when he was such a little boy.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.



TWO YOUNG MARTYRS.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

"TOO-LOO!"

THE Blue Jay courted the Yellow Cuckoo;
'Neath its nest he would stay all day long,
Smoothing his feathers of silver and blue,
Telling his love in a song:
"Too-loo! too-loo!
Oh, fly with me,
My sweet Cuckoo,
Across the sea!"

The Cuckoo came gayly forth from her nest;
But just then an arrow flew by,
Piercing the bird's soft yellow breast,
Who died with a single sigh.
"Too-loo! too-loo!"
The Blue Jay said;
"What shall I do?
My love is dead!"

The Cuckoo lay cold and still on the ground—
Dead, past all help to save;
And by a Bird-defender was found,
Who dug her a little grave.
"Too-loo! too-loo!"
Was the sorrowful lay,
For the gentle Cuckoo
Sung by the Jay.

AMY R.

"MARY AND HER LAMB."

(A Critique.)

"Mary had a little lamb."

In this poem each stanza, we may say each line, is unalloyed gold. Let us examine the first line.

"Mary." The name strikes us at once as belonging to one pure as the inside of an apple-bloom; and the rest of the poem assures us, that by making Mary's name an index to Mary's character, we have not been misled. A master's hand is visible from the first word.

"A little lamb." The poet does not take for granted, as one of less genius would, that because a lamb is mentioned the reader necessarily sees in his mind's eye one of the frolicsome, gentle, confiding creatures commonly accepted as an emblem of meekness. Not at all. The lamb is not only a lamb—it is a *little* lamb. Thus never in the whole course of the poem can we by any oversight look upon Mary's treasure as a sheep; it retains its infantile sweetness and grace through the entire narration. The poet thus draws our attention to the youth of the animal, in order to palliate the little creature's after-guilt. This is done with such grace and delicacy that it is scarcely perceptible.

The line, as a whole, shows a touch of high art seldom seen in so short a poem. The writer knows human nature—that, we see at a glance. Else, would he not have entered into a detailed account of Mary's parentage, her appearance, place of residence, or, at least, the manner in which she became possessed of the lamb. But no; all is left to the imagination. Mary may be as blonde as the "Fair one with golden locks," as dark as "Black Agnes." Each reader has a heroine after his own heart, and each is satisfied.

"Its fleece was white as snow."

No black sheep (or lamb) could we in any way imagine as a companion of Mary—gentle, affectionate, pure little Mary. All her associates must be pure as herself.

"And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

Does not this suit the character given to Mary by her name? We can image to ourselves the lost lamb, the mournful bleating for its mother, its hunger and cold. In the depth of its misery we see Mary's sweet face bending pityingly over it; she raises it, takes it home, revives, and loves her; she loves it in return. Can we wonder that it follows in her footsteps wherever she goes? Those two lines tell more than many a volume; but they must be read feelingly, or sense is lost.

Now follows a tale of wrong-doing and of subsequent punishment. This is, indeed, a master-stroke; for this climax we were not prepared.

"It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule"

Although the lamb follows its mistress everywhere, school is a taboo place. Yet the little creature cannot live without Mary, who has departed fair and fresh as Overbury's "Happy Milkmaid." Long are the hours that must elapse ere Mary's return, and the lamb tires of the waiting. "It followed her to school one day." How innocent an act that seems!—how natural! Then we read the next line, "Which was against the rule," and the lamb's action is turned from innocence to guilt. Mary's favorite, that we have seen heretofore only a good light, violates deliberately a rule of the school which Mary attends. The short sight of the animal's spiritual eyes prevents it from knowing the extent of the disgrace to which it is to be subjected. At present the end justifies the means in its little heart, and it leaves its pleasant home to wander schoolward, and we are left to imagine its thoughts on the way.

A scene in the school-house bursts upon us, and

"It makes the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school."

This is another instance in which we are shown the poet's knowledge of human nature. At anything less than the sight of a lamb little scholars are too well trained to laugh. This has no precedent. They have been told how to behave should a dog enter the room, should a ludicrous error in lessons occur; but when a lamb trots soberly in,—not gamboling now; conscience already whispers; remorse eats at the little creature's peace of mind,—it is not to be expected that order can be longer maintained, and the school, with the exception of Mary, runs riot. Mary is perhaps, meanwhile, reproaching her pet with a look "more in sorrow than in anger;" she is too gentle to scold, but that glance completely fills the lamb's cup of sorrow; it is yet to overrun, and the drop is soon poured in—the depth beneath "the lowest deep" is soon reached.

"For this the teacher turned him out."

It was his duty, reader; judge him not harshly.

"But still he lingered near."

This, at least, was not forbidden,—to wait for his little mistress.

"And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear."

How fraught with significance is that one word, "patiently!" He too eager before, that was the lamb's fault, "and grievously hath [illegible] answered it." He has turned over a new leaf, and wandering a

ssly about, now nibbling a cowslip, now rolling in the young grass still the remorse gnawing at his heart, we can imagine him resolv- g to be a better lamb in the future,—to grow more worthy Mary's ve.

"'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The eager children cry."

All have noticed this devotion—all wonder at it. The teacher nswers in words that prove how well we read Mary's affectionate ature:

"'Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher did reply."

What could be a more worthy ending to so fine a poem than that e loves of the two, human and brute, should be recognized by all ary's little world, her school-mates and her teacher. More poems te this, sentiments so pure clad in plain Saxon words, would make ir world—wonderful and beautiful, as it now is—a fitter place of velling for "men and the children of men." We regret but one oint about this gem,—that its author is "A Great Unknown."

C. McK.

THE DEATH OF PRINCE WILLIAM.

THERE was a prince named William,
And he had a sister, too;
He was sailing o'er the English Channel,
Over the Channel so blue.

His father had gone ahead;
And he made the boat go fast,
But soon it struck upon a rock;
There was a shock to the very mast!

And everybody did wail,
And everybody did cry,
Because everybody thought
That everybody must die!

Prince William rushed into a boat,—
Several lords and he,—
And he was steering for the land,
Across the dark blue sea.

In the midst of the general weeping,
He heard his sister's cry,
And he made the boat go back,
For he would not let her die!

When he got near the ship,
When he was touching her side,
Down the side of the big ship
Everybody did glide.

Down went the little boat,
Too frail for such a load,
Down went the people in it,
And the people that rowed.

Down went the big ship,
Her topmast in the air,
And, if a person were near enough,
He might see a man clinging there.

The name of this man was Berold,
And he was a butcher by trade,
And by the help of a buff garment
On the top of the water he stayed.

In the morning some fishermen came
And delivered him from the mast;
And after he was recovered,
His tale he told at last.

When the king heard of the death of his children,
He fainted away for a while,
And from that day he was never,
Never was seen to smile!

H. W.

ALLIE'S SUNSHINE.

"A SNOWY, windy day. Oh, how dismal!" sighed Allie. "I wish it would clear off, so that I could go out-doors and play."

With this, Allie, who had been standing by the window gazing out at the gray sky, sat down and commenced to read that beautiful book, "May Stanhope." After reading quietly for more than an hour, she laid down the book, exclaiming: "I *can* and will try to be of some use in the world. I do nothing but mope when it rains, or when anything goes wrong. I will try to help others who need my help. I will ask mamma if I can carry something to Miss Davies. I am sure she needs some help."

"Oh, the sun is shining!" Allie jumped up, and ran out of the room to ask her mother if she would let her go to Miss Davies's. While she is gone I will tell you briefly who she is. Her name is Allie Harris, and she is a bright little girl, only apt to be dull on dark days.

Her mother gave the desired permission, and after wrapping herself up warmly, she took the well-filled basket that her mother had prepared, and set out on her errand of mercy. She soon reached Miss Davies's tiny cottage. She knocked, and a cheery voice bade her enter. She walked into a neat room, barely but cleanly furnished. At one end of it, beside a window, around which an ivy was growing, sat a bright-faced little woman sewing. She looked up and greeted Allie pleasantly. Allie shyly made known her errand, and stayed with Miss Davies all the afternoon, singing and reading aloud while Miss Davies sewed.

When it began to grow dark she bade Miss Davies a cheerful good-by, and went merrily home. She said to her mother, "I have learned the *true* secret of happiness at last." By doing *good* to others you will forget your *own* unhappiness, and be made happy in return; while, if you *mope* and try to be disagreeable, you will be miserable.

F. H.



H'M! DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU 'RE OUT?"

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

Our beautiful new cover was designed and drawn by Walter Crane, of London, who made all those lovely pictures in "The Baby's Opera." Our readers will remember what we said of him last month, and that, though a great artist in other ways also, he has done his best and most famous work in drawing for the little folks. It would have been impossible, therefore, to find a hand more skillful in the kind of art desired, or better fitted to put upon the cover of ST. NICHOLAS just the things to suit the best tastes and fancies; and of Mr. Crane's success we think that no one who really studies the new cover can have a doubt. It seems to us fully worthy both of the artist and the magazine; and, believing that our young readers will all agree with us, we leave them the delight of discovering and enjoying for themselves its special beauties.

THERE is a beautiful custom in England—which it is to be hoped will yet become general in America—of sending around Christmas cards, dainty things with lovely pictures and hearty verses upon them. Friends and lovers send them to one another, children send them to their parents, parents to their children, and the postman, as he flies from house to house, fairly glows with loving messages.

And now ST. NICHOLAS presents to one and all the sweet little card on page 91, which was drawn by Miss L. Greenaway, a London artist, who has drawn many beautiful pictures of child-life. A companion card will be given next month.

WE are sure all our readers will appreciate the very comical pictures on pages 144 and 145, which illustrate the funny story of "The Magician and His Bee." But some of our older boys and girls may be able to put them to another use,—which, also, would cause much fun and merriment,—for these pictures would form an admirable series of magic-lantern slides. And all that is needed to make them is a little skill with the brush and—patience.

Take an *outline* tracing of each figure; arrange all the tracings for each slide on the glass strip, according to their positions in the picture; then, by a slight touch of mucilage, or by holding each one with the forefinger, secure them in their places until the outlines can be traced on the glass. Fill up all the space outside the tracings with black paint, and, this done, put in the shadings of the figures (lines of features, costumes, etc.) with touches of the brush, according to the lines in the printed pictures, until the reproductions upon the slide are true and complete.

Once done, the pictures, enlarged and thrown upon a screen, would be very funny indeed; and if, when they are exhibited, some one will read the story aloud, so as to describe the slides as they succeed each other, you may count upon having a jolly time.

Kiukiang, China, August 18, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am not so far out of the world but that I can receive and read your excellent magazine. I look forward to mail day with much pleasure, especially the mail which brings the ST. NICHOLAS. I read every number through. I enjoy reading the letters from the little boys and girls, I suppose, because I am a little boy myself. There are no American boys here except my three little brothers. We would like to have a play with some of the boys who write for your magazine. The little boys of China have no such magazine as yours. I wish they had: it would make better boys of them. The children of the better class of Chinese go to school. There they learn to commit to memory the Chinese characters. In repeating the characters, they sway back and forth; it 's real comical to see them. They repeat in a sing-song tone. They go to school at six in the morning. They have a rest at noon, after which they remain in the evening until eight o'clock. They have no idea of what we have in America; they are even stupid enough to ask if we have a sun and moon, and all such questions. My home is on the banks of the great river Yang-tse; nine miles back from the river are the Lu-Say Mountains, five thousand feet high. The foreign people find it very cool up in the mountains. There are several large pools of water where they bathe. I have written more than I expected to. —Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS, from your reader,

EVANSTON HART.

READERS who were interested in Professor Proctor's letter about the Sea-Serpent, in ST. NICHOLAS for August last, may like to read also these little extracts on the same subject:

From the New York "Independent."

A sea-monster was seen by the officers of H. M. S. "Osborne," on June 2, off the coast of Sicily, which is sketched by Lieut. Hayne and figured in the London *Graphic*. The first sketch is merely of a long row of fins just appearing above the water, of irregular height and extending, says Lieutenant Osborne, from thirty to forty feet in length. The other sketch is of the creature as seen "end on," and shows only the head, which was "bullet-shaped and quite six feet thick," and a couple of flappers, one on each side. The creature was, says Lieutenant Osborne, at least fifteen or twenty feet wide across the back, and "from the top of the head to the part of the back where it became immersed I should consider about fifty feet, and that seemed about a third of its whole length." Thus it is certainly much longer than any fish hitherto known to the zoölogists, and is at least, as remarkable a creature as most of the old wonder-makers ever alleged.

From the "National Teachers' Monthly," September.

Mr. John Kieller Webster says he has seen the sea-serpent in the Straits of Malacca. Its body was fifty feet in length, the head twelve feet, and the tail one hundred and fifty. It seemed to be a huge salamander. The Chinese on board the ship were so frightened, they set up a howl,—a circumstance very remarkable.

THE GAME OF FAGOT-GATHERING.

THERE is a jolly in-door game, for the winter, called "Fagot Gathering," which has been described in print before, but it makes so much fun that many who have never heard of it will be glad if we tell about it here.

First you take some slips of paper,—as many as there are players—and on one of them you write "Fagot-Gatherer;" on each of the rest you write either "good wood" or "snapper," making three times as many "good woods" as "snappers." Of course, anybody who knows about wood-fires will see that this is because some sticks will burn quietly and brightly while others will crack and snap and fly without the least warning. You put the papers into a hat, and each player takes one, telling nobody what is written on it. Every one then sits as near to the wall as possible, leaving a clear space in the middle of the room, and the player who has chosen the "Fagot Gatherer" slip proceeds in a serious, business-like way to bunch the fagots. He, or she, chooses four or five girls and boys, standing them together to represent a fagot, and then makes similar groups of the rest in other parts of the room. This done, he begins to "bind the fagots" by walking slowly around each group, making with his arms such motions as a real fagot-binder would make. The "sticks" are quiet until the binder lets his arms fall, but then comes a sudden change; the "good woods" run to their seats, but the "snappers" chase the "binder" and try to touch him before he can begin to bind another "fagot;" failing in this, they have to go and mourn among the "good woods." Then the binding of the second "fagot" goes on, like that of the first. But when a "fagot-gatherer" is touched the "snapper" takes the place of the "gatherer," who goes and is himself. The game ends when all the "fagots" have been used in this way, and is then begun again by another selection of papers from the hat. The fun is in the frights and surprises of the "fagot gatherer," who, of course, does not know who is a "good wood" and who a "snapper;" and all do their best to avoid betraying themselves. If you have a good big room and lots of players you will find this game as full of fun as you can wish.

Philadelphia, September 16, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was looking over your September number, and happened to read a letter addressed to the "Little School ma'am," and signed "Father of two school-girls;" it was about school lunches, and told of a visit to the new Normal school of Philadelphia; he said that in the lunch hall there is a long table on which there was nothing but cakes of all sorts. Now, being a member of the school, I was a little hurt at the injustice done to our school.

now there is something else but cake,—fruit, milk, soup, sandwiches, c., being among the other things that are spread on the lunch- ble, provided by the janitor, and sold to the girls at very low rates. you see I had reason to be a little indignant at the discredit done our school, and set about repairing it as far as possible; and you, o, can help repair the harm done to this fine public school by kindly inting this note. But I must close, for my letter is getting too long. Your true friend,

A MEMBER OF THE MODEL CLASSES PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.
(Aged eleven years.)

SCIENCE AT HOME.

Brooklyn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an old boy, but not too old to be one your most delighted readers; and I am glad of the present chance send you my good wishes, and say my say. Here it is:

Be sure and tell your youngsters to bear in mind that opportunities home study on their own accounts are multiplying around them y by day, and that in taking advantage of them they will not only d great enjoyment and add to their stock of knowledge, but also ll come upon hundreds of ways in which to amuse their friends, th old and young.

Here, for instance, come Professor Mayer, and your frequent con- butor, Mr. Charles Barnard, with a little book about "Light." ey are not content with merely telling the dry facts about their bject, but, with pictures and plain speech, they explain how almost y boy or girl may, at small cost, make his or her own apparatus, d with it verify by actual trial what the book says. Some of the periments are positively beautiful, and the hardest is not *very* ficult.

Then, too, Professor Tyndall has written out his lectures to young ople, given before the Royal Institution at London during 1875-76, a little work called "Lessons in Electricity,"—most interesting and autiful of scientific studies,—in which he tells how to make the in- uments and conduct the experiments yourself. And, as if that re not enough, Mr. Curt W. Meyer, of the Bible House, New rk, has arranged to supply a complete set of instruments, to suit s book of Professor Tyndall's, at a total cost of $55, packing-case d all; the various articles being obtainable separately at proper- nate prices.

only wish we had had such chances fifty years ago; for, if our older nds had not made presents of such things to us,—as no doubt ny oldsters will to your young folks this coming Christmas,—we 'd ve saved up our pocket money and gone ahead alone. I know that ade all my own electrical apparatus; but there was good fun in ng it, and it worked well, and made splendid times for our circle young folks on cozy winter evenings.

hope you will read this letter through, although it is as long as st old men's memories.—Yours still affectionately,

GRAN'THER HORTON.

Jamaica, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read Jack-in-the-Pulpit's inquiry in the gust number about the "Fiery Tears of St. Lawrence." Yester- I was reading a book, and in it there was an article headed howers of Stars." I read it, and at the end of it was a piece ich seemed to be an answer to Jack's question. I copied word for d from the book. Here it is:

"Another writer suggests the theory that a stream or group of umerable bodies, comparatively small, but of various dimensions, weeping around the solar focus in an orbit, which periodically s the orbit of the earth, thus explaining the actual cause of shoot- stars, aerolites, and meteoric showers."

This is all I have been able to find out, and I hope it is correct.— ieve me to be yours very truly,

C. A. R.

. A. R., and others who wish to know more of this subject, will all the latest information in "Appleton's Cyclopædia," under the rs "Aerolite" and "Meteor," where admirably clear and con- sed accounts are given of all that is known about these bodies. A. R.'s extract states the theory most generally held.

TABLEAUX FROM ST. NICHOLAS PICTURES.

Brooklyn, November, 1877.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: My little sisters and my brother love , and so do I, for your monthly visits make our house brighter pleasanter to us all. I am fifteen, not yet too old to be one of r children, you see.

That I want to tell you is how easily some of your pictures can be ed into *tableaux-vivants*, or even acted. There was "Pattikin's tse;" I am sure we had the greatest fun with those pictures, we g so many girls: and "The man all tattered and torn that mar- the maiden all forlorn;" that was on p. 652 of the volume for : "The Minuet," in January, 1877: "Hagar in the Desert," in , 1877; my aunty did that, and it was lovely: the little girl in e Owl That Stared," in November, 1876; and "Leap-Year," in the same number. All these we had at our own home, but there are lots of others that might suit some folks better than they would suit us.

This winter some of your pictures will be used in a series of grand tableaux for our Sunday-school entertainments. A number of people belonging to the school can paint scenes, get up costumes, and all that. It is going to be splendid.

I thought that your other children, you dear old ST. NICHOLAS, would surely like to know about this, and I hope I have not made my letter too long. From yours lovingly,

MINA B. H.

MARY C. WARREN answered correctly all the puzzles in the October "Riddle-Box," but her answers came too late for acknowledgment in the November number.

Black Oak Ridge, Passaic County, N. J.

MRS. EDITOR: Excuse me writing to you, but I want to ask you if you think it is right to be killing cats all the time, for my brother Eddie has killed fifteen this year, and whenever I scold him about it, he begins to sing pilly willy winkum bang dow diddle ee ing ding poo poo fordy, pilly willy winkum bang. There, there he stands now behind the barn with his hands full of lumps of coal watching for one that killed his chicken a month ago. O dear, if he would only stop killing cats what a good boy he would be! He always gives me half of his candy, and he raises such nice melons in his garden. O, O, as true as I live there he goes now after the poor cat. Good, good, good—neither piece of coal hit her. What can I do to stop his bad habit. I think it is too bad even if they do kill his chicks once in a while. I have only got two cats left, Dick and Mizy, and he watches them awful close.—Your friend,

KATIE BAKER.

New York.

DEAR ST NICHOLAS: I want to send this story to The letter box that I wrote when I was 6 years old this is it

LITTLE MAY

Once upon a time there lived a little girl whose father and mother were very rich, so the little girl had lovely dresses, but she had a very bad temper and was very proud so nobody loved her. One day this little girl I might as well tell you her name it was May was sitting in her mothers lap Mama said she what makes everybody act so to me? Dear said her mother it is because you are so proud and get angry so easily then said May if I should try to be good would they like me Yes said her mother so after that May was a better child and every body liked her even her mother loved her better than before and so did her father and after that the little girl was no more saying Oh dear nobody loves me but lived happy and contented.

ELISE L. LATHROP.

Geneva, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I notice in a chapter of "His Own Master" for September a mistake which I can correct. In describing the Cincinnati suspension bridge, it says that trains go across on it. This is a mistake, as that bridge is only used for carriages, horse-cars and pedestrians, the steam-cars going across on another bridge above. There is now building a new railroad bridge below for the new Southern Railroad.—Yours respectfully,

W. S. N.

San Leandro, Cal., Sept. 3, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I tried the Little Schoolma'am's way of pressing flowers, and I think it is ever so nice. I pressed a wall-flower; it retained all its brightness and looked just like a fresh flower. Last spring we discovered a humming-bird's nest in one of the trees in our orchard. It was very pretty, being no larger than half of a hen's egg. The first time I saw it the little mother was on it; she sat as still as a stone, and looked as if she would not budge an inch for me or anybody else. I am always very glad when the ST. NICHOLAS comes.—Your affectionate little reader,

SUSIE R. IRWIN.

Princeton, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you of the interesting expedition I made last August to the college observatory here for the purpose of seeing the three planets, Jupiter, Mars and Saturn. Through the telescope we were shown Mars burning with a ruddy glow, and having on the rim of one side a bright white spot, which the professor told us was the ice piled up around the north pole; Saturn with its rings, seen with wonderful clearness, and shining pale and far off in comparison with Mars; Jupiter with its two dark bands around the center, and three of its satellites plainly visible; and, last, the moon with its curiously indented surface and ragged edge. The telescope was small, so we could not, of course, see the newly discovered satellites of Mars, the professor saying that there were only two instruments in this country that would show them. Hoping that you may have as good an opportunity to see these splendid heavenly bodies as I have had, I remain, your friend,

B. H. S.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

BABY DAYS, a selection of Songs, Stories and Pictures for Very Little Folks, with an introduction by the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, and 300 illustrations. Scribner & Co.—This large and very handsome book has been made up from ST. NICHOLAS, and nearly all from the pages devoted to the "Very Little Folks," and although the readers of this magazine know that there have been many good things in that department, they can have no idea, until they see it gathered together in this book, what a wealth of pictures, stories, funny little poems and jingles have been offered the little ones in ST. NICHOLAS. To children who have never read ST. NICHOLAS, this book, with its three hundred pictures,—to say nothing of its other contents.—will be a revelation; to children who take the magazine, it will bring up many pleasant recollections of good things they have enjoyed.

ABOUT OLD STORY-TELLERS—of How and When they Lived, and what Stories they Told. By Donald G. Mitchell. Published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—When any one comes late to dinner nothing can be kinder than to bring back for him some of the good things which may have been removed before his arrival,—and something very like this has here been done by Mr. Mitchell for the boys and girls who came into this world too late to hear in their original freshness all the good stories that were the delight of their fathers and mothers when they were children. And these fine old stories are all so nicely warmed up (if we may so express it) by the author of the book, and so daintily and attractively presented to our boys and girls, that some older folks may be in doubt whether or not they would have lost anything in this respect if they, too, had happened to come a little late to the feast furnished by Defoe, Dean Swift, Miss Edgeworth, Oliver Goldsmith, the man who wrote the "Arabian Nights," and other good old story-tellers.

OUR little housekeepers, especially those who have put into practice Marion Harland's admirable recipes which we gave in our third and fourth volumes, will be delighted with a little book published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago. It is called SIX LITTLE COOKS; or, Aunt Jane's Cooking-Class,—and, while it is really an interesting narrative in itself, it delightfully teaches girls just how to follow practically its many recipes. The only fault we have to find with it the great preponderance of cakes and pastry and sweets over healt ful dishes and the more solid kinds of cookery.

A VERY pleasant little book is THE WINGS OF COURAGE, adapt from the French for American boys and girls by Marie E. Field, a published by the Putnams. The three stories which make up t book will delight fairy-loving boys and girls. They are illustrated Mrs. Lucy G. Morse, the author of "The Ash-Girl," well known ST. NICHOLAS readers. The pictures all are pretty, but to our mi the best of all is "Margot and Neva," illustrating "Queen Coax."

BETTY AND HER COUSIN HARRY. By Miss Sarah E. Chest American Tract Society, N. Y. Price, $1; postage, 7 cents.—T book tells in a bright and lively way about the pranks of a me little girl and her boy-cousin. There is plenty of good fun and go will throughout, especially in the parts that tell of the doings of two young madcaps on April Fools' Day and the Fourth of J and of the queer way in which Toby, the pet crow, becomes pea maker between them.

THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES. Hurd & Houghton.—N of our young friends who have read "The Doings of the Bod Family" will need to be told that this new volume is filled with sto bright, interesting, and helpful; and the Bodley folks have alre gained so many friends and admirers that the book will be sure make its way. We said of the former volume that it was charming, the new one is even more exquisitely printed, and has a cover even m quaint and beautiful. So we cordially commend it to our young frie as a book which will both satisfy their interest and benefit their tas

THE CHRISTMAS STORY-TELLER, published by Scribner, Wel & Armstrong, is a well-illustrated collection of excellent Christ stories by English writers. It is meant for papas and mammas ra than little folks, but some of our older boys and girls may enjoy Christmas tales by such authors as Mark Lemon, Edmund Y Tom Hood, Shirley Brooks, and that very funny man, F. C. Burn

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

A CHESS PUZZLE.

OUR readers will here find a "knight's move" problem, similar to the one published in the "Riddle-Box" of ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1874. By beginning at the right word and going from square to square as a knight moves, you will find an eight-line quotation from an old poet. The verse is quoted in one of "Elia's Essays." M.

And	you,	ding	close	your	bond-	me	cir-
gad-	me	oh	age	chain	your	I	en
O	vines;	Do	through	so	silk-	cles	too,
nail	ye	lest	bles,	break,	Ere	me	That
your	bram-	ars,	in	Bind	lace,	And,	weak,
bout,	But,	me	ver	prove	bines,	I	ye
Curl	fet-	this	bri-	your	ne-	too	cour-
place;	a-	twines;	ters	leave	teous	wood-	may

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE whole, composed of six letters, is a New England city. 1 is a numeral. The 1 2 is a word signifying "Behold!" The is cheap. The 2 3 4 is to be indebted. The 3 4 is a pronoun. 3 4 5 6 is a cistern. The 4 5 6 is a measure. C.

A PLEA FOR SANTA CLAUS.

BY taking one letter from each line of this verse, you will find an acrostic which spells a holiday greeting. The letters, too, are in straight line with one another—but what letters shall be taken?

Coming with merry feet to young and old,
Where snow and ice would block his onward way;
Strive they in vain his eager step to stay,
For Santa Claus is curious as bold.
Why should he *not* know what the ovens hold?
Such odors tempt him, and he must obey!
School-boys and matrons, grandsires, maidens gay,
Forgive him if he warm his fingers cold
While waiting: Arrows from his mystic pack—
Wise fellow! see him choose! "*These* (from *my* bow
With shaft of silver, tipped with jewel rare,
Aimed with the skill which Love can well impart,
Shall strike the center of the coyest heart!
Lest Santa Claus be slighted, then, beware!"

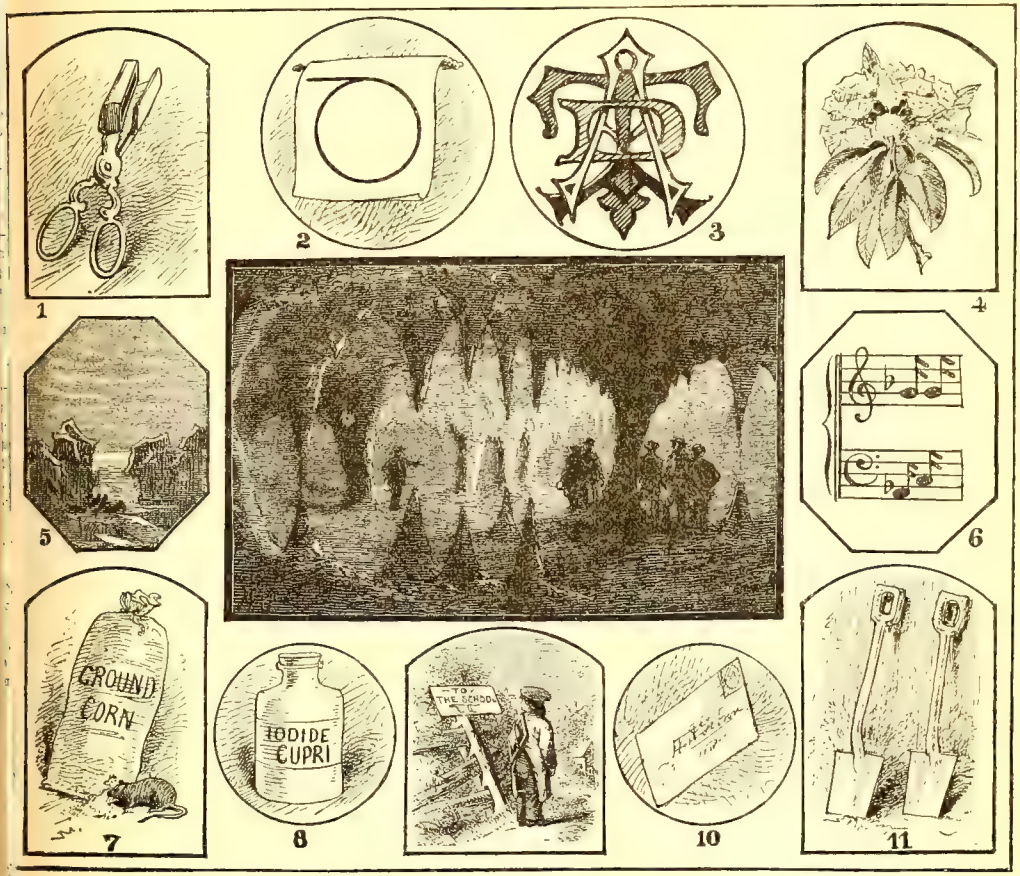
BROKEN WORDS.

IN each sentence, fill the first two blanks with two words w joined together, will form a word to fill the remaining blank.

1. "Do you buy paper —— —— or reams?" —— one sc girl of another. 2. —— —— Puritans do not regard it as yo —— men might. 3. He built —— —— when in ——, and liv the natives themselves.

PICTORIAL QUADRUPLE-ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals of the words represented by the small pictures name two objects to be seen in the central picture. Two other words relating to the central picture may also be found in succession, by taking one letter from each of the words represented by the small pictures. L. J.



CHRISTMAS ENIGMA.

The answer is a proverb relating to Christmas. Forty-four letters. 7 2 30 9 8 24 38 15 22 32 27, and also 25 20 11 38 31 25, and 6 13 35 25 9 18 29 2 are used in Christmas decorations. 36 1 26 42 9 10 rung, 44 41 7 38 39 31 16 are told, 24 4 6 2 12 are played, 10 11 26 21 2 5 12 is laid aside, 19 9 43 38 35 37 16 are brightened by yule s, 34 23 14 11 20 25 salutations are exchanged, 28 2 4 8 35 44 gladed, and 3 7 11 38 27 winged, all at the good old Christmas-time. B.

AUTHORS' NAMES.

The answers will give respectively the names of sixteen authors. 1. A cat's cry and a Scotch lake. 2. The value of the rim. 3. A gh or clumsy cut between a sunbeam and the old ladies' beverage. 4. A man's name and an island. 5. A teacher commanding one of male scholars to perform his task. 6. A bun and a hotel. 7. A t, and a "k," and a measure of length. 8. Strong and well.

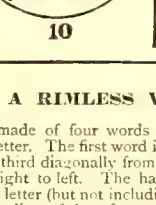
9. Two-thirds of an eye; a Scotch title prefixed;
With a shoe-maker's tool nicely put in betwixt;
If you look at it closely, I think you will find
An essayist, poet, historian, combined.

Conqueror, embrace O. 11. Indispensable to printers, and a little . 12. A bit, and a horse's cry. 13. A small nail and a Spanish . 14. A boy's nickname and an humble dwelling. 15. The rarch Jacob between "D" and myself.

16. If two pretty girl-names together you tie
(Some E's you must lose, for "I can't tell a lie"),
The name of two poets at once you 'll descry. M. M

A RIMLESS WHEEL.

The wheel is made of four words of seven letters each, with a common central letter. The first word is written vertically, the second horizontally, the third diagonally from left to right, and the fourth diagonally from right to left. The half of each word, from the outside to the central letter (but not including that letter), forms a smaller word. The whole line of dots from 1*a* to 1*b*, including the central letter, indicates the first of the four principal words, while 1*a* indicates the first of the small words belonging to it, and 1*b* indicates its second small word. This numbering and lettering applies also to the other words. The central letter is given, and all the words are defined below.

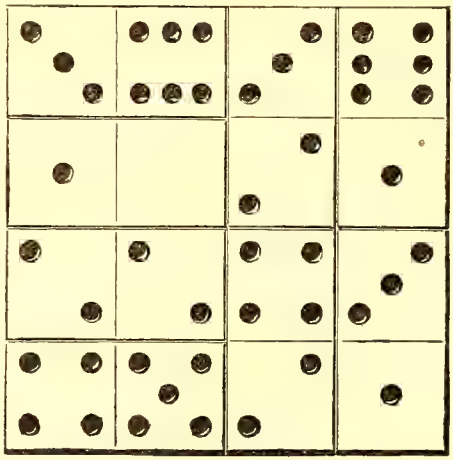


1. A wall of defense. 2. A brilliant bird of South America. 3. An enthusiast. 4. The noise of a drum.

1*a*. Equal value. 1*b*. A fondling. 2*a*. The human race. 2*b*. A relative. 3*a*. An article of summer use. 3*b*. Involuntary muscular motion. 4*a*. To chafe. 4*b*. To entitle. E.

MAGIC DOMINO-SQUARE.

EIGHT dominoes placed together form a square composed of sixteen half-dominoes, as shown in the diagram below. But, in the diagra each row of four half-dominoes contains a different number of spots from any of the other rows. Thus the topmost row, counting hori zontally, contains eighteen spots; the one below it only four; the first row to the left, counting vertically, ten; the diagonal row, downward from left to right, eight, etc. It is required to make a square of eight dominoes of the same set, in which each vertical, horizontal, and diagonal row of half-dominoes shall contain exactly sixteen spots. Who can do it? M. I



DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

THE puzzle contains ten words of ten letters each. Fill the blanks with words suited to the sense, and arrange these one above another in the order in which they occur in the sentences. They will then form a square, and the diagonal letters, read downward from left to right, will name a friend we all like.

—— (the same person as the diagonal, with another name) —— boys, and the children may well put —— in a friend who can —— so much to their happiness. No ordinary person is —— to him; and the legend —— us to the belief that he is well-nigh —— that tells of the —— exercise of his power in a —— manner, and on account of which he deserves to be called the "——" patron. B.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

SUPPLY the blanks with words to complete the sense, and transpose them into an appropriate proverb, with no letter repeated.

When Santa Claus, laughing at Christmas cold,
Leaps gayly out from his —— of gold,
No clattering —— disturb the house,
But down the —— as still as a ——
He glides to lighten his burdened back,
By tossing treasures from out his pack;
Then up and off, with no —— behind
But the "Merry Christmas" you all shall find. B.

SEXTUPLE ACROSTIC

INITIALS, read downward, a ma
read upward, a biblical locality. C
trals, read downward, a portion; r
upward, a snare. Finals, read do
ward, something seen at night; r
upward, small animals.

1. Stupid persons. 2. Toward
stern of a ship. 3. An insect i
caterpillar state. 4. To come in.

N. T. M

EASY DIAMOND PUZZL

IN work, but not in play; a don
tic animal; a singing bird; a li
carriage; in night, but not in da

ISOL

NUMERICAL ENIGMAS

1. SHE is such a sweet, 1 2 3 4 5
child, I feel sure that I can s
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 of her love.

2. "Will you 1 2 3 4 5 6 ro
said the 1 2 3 4 5 6.

3. If you do 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 1
about the stem of the vase, choose the delicate 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

4. Shall you 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 for robbing the poor l
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12's nest?

5. My 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 a house to the 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 of ten children.

6. Shall it be a sail, 1 2 3, 4 5 6 7 8,—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8? Which
it is to be, we must prepare for it to-day, Tom.

7. 1 2 3 4! 5 6 7 8 1 2 3 4, I shall always be interested in
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. O

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Franklin, Herschel.

F	—rit—	H
R	—os—	E
A	—lde—	R
N	—autilu—	S
K	—ennebe—	C
L	—arc—	H
I	—sl—	E
N	—icke—	L

BROKEN WORDS.—1. Forgotten—forgot ten. 2. Offences—of fences. 3. Significant—sign if I can't. 4. Firmament—firm ament.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL REBUS.—

4,002,063
83,080,010
76,094
89,000,000,011
89,087,158,178

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—

PERPETUAL
TRIVIAL
ABODE
OLD
U
ATE
THINK
ARMORER
FLOUNDERS

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Cleopatra—ale, top, car.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—1. Shame, Sham, Ham, Ha
2. White, Whit, Hit, It, I. 3. Coral, Cora, Ora, Or, R. 4. Sp
Pine, Pin, In, I. 5. Honey, Hone, One, On, O.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—D, Cid, Clara, Diamond, Droit, Ant

CHARADE.—Stratagem.

PUZZLE BOUQUET.—1. Foxglove. 2. Hawkweed. 3. Tube
4. Candytuft. 5. Snapdragon. 6. Wall-flower. 7. Sweet-pea. 8.
sam (Ball Sam). 9. Snowdrop,. 10. Marigold (Marry Gold).

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Earth, heart. 2. Oder, rode. 3. Wells, s
4. Evil, Levi. 5. Edges, sedge.

LETTER ANAGRAMS.—1. Lover P—Plover. 2. R after S—Rais
3. S and T—Stand. 4. P under L—Plunder. 5. Et upon Ic—
poetic.

HIDDEN DRESS GOODS.—1. Calico. 2. Gingham. 3. Co
4. Linen. 5. Serge. 6. Merino. 7. Silk. 8. Satin. 9. Mush

PICTORIAL PROVERB-ACROSTIC.—"The longest day must ha
end."

1.	T	—e Deu—	M
2	H	—yosciam—	U
3.	E	—ye—	S
4.	L	—as—	T
5.	O	—	H
6.	N	—ux Vomic—	A
7.	G	—love(—e—)	V
8.	E	—y—	E
9.	S	—e—	A
10.	T	—uree—	N
11.	D	—rup—	E
12.	A	—ndiro—	N
13.	Y	—ar—	D

THE ANSWERS TO THE PICTORIAL PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER "RIDDLE-BOX" were accidentally omitted from the November nu and are given here. REBUS: "Liars are not to be believed or respected." PICTORIAL PROVERB-ANAGRAM: "Listeners never hea go od of themselves."

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER have been received from Harry H Neill, George J. Fiske, Eddie V John W. Riddle, Marion Abbott, Harriet M. Hall, Grant Squires, George Herbert White, William Kiersted, Maxwell W. Turner, I Elliott, H. V. Wurdemann, Alice B. Moore, "Clarinet," Sophie Owen Smith, Julia Abbott, Alice M. King, Mary W. Ovington, "Mat Edith Merriam, Eddie H. Eckel, "Bessie and her Cousin," Alice Bertram, M. W. Collet, and "A. B. C."

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES were also received, previous to October 18th, from Georgietta N. Congdon, Bessie Dorsey, Fre M. Pease, T. M. Ware, A. G. Cameron, "May," Rosie S. Palmer, Julia Lathers, Florence Wilcox, Edwin R. Garsia, Lizzie M. Knapp, B. McNary, May Danforth, Katie Earl, W. Creighton Spencer, W. Irving Spencer, Carrie M. Hart, Edna A. Hart, Olive E. Hart, Emery, Gertrude Eager, and Alice T. Booth.



TWO WAYS OF CARRYING THE MAIL.

[See Letter-Box.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1878. NO. 3.

[Copyright, 1877, by Scribner & Co.]

THE RAVENS AND THE ANGELS.

(A Story of the Middle Ages.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

I.

IN those old days, in that old city, they called he cathedral—and they thought it—the house of God. The cathedral was the Father's house for ll, and therefore it was loved and honored, and nriched with lavish treasures of wealth and work, eyond any other father's house.

The cathedral was the Father's house, and, nerefore, close to its gates might nestle the poor wellings of the poor,—too poor to find a shelter nywhere besides; because the central life and joy f the house of God was the suffering, self-sacri- cing Son of Man; and dearer to Him, now and rever, as when He was on earth, was the feeblest nd most fallen human creature He had redeemed ian the most glorious heavenly constellation of ie universe He had made.

And so it happened that when Berthold, the one-carver, died, Magdalis, his young wife, and er two children, then scarcely more than babes, ottlieb and little Lenichen, were suffered to make ieir home in the little wooden shed which had nce sheltered a hermit, and which nestled into ie recess close to the great western gate of the inster.

Thus, while inside from the lofty aisles pealed rth, night and day, the anthems of the choir, ose outside, night and day, rose also, even more irely to God, the sighs of a sorrowful woman and ie cries of little children whom all her toil could ardly supply with bread. Because, He hears the eblest wail of want, though it comes not from a ove or even from a harmless sparrow, but a young raven. And He does not heed the sweetest anthem of the fullest choir, if it is a mere pomp of sound. Because, while the best love of His meanest creatures is precious to Him, the second-best of His loftiest creatures is intolerable to Him. He heeds the shining of the drops of dew and the rustling of the blades of grass. But from creatures who can love he cannot accept the mere outside offering of creatures which can only make a pleasant sound.

All this, or such as this, the young mother Magdalis taught her babes as they could bear it.

For they needed such lessons.

The troubles of the world pressed on them very early, in the shape little children can understand—little hands and feet nipped with frost, hunger and darkness and cold.

Not that the citizens of that city were hypocrites, singing the praises of God, whilst they let His dear Lazaruses vainly crave at His gates for their crumbs.

But Magdalis was very tender and timid, and a little proud; proud not for herself, but for her husband and his babes. And she was also feeble in health. She was an orphan herself, and she had married, against the will of her kindred in a far-off city, the young stone-carver, whose genius they did not appreciate, whose labor and skill had made life so rich and bright to them while he lived, and whose early death had left them all so desolate.

For his dear sake, she would not complain. For herself it had been easier to die, and for his babes she would not bring the shame of beggary on them. Better for them to enter into this life

maimed of strength, she thought, by meager food, than tainted with the taint of beggary.

Rather, she thought, would their father himself have seen them go hungry to bed than deserve that the fingers of other children should be pointed scornfully at them as "the little beggars by the church door," the door of the church in which she gloried to think there were stones of his carving.

So she toiled on, carving for sale little devotional symbols—crosses, and reliquaries, and lilies and lambs—with the skill she had learnt from him, and teaching the little ones, as best she could, to love and work and suffer. Teaching them only, perhaps, not quite enough to hope. For the lamp of hope burnt low in her own heart, and therefore her patience, not being enough the patience of hope, lacked something of sweetness. It never broke downward into murmurs, but it too seldom soared upward into praise.

So it happened that one frosty night, about Christmas-tide, little Gottlieb lay awake, very hungry, on the ledge of the wall, covered with straw, which served him for a bed.

It had once been the hermit's bed. And very narrow Gottlieb thought it must have been for the hermit, for more than once he had been in peril of falling over the side, in his restless tossings. He supposed the hermit was too good to be restless, or perhaps too good for the dear angels to think it good for him to be hungry, as they evidently did think it good for Gottlieb and Lenichen, or they would be not good angels at all, not even as kind as the ravens which took the bread to Elijah when they were told. For the dear Heavenly Father had certainly told the angels always to take care of little children.

The more Gottlieb lay awake and tossed and thought, the further off the angels seemed.

For, all the time, under the pillow lay one precious crust of bread, the last in the house until his mother should buy the loaf to-morrow.

He had saved it from his supper in an impulse of generous pity for his little sister, who so often awoke, crying with hunger, and woke his poor mother, and would not let her go to sleep again.

He had thought how sweet it would be, when Lenichen awoke the next morning, to appear suddenly, as the angels do, at the side of the bed where she lay beside her mother, and say:

"Dear Lenichen! See, God has sent you this bit of bread as a Christmas gift."

For the next day was Christmas Eve.

This little plan made Gottlieb so happy that at first it felt as good to him as eating the bread.

But the happy thought, unhappily, did not long content the hungry animal part of him, which craved, in spite of him, to be filled; and, as the night went on, he was sorely tempted to eat the precious crust—his very own crust—himself.

"Perhaps it was ambitious of me, after all," he said to himself, "to want to seem like a blessed angel, a messenger of God, to Lenichen. Perhaps, too, it would not be true. Because, after all, it would not be exactly God who sent the crust, but only me."

And with the suggestion, the little hands which had often involuntarily felt for the crust, brought it to the hungry little mouth.

But at that moment it opportunely happened that his mother made a little moan in her sleep, which half awakened Lenichen, who murmured, sleepily, "Little mother, mother, bread!"

Whereupon, Gottlieb blushed at his own ungenerous intention, and resolutely pushed back the crust under the pillow. And then he thought it must certainly have been the devil who had tempted him to eat, and he tried to pray.

He prayed the "Our Father" quite through, kneeling up softly in bed, and lingering fondly, but not very hopefully, on the "Give us our daily bread."

And then again he fell into rather melancholy reflections how very often he had prayed that same prayer and been hungry, and into distracting speculations how the daily bread could come, until at last he ventured to add this bit of his own to his prayers:

"Dear, holy Lord Jesus, you were once a little child, and know what it feels like. If Lenichen and I are not good enough for you to send us bread by the blessed angels, do send us some by the poor ravens. We would not mind at all, if they came from you, and were your ravens, and brought us real bread. And if it is wrong to ask, please not to be displeased, because I am such a little child, and I don't know better, and I want to go to sleep!"

Then Gottlieb lay down again, and turned his face to the wall, where he knew the picture of the Infant Jesus was, and forgot his troubles and fell asleep.

The next morning he was awaked, as so often by Lenichen's little bleat; and he rose triumphantly, and took his crust to her bedside.

Lenichen greeted him with a wistful little smile and put up her face for a kiss; but her reception of the crust was somewhat disappointing.

She wailed a little because it was "hard and dry," and when Gottlieb moistened it with a few drops of water, she took it too much, he felt, as a mere common meal, a thing of course, and her natural right.

He had expected that, in some way, the hungry hours it had cost him would have been kneaded

into it, and made it a kind of heavenly manna for her.

To him it had meant hunger, and heroism, and sleepless hours of endurance. It seemed strange that to Lenichen it should seem nothing more than a hard, dry, common crust.

But to the mother it was much more.

She understood all; and, because she understood so much, she said little.

She only smiled, and said he looked more than ever like his father; and as he sat musing rather sadly while she was dressing, and Lenichen had fallen asleep again, she pointed to the little peaceful sleeping face, the flaxen hair curling over the dimpled arm, and she said:

"That is thy thanks—just that the little one is happy. The dear Heavenly Father cares more, I think, for such thanks than for any other; just to see the flowers grow, just to hear the birds sing to their nestlings, just to see His creatures good and happy, because of His gifts. Those are about the best thanks for Him and for us."

But Gottlieb looked up inquiringly.

"Yet He likes us to say 'Thank you,' too? Did you not say all the Church services, all the beautiful cathedral itself, is just the people's 'Thank you' to God? Are we not going to church just to say 'Thank you,' to-day?"

"Yes, darling," she said. "But the 'thank you' we *mean* to say is worth little unless it is just the blossom and fragrance of the love and content always in the heart. God cares infinitely for our loving Him, and loves us to thank Him if we do. He does not care at all for the thanks without the love, or without the content."

And as she spoke these words, Mother Magdalis was preaching a little sermon to herself also, which made her eyes moisten and shine.

So she took courage, and contrived to persuade the children and herself that the bread-and-water breakfast that Christmas Eve morning had something quite festive about it.

And when they had finished with a grace which Gottlieb sang, and Lenichen lisped after him, she told him to take the little sister on his knee and sing through his songs and hymns, while she prayed herself in the few remnants of holiday dress left her.

And as she cleaned and arranged the tiny room, her heart was lighter than it had been for a long time.

"I ought to be happy," she said to herself, "with music enough in my little nest to fill a church."

When Gottlieb had finished his songs, and was beginning them over again, there was a knock at the door, and the face of old Hans, the dwarf, appeared at the door, as he half opened it.

"A good Christmas to thee and thy babes, Mother Magdalis! Thy son is born indeed with a golden spoon in his mouth," croaked old Hans in his hoarse, guttural voice.

The words grated on Magdalis. Crooked Hans' jokes were apt to be as crooked as his temper and his poor limbs, and to give much dissatisfaction, hitting on just the sore points no one wanted to be touched.

She felt tempted to answer sharply, but the sweet Christmas music had got into her heart, and she only said, with tears starting to her eyes:

"If he was, neighbor, all the gold was lost and buried long ago."

"Not a bit of it!" rejoined Hans. "Did n't I hear the gold ring this very instant? The lad has gold in his mouth, I say! Give him to me, and you shall see it before night."

She looked up reproachfully, the tears fairly falling at what she thought such a cruel mockery from Hans, who knew her poverty, and had never had from her or hers the rough words he was too used to from every one.

"The golden days are over for me," was all she said.

"Nay! They have yet to begin," he replied. "Your Berthold left more debtors than you know, Frau Magdalis. And old Hans is one of them. And Hans never forgets a debt, black or white. Let the lad come with me, I say. I know the choir-master at the cathedral. And I know he wants a fine high treble just such as thy Gottlieb's, and will give anything for it. For if he does not find one, the Cistercians at the new convent will draw away all the people, and we shall have no money for the new organ. They have a young Italian, who sings like an angel, there; and the young archduchess is an Italian, and is wild about music, and lavishes her gifts wherever she finds it good."

Magdalis looked perplexed and troubled.

"To sell the child's voice seems like selling part of himself, neighbor," she said at length; "and to sell God's praises seems like selling one's own soul."

"Well, well! Those are thy proud burgher notions," said Hans, a little nettled. "If the Heavenly Father pleases to give thee and the little ones a few crumbs for singing His matins and evensong, it is no more than He does for the robins, or, for that matter, for the very ravens, such as me, that croak to Him with the best voice they have."

At these words, Gottlieb, who had been listening very attentively, gently set little Lenichen down, and, drawing close to Hans, put his little hand confidingly in his.

"I will go with neighbor Hans, mother!" he said, decisively. "The dear Lord himself has sent him."

"Thou speakest like a prophet," said the mother, smiling tenderly at his oracular manner, "a prophet and a king in one. Hast thou had a vision? Is thy will indeed the law of the land?"

"Yes, mother," he said, coloring, "the dear Lord Jesus has made it quite plain. I asked Him, if we were not good enough for Him to send us an angel, to send us one of His ravens, and He has sent us Hans!"

Hans laughed, but not the grim, hoarse laugh which was habitual to him, and which people compared to the croaking of a raven; it was a hearty, open laugh, like a child's, and he said:

"Let God's raven lead thee, then, my lad, and the mother shall see if we don't bring back the bread and meat."

"I did not ask for meat," said Gottlieb, gravely, "only for bread."

"The good God is wont to give more than we either desire or deserve," croaked Hans, "when He sets about giving at all."

II.

THERE was no time to be lost.

The services of the day would soon begin, and Hans had set his heart on Gottlieb's singing that very day in the cathedral.

The choir-master's eyes sparkled as he listened to the boy; but he was an austere man, and would not utter a word to make the child think himself of value.

"Not bad raw material," he said, "but very raw. I suppose thou hast never before sung a note to any one who understood music?"

"Only for the mother and the little sister," the child replied in a low, humbled tone, beginning to fear the raven would bring no bread after all, "and sometimes in the litanies and the processions."

"Sing no more for babes and nurses, and still less among the beggars in the street-processions," pronounced the master, severely. "It strains and vulgarizes the tone. And, with training, I don't know but that, after all, we might make something of thee—in time, in time."

Gottlieb's anxiety mastered his timidity, and he ventured to say:

"Gracious lord! if it is a long time, how can we all wait? I thought it would be to-day! The mother wants the bread to-day."

Something in the child's earnest face touched the master, and he said, more gently:

"I did not say you might not *begin* to-day. You must begin this hour, this moment. Too much time has been lost already."

And at once he set about the first lesson, scolding and growling about the child setting his teeth like a dog, and mincing his words like a fine lady, till poor Gottlieb's hopes more than once sank very low.

But, at the end of a quarter of an hour's practice, the artist in the choir-master entirely overcame the diplomatist.

He behaved like a madman. He took the child in his arms and hugged him, like a friendly bear; he set him on the table and made him sing one phrase again and again, walking round and round him, and rubbing his hands and laughing with delight; and, finally, he seized him and bore him in triumph to the kitchen, and said to his housekeeper:

"Ursula, bring out the finest goose and the best preserves and puddings you have. We must feast the whole choir, and, may be, the dean and chapter. The archduke and the young archduchess will be here at Easter. But we shall be ready for them. Those beggarly Cistercians have n't a chance. The lad has the voice of an angel, and the ear—the ear—well, an ear as good as my own."

"The child may well have the voice of an angel," scolded old Ursula; "he is like to be among the angels soon enough."

For the hope, and the fear, and the joy had quite overcome the child, enfeebled as he was by meager fare; his lips were quite pale, and his cheeks.

Moreover, the last order of the choir-master had not been quite re-assuring to him. The fat goose and the puddings were good, indeed; but he would have preferred his mother and Lenichen being feasted in his honor, rather than the choir and the chapter.

And besides, though little more than seven years old, he was too much of a boy quite to enjoy his position on the master's shoulder. He felt it to be babyish to be altogether honorable to the protector of Lenichen and incipient bread-winner of the family. And, therefore, he was relieved when he found himself once more safely on the ground.

But when Ursula set before him a huge plate of bread and meat, his manly composure all but gave way. It was more of an approach to a feast than any meal he had ever participated in, and he was nearly choked with repressed tears of gratitude.

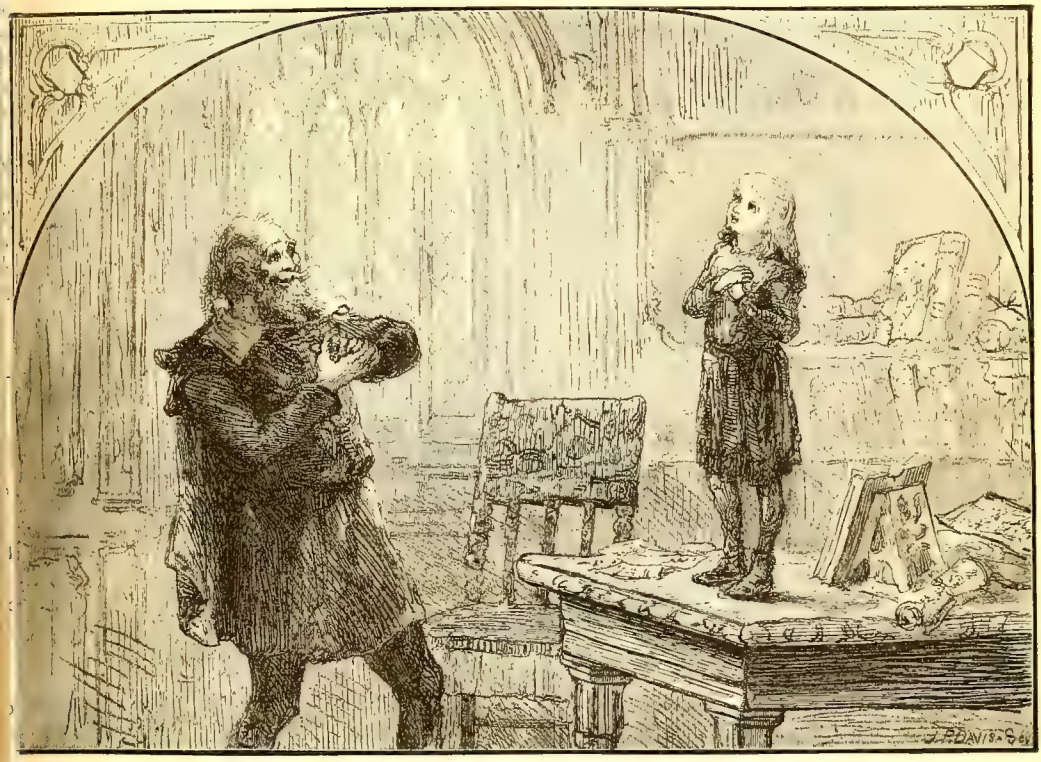
It was so evident *now* that Hans was altogether an orthodox and accredited raven!

At first, as the child sat mute and wondering before the repast, with a beautiful look of joy and prayer in his blue eyes, Ursula thought he was saying his grace, and respected his devotion. But the moments passed on, and still he did not attempt to eat, she became impatient.

"There is a time for everything," she murmured, at length. "That will do for thy grace! Now quick to the food! Thou canst finish the grace, if thou wilt, in music, in the church by and by."

But then the child took courage, and said:

"The ravens—that is, the good God—surely do not mean all this for me. Dear, gracious lady, let me run with the plate to the mother and Lenichen; and I will be back again in two minutes, and sing all day, if the master likes."



THE CHOIR-MASTER IS DELIGHTED WITH HIS NEW PUPIL.

Ursula was much moved at the child's filial love, nd also at his politeness.

"The little one has discrimination," she said to erself. "One can see he is of a good stock. He cognizes that I am no peasant, but the daughter a good burgher house."

And, in spite of the remonstrances of her master, ıe insisted on giving the lad his way.

"I will accompany him, myself," said she.

And, without further delay or parley, she walked f, under the very eyes of the master, with the oy, and also with a considerable portion of his vn dinner, in addition to the plate she had already t before Gottlieb.

A very joyful and miraculous intervention it seemed to Mother Magdalis when Gottlieb re-entered the hermit's cell, under the stately convoy of the choir-master's housekeeper, and with food enough to feed the frugal little household for a week.

The two women greeted each other ceremoniously and courteously, as became two German housewives of good burgher stock.

"The little lad has manners worthy of a burgomaster," said Ursula. "We shall see him with the gold chain and the fur robes yet,—his mother a proud woman."

With which somewhat worldly benediction, she left the little family to themselves, conjuring Gottlieb to return in less than an hour, for the master was not always as manageable as this morning.

And when they were alone, Gottlieb was not ashamed to hide his tears on his mother's heart.

"See, darling mother!" he said, "the dear Savior did send the raven! Perhaps, one day, He will make us good enough for Him to send the angels."

Then the simple family all knelt down and thanked God from their hearts, and Gottlieb added one especial bit of his own of praise and prayer for his kind Hans, of whom, on account of his

grim face and rough voice, he had stood in some dread.

"Forgive me, dear Lord Jesus," he said, "that I did not know how good he was!"

And when they had eaten their hasty Christmas feast, and the mother was smoothing his hair and making the best of his poor garments, Gottlieb said, looking up gravely in her face:

"Who knows, mother, if Hans is only a raven now, that the good God may not make him, his very self, the angel?"

"Perhaps God is making Hans into the angel even now," replied the mother.

And she remembered for a long time the angelic look of love and devotion in the child's eyes.

For she knew very well the cathedral choir was no angelic host.

She knew she was not welcoming her boy that morning to a haven, but launching him on a voyage of many perils. But she knew, also, that it is only by such perils, and through such voyages, that men, that saints, are made.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE PONY WAS TAKEN.

BY C. W.

ONE morning, last August, Jimmie Wood was sitting on the gate-post making a willow whistle, when a remarkable wagon, drawn by a lean, gray horse, came up over the hill. The wagon looked like a big black box with a window in it. In front was a man driving, and this man seemed rather peculiar too. He had a long, pointed mustache and very curly hair. He was not a cigar and candy peddler, nor a patent medicine man, nor a machine agent, for Jim could recognize any of these in a minute. The curly-haired man stopped directly in front of the gate.

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning," answered Jim, shutting up his knife.

"My name 's Leatherbee," continued the curly-haired man.

"Is it?" said Jim, unconcernedly, and then slid off the gate-post and started for the house.

"Hi boy!"

Jim turned quickly.

"Ask your pa whether he would n't like to have his house took!" called out the stranger.

Jim nodded, and went across the grass-plot meditating upon what the man meant by proposing to take the house. His father was in the sitting-room writing a letter.

"Papa," said Jim, leaning up against the table, "there 's a man out there in the road that wants to take the house."

"Wants to take the house!" exclaimed Mr. Wood, making a blot in his astonishment.

"Yes," continued Jim, "and he has the funniest-looking wagon you ever saw in your life."

"Ah!" said Mr. Wood, "I understand now; he wants to take some photographs, I suppose Well, tell him I don't want any," and Mr. Woo went on with his letter, while Jim proceeded acros the front yard again. He noticed his pony over i the orchard. A thought struck him, and h wheeled around and went back in the sitting-roor again in some haste.

"Papa," said he, "can't I have the pon taken?"

"She wont stand still long enough," answere Mr. Wood, sealing up his letter.

"But, papa, can't the man try?" pleaded Jim.

Mr. Wood thought for a minute. Then said:

"Yes. He may try."

Jim galloped across the front yard in a second.

"Well?" said the curly-haired man, raising h eyebrows.

"Papa does n't want the house taken," said Jin with some dignity. "But can you take my pon over there in the orchard?"

The man looked at Baby, who was calm crunching harvest apples under the trees.

"Purty little beast," he said, getting out of h wagon and leading his horse up to the fence.

"Can you take her?" asked Jim again, an iously.

"Course I kin," answered Mr. Leatherbee. H then tied his horse to the fence and lifted his a paratus out of the wagon, and arranged it in t orchard. The pony immediately kicked up h heels and trotted off to a far-away corner. M Wood came out of the house and talked to t photographer, while Jim, after chasing around some time trying to catch the pony, went to t

stable and put a quart of oats in a measure. As soon as Baby spied that round, yellow box under Jim's arm, she trotted up to him with a gentle neigh. He caught her by the fore-top and led her to where Mr. Leatherbee was standing.

"Jest put her there," said he, pointing to a place under a big tree. Jim led her to the place and held her while Mr. Leatherbee made all his arrangements.

"Now we 're ready," said he.

Baby looked pleased at this announcement, but waved her tail wildly.

Mr. Wood smiled.

"Tell Baby to keep perfectly quiet," said he to Jim, "and ask her to lower her chin a little, cast a pleasant expression around her eyes, and breathe gently."

Mr. Leatherbee laughed at this. So did Jim; for it was exactly what the photographer always told him when he had his picture taken.

The pony thought this all very pleasant, but she wanted the oats, and, consequently, was trying to thrust her nose through Jim's back in her efforts to get at the measure.

The photographer looked despairing.

"Here, I 'll fix it," said Mr. Wood, stepping up to the pony. "No, Jim, stand back; Mr. Leatherbee, are you ready?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Leatherbee, with one hand on the velvet that covered his camera.

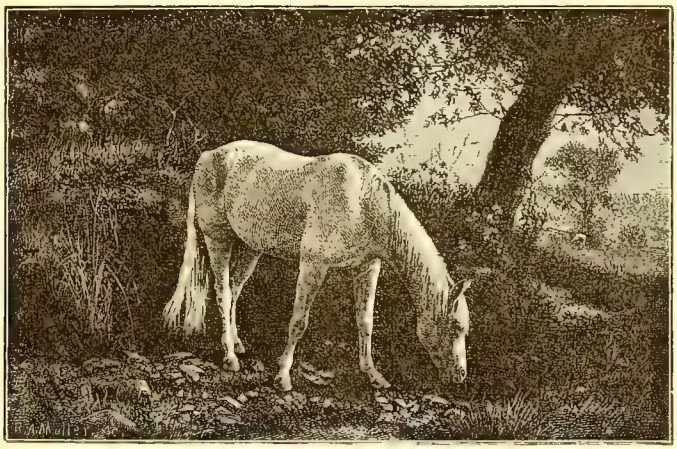
Mr. Wood poured the oats on the ground and let go of the pony's head. For a while Baby grabbed the oats up in great haste, but finally she stood with her nose to the ground quietly eating. Mr. Leatherbee drew away the velvet from the camera, and looked at his watch for some breathless minutes. Then he slipped the velvet on again, and said:

"That 's all right."

Jim drew a long sigh.

"Will it be good, do you think?" he asked, anxiously.

"Not a doubt of it," said Mr. Leatherbee, in such a cheerful tone that Jim immediately made up his mind that the pony should have an extra quart of oats all winter for her fine behavior. He expected the picture would be done right away, but Mr. Leatherbee said he would have to send the plates to Poughkeepsie to his partner, and the pictures would come soon by the mail. Mr. Leatherbee then put all his apparatus in his wagon again, and jogged on as he had come.



"THE PONY STOOD QUIETLY EATING."

For the next four days Jimmie went to the post-office about every two hours.

"Expectin' a love-letter?" said old Mr. Halloway, the postmaster. At this all the loafers who were sitting on the counter laughed loudly. Jim made up his mind that Mr. Halloway was a very unpleasant old gentleman, and vowed all sorts of threats against him. His revengeful plans melted away, however, when Mr. Halloway handed him a big envelope, and said: "Here, Bub, yer letter 's come."

Jim tore it open, and six photographs dropped out all alike, all representing Baby eating under a tree. He privately showed one to her that afternoon. She evidently thought it very handsome, for she delicately chewed it up out of Jim's hand, to his great amazement. He says nothing about this when telling how the pony's picture was taken.

MERRY MIKE.

By Fleta Forrester.



Merry Mike, from his door, bounded out to his play,
With his head in his hat, on a blustering day;
When the wind, of a sudden, came frolicking down,
And lifted Mike's hat from his little round crown.
"He–he!" said Mike, and he said "Ho–ho!
Do you call that funny, I'd like to know?"



Then he made up his mind to return to the house,
But the merry wind pushed itself under his blouse;
And it roared and it roared, as he puffed and he ran,
Till it just knocked over this queer little man.
"Ho–ho!" said Mike, and he said "He–he!
I'll get up again, Old Wind, you'll see!"



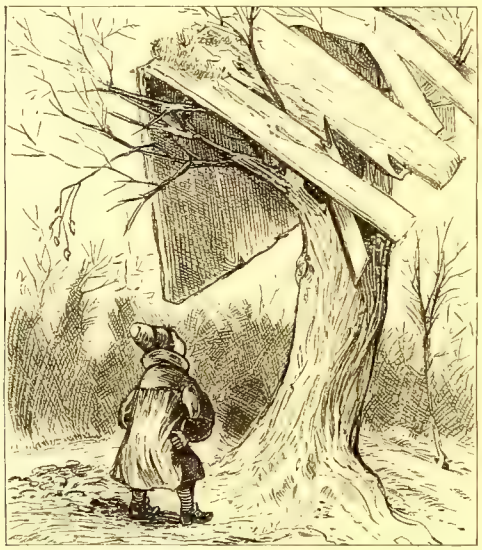
Then the wind, with a flurry of bluster and racket,
Went crowding and crowding right under his jacket;
And it lifted him off from his two little feet,
And it carried him bodily over the street.
Mike laughed "He–he!" and he laughed "Ho–ho!
Do you call this flying, I'd like to know?"



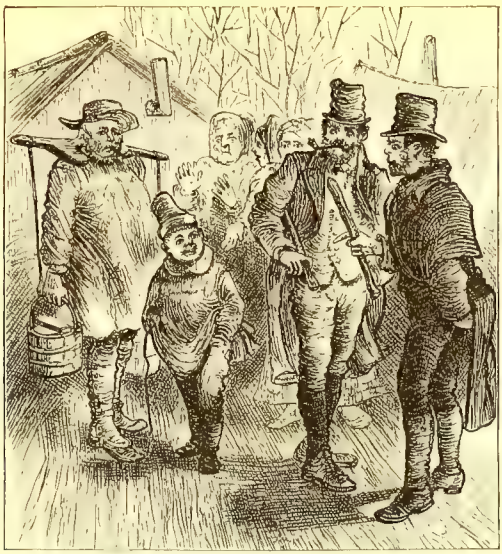
But the wind with its antics was plainly not through,
For fiercer and fiercer and fiercer it blew,
Till making one effort of fury intense
It carried Mike neatly right over a fence.
Mike said "Ho–ho!" and "He–he!" together,
"Do you think I am naught but a little hen's-feather?"



He met there a somewhat discouraged old cow,
That had blown thither too, though she failed to see how;
And he smiled and said, "Make yourself easy, my friend—
Only keep your mind quiet, and things 'll soon mend!"
And he laughed "He-he!" and he laughed "Ho-ho!
The wind is just playing, old cow, you know!"



As he scampered off home, what above should he see
But the roof of a shed, that had lodged in a tree;
So he laughed and he laughed, till his sides they did ache,
For he said, "This is better nor wedding nor wake!"
And he roared "Ho-ho!" and he roared "He-he!"
For he was as tickled as tickled could be.



"That boy," say the terrified folks of the town,
"He would laugh just the same if the sky tumbled down!"
"Indeed, an' I would," fancied Mike, with a grin,
"For I might get a piece with a lot of stars in!"
And he chuckled "He-he!" and he chuckled "Ho-ho!"
The very idea delighted him so!



His father complained to the priest, "Now, I say,
Mike never stops laughing, by night or by day!"
"Let him laugh," spoke the priest; "he will change by and by,
And 't is better to laugh than to grumble or cry!
It 's the way with the lad; let him laugh, if he like;
And be glad you 've a son that 's as merry as Mike!"

AN AGREEABLE GUEST.

By Susan A. Brown.

THE longest visit that we read of in modern days was one which Dr. Isaac Watts made at Lord Abney's in the Isle of Wight. He went to spend a fortnight, but they made him so happy that he remained a beloved and honored guest for *forty years*.

Few of us would care to make so long a visit as that, but it might be worth the while for us all to try and learn the secret of making ourselves agreeable and welcome guests. To have "a nice time" when one is visiting is delightful, but to leave behind us a pleasant impression is worth a great deal more.

An agreeable guest is a title which any one may be proud to deserve. A great many people, with the best intentions and the kindest hearts, never receive it, simply because they have never considered the subject, and really do not know how to make their stay in another person's home a pleasure instead of an inconvenience. If you are one of these thoughtless ones, you may be sure that, although your friends are glad to see you happy, and may enjoy your visit on that account, your departure will be followed with a sigh of relief, as the family settle down to their usual occupations, saying, if not thinking, that they are glad the visit is over.

A great many different qualities and habits go to make up the character of one whom people are always glad to see, and these last must be proved while we are young, if we expect to wear them gracefully. A young person whose presence in the house is an inconvenience and a weariness at fifteen, is seldom a welcome visitor in after-life.

The two most important characteristics of a guest are tact and observation, and these will lead you to notice and do just what will give pleasure to your friends in their different opinions and ways of living. Apply in its best sense the maxim—"When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do."

Unless you have some good reason for not doing so, let your friends know the day, and, if possible, the hour when you expect to arrive. Surprises are very well in their way, but there are few households in which it is quite convenient to have a friend drop in without warning for a protracted visit. If they know that you are coming, they will have the pleasure of preparing for you and looking forward to your arrival, and you will not feel that you are disturbing any previous arrangements which they have made for the day.

Let your friends know, if possible, soon after you arrive, about how long you mean to stay with them, as they might not like to ask the question, and would still find it convenient to know whether your visit is to have a duration of three days or three weeks. Take with you some work that you have already begun, or some book that you are reading, that you may be agreeably employed when your hostess is engaged with her own affairs, and not be sitting about idle, as if waiting to be entertained, when her time is necessarily taken up with something else. Make her feel that, for a small part at least of every day, no one needs to have any responsibility about amusing you.

A lady who is charming as a guest and as a hostess once said to me: "I never take a nap in the afternoon when I am at home, but I do when I am visiting, because I know what a relief it has sometimes been to me to have company lie down for a little while, after dinner."

Try, without being too familiar, to make yourself so much like one of the family that no one shall feel you to be in the way; and, at the same time, be observant of those small courtesies and kindnesses which all together make up what the world agrees to call good manners.

Regulate your hours of rising and retiring by the customs of the house. Do not keep your friends sitting up until later than usual, and do not be roaming about the house an hour or two before breakfast. If you choose to rise at an early hour, remain in your own room until near breakfast-time, unless you are very sure that your presence in the parlor will not be unwelcome. Write in large letters, in a prominent place in your mind, "BE PUNCTUAL." A visitor has no excuse for keeping a whole family waiting, and it is unpardonable negligence not to be prompt at the table. Here is a place to test good manners, and any manifestation of ill-breeding here will be noticed and remembered. Do not be too ready to express your likes and dislikes for the various dishes before you. The wife of a certain United States Senator once visiting acquaintances at some distance from her native wilds, made a lasting impression upon the family by remarking at the breakfast-table that "she should starve before she would eat mush," and that she "never heard of cooking mutton before she came East."

If you are tempted to go to the other extreme and sacrifice truth to politeness, read Mrs. Opie

"Tale of Potted Sprats," and you will not be likely to be insincere again.

It is well to remember that some things which seem of very little importance to you may make an unpleasant impression upon others, in consequence of a difference in early training. The other day two young ladies were heard discussing a gentleman who had a great many pleasant qualities. "Yes," said one, "he *is* very handsome, but he *does* eat pie with his knife." Take care that no trifle of that kind is recalled when people are speaking of you.

Keep your own room in order, and do not scatter your belongings all over the house. If your friends are orderly, it will annoy them to see your things out of place; and if they are not, their own disorder will be enough without adding yours.

Make up your mind to be entertained with what is designed to entertain you. If your friends invite you to join them in an excursion, express your pleasure and readiness to go, and do not act as though you were conferring a favor instead of receiving one. No visitors are so wearisome as those who do not meet half way whatever proposals are made for their pleasure. Be contented to amuse yourself quietly in the house, or to join in any outside gayeties to which you are invited, and show by your manner that you enjoy both.

If games are proposed, do not say that you will not play, or "would rather look on;" but join with the rest, and do the best you can. Never let a foolish feeling of pride, lest you should not make so good an appearance as the others, prevent your trying.

If you are not skillful, you will at least show that you are good-natured, and that you do not think yourself modest when you are only proud.

If you have any skill in head or fingers, you will never have a better time to use it than when you are visiting; only, whatever you do, do well, and do not urge your offers of assistance after you see that it is not really desired. Mrs. Poyser, who is one of George Eliot's best characters, says: "Folks as have no mind to be o' use have allays the luck to be out o' the road when there 's anything to be done." If you do not find any place to be useful, you may be tolerably sure that it is your own fault.

I heard a gentleman say of a young lady whose small affectations were undergoing a sharp criticism, "Well, whatever you may say of her, she is certainly more ready to make herself useful than any other young lady who visits here. If I lose my glasses, or mislay the newspaper, or want a stitch taken, she is always ready." And I shall never forget the impression which a young lady made upon me, as I saw her sit idly rocking backward and forward, complacently surveying the young friends she was visiting as they were hurrying to finish peeling a basket of peaches.

While visiting, remember that you meet many who are strangers to you, and do not seem to you especially attractive, but who may still be dear and valued friends of the family; and be cautious about making criticisms upon them. Be friendly and cordial toward those whom you meet, and try to show that you are ready to like them. Whatever peculiarities you may observe, either in the family or its guests, which strike you as amusing, be careful that you do not sin against the law of love, by repeating little things, to their disadvantage, which you have found out while you were admitted to the sanctuary of the home.

Do not ask questions which people would rather not answer, and be careful not to speak of anything which will bring up painful recollections, or be likely to cause unpleasant forebodings. The old proverb expresses this in few words: "Never mention a rope in the family of a man who has been hanged."

If your own home is in any way better and handsomer than your friends', do not say anything which may seem like making invidious comparisons, or allow them to see that you miss any of the conveniences to which you have been accustomed.

Be careful about making any unnecessary work for others, and do not ask even the servants to do for you anything which you ought to do for yourself. The family had their time filled up before you came, and, do what you will, you are an extra one, and will make some difference.

Provide yourself, before you leave home, with whatever small supplies you are likely to need, so that you need not be borrowing ink, pens, paper, envelopes, postage-stamps, etc.

It may seem unnecessary to speak of the need of taking due care of the property of others, but having just seen a young lady leaning forward with both elbows upon the open pages of a handsome volume which was resting upon her knees, I venture to suggest that you do not leave any marred wall, or defaced book, or ink-stains, or mark of a wet tumbler, to remind your friends of your visit long after it has ended.

Do not forget, when you go away, to express your appreciation of the kindness which has been shown you, and when you reach home inform your friends by letter of your safe arrival.

If you follow faithfully these few suggestions, you will probably be invited to go again; and if you do not thank ST. NICHOLAS for telling you these plain truths, perhaps the friends whom you visit will be duly grateful.

NEW-YEAR CARD.

(Drawn by Miss L. GREENAWAY.)



I send my serving-maiden
With New-Year letter laden.

HOW KITTY GOT HER NEW HAT.

BY E. P. W.

IT was all because of Polly, and this was the way of it.

Ma had gone 'cross lots to Aunt Mari's, to stay till milking-time, to see the new things Aunt Mari had brought from Boston, and Polly and I were alone at home. Polly is our hired help, and she is Irish, and has got red hair, but she 's as good as gold; and I am Kitty, my Pa's little chatterbox.

Polly was in the buttery, washing the dinne dishes, and I was on the kitchen floor, playing wit Queen Victoria, our old yellow cat, trying to teac her to stand on her hind-legs and beg, like Johnr Dane's dog. But Vic was cross, and would r learn; and when I boxed her ears, she scratche me on my chin, and bounced over my shoulde and was off to the barn in less than no time.

You need n't suppose I cried, because I did n't, or I shall be ten years old next July. I don't ever ry any more; only when I have the earache, and hen I can't help it. Except the other day when Tom stepped on my Rachel Tryphena, and jammed er forehead in, I did. But Tom 's going to buy er a new head with the money he gets from sell- ig Jake Lawrence some of his guinea-hen's eggs, o I don't mind about that now. I was just think- ig how much better I should feel if I 'd had a hance to pull old Vic's tail, when Polly called, What yer doin', honey!" and said if I would me and wipe the plates for her, that by and by, hen she had "set the sponge" for to-morrow's aking, she would take her sewing and sit under ie maple-tree, and tell me a story.

I like Polly's stories, and I like wiping dishes, o, sometimes—and I can do them first-rate, if 'm *not* but nine years old, and never let one drop, either! So Polly gave me a towel, and we both iped with all our might and main, and 'most as uick as you can say Jack Robinson, we had them led in shining rows on the kitchen dresser. Then did twelve and a half rows on the suspenders I as knitting for Pa's birthday, while Polly finished e rest of her work.

About four o'clock it was all done, and the table t for supper, and everything; so Polly got her edle and thread, and the pink calico she was aking into an apron, and we went out through e front entry.

As we were passing the closet door, I saw Pa's w green umbrella, that he had bought when he as in town the day before, hanging inside, and I ought it would be a good thing for us to carry out with us, because the sun was so piping hot at afternoon; so I asked Polly if we might n't. e said, "To be shure, darlint," and reached it wn for me.

You know our big maple-tree grows close by the nt gate, and stretches its branches all around, oss the fence and into the road; and it 's always l under it, no matter how hot the sun shines erywhere else. Polly settled herself on the bench the foot of the tree, and I climbed up and sat the gate-post, where I could see along the road far as the turning by Deacon Stiles's, and clear he five-acre lot, where Tom and Jed were hoe- corn.

Then Polly sewed, and told a story about a utiful maiden in a lonely tower, and an old shee that went about nights, howling, and cking at folks' windows.

And she talked about when she was a little girl Ireland, and how she and her sisters and Pat loney used to wade together in the river, that n't so very much bigger than our "crick."

And then she folded her hands on her work, and gazed away into the lower meadow, where we could spy a spot of white moving against the green, that was Pat's shirt, with Pat inside of it, mowing, and began to tell what a fine "b'y" Pat was (Aunt Mari's Pat is the one), and how he had raked and scraped and gone without things ever since he had been in America, so as to save enough money to buy a snug little home over here for his old mother, and get her everything she wants before she dies.

But just as Polly was saying that *she* was laying by her money, too, and that when the old woman had come she had promised to go and live with them, all at once I heard an awful racket, and looked toward the road, and oh cricky! what do you think I saw? Tearing round Deacon Stiles's corner, lickety-split, was a span of horses and a buggy, with the reins dragging in the dust, and the buggy spinning from one side of the road to the other, and in it was a lady with great wide-open eyes, and a face as white as a sheet, clutching a little girl in her arms like death!

I knew right off that it was the lady who was staying at Judge Gillis's, in the village, because I had seen her and her little girl in meeting, Sunday; but my heart flew into my throat and almost choked me, and at first I could n't speak a word. Then I screamed, "Polly! *Polly!*"

Polly jumped as if she was shot—for, if you will believe it, she had been so busy thinking of Pat that she had n't heard a sound—and got to the gate in two leaps, scattering her spools and scissors and pieces of pink calico on the grass. When she saw the horses, she stood stock-still for a minute, and stared with all her eyes. Then she gave a screech like a wild Indian, and stooped and grabbed Pa's umbrella from where I had thrown it on the ground, and rushing into the middle of the road, she opened and shut it as fast as she could work her arms, and shouted as loud as she could yell!

At that the horses slacked up a bit. The road is pretty narrow, and they did n't seem to know how to get past the frightful-looking creature that was blocking their way of a sudden, with a big green thing flippety-flopping before her.

Anyhow, they went slower and slower, till they got to the beginning of our fence, when they tried to turn. Then Polly dropped the umbrella, and ran and caught them by the bridles, and brought them to a dead stop.

They were shaking from top to toe, and their glossy black breasts were streaked and spotted with foam. Polly stroked and patted their necks, and said, "Be aisy now, me b'ys—be aisy!" and led them to the hitching-post and made them fast. Then she lifted out the little girl, whose beautiful sky-blue hat was all smashed in at the crown, and

taking the poor lady in her arms as tender as though she was a baby, sat her on the bench under the maple. The lady lay back so white and still that I thought she was going to faint, like Miss Clarissa Lovett, that boarded with us last summer, did once, because of Tom's putting a mouse in her work-box.

Polly was dreadfully scart, and fanned her with a breadth of her new apron.

"Run, darlint," said she to me, "run for yer life and fetch a dipper of water!"

"And, you good, noble girl, but for you we certainly should have been killed," she ended, squeezing Polly's hand.

Polly grew as red as fire, and said she "must be afther a-seein' about supper."

At that moment Ma came in the kitchen-way, and, hearing voices in the sitting-room, walked in, very much surprised, because the sitting-room was generally kept shut, on account of the flies and the new window-shades.

She was more surprised on hearing what had



"RUSHING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, SHE RAPIDLY OPENED AND SHUT THE UMBRELLA."

But the lady smiled, and said: "No, don't, my dear. I shall be better presently."

And sure enough she was, and in a little while she let Polly help her to the house; and when she had drunk a tumbler of water, and had lain on the sitting-room lounge for a spell, she appeared as smart as ever.

The horses were some new ones of Judge Gillis's, she said, and were very skittish. The judge was going to drive her to Mrs. Colonel Givens's, a mile beyond the village; but as he was stepping into the buggy he noticed there was no whip, so he went to the barn to get one. While he was gone, the horses shied at something and started "two-forty."

been going on, and said the lady must stay supper, and that afterward Pa would drive her in the village. And she blew the horn for Tom, a told him to saddle Jerry and ride to Judge Gilli and say to the folks that the lady and little g were all right, and at our house, and that Pa wo bring them home after supper.

Then Ma hurried to the pantry to open some her best preserve-jars, and Polly to the barn to m the cows, and I was left to entertain the lady.

I could n't think how to, exactly, and I thou it would n't do for her to talk, being still so pa so I laid the photograph-album on the corner the table nearest to her, and asked her little

f she did n't want to go to the barn and see my four cunning little Maltese kittens.

"Yes, I would, dear," said the lady. "Go with the little girl."

So she put her hand in mine, and we scampered down the hill to the barn as tight as we could go.

We were not very long getting acquainted when we were alone together, and the little girl talked as much as I did.

I asked her what her name was, and she said, "Jessie."

"That's a real pretty name," said I. "Mine's Kitty."

"Why, is it?" said she. "I've got a cousin Kitty. But she is n't near as nice as *you* are."

And with that we both laughed, and felt as if we had lived next door to each other all our lives.

I showed her the four kittens, and she said they were perfectly lovely, but liked most the one with a white breast and a sweet dot of a white nose. I told her she might have it for hers as quick as it was old enough to leave its mother. But she has never sent for it since. I guess she must have forgotten.

When she had seen the guinea-pigs, and Tom's rabbits, and fed them all they would eat, we clambered into the hay-mow, and had a fine time playing on the hay, till the supper-horn blew.

There was no end of goodies for supper, but Jessie's Ma did n't eat scarcely a thing. But she drank two tumblers of Daisy's milk, and said she had n't tasted anything so delicious in a year. But Jessie and I could eat, and Tom too,—after he had spilt a cup of tea and a pitcher of water, and knocked a piece of pie under the table. He said, when Jessie and her Ma had gone, that the lady's black eyes "discombobolated" him so that he had more than half a mind to dive under the table himself.

Soon as we were through supper, Pa brought up the horses (which Tom had driven to the barn, and watered and fed), for it was growing late, and the lady wanted to be home before dark. I put on Jessie's hat for her, and tried to straighten the crown, and pin on the long white feather, that was broken in two in the middle.

"It's 'most spoilt," I said. "Is n't it a pity?"

"Poh! I don't care," said Jessie. "I've got three more at home, prettier 'n this."

"Why–e–e–e!" said I. "Truly honest?"

"Why, yes!" said Jessie. "How many 've you?"

"Just a horrid old Leghorn!" said I. "And it's been pressed over and over, and the trimmings washed, and I can't bear it!"

And I was telling her about the chip jockey hat that Sally Carroll's aunt bought her for a birthday present, when the buggy came to the door.

"Come, say good-bye to the little girl, my love," said the lady, smiling down at me.

Jessie threw her arms around my neck and whispered that I was the best girl she ever knew, and that she should write me a letter when she got to Boston, and hopped in.

The lady shook hands with Ma, and thanked her for being so kind, and then turned to Polly and said, softly:

"You good Polly, I *must* do something for you. Wont you let me?"—and put her hand in her pocket.

I never saw Polly so mad but once before, and that was when Tom chucked Queen Victoria into the churn, because she would n't let him have but a quarter of an apple-pie to take to school. I mean Polly would n't. She walked into the buttery, and banged the door behind her as hard as ever she could.

The lady did n't say anything, but her cheeks were rather pink, and she bent and kissed me as if to hide them. Then Pa helped her into the buggy, and they drove away.

The next week, Jed went to the grist-mill, the other end of the village, with some buckwheat to be ground, and, calling at the post-office coming home, he found an express-box from Boston, with "Miss Mary Ann Murphy, Redfield, Massachusetts," printed on it in large black letters. He knew that was Polly's name, he said; and never having heard tell of but one Mary Ann Murphy in these parts, he hoisted it into the wagon.

Polly was washing by the kitchen-door as he rattled in at the gate.

"Hullo, there!" he sang out. "Here's a box that's a-wantin' Miss Mary Ann Murphy!"

"Git along wid yer nonsinse!" Polly said, scrubbing at one of Tom's blue gingham shirts. For Jed is such a fellow for fooling that you never can be sure when to believe him, and Polly thought it was a box of starch, or else of soap, that Ma had ordered from the grocery, and that Jed was only trying to get her to come and lug it into the house for him, so he could drive straight on to the barn.

Ma had set me to picking currants for jelly that morning, and I was getting over the vegetable-garden fence with a heaping pail on each arm when Jed spoke. In a minute, one pail was this side of the fence, and one was rolling along the path the other side, and I was in the wagon, reading the big black letters!

"Oh, Polly, *'t is!*" I hollered. "True 's you live and breathe, a box from Boston! Oh, hurry up!"

Polly stopped short in "The Wearing of the Green," that she had commenced to sing at the

top of her voice, and whirled about, her mouth and eyes as round as three pepper-box covers.

"Heh!" said she.

"An express-box for Polly, Jed?" called Ma, sticking her head from the kitchen-window. "You don't say so! Fetch it right in here." And Ma whisked the clothes-basket from before the door.

Jed threw the lines on Jerry's back, and shouldered me and the box, and dumped us both on the kitchen-floor.

"There you be, marm!" he said. "Want I should open it? Them nails appear to be driv' in pretty tight." For Jed was on tenter-hooks to know what was in it.

"No, I guess not," said Ma. "I 'm afraid Jerry wont stand. Polly and I can open it."

"Oh, bless your soul and body, marm, he 'll stand!" said Jed. "Best hoss I ever see fer that."

But Ma would n't hear to his losing the time; so Jed had to make himself scarce, looking mournfuller than when his grandmother died last spring.

"Come, here 's the hatchet, Polly! Be a little spry!" Ma said. For Polly stood with her arms akimbo, and did n't budge an inch.

"Shure, an' who sint it?" she asked. And that was the only word she had spoken.

"Why, I don't know," said Ma. "But I can imagine. Can't you?"

Polly marched to her tub, her head high in the air.

"I wont tech the ould thing!" said she.

"Then I will for you," said Ma, and had it open in a jiffey.

Underneath the cover was a piece of paper, with this written on it:

Will Polly please accept these few articles in token that she forgives me for having justly offended her by offering *pay* for a service which *can never be paid for?* MRS. E. G. EDSON.

When she heard that, Polly was n't quite so riled. She said Jessie's Ma was a *rale* lady, anyway, and she might as well see what she had sent. So, wiping her hands on her apron, she planted herself in the door-way, while Ma went to work to empty the box.

First, there were six calico dress-patterns,—one purple, sprinkled with little black rings, and another pink, with a criggly vine running through it, and a black-striped white one, and the rest mixed colors.

Then beneath were three more dresses, of some sheeny stuff,—*alapaca*, Ma called it,—black, purple and brown, that took every inch of dander out of Polly. She wiped her hands extra clean, and came and twisted them this way and that, and crinkled them and smoothed them, and puckered the ends into folds, and laying them across the ironing-table, backed toward the wall with her head cocked sideways, and her eyes squinted together like Mr. Green's, the portrait-painter, when he looks at pictures.

"Shure, the Quane 'u'd be proud to wear thim!" she said; and said she should have the purple for a wedding-gown.

Then, besides, there was a red and black plaid shawl, and a whole piece of white muslin, such as you buy by the yard mostly, and a work-box, with cases of scissors and needles, and spools of thread and sewing-silk. And last was a bandbox tied with string, and that, Ma said, Polly must open.



"I LOOKED IN ONE OF POLLY'S BRIGHT MILK-PANS."

So Polly pulled a pin from her belt and puttere at the knot till I 'most had a fit. For Ma wor ever have a string cut; she says it is a sinful wast I thought it never would untie. Polly's finge were all thumbs, and twice she dropped the pi But it did—all knots do if you pick at them lon enough—and in the box was a splendiferous bo net, with green ribbon bows and three pink roses

"Well, I declare!" said Ma. "What more c you want, Polly?"

Polly put the bandbox on the floor, and the bo net on her head, and started for the sitting-roo looking-glass.

"Sakes alive! Here 's another!" Ma said, a held up by one of its bows the sweetest little h you ever laid eyes on! It was light straw, trimm with black velvet and blue silk, and had wh daisies fastened to the velvet. Pinned to one of t streamers was a slip of paper, and on it was wr ten, "For Kitty."

I just squealed! It was all I could do! To ink of that beautiful little hat being for *me*, Kitty Hazel! Why, I never counted on having anything alf so fine, unless I got to be the Grand Mogul, r something of that sort!

"The lady is very kind, I'm sure," said Ma, eming as pleased as could be. "Try it on, child. ou can squeal afterward." And she set it on my ead.

I ran and looked in one of Polly's bright milk- ans that were sunning outside the door, and I ardly knew myself!

"Aint you smart!" said I, nodding to the girl the pan. She smiled and nodded back, and oked so jolly that I came near turning a summer- t, new hat and all!

I wore it to meeting the next Sunday, with my w blue cambric; and I tell you what it is—it 's ough sight easier to be good in an old hat than is in a new one! I tried not to feel stuck-up, d I kept saying to myself: "Kitty Hazel, you 're e same girl that sat here last Sunday, with an l Leghorn on. *You* aint any different!"

But it was n't much use; for whenever I 'd raise y eyes there was Phil Gillis smiling at me from the judge's pew, and opposite were Dave and Aggie Stebbins, staring as though they had never seen the like of me before, and every now and then old Deacon Pettengil, who sits in front of us, would turn and peer at me through his green spectacles so funny that once I nearly giggled.

This all happened last summer, but my hat is as pretty now as it ever was. Ma says she should have supposed the blue would have faded some by this time—blue is such a poor color to wear; but it has n't a bit. When it does, I shall take it off, and have it for a sash for Rachel Tryphena, and the hat will be 'most as nice as it is now.

KITTY HAZEL.

N. B.—I asked Polly how she thought of the umbrella. She said that when she was visiting her sister, that works for a dress-maker in Boston, she saw a picture of an old lady who was chased by a mad bull, and just as the bull was coming at her like sixty, the old lady turned and opened her umbrella square in his face. Polly said she always thought it was so cute of the old lady, and had meant to do the same when a mad bull chased *her*, if she had an umbrella with her. She said it all popped into her head when she saw the horses.

THE STORK AND THE CRANE: A FABLE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

A STORK and a Crane once frequented the same rsh. The Stork was a quiet, dignified individ- , with a philosophical countenance. One would er have thought, from his deeply reflective look, the number of frogs and pollywogs, eels and ull fish, that had disappeared in his meditative uth. For the Stork was like many another losopher, and in spite of his supernaturally wise rnal appearance, inside he was just as selfish, just as voracious, as all the rest of his kind.

lthough he never mentioned the subject, he secretly very proud to recall the former gran- r of his ancestors, one of whom, in old Greek s, had been a famous king over the frogs, eels, snakes, in a Spartan marsh.

he Crane was a lively little fellow, and not at all osophical. He ate his dinner without moral- over it, and felt thankful when he had enough. had not a particle of aristocratic blood in his s, and, in consequence, rather ridiculed the ession of that indescribable material by the Stork. Ridicule as he would, however, he was really secretly proud of his acquaintance with the other, and used to say to his friends and relatives sometimes:

"There is no one in the world that more despises pretentiousness than myself. One only too frequently hears an animal boast of its aristocratic acquaintances. *I* never do that. Now, there is John Stork, of one of our highest families, and although I am not only on friendly but intimate terms with him, and even have been invited to call upon his estimable family, and make the acquaintance of Miss Stork (I have never had an opportunity to do so yet), one never hears *me* boast of his friendship and intimacy."

To tell the truth, the conversations he held with the philosophical Stork were frequently so deep, that he found himself floundering beyond his depth. For instance, "Do you always stand upon one leg?" said he, one day.

The Stork reflected so long over this question

that the Crane thought he had gone to sleep. Finally, however, the philosopher said:

"No; I do not. I always stand upon the other."

The Crane meditated for a space over this, but as it was completely beyond his comprehension, he gave the matter up and changed the subject. His respect for the Stork's wisdom was vastly increased by such conversations, for one often takes for wisdom what one cannot understand.

These two friends, however, did not always dwell together in perfect amity. The Stork was so proud that he frequently galled his humbler companion, and bitter disputes often arose. It was under the influence of such a feeling that the Crane burst forth one day:

"And what are you that you should boast? You have blue blood in your veins, indeed! Perhaps it is that blue blood that makes you so sluggish and stupid."

The Stork meditated a long while over this speech; finally, he said:

"When you accuse me of sluggishness and stupidity you judge by external appearances, and, consequently, by deductive logic. Beside, you do not take collateral matter into the case from which you draw your inference. You have never seen me when my physical energies have been aroused, consequently, your conclusion is both hollow and baseless—Q. E. D."

The Crane was rather taken aback by this speech, and, not comprehending it, he felt somewhat humbled. At length he said:

"*I* am no philosopher, but as they say 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it,' I am willing at any time to run a foot-race with you, and so prove who is the more agile."

"I do not know," answered the Stork, meditatively, "whether my family would altogether approve of my entering into the lists with such a vulgar creature as yourself." Here he shut one eye, and looked reflectively with the other at a frog that sat on a tussock near by. "Still, I recollec that one of my ancestors proved his valor upon a turbulent duckling once, so I see no logical reaso why I should not compete with you."

And so the matter was settled.

All was hubbub and excitement among the bird



"THE STORK WAS AHEAD!"

when the coming race was announced. The ra course was so constructed that the larger bi stood upon one side, and the smaller birds animals upon the other. This was so arrang chiefly at the request of a deputy of frogs, beca at a mass meeting once, an albatross had e twenty-seven of these animals in a fit of abs mindedness, as he said. Still the frogs desire prevent the recurrence of so painful a scene.

The Cassowary was chosen director of the r chiefly because he was a famous traveler as we a pedestrian himself, and so was a judge of matters. He was the same of whom the Gander poet-laureate, had written the poem commenci

> "It was a noble cassowary,
> On the plains of Timbuctoo,
> That gobbled up a missionary
> Body, bones, and hymn-book too."

All were assembled. The champions stood to neck, while the spectators looked on, breat with excitement.

"Go!" cried the Cassowary, and they went.

For a long time they continued neck and neck, and the excitement rose to fever heat. At this uncture a mouse attempted to cross the race-ourse, and was instantly devoured by an owl, who cted as police of the course. At length the two acers re-appeared coming toward the grand stand, —that is, the place where the Cassowary stood with he signal-gun or, rather, pistol. The shouts and ries became more agitated and violent; there was o doubt about it,—*the Stork was ahead!* It was n vain that the gallant little Crane strained every inew; the Stork came into the stand a good three engths ahead of his adversary. Bang! went the istol, and the Stork had won. His adherents rowded around him cheering vociferously, and raising him aloft upon their shoulders above the crowd. Even the Cassowary came forward and shook hands with him.

"Recollect, hereafter," said the successful Stork to the poor Crane, who stood dejectedly to one side, "not to scorn and undervalue qualities in any one, because they are not flaunted in the eyes of the world."

The Crane's adherents maintained that it was a foul start, while the Stork's friends answered that when two birds ran a race, it could not well be anything else.

The frogs, the mice, and most of the small birds, were divided among the successful betters; and, altogether, it was a day of rejoicing, except to the frogs, the mice, and most of the small birds.

WINTER FIRE-FLIES.

By Mrs. W. N. Clarke.

One by one appearing
In their lower sky,
Come a host uncounted
Like the stars on high,
Flashing lights uncertain,
Ever changing place,—
Tricksy constellations
That we cannot trace!

Throbbing through the elm-tree—
Little heart of fire!—
One in lonely longing
Rises ever higher;
Flits across the darkness,
Like a shooting star,
While the changeless heavens
Calmly shine afar.

When the flames are lighting
All the chimney dark,
When the green wood hisses,
And the birchen bark
In the blaze doth redden,
Glow and snap and curl,
Fire-flies, freed from prison,
Merrily dance and whirl.

Children on the hearth-stone,
Peering up the flue,
See a mimic welkin,
Lights that twinkle through,—

Sparks that flash and flicker,
Little short-lived stars,
On the sooty darkness
Glowing red as Mars!

Eager eyes a-watching
Fain would have them pause.
Catch these fire-flies—can you?—
In a web of gauze!
Ever upward flying
Toward the chimney's crown—
Up to meet the snow-flakes
As they flutter down!

THE ARMS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

MY young readers have doubtless often observed upon familiar objects, such as books, china and steelware, etc., the device of a lion and a horse (sometimes represented as a unicorn) supporting between them a shield, surmounted by a crown. On the shield are certain divisions called "quarterings," in one of which you will observe two lions and a horse. Attached to the whole is the motto, *Dieu et mon droit*,—French words, whose meaning is, "God and my right."

If you inquire, you will be told that this device is the "coat-of-arms" of Great Britain,—as the eagle, shield and olive branch is that of the United States,—and that all articles thus marked are of British manufacture.

In old times the national symbol of England was the rose, of Scotland the thistle, of Ireland the shamrock, or clover. When England claimed Ireland and Scotland, these three were united on the British royal shield, as we find them in the time of Queen Elizabeth. On a victory over France, the symbol of France, a unicorn, was also added, the unicorn wearing a chain, to denote the subjection of France to England. This explains the nursery rhyme which you have no doubt often heard—

"The lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown;
The lion whipped the unicorn all around the town."

The sovereignty of Great Britain is by law hereditary, but sometimes there are disputes and wars for possession of the crown, and it passes into a new family. Thus some of the kings and queens of Great Britain have belonged to the family of Plantagenet, others to that of Tudor, and still others to the Stuarts. George the Firs of England was of a family named Guelph, and all the sovereigns of Great Britain succeeding him down to Queen Victoria, have been of this family and name.

When a new sovereign succeeds to the crown he has a right to place his own family coat-of-arm on the royal shield of Great Britain. George th First did this. The two lions and the white horse which you see on one of the quarterings, is th coat-of-arms of the Guelphs, who were dukes o Brunswick and Hanover in Germany. It is there fore called the arms of the House of Brunswick and it is about this that I now design to tell you.

In order to begin at the beginning, we must g far back into past ages—almost to the time whe our Savior was upon earth. At that period th whole northern portion of Europe was inhabited b wild and barbarous tribes who had never heard o Christ, but were Pagans and worshiped imaginar gods, of whom Woden was chief. Among thes races were the Saxons, a fair-haired, fair-com plexioned people, of great size and strength, wh inhabited that portion of country now known a north Germany. They have never been perma nently driven out of this country, which is to th day occupied by their descendants, the German This latter name signifies a "war-like people."

Now, according to the pagan belief, the go Woden had a favorite white or light-gray hors created by magic art, and upon which he bestowe the power of assisting and protecting warriors. Th horse was regarded as sacred, and shared in th worship given to Woden. The pagan priests ha

o temples; the art of building was unknown to hem; but, instead, their religious ceremonies were erformed in thick groves of oak which were set part for the purpose. In these gloomy woods he priests reared beautiful white horses, which no nan was ever permitted to mount, and which, being rom their birth solemnly dedicated to Woden, ere believed to be gifted by him with the power f foretelling events by means of certain signs and notions. Before going into battle these sacred teeds were consulted, and occasionally one was acrificed to Woden or to his white horse, and the loody head was then mounted upon a pole, and orne aloft in the van of the Saxon army, they be-eving that it possessed the power of vanquishing ne enemy and protecting themselves. We read n history that when the great emperor, Charle-nagne, conquered the northern countries, one of ne Saxon leaders, named Wittikind, refused to ubmit to him, and that, in consequence, many loody battles were fought, wherein the Saxons ore in their van a tall pole surmounted by a ooden horse's head. This was their ensign; and hen they afterward became more civilized, they tained the same emblem,—a white horse painted pon a black ground,—which remains to this day ne standard or banner of the little kingdom of axony.

In the year 861,—just about one thousand years go,—Bruno, the son of a Saxon king, founded a ty in Saxony which he called after himself, runonis Vicus, now known as Brunswick. He tained as the standard of Brunswick the white orse of Saxony, and thus it remained until the nd of the three succeeding centuries. About that me the reigning prince of Brunswick was a certain enry Guelph, a leader in the Crusades, noted for s strength and daring, which acquired for him e title of "Henry the Lion." This prince refused own allegiance to the great Emperor of Ger-any, Frederic Barbarossa. He declared himself dependent, and as a token of defiance set up a eat stone lion in Brunswick, and had the same mbol placed upon his standard, two lions sup-rting a shield beneath the white horse.

Thus you now know the origin of the Brunswick at-of-arms. But how came the banner of a small erman country to be adopted on the arms of reat Britain? This I will now explain.

About the year 1650, the then reigning Duke of unswick, afterward also Elector of Hanover, mar-d the granddaughter of King James the First England. Their eldest son was named George uis. When, on the death of Queen Anne, the nglish were in want of a successor, they looked out among those nearest of kin to the royal nily, and decided to choose this great-grandson of King James I. Thus it was that George Louis Guelph—a Saxon-German—came to be King George the First of England, and this was how the "lion-and-horse" arms of Brunswick and Hanover came to be also part of the arms of Great Britain. His successors were George the Second, George the Third (against whose rule the American colonies rebelled), George the Fourth, William, and lastly Victoria, the present queen, who is granddaughter to George the Third. Thus you understand how Queen Victoria is descended from the princes of Brunswick,—how she happens to be of German instead of English blood,—and why her name is Guelph.

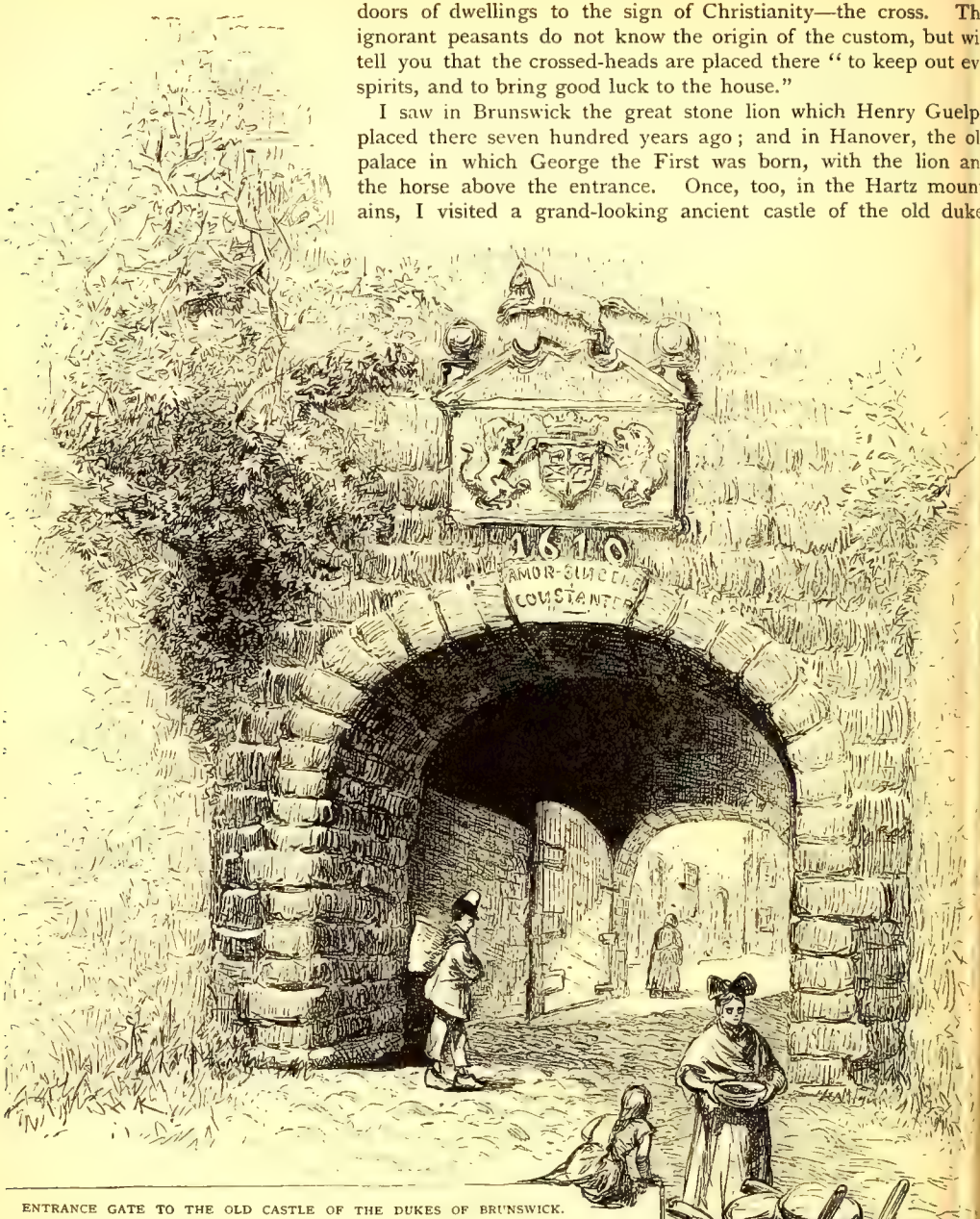
Now, whenever you look upon "The lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown," you will reflect how strange it is that this great and enlightened Christian nation should bear on its proud standard a symbol of pagan superstition. You will think of the bold Crusader, Henry the Lion; of Wittikind, the brave Saxon duke who, after a twenty years' resistance, was finally conquered and baptized into Christianity; of the wild, half-clad Saxons, with their bloody horse-head ensign; of the Druid priests, who sacrificed human beings as well as white horses; and so, far back to the god Woden himself, who was probably merely some great hero or warrior who lived in a period so remote that we have no record of it in history.

And yet, while you are wondering at England and her relic of Woden-worship, shall I tell you that here, in America, we too possess relics of this very pagan god to which some people accord a superstitious regard? Look on the threshold, or above the door of some cottage or cabin, and you will see nailed there a common horse-shoe as a protection against evil. Examine your grown-up sister's watch-chain, and you will find attached to it a tiny gold horse-shoe, studded with diamond nail-heads, which some friend has given her as a "charm" to secure "good luck." These are simply remnants of the old pagan Woden-worship which we inherit from our English ancestors, who are partly descended from the Saxons, as you have probably learned from your school history. And the word Wednesday is a corruption of Woden's-Day, a name given by our Saxon ancestors to the fourth day of the week in honor of their god.

When I was recently in Germany, I noticed upon the gable-end of every cottage and farm-house in Brunswick and Hanover a curious ornament, consisting of two horses' heads, roughly carved in wood, mounted upon poles, and placed above the entrance-doors, in the form of a cross. This was first done by order of Wittikind, who, upon professing Christianity, changed the pagan symbols above the

doors of dwellings to the sign of Christianity—the cross. The ignorant peasants do not know the origin of the custom, but will tell you that the crossed-heads are placed there "to keep out evil spirits, and to bring good luck to the house."

I saw in Brunswick the great stone lion which Henry Guelph placed there seven hundred years ago; and in Hanover, the old palace in which George the First was born, with the lion and the horse above the entrance. Once, too, in the Hartz mountains, I visited a grand-looking ancient castle of the old dukes



ENTRANCE GATE TO THE OLD CASTLE OF THE DUKES OF BRUNSWICK.

of Brunswick, in which was born the wife of George the Second of England. It stood on the summit of a lofty precipice, up which we had to climb; then crossing a deep moat by a narrow bridge, we entered through a great arched gate-way, surmounted by the Brunswick coat-of-arms, cut in the stone wall. The moat was dry, and ivy and tall trees growing in it far below, thrust the tips of their branches over the walls. I stopped and took a sketch of the old gate-way, which I here present my young readers.

UNDER THE LILACS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter IV.

HIS STORY.

"I RAN away from a circus," began Ben, but ot no further, for Bab and Betty gave a simultaneous bounce of delight, and both cried out at ice—

"We 've been to one! It was splendid!"

"You would n't think so if you knew as much out it as I do," answered Ben, with a sudden wn and wriggle, as if he still felt the smart of e blows he had received. "We don't call it lendid; do we, Sancho?" he added, making a eer noise, which caused the poodle to growl and ng the floor irefully with his tail, as he lay close his master's feet, getting acquainted with the w shoes they wore.

"How came you there?" asked Mrs. Moss, her disturbed at the news.

"Why, my father was the 'Wild Hunter of the ains.'" Did n't you ever see or hear of him?" d Ben, as if surprised at her ignorance.

"Bless your heart, child, I have n't been to a cus this ten years, and I 'm sure I don't remem- r what or who I saw then," answered Mrs. Moss, used, yet touched by the son's evident admira- n for his father.

"Did n't *you* see him?" demanded Ben, turning the little girls.

"We saw Indians and tumbling men, and the unding Brothers of Borneo, and a clown and nkeys, and a little mite of a pony with blue s. Was he any of them?" answered Betty, ocently.

"Pooh! he did n't belong to that lot. He ays rode two, four, six, eight horses to oncet, I I used to ride with him till I got too big. *My* ier was A No. 1, and did n't do anything but ak horses and ride 'em," said Ben, with as much le as if his parent had been a President.

"Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Moss.

"I don't know. Wish I did," and poor Ben e a gulp as if something rose in his throat and ked him.

"Tell us all about it, dear, and may be we can l out where he is," said Ma, leaning forward to the shiny dark head that was suddenly bent r the dog.

Yes, ma'am, I will, thank y'," and with an rt the boy steadied his voice and plunged into middle of his story.

"Father was always good to me, and I liked bein' with him after granny died. I lived with her till I was seven, then father took me, and I was trained for a rider. You jest oughter have seen me when I was a little feller all in white tights, and a gold belt, and pink riggin', standin' on father's shoulder, or hangin' on to old General's tail, and him gallopin' full pelt, or father ridin' three horses with me on *his* head wavin' flags, and every one clappin' like fun."

"Oh, were n't you scared to pieces?" asked Betty, quaking at the mere thought.

"Not a bit. I liked it."

"So should I!" cried Bab, enthusiastically.

"Then I drove the four ponies in the little chariot, when we paraded," continued Ben, and I sat on the great ball up top of the grand car drawed by Hannibal and Nero. But I *did n't* like that, 'cause it was awful high and shaky, and the sun was hot, and the trees slapped my face, and my legs ached holdin' on."

"What 's hanny bells and neroes?" demanded Betty.

"Big elephants. Father never let 'em put me up there, and they did n't darst till he was gone; then I had to, else they 'd 'a' thrashed me."

"Did n't any one take your part?" asked Mrs. Moss.

"Yes 'm, 'most all the ladies did; they were very good to me, 'specially 'Melia. She vowed she would n't go on in the Tunnymunt act if they did n't stop knockin' me round when I would n't help old Buck with the bears. So they had to stop it, 'cause she led first rate, and none of the other ladies rode half as well as 'Melia."

"Bears! oh, do tell about them!" exclaimed Bab, in great excitement, for at the only circus she had seen the animals were her delight.

"Buck had five of 'em, cross old fellers, and he showed 'em off. I played with 'em once, jest for fun, and he thought it would make a hit to have me show off instead of him. But they had a way of clawin' and huggin' that was n't nice, and you could n't never tell whether they were good-natured or ready to bite your head off. Buck was all over scars where they 'd scratched and bit him, and I was n't going to do it, and I did n't have to, owin' to Miss St. John's standin' by me like a good one."

"Who *was* Miss St. John?" asked Mrs. Moss, rather confused by the sudden introduction of new names and people.

"Why, she was 'Melia,—Mrs. Smithers, the ring-master's wife. His name was n't Montgomery any more 'n hers was St. John. They all change 'em to something fine on the bills, you know. Father used to be Señor Jose Montebello, and I was Master Adolphus Bloomsbury after I stopped bein' a flying Coopid and a Infant Progidy."

Mrs. Moss leaned back in her chair to laugh at that, greatly to the surprise of the little girls, who were much impressed with the elegance of these high-sounding names.

"Go on with your story, Ben, and tell why you ran away and what became of your Pa," she said, composing herself to listen, really interested in the child.

"Well, you see, father had a quarrel with old Smithers and went off sudden last fall, just before the tenting season was over. He told me he was goin' to a great ridin' school in New York, and when he was fixed he 'd send for me. I was to stay in the museum and help Pedro with the trick business. He was a nice man and I liked him, and 'Melia was good to see to me, and I did n't mind for awhile. But father did n't send for me, and I began to have horrid times. If it had n't been for 'Melia and Sancho I would have cut away long before I did."

"What did you have to do?"

"Lots of things, for times was dull and I was smart. Smithers said so, anyway, and I had to tumble up lively when he gave the word. I did n't mind doin' tricks or showing off Sancho, for father trained him and he always did well with me. But they wanted me to drink gin to keep me small, and I would n't, 'cause father did n't like that kind of thing. I used to ride tip-top, and that just suited me till I got a fall and hurt my back; but I had to go on all the same, though I ached dreadful, and used to tumble off, I was so dizzy and weak."

"What a brute that man must have been! Why did n't 'Melia put a stop to it?" asked Mrs. Moss, indignantly.

"She died, ma'am, and then there was no one left but Sanch, so I run away."

Then Ben fell to patting his dog again, to hide the tears he could not keep from coming at the thought of the kind friend he had lost.

"What did you mean to do?"

"Find father; but I could n't, for he was n't at the ridin' school, and they told me he had gone out West to buy mustangs for a man who wanted a lot. So then I was in a fix, for I could n't go to father, did n't know jest where he was, and I would n't sneak back to Smithers to be abused. Tried to make 'em take me at the ridin' school, but they did n't want a boy, and I traveled along and tried to get work. But I'd have starved if it had n't been for Sanch. I left him tied up when I ran off, for fear they 'd say I stole him. He 's a very valuable dog, ma'am, the best trick dog I ever see, and they 'd want him back more than they would me. He belongs to father, and I hated to leave him, but I did. I hooked it one dark night, and never thought I 'd see him ag'in. Next mornin' I was eatin' breakfast in a barn miles away and dreadful lonesome, when he came tearin' in, all mud and wet, with a great piece of rope draggin'. He'd gnawed it, and came after me and would n't go back or be lost; and I 'll never leave him again will I, dear old feller?"

Sancho had listened to this portion of the tale with intense interest, and when Ben spoke to him he stood straight up, put both paws on the boy's shoulders, licked his face with a world of dumb affection in his yellow eyes, and gave a little whine which said as plainly as words—

"Cheer up, little master; fathers may vanish and friends die, but *I* never will desert you."

Ben hugged him close and smiled over his curly white head, at the little girls who clapped their hands at the pleasing tableau, and then went to pat and fondle the good creature, assuring him that they entirely forgave the theft of the cake and the new dinner-pail. Inspired by these endearments and certain private signals given by Ben, Sancho suddenly burst away to perform all his best antics with unusual grace and dexterity.

Bab and Betty danced about the room with rapture, while Mrs. Moss declared she was almost afraid to have such a wonderfully intelligent animal in the house. Praises of his dog pleased Ben more than praises of himself, and when the confusion had subsided he entertained his audience with a lively account of Sancho's cleverness, fidelity, and the various adventures in which he had nobly borne his part.

While he talked Mrs. Moss was making up her mind about him, and when he came to an end of his dog's perfections, she said, gravely:

"If I can find something for you to do, would you like to stay here awhile?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, I 'd be glad to!" answered Ben, eagerly; for the place seemed home-like already, and the good woman almost as motherly as the departed Mrs. Smithers.

"Well, I 'll step over to the Judge's to-morrow to see what he says. Should n't wonder if he'd take you for a chore-boy, if you are as smart as you say. He always has one in the summer, and I have n't seen any round yet. Can you drive cows?"

"Hope so;" and Ben gave a shrug, as if it were a very unnecessary question to put to a person who had driven four calico ponies in a gilded chariot

"It may n't be as lively as riding elephants and laying with bears, but it is respectable, and I uess you 'll be happier switching Brindle and Butrcup than being switched yourself," said Mrs. [oss, shaking her head at him with a smile.

"I guess I will, ma'am," answered Ben, with idden meekness, remembering the trials from hich he had escaped.

Very soon after this, he was sent off for a good ght's sleep in the back bedroom, with Sancho to atch over him. But both found it difficult to slumr till the racket overhead subsided, for Bab insted on playing she was a bear and devouring poor tty in spite of her wails, till their mother came and put an end to it by threatening to send



BEN AT THE WELL.

n and his dog away in the morning if the girls id n't behave and be as still as mice."

his they solemnly promised, and they were soon aming of gilded cars and moldy coaches, runy boys and dinner-pails, dancing dogs and ling tea-cups.

CHAPTER V.

BEN GETS A PLACE.

WHEN Ben awoke next morning, he looked about for a moment half bewildered, because there neither a canvas tent, a barn roof, nor the blue above him, but a neat white ceiling, where ral flies buzzed sociably together, while from without came, not the tramping of horses, the twitter of swallows, or the chirp of early birds, but the comfortable cackle of hens and the sound of two little voices chanting the multiplication table.

Sancho sat at the open window watching the old cat wash her face, and trying to imitate her with his great ruffled paw, so awkwardly that Ben laughed, and Sanch, to hide his confusion at being caught, made one bound from chair to bed and licked his master's face so energetically that the boy dived under the bedclothes to escape from the rough tongue.

A rap on the floor from below made both jump up, and in ten minutes a shiny-faced lad and a lively dog went racing down-stairs—one to say, "Good-morning, ma'am," the other to wag his tail faster than ever tail wagged before, for ham frizzled on the stove, and Sancho was fond of it.

"Did you rest well?" asked Mrs. Moss, nodding at him, fork in hand.

"Guess I did! Never saw such a bed. I 'm used to hay and a horse-blanket, and lately nothing but sky for a cover and grass for my feather bed," laughed Ben, grateful for present comforts and making light of past hardships.

"Clean, sweet corn-husks aint bad for young bones, even if they have n't got more flesh on them than yours have," answered Mrs. Moss, giving the smooth head a motherly stroke as she went by.

"Fat aint allowed in our profession, ma'am. The thinner the better for tight-ropes and tumblin'; likewise bareback-ridin' and spry jugglin'. Muscle 's the thing, and there you are."

Ben stretched out a wiry little arm with a clenched fist at the end of it, as if he were a young Hercules ready to play ball with the stove if she gave him leave. Glad to see him in such good spirits, she pointed to the well outside, saying pleasantly:

"Well, then, just try your muscle by bringing in some fresh water."

Ben caught up a pail and ran off, ready to be useful; but while he waited for the bucket to fill down among the mossy stones, he looked about him, well pleased with all he saw,—the small brown house with a pretty curl of smoke rising from its chimney, the little sisters sitting in the sunshine, green hills and newly planted fields far and near, a brook dancing through the orchard, birds singing in the elm avenue, and all the world as fresh and lovely as early summer could make it.

"Don't you think it 's pretty nice here?" asked Bab, as his eye came back to them after a long look, which seemed to take in everything, brightening as it roved.

"Just the nicest place that ever was. Only needs a horse round somewhere to be complete," answered Ben, as the long well-sweep came up

with a dripping bucket at one end, an old grindstone at the other.

"The Judge has three, but he's so fussy about them he wont even let us pull a few hairs out of old Major's tail to make rings of," said Betty, shutting her arithmetic, with an injured expression.

"Mike lets *me* ride the white one to water when the Judge is n't 'round. It's such fun to go jouncing down the lane and back. I do love horses!" cried Bab, bobbing up and down on the blue bench to imitate the motion of white Jenny.

"I guess you are a plucky sort of a girl," and Ben gave her an approving look as he went by, taking care to slop a little water on Mrs. Puss, who stood curling her whiskers and humping up her back at Sancho.

"Come to breakfast!" called Mrs. Moss, and for about twenty minutes little was said as mush and milk vanished in a way that would have astonished even Jack the Giant-killer with his leather bag.

"Now, girls, fly round and get your chores done up; Ben, you go chop me some kindlings; and I 'll make things tidy. Then we can all start off at once," said Mrs. Moss, as the last mouthful vanished, and Sancho licked his lips over the savory scraps that fell to his share.

Ben fell to chopping so vigorously that chips flew wildly all about the shed, Bab rattled the cups into her dish-pan with dangerous haste, and Betty raised a cloud of dust "sweeping-up," while mother seemed to be everywhere at once. Even Sanch, feeling that his fate was at stake, endeavored to help in his own somewhat erratic way,—now frisking about Ben at the risk of getting his tail chopped off, then trotting away to poke his inquisitive nose into every closet and room whither he followed Mrs. Moss in her "flying round" evolutions; next dragging off the mat so Betty could brush the door-steps, or inspecting Bab's dish-washing by standing on his hind-legs to survey the table with a critical air. When they drove him out he was not the least offended, but gayly barked Puss up a tree, chased all the hens over the fence, and carefully interred an old shoe in the garden, where the remains of a mutton-bone were already buried.

By the time the others were ready, he had worked off his superfluous spirits and trotted behind the party like a well-behaved dog accustomed to go out walking with ladies. At the cross-roads they separated, the little girls running on to school, while Mrs. Moss and Ben went up to the Squire's big house on the hill.

"Don't you be scared, child. I 'll make it all right about your running away; and if the Squire gives you a job, just thank him for it, and do your best to be steady and industrious; then you 'll get on, I have n't a doubt," she whispered, ringing the bell at a side-door on which the word "Allen" shone in bright letters.

"Come in!" called a gruff voice, and feeling very much as if he were going to have a tooth out Ben meekly followed the good woman, who put on her pleasantest smile, anxious to make the best possible impression.

A white-headed old gentleman sat reading paper, and peered over his glasses at the new comers with a pair of sharp eyes, saying in a test tone, which would have rather daunted any one who did not know what a kind heart he had under his capacious waistcoat:

"Good-morning, ma'am! What's the matter now? Young tramp been stealing your chickens?"

"Oh dear no, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Moss, as shocked at the idea. Then, in a few words, she told Ben's story, unconsciously making his wrongs and destitution so pathetic by her looks and tone that the Squire could not help being interested and even Ben pitied himself as if he was some body else.

"Now then, boy, what can you do?" asked the old gentleman, with an approving nod to Mrs. Moss as she finished, and such a keen glance from under his bushy brows that Ben felt as if he were perfectly transparent.

"'Most anything, sir, to get my livin'."

"Can you weed?"

"Never did, but I can learn, sir."

"Pull up all the beets and leave the pigweed hey? Can you pick strawberries?"

"Never tried anything but eatin' 'em, sir."

"Not likely to forget that part of the job. Can you ride a horse to plow?"

"Guess I could, sir!"—and Ben's eyes began to sparkle, for he dearly loved the noble animals who had been his dearest friends lately.

"No antics allowed. My horse is a fine fellow and I 'm very particular about him."

The Squire spoke soberly, but there was a twinkle in his eye, and Mrs. Moss tried not to smile, for the Squire's horse was a joke all over the town, being about twenty years old, and having a peculiar gait of his own, lifting his fore-feet very high, with great show of speed, though never going out of a jog-trot. The boys used to say he galloped behind and walked behind, and made all sorts of fun of the big, Roman-nosed beast who allowed no liberties to be taken with him.

"I 'm too fond of horses to hurt 'em, sir. As for riding, I aint afraid of anything on four legs. The King of Morocco used to kick and bite for fun, but I could manage him first-rate."

"Then you 'd be able to drive cows to pasture, perhaps?"

"I 've driven elephants and camels, ostriches

nd grizzly bears, and mules, and six yellow ponies ll to onct. May be I could manage cows if I tried ard," answered Ben, endeavoring to be meek and espectful when scorn filled his soul at the idea of ot being able to drive a cow.

The Squire liked him all the better for the droll ixture of indignation and amusement betrayed by ie fire in his eyes and the sly smile round his lips; nd being rather tickled by Ben's list of animals, e answered, gravely:

"We don't raise elephants and camels much ound here. Bears used to be plenty, but folks got

"I'll make inquiries concerning your father, boy; meantime mind what you are about, and have a good report to give when he comes for you," returned the Squire, with a warning wag of a stern fore-finger.

"Thank y', sir. I will, sir. Father 'll come just as soon as he can, if he is n't sick or lost," murmured Ben, inwardly thanking his stars that he had not done anything to make him quake before that awful finger, and resolving that he never would.

Here a red-headed Irishman came to the door,



THE VISIT TO THE SQUIRE.

ed of them. Mules are numerous, but we have e two-legged kind, and as a general thing prefer anghae fowls to ostriches."

He got no farther, for Ben laughed out so infectiously that both the others joined him, and somew that jolly laugh seemed to settle matters better n words. As they stopped, the Squire tapped the window behind him, saying, with an attempt the former gruffness:

'We'll try you on cows awhile. My man will w you where to drive them, and give you some l jobs through the day. I'll see what you are d for, and send you word to-night. Mrs. Moss, boy can sleep at your house, can't he?"

'Yes, indeed, sir. He can go on doing it, and ne up to his work just as well as not. I can see him then, and he wont be a care to any one," l Mrs. Moss, heartily.

and stood eying the boy with small favor while the Squire gave his orders.

"Pat, this lad wants work. He's to take the cows and go for them. Give him any light jobs you have, and let me know if he's good for anything."

"Yis, your honor. Come out o' this, b'y, till I show ye the bastes," responded Pat; and, with a hasty good-bye to Mrs. Moss, Ben followed his new leader, sorely tempted to play some naughty trick upon him in return for his ungracious reception.

But in a moment he forgot that Pat existed, for in the yard stood the Duke of Wellington, so named in honor of his Roman nose. If Ben had known anything about Shakspeare he would have cried, "A horse, a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!" for the feeling was in his heart, and he ran up to the stately animal without a fear. Duke put back

his ears and swished his tail as if displeased for a moment; but Ben looked straight in his eyes, gave a scientific stroke to the iron-gray nose, and uttered a chirrup which made the ears prick up as if recognizing a familiar sound.

"He'll nip ye, if ye go botherin' that way. L'ave him alone, and attind to the cattle as his honor tould ye," commanded Pat, who made a great show of respect toward Duke in public, and kicked him brutally in private.

"I aint afraid! You wont hurt me, will you, old feller? See there now!—he knows I'm a friend, and takes to me right off," said Ben, with an arm around Duke's neck, and his own cheek confidingly laid against the animal's, for the intelligent eyes spoke to him as plainly as the little whinny which he understood and accepted as a welcome.

The Squire saw it all from the open window, and suspecting from Pat's face that trouble was brewing, called out:

"Let the lad harness Duke, if he can. I'm going out directly, and he may as well try that as anything."

Ben was delighted, and proved himself so brisk and handy that the roomy chaise stood at the door in a surprisingly short time, with a smiling little ostler at Duke's head when the Judge came out.

His affection for the horse pleased the old gentleman, and his neat way of harnessing suited as well; but Ben got no praise except a nod and a brief "All right, boy," as the equipage went creaking and jogging away.

Four sleek cows filed out of the barn-yard when Pat opened the gate, and Ben drove them down the road to a distant pasture where the early grass awaited their eager cropping. By the school they went, and the boy looked pityingly at the black, brown and yellow heads bobbing past the windows as a class went up to recite, for it seemed a hard thing to the liberty-loving lad to be shut up there so many hours on a morning like that.

But a little breeze that was playing truant round the steps did Ben a service without knowing it, for a sudden puff blew a torn leaf to his feet, and seeing a picture he took it up. It evidently had fallen from some ill-used history, for the picture showed some queer ships at anchor, some oddly dressed men just landing, and a crowd of Indians dancing about on the shore. Ben spelt out all he could about these interesting personages, but could not discover what it meant, because ink evidently had deluged the page, to the new reader's great disappointment.

"I'll ask the girls; may be they will know," said Ben to himself as, after looking vainly for more stray leaves, he trudged on, enjoying the bobolink's song, the warm sunshine, and a comfortable sense of friendliness and safety, which soon set him to whistling as gayly as any blackbird in the meadow.

CHAPTER VI.

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

AFTER supper that night, Bab and Betty sat in the old porch playing with Josephus and Belinda, and discussing the events of the day, for the appearance of the strange boy and his dog had been a most exciting occurrence in their quiet lives. They had seen nothing of him since morning, as he took his meals at the Squire's, and was at work with Pat in a distant field when the children passed. Sancho had stuck closely to his master, evidently rather bewildered by the new order of things, and bound to see that no harm happened to Ben.

"I wish they'd come. It's sun-down, and I heard the cows mooing, so I know they have gone home," said Betty, impatiently; for she regarded the new comer in the light of an entertaining book, and wished to read on as fast as possible.

"I'm going to learn the signs he makes when he wants Sancho to dance; then we can have fun with him whenever we like. He's the dearest dog I ever saw?" answered Bab, who was fonder of animals than her sister.

"Ma said—Ow, what's that!" cried Betty, with a start as something bumped against the gate outside, and in a moment Ben's head peeped over the top as he swung himself up to the iron arch, in the middle of which was the empty lantern frame.

"Please to locate, gentlemen; please to locate. The performance is about to begin with the great Flyin' Coopid act, in which Master Bloomsbury has appeared before the crowned heads of Europe. Pronounced by all beholders the most remarkable youthful progidy agoin'. Hooray! here we are!"

Having rattled off the familiar speech in Mr. Smithers's elegant manner, Ben began to cut up such capers that even a party of dignified hens going down the avenue to bed, paused to look on with clucks of astonishment, evidently fancying that salt had set him to fluttering and tumbling as it did them. Never had the old gate beheld such antics, though it had seen gay doings in its time; for of all the boys who had climbed over it, not one had ever stood on his head upon each of the big balls which ornamented the posts, hung by his heels from the arch, gone round and round like a wheel with the bar for an axis, played a tattoo with his toes while holding on by his chin, walked about the wall on his hands, or closed the entertainment by festooning himself in an airy posture over the side of the lantern frame, and kissing his hand to the audience, as a well-bred Cupid is supposed to do on making his bow.

The little girls clapped and stamped enthusiastically, while Sancho, who had been calmly surveying the show, barked his approval as he leaped up to snap at Ben's feet.

"Come down and tell what you did up at the Squire's. Was he cross? Did you have to work hard? Do you like it?" asked Bab, when the excitement had subsided.

"It's cooler up here," answered Ben, composing himself in the frame, and fanning his hot face with a green spray broken from the tall bushes rustling odorously all about him. "I did all sorts of jobs. The old gentleman was n't cross; he gave me a dime, and I like him first-rate. But I just hate "Carrots"; he swears at a feller, and fired a stick of wood at me. Guess I 'll pay him off when I get a chance."

Fumbling in his pocket to show the bright dime, he found the torn page, and remembered the thirst for information which had seized him in the morning.

"Look here, tell me about this, will you? What are these chaps up to? The ink has spoilt all but the picture and this bit of reading. I want to know what it means. Take it to 'em, Sanch."

The dog caught the leaf as it fluttered to the ground, and carrying it carefully in his mouth, deposited it at the feet of the little girls, seating himself before them with an air of deep interest. Bab and Betty picked it up and read it aloud in turn, while Ben leaned from his perch to listen and learn.

"'When day dawned land was visible. A pleasant land it was. There were gay flowers, and tall trees with leaves and fruit such as they had never seen before. On the shore were unclad, copper-colored men, gazing with wonder at the Spanish ships. They took them for great birds, the white sails for their wings, and the Spaniards for superior beings brought down from heaven on their backs.'"

"Why, that 's Columbus finding San Salvador. Don't you know about *him?*" demanded Bab, as if he were one of the "superior beings," and intimately acquainted with the immortal Christopher.

"No, I don't. Who was he anyway? I s'pose that 's him paddlin' ahead; but which of the ships is Sam Salvindoor?" asked Ben, rather ashamed of his ignorance, but bent on finding out what he had begun.

"My gracious! twelve years old and not know Columbus," laughed Bab, much amused, but rather glad to find that she could teach the "circligig boy" something, for she considered him a remarkable creature.

"I don't care a bit for your quackin' boss, whoever he is. Tell about this fine feller with the ships; I like *him*," persisted Ben.

Bab, with frequent interruptions and hints from Betty, told the wonderful tale in a simple way, which made it easy to understand, for she liked history, and had a lively tongue of her own.

"I 'd like to read some more. Would my ten cents buy a book?" asked Ben, anxious to learn a little since Bab laughed at him.

"No, indeed! I 'll lend you mine when I 'm not using it, and tell you all about it," promised Bab, forgetting that she did not know "all about it" herself yet.

"I don't have any time only evenings, and then may be you 'll want it," begun Ben, in whom the inky page had roused a strong curiosity.

"I do get my history in the evening, but you could have it mornings, before school."

"I shall have to go off early, so there wont be any chance. Yes, there will,—I 'll tell you how to do it: Let me read while I drive up the cows. Squire likes 'em to eat slow along the road, so 's to keep the grass short and save mowin'. Pat said so, and I could do history instead of loafin' round!" cried Ben, full of this bright idea.

"How will I get my book back in time to recite?" asked Bab, prudently.

"Oh, I 'll leave it on the window-sill, or put it inside the door as I go back. I 'll be real careful, and just as soon as I earn enough, I 'll buy you a new one and take the old one. Will you?"

"Yes; but I 'll tell you a nicer way to do. Don't put the book on the window, 'cause teacher will see you; or inside the door, 'cause some one may steal it. You put it in my cubby-house, right at the corner of the wall nearest the big maple. You 'll find a cunning place between the roots that stick up under the flat stone. That 's my closet, and I keep things there. It 's the best cubby of all, and we take turns to have it."

"I 'll find it, and that 'll be a first-rate place," said Ben, much gratified.

"I could put my reading-book in sometimes, if you 'd like it. There 's lots of pretty stories in it and pictures," proposed Betty, rather timidly, for she wanted to share the benevolent project, but had little to offer, not being as good a scholar as bright Bab.

"I 'd like a 'rithmetic better. I read tip-top, but I aint much on 'rithmetic; so, if you can spare yours, I might take a look at it. Now I 'm going to earn wages, I ought to know about addin' 'em up, and so on," said Ben, with the air of a Vanderbilt oppressed with the care of millions.

"I 'll teach you that. Betty does n't know much about sums. But she spells splendidly, and is always at the head of her class. Teacher is real proud of her, 'cause she never misses, and spells hard, fussy words, like *chi-rog-ra-phy* and *bron-chi-tis* as easy as anything."

Bab quite beamed with sisterly pride, and Betty smoothed down her apron with modest satisfaction, for Bab seldom praised her, and she liked it very much.

"I never went to school, so that 's the reason I aint smart. I can write, though, better 'n some of the boys up at school. I saw lots of names on the shed door. See here now," and scrambling down, Ben pulled out a cherished bit of chalk and flourished off ten letters of the alphabet, one on each of the dark stone slabs that paved the walk.

"Those are beautiful! I can't make such curly ones. Who taught you to do it?" asked Bab, as she and Betty walked up and down admiring them.

"Horse blankets," answered Ben, soberly.

"What!" cried both girls, stopping to stare.

"Our horses all had their names on their blankets, and I used to copy 'em. The wagons had signs, and I learned to read that way after father taught me my letters off the red and yellow posters. First word I knew was lion, 'cause I was always goin' to see old Jubal in his cage. Father was real proud when I read it right off. I can draw one too."

Ben proceeded to depict an animal intended to represent his lost friend; but Jubal would not have recognized his portrait, since it looked much more like Sancho than the king of the forest. The children admired it immensely, however, and Ben gave them a lesson in natural history which was so interesting that it kept them busy and happy till bed time; for the boy described what he had seen in such lively language, and illustrated in such droll way, it was no wonder they were charmed.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC ON ALL FOURS.

By Josephine Pollard.

A Pussy-cat and a Black-and-Tan
  Were shut in a room together,
And, after a season of quiet, began
  To talk of the change in the weather,
And new spring fashions, and after that
They had a sort of musical chat.

Said Puss: "To me it is quite absurd—
  But tastes and opinions vary;
And some have declared that no beast or bird
  Can sing like the small canary,—
Who, if it be true as I 've heard it told,
Is really worth more than its weight in gold!"

Said the Black-and-Tan, with a pensive smile:
"I 've wanted to call attention
To this bit of scandal for quite a while,
  And, if not amiss, to mention
That my daily allowance of bark and w(h)ine
Has greatly improved this voice of mine."

"It has," said Puss, with a comic grin;
"The words of truth you have spoken;
A name for ourselves we must strive to win
  At once, now the ice is broken;
For one or two doses of catnip tea
Have had a wondrous effect on me!

"'T was only the other night I strayed
Where a silvery moonbeam slanted,
And gave such a beautiful serenade
You 'd have thought the place enchanted.
It roused the neighborhood to a pitch
Of praise, or envy—I can't tell which."

Said the Black-and-Tan, "Why should n't we try
To sing a duet together?"
Said the Puss, "I see no reason why
We can't; and we 'll show them whether
To birds and bipeds alone belong
The gift of singing a pleasing song!"



THE DUET.

They sang—and they sang; but oh, my dears!
If you had been anywhere near them,
You 'd have shut your eyes and stopped your ears,
And wished that you could n't hear them.
'T was a brilliant effort, upon my word,
And nearly killed the canary-bird.

The Pussy-cat and the Black-and-Tan
With the music were so delighted,
They will give a concert as soon as they can,
And perhaps we may be invited.
"Bow-wow!" "Miaow!" I 'm sorry, you know,
I 've another engagement—and cannot go!

A LETTER TO AMERICAN BOYS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

MY DEAR COUSINS: Shall I really be talking to you as I sit here in my study with the river Thames now flowing, now ebbing, past my window? I am uttering no word, I am only writing; and you are not listening, not reading, for it will be a long time ere what I am now thinking shall reach you over the millions of waves that swell and sink between us. And yet I shall in very truth be talking to you.

In like manner, with divine differences, God began to talk to us ages before we were born: I will not say before we began to be, for, in a sense, that very moment God thought of us we began to exist, for what God thinks of, *is*. We have been lying for ages in his heart without knowing it. But now we have begun to know it. We are here, with a great beginning, and before us an end so great that there is no end to it. But we must take heed, for, else, the very greatness will turn to confusion and terror.

Shall I explain what made me begin my letter to you just this way?—I was sitting in my room, as I am now, thinking what I should say to you. And as I sat thinking after something worth saying and fit to say, my room spoke to me,—that is, out of its condition and appearance came a thought into my mind. And that you may understand how it came, and how it was what it was, I will first show you what my room at this moment is like. For the thought had nothing to do with the sun outside, or the shining river, or the white-sailed boats, neither with the high wind that is tossing the rosy hawthorn-bloom before my windows, or with the magnolia trained up the wall and looking in at one of them: it had to do only with the inside of the room.

It is a rather long room. The greater part has its walls filled with books, and I am sitting at one end quite surrounded by them. But when I lift my eyes, I look to the other end, and into the heart of a stage for acting upon, filling all the width and a third part of the length of the room. It is surrounded with curtains, but those in front of it are withdrawn, and there the space of it lies before me, a bare, empty hollow of green and blue and red, which to-morrow evening will be filled with group after group of moving, talking, shining, acting men and women, boys and girls. It looked to me like a human heart, waiting to be filled with the scenes of its own story,—with this difference, that the heart itself will determine of what sort those groups shall be. Then there grew up in my mind the following little parable, which, to those who do not care to understand it, will be dark,—but to those who desire to know its meaning, may give light:

There was once a wise man to whom was granted the power to send forth his thoughts in shapes that other people could see. And, as he walked abroad in the world, he came upon some whom his wisdom might serve. One day, having, in a street of the city where he dwelt, rescued from danger a boy about ten years of age, he went with him to his mother, and begged that he might take him to his house for a week. When they heard his name, the parents willingly let their son go with him. And he taught him many things, and the boy loved and trusted him.

When the boy was asleep in bed, the wise man would go to his room at midnight, and lay his ear to his ear, and hearken to his dreams. Then he would stand and spread out his arms over him and look up. And the boy would smile, and his sleep was the deeper.

Once, just an hour after the sage had thus visited him, the boy woke, and found himself alone in the middle of the night. He could not get to sleep again, and grew so restless that he rose and went down the stair. The moon shone in at every western window, and his way was "now in glimmer and now in gloom." On the first landing he saw a door wide open, which he had never seen open till now. It was the door of the wizard's room. Within, all was bright with moonlight, and the boy first peeped, then stepped in, and peered timidly about him.

The farther end of the room was hidden by a curtain stretched quite across it, and, curious to see what was behind, he approached it. But ere he reached it, the curtain slowly divided in the midst and, drawn back to each side, revealed a place with just light enough in it from the moonshine to show that it was a dungeon. In the middle of it, upon the floor, sat a prisoner, with fetters to his feet, and manacles to his hands; an iron collar was round his neck, and a chain from the collar had its last link in an iron staple deep-fixed in the stone floor. His head was sunk on his bosom, and he sat abject and despairing.

"What a wicked man he must be!" thought the boy, and was turning to run away in terror, when the man lifted his head, and his look caught

nd held him. For he saw a pale, worn, fierce ountenance, which, somehow, through all the dded years, and all the dirt that defiled it, he ecognized as his own. For a moment the prisoner azed at him mournfully; then a wild passion of age and despair seized him; he dragged and tore t his chains, raved and shrieked, and dashed himelf on the ground like one mad with imprisonment. or a time he lay exhausted, then half rose and t as before, gazing helplessly upon the ground.

By and by a spider came creeping along the bar f his fetters. He put out his hand, and, with the anacle on his wrist, crushed it, and smiled. Inantly through the gloom came a strong, clear, t strangely sweet voice—and the very sweetness ad in it something that made the boy think of e. And the voice said:

"So! in the midst of misery, thou takest delight destruction! Is it not well thou art chained? thou wast free, thou wouldst in time destroy the orld. Tame thy wild beast, or sit there till I me him."

The prisoner peered and stared through the dusk, t could see no one; he fell into another fit of rious raving, but not a hair-breadth would one k of chain yield to his wildest endeavor.

"Oh, my mother!" he cried, as he sank again to the grave of exhaustion.

"Thy mother is gone from thee," said the voice, outworn by thine evil ways. Thou didst choose have thyself and not thy mother, and there thou st thyself, and she is gone. I only am left to care thee—not with kisses and sweet words, but with lungeon. Unawares to thyself thou hast forged ne own chains, and riveted them upon thy limbs. t Hercules could free thee or himself from such prisonment."

The man burst out weeping, and cried with os:

"What then am I to do, for the burden of them ntolerable?"

"What I will tell thee," said the voice; "for so ll thy chains fall from thee."

"I will do it," said the man.

"Thy prison is foul," said the voice.

"It is," answered the prisoner.

"Cleanse it, then."

"How can I cleanse it when I cannot move?"

"Cannot move! Thy hands were upon thy face oment gone—and now they are upon the floor! ur one of those hands lies a dead mouse; yonis an open window. Cast the dead thing out the furnace of life, that it may speedily make nd thereof."

With sudden obedient resolve the prisoner made endeavor to reach it. The chain pulled the r hard, and the manacle wrenched his wrist; but he caught the dead thing by the tail, and with a fierce effort threw it; out of the window it flew and fell—and the air of his dungeon seemed already clearer.

After a silence, came the voice again:

"Behind thee lies a broom," it said; "reach forth and take it, and sweep around thee as far as thy chains will yield thee scope."

The man obeyed, and, as he swept, at every stroke he reached farther. At length,—how it came he could not tell, for his chains hung heavy upon him still,—he found himself sweeping the very foot of the walls.

A moment more, and he stood at the open window, looking out into the world. A dove perched upon the window-sill, and walked inquiringly in; he caught it in his hands, and looked how to close the window, that he might secure its company. Then came the voice:

"Wilt thou, a prisoner, make of thyself a jailer?"

He opened his hands, and the dove darted into the sunlight. There it fluttered and flashed for a moment, like a bird of snow; then reentered, and flew into his very hands. He stroked and kissed it. The bird went and came, and was his companion.

Still, his chains hung about him, and he sighed and groaned under their weight.

"Set thee down," said the voice, "and polish thine irons."

He obeyed, rubbing link against link busily with his hands. And thus he labored—as it seemed to the boy in the vision—day after day, until at last every portion within his reach, of fetter, and chain, and collar, glittered with brightness.

"Go to the window," then said the voice, "and lay thee down in the sunshine."

He went and lay down, and fell asleep. When he awoke, he began to raise himself heavily; but, lo! the sun had melted all the burnished parts of his bonds, the rest dropped from him, and he sprung to his feet. For very joy of lightness, he ran about the room like a frolicking child. Then said the voice once more:

"Now carve thee out of the wall the figure of a man, as perfect as thou canst think and make it."

"Alas!" said the prisoner to himself, "I know not how to carve or fashion the image of anything."

But as he said it, he turned with a sigh to find among the fragments of his fetters what piece of iron might best serve him for a chisel. To work he set, and many and weary were the hours he wrought, for his attempts appeared to him nothing better than those of a child, and again and ever again as he carved, he had to change his purpose,

and cut away what he had carved; for the thing he wrought would not conform itself to the thing he thought, and it seemed he made no progress in the task that was set him. But he did not know that it was because his thought was not good enough to give strength and skill to his hand,—that it seemed too good for his hand to follow.

One night he wrought hard by the glimmer of his wretched lamp, until, overwearied, he fell fast asleep, and slept like one dead. When he awoke, lo! a man of light, lovely and grand, who stood where he had been so wearily carving the unresponsive stone! He rose and drew nigh. Behold, it was an opening in the wall, through which his freedom shone! The man of light was the door into the universe. And he darted through the wall.

As he vanished from his sight, the boy felt the wind of the morning lave his forehead; but with the prisoner vanished the vision; he was alone, with the moon shining through the windows. Too solemn to be afraid, he crept back to his bed, and fell fast asleep.

In the morning, he knew there had come to him what he now took for a strange dream, but he remembered little of it, and thought less about it, and the same day the wizard took him home.

His mother was out when he arrived, and he had not been in five minutes before it began to rain. It was holiday-time, and there were no lessons, and the school-room looked dismal as a new street. He had not a single companion, and the rain came down with slow persistence. He tried to read, but could not find any enjoyment in it. His thoughts grew more and more gloomy, until at last his very soul was disquieted within him. When his mother came home and sought him in the school-room, she found him lying on the floor, sullen and unkind. Although he knew her step as she entered, he never looked up; and when she spoke to him, he answered like one aggrieved.

"I am sorry you are unhappy," said his mother, sweetly. "I did not know you were to be home to-day. Come with me to my room."

He answered his mother insolently:

"I don't want to go with you. I only want to be left alone."

His mother turned away, and, without another word, left the room.

The cat came in, went up to him purring, and rubbed herself against him. He gave her such a blow that she flew out again, in angry fright, with her back high above her head. And the rain rained faster, and the wind began to blow, and the misery settled down upon his soul like lead. At last he wept with his face on the floor, quite overmastered by the most contemptible of all passions—self-pity.

Again the voice of his mother came to him. The wizard had in the meantime come to see her, and had just left her.

"Get up, my boy," she said, in a more commanding tone than he had ever heard from her before.

With her words the vision returned upon him, clear, and plain, and strong. He started in terror, almost expecting to hear the chains rattle about him.

"Get up, and make the room tidy. See how you have thrown the books about!" said his mother.

He dared not disobey her. He sprung to his feet, and as he reduced the little chaos around him to order, first calmness descended, and then shame arose. As he fulfilled her word, his mother stood and looked on. The moment he had finished, he ran to her, threw his arms about her neck, burst into honest, worthy tears, and cried:

"Mother!"

Then, after a while, he sobbed out:

"I am sorry I was so cross and rude to my mother."

She kissed him, and put her arms around him, and with his mind's eye he saw the flap of the white dove's wing. She took him by the hand and led him to the window. The sun was shining, and a grand rainbow stood against the black curtain of the receding cataract.

"Come, my child," she said; "we will go out together."

It was long years ere the boy understood *all* the meanings of the vision. I doubt if he understands them all yet. But he will one day. And I can say no more for the wisest of the readers, or for the writer himself, of this parable.

The Father of all the boys on earth and in heaven be with the boys of America! and when they grow up, may they and the men of England understand, and love, and help each other. Amen!

Your friend,

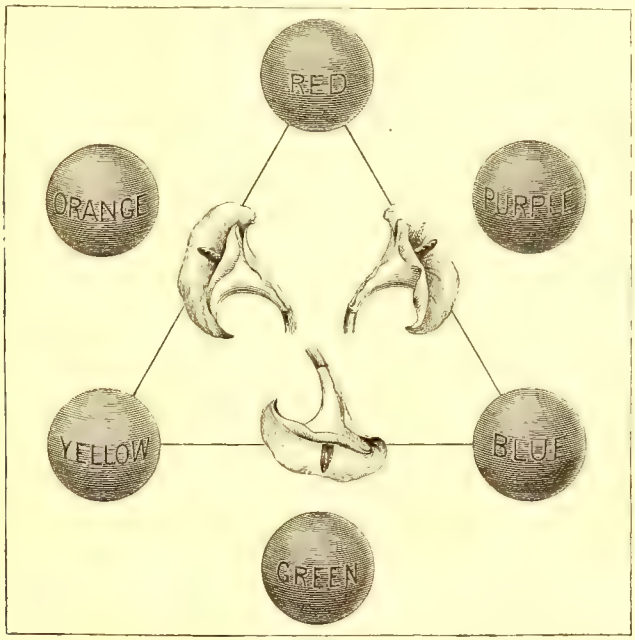
GEORGE MACDONALD.

ANNIE AND THE BALLS.

(A Story for the Kindergarten Children.)

By H. E. H.

Little Annie had been quite ill, and her mamma thought best to keep her at home from the Kindergarten; but she was now almost well again, and had been promised she should return to her little companions in two more days. Two days seems a long time to a little girl, and Annie seemed so sadly to miss all the pretty amusements of the Kindergarten, that mamma tried to think



what she could do to interest her. At last a very right thought came into her head, and she ran nto the hall and whispered it to papa, who was ıst putting on his hat and coat to go out.

He came back very soon, and brought Annie a ox with the Kindergarten colored balls in it.

"Oh!" she cried, "now I can play Kindergar- n with my dolls, for they are really growing up uite ignorant, especially Arabella Louisa, who sked me, only yesterday, to cut her apple into ıree halves."

All the little stools in the house were soon col- cted and brought to the nursery, where they were laced in true Kindergarten fashion, and the dolls ated on them with heels together and toes turned ıt. Rosie was there with her beautiful golden curls, her bright blue eyes, and arms and hands which would move quite as Alice could move her own. Then there were four younger children, and even old Peggy—the rag-baby—was made to sit up very stiff and straight with the aid of a little string, and the lesson began.

Annie took out the yellow ball and asked the babies to point out something in the room the same color. Rosie managed, with a little help from her teacher, to raise her kid arm and point with her dainty finger to the canary-bird.

"Point to something round like the ball," said little Annie, and Arabella Louisa made herself very cross-eyed looking down at her gold beads, but was too bashful to speak. Next Annie brought out the purple ball and laid it down. Then the red and green ones came out, and, lastly, the orange and blue. Now the teacher began to look very dull, even duller than her scholars; her eyelids began to droop, and she spoke very slowly, and said: "Children,—can—you—count—the—balls?" but not hearing any answer, she looked up and found they had all disappeared, and that she was no longer in the nursery. Before her was a beautiful

green field dotted all over with buttercups and daisies. After she had stepped around carefully on the soft grass and smelt the flowers, she heard some one call her name, and, looking up, she saw a beautiful castle standing quite alone by itself in the air, while a little fairy in a yellow, gauzy dress beckoned her to come up.

"Oh!" thought Annie, "how I should like to go and make her a pretty courtesy, but I have no wings and cannot fly!"

The kind fairy seeing the sad look on the little girl's face, cried out: "Wait a minute till we get our fairy pipe."

Annie could but wonder of what use a pipe would be, but she had been taught to be patient and wait until things were explained to her; so she stood very quiet, and soon saw the fairy in yellow come floating down to the earth. Behind her came another little creature all in red, and still behind her a third in a beautiful blue dress. Between them they carried a long pipe, much like the one Roger, the gardener, smoked; and when they were in front of the little girl they began to blow through it very hard, and Annie soon found herself inside a a large soap-bubble, and felt that she was gently floating upward in her fairy balloon. When she reached the castle she touched the thin wall with her fingers and it melted away, and left her standing in Fairy Land!

Her three companions—the fairy in yellow, the one in red, and the one in blue—crowded around her, and cried "Welcome!" three times. Then they made a place for three more, who tried to smile and say "Welcome!" also, but could only look very sad and wipe a tiny tear from their little eyes.

Now, Annie was a kind little girl, and she asked them in her gentlest voice what made them sad, and they all replied: "Oh, we want some dresses so badly; these are only our little skirts made out of cobwebs."

"What color do you want?" said Annie.

"Well," said the first, "*I* want one of green, like the beautiful grass and the leaves of the trees."

"Ah!" sighed Annie, "if I could *only* remember how our teacher told us to make green, but I am afraid I have forgotten."

Away ran one of the fairies, and soon came back with a little white cap, which she placed upon Annie's head, saying: "This is our thinking-cap, and as soon as it touched the child's brown curls, she cried: "I've thought! If you mix yellow and blue together it will make green; but how can we do it?"

"Oh, *we* know!" all the six cried together, and they brought a lily filled with dew, and the fairy with the yellow dress and the one with the blue dress dipped their little skirts in it, and they stirred the dew around with a tiny wand, and took out a lovely green robe, which was put on the fairy who had chosen that color, and she began to smile very sweetly.

Now, the next one stepped up, and said: "*I* want a dress of purple like the beautiful sweet violets which grow in our little gardens."

As Annie still had the thinking-cap on, she quickly told them that red and blue must be mixed together, and another lily was brought and the red and blue dresses dipped in it; and after some stirring, out came a beautiful purple frock, and the fairy who had chosen this smiled even more sweetly than the other one.

Now, Annie turned to the last one and asked her what color she wanted, and she replied: "*I* want a dress of orange."

"I do not need the cap this time," said Annie, "for I remember that red and yellow will make orange."

So a third lily was brought by the fairies, and when the red and yellow dresses were dipped in it out came one of an orange color, and the fairy who put this on really laughed aloud. Then taking hold of hands, all the little things began to dance gayly around Annie, who was quite tired from her long journey, and had asked permission to lie on the soft bed of moss.

She noticed that wherever the red fairy went the green one followed close behind. The blue fairy and the one with the orange dress kept close together with their arms around each other, and the yellow and purple fairies kissed, and seemed to say such very pretty things of each other that Annie thought they must be the *complementary* colors that she had heard her mother talk about. Just now it grew quite dark, and as Annie looked up at the clouds she felt a rain-drop on her cheek, and looking at her companions she saw that every drop clung to their clothing, and looked like beautiful diamonds and pearls. The shower lasted only a little while, and then the sun came out, and the fairies all called out: "Good-by, kind Lady Annie, we are wanted now away up in the sky!" and they floated up one above the other, and stretched themselves out quite long, and arched their bodies very gracefully; and as Annie turned her face away from where the sun was setting, she saw in the opposite direction a beautiful rainbow, and she knew why the fairies had been called away.

"Annie! Annie!!"

"Why, that is my name," thought the little girl, and she gave a jump and opened her eyes, and do you believe me, she was back in the nursery, the balls were lying on the floor just as she had left them, and the dolls were all staring at her with their round glass eyes.

A MODERN WILLIAM TELL.



"HERE, GRANDPA, LET 'S PLAY WILLIAM TELL I 'LL BE MR. TELL, AND YOU MAY PLAY YOU 'RE MY SON, AND STAND OVER THERE BY THE MIRROR WHILE I SHOOT THIS APPLE OFF YOUR HEAD."

THE KING AND THE THREE TRAVELERS.

By Arlo Bates.

THREE travelers, who had been found asleep in the royal park, were once brought before King Jollimon. In answer to inquiries, they said that they were story-tellers, who earned their living by relating those tales and legends of which the inhabitants of Jolliland are so extravagantly fond.

"If that be so," said the king, "and if you can tell stories worth hearing, you are indeed welcome. The court story-teller has just been banished for presuming to tell the same story twice, and his place is unfilled. It would be a right royal idea to have three story-tellers instead of one."

So the three travelers, after having been refreshed with food and drink, were bidden to seat themselves at the august feet of King Jollimon, that they might prove their power to please the royal fancy by strange and unheard tales.

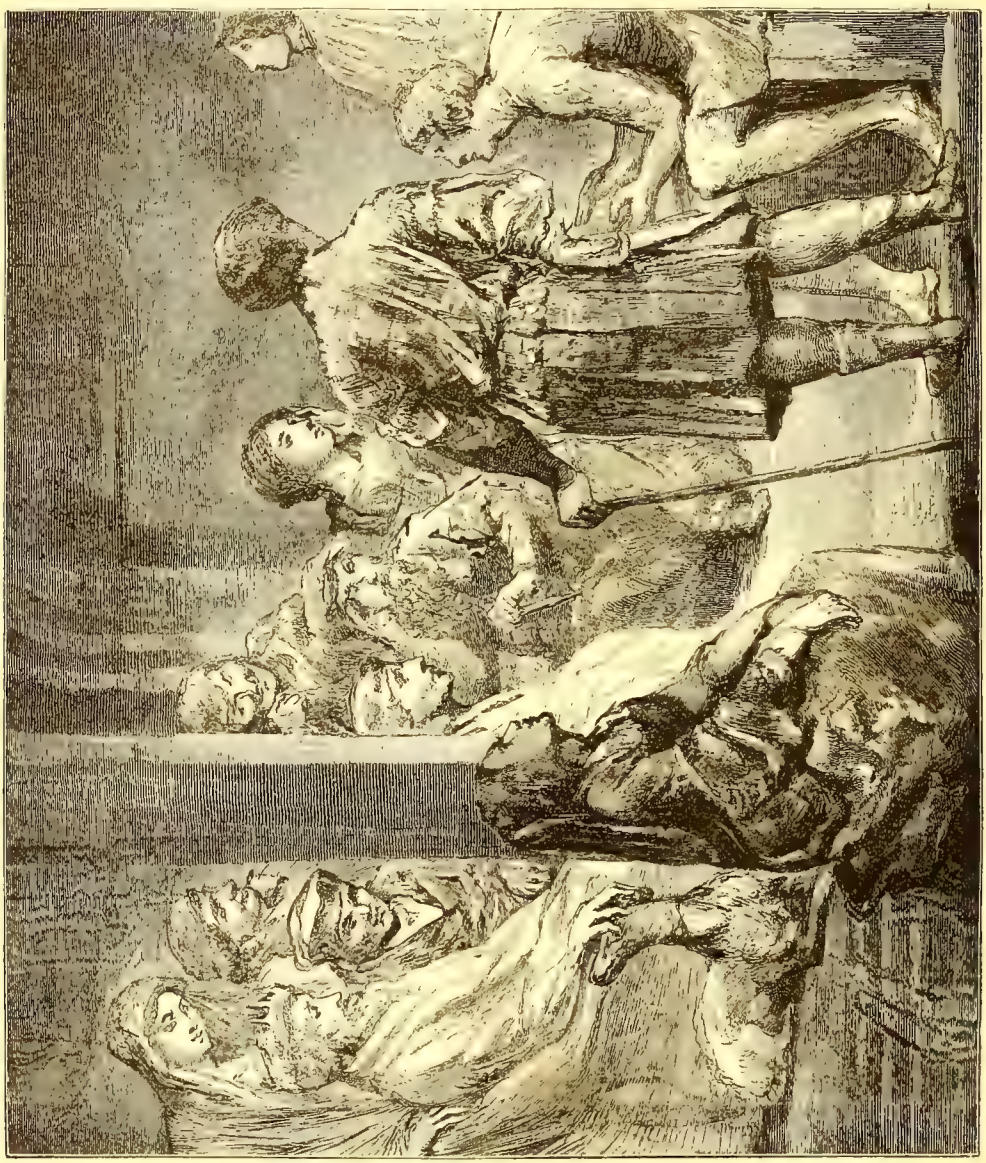
They were all old and withered; and the first had a crooked back, the second a crooked nose, and the third a crooked mouth. He of the crooked back began, and told the tale of

The Raven Maiden.

There once lived a young and accomplished prince called Orca. His father was king over all the country and the neighboring provinces, and Orca was his only heir.

The prince was a daring hunter, and went often

to the royal forests, sometimes in company with the lords of the court, but oftener alone. For it so happened that the gamekeeper had a young daughter, Sipelie, who was as fair as the morning, and as modest as she was fair; and the prince, having seen her, of course fell over head and ears in love with her, forgetting all differences of wealth and station. As for Sipelie, having no mother to tell her better, although she took good care to wait a modest while before showing it, she gave away her whole heart to him. Nor was this so much to be wondered at, for Orca was every inch a prince, and a fine, manly fellow beside. And so I warrant there was billing and cooing enough at the gamekeeper's lodge, for when the prince came the gamekeeper kept discreetly in the background, and Sipelie had no brothers or sisters to be in the way.



THE CROOKED-BACKED TRAVELER TELLS A STORY TO THE KING.

But the course of true love is never without its rapids, and it was not long before Orca's visits to Sipelie began to be talked about among the nobles. So at last the news came to the ears of the Lady Ildea, the prime minister's daughter, who hoped to

win Prince Orca herself. The Lady Ildea's temper was certainly none of the best, nor was her beauty at all to be compared with that of the gamekeeper's daughter. She had long laid siege to the heart of the prince, and she was now convinced that it was only on account of the peasant maiden that she made so little progress.

The Lady Ildea was not unskilled in magic, and by consultation with divers not very respectable spirits, she found means to transform the beautiful Sipelie into a raven. Thus it happened that when the prince went as usual to visit his beloved, he found the cottage empty, and no living thing in sight but a raven, which croaked dolorously from a neighboring tree. When the gamekeeper appeared, in answer to Prince Orca's eager questions, he could only say that his daughter was missing. Together, the two men searched the whole night for the lost maiden; but neither then, nor in any after search, could a trace of Sipelie be discovered.

It is needless to speak of the gamekeeper's grief, or the prince's despair. Both refused to be comforted, and the unhappy prince became so pale and thin that it was pitiful to see.

In all his grief and anguish, the Lady Ildea showed a deep sympathy, encouraging him to tell her all his woes, and if she could not comfort him, she at least wept for him, and that was something.

And so it went on until the prince was taken violently ill. The wise men gathered about his bed, and at last concluded, after many long and tedious days of consultation, that his sickness was caused by an evil influence, which they ascribed to a raven that had been noticed fluttering continually about the palace windows. They farther announced that the prince could only be cured by the juice of certain wild herbs, which were exceedingly rare, and which only grew in wild and dangerous places in the mountains. Messengers were dispatched throughout the whole country in search of the precious herbs, but the third day a bundle of the plants was found on the ledge of the prince's window. No one knew whence they came, nor did any one notice that the raven sat on a distant tree, and watched until the herbs were taken in, but then flew silently away, to return no more.

The prince now rapidly recovered, and was soon able to go again into the open air. The lady Ildea had been most attentive throughout his illness, and on the first day on which he went to the hunt, she rode by his side. She was outwardly calm enough, but inwardly she was not at all at ease. Only one day remained of the duration of the magic spell which ensnared Sipelie, and Prince Orca had not yet forgotten the peasant maiden, or bound himself to Ildea. As they followed the hounds through the pleasant forest, the sharp eyes of the lady espied a raven fluttering along from branch to branch, always keeping near the prince.

She pointed it out to her companion, saying, "Do you see the bird of ill omen? It is the same which brought you illness. Now is your time to destroy it."

Prince Orca raised his bow, but lowered it again, for something within stayed his hand, and he said: "Let the poor blackamoor live. I have been too near death myself to feel like harming it."

"If you do not care for yourself," said Lady Ildea, "others do. It might bring you harm again." And with unerring aim she sent an arrow flying through the air. The raven fell, uttering a last mournful cry. But Lady Ildea was not satisfied. Hastily dismounting, she ran through the grass to where the bird lay, and found the body of the maiden Sipelie, pierced to the heart, and covered with blood. Horror-struck, she turned away, but at that instant she trod upon an adder, which suddenly darted its fangs into her foot, inflicting a mortal wound.

"And served her right," quoth King Jollimon, as the crooked-backed man ended. "The prince is left to bury the dead, I suppose. Well, I've heard worse tales, I'm sorry to say; but I generally hear better ones. What have you to tell?" he added, nodding to the man with the crooked nose.

"Mine is a fable, and very instructive," said he; "And the moral——"

"Moral me no morals," interrupted King Jollimon. "Tell your fable, if you please; but I'll draw my own moral as mild as I please."

Thus admonished, he of the crooked nose told the tale of

The Wise Cat.

A certain cat set out to seek his fortune, and traveled through the whole world. At last he came to a country where a cat had never been seen before. The inhabitants were at first frightened by the strange monster, but having observed Puss killing the mice with which the country was overrun, they plucked up courage, and approaching him, requested that he should follow them before the king. Puss complied willingly enough, and the end of the matter was that he was installed rat-catcher to the king, and a large salary bestowed upon him. The faithfulness with which Puss discharged his duties raised him high in the royal regard, and a circumstance soon occurred which advanced him still further. The king took his naps by an open window, and had a plate of cherries placed beside him that he might eat them when he awoke. A crow from the neighboring forest constantly stole the fruit, nor had all the

efforts of the king's servants succeeded in destroying the bird. The cat, however, concealed himself in the window-hangings, and pounced upon the unlucky marauder, and broke his neck. The king was full of gratitude, and ordered that Puss's salary be increased. Soon after, a bear came and ravaged the king's flocks. His majesty commanded Puss to kill him. "I can only do what I am able," pleaded the cat; but the king insisted. While Puss was coming, Bruin attacked the store of a swarm of bees, and was stung to death. "You have done as I knew you would, my dear cat," said the king, and would listen to no explanations. The cat received the Order of the Royal Shoe-string.

Next an elephant came and ravaged the crops. The king sent the cat to attack him. "Alas! I can only do what I am able," again pleaded the cat, but there was no moving the king. While the cat was coming, the elephant fell into a pit and was killed.

"You have done as I knew you would," said the king once more; and the cat received the Order of the Royal Penknife, and the care of the Royal Shoe-brush.

A great army marched to subdue the kingdom. The king gave himself no uneasiness. "Have we not the cat here?" he asked. "My dear, go and put these troublesome fellows to flight."

"Alas! your majesty," said the unfortunate cat, "I can but do as I am able, and luck will turn at last;" but the king was stubborn as ever. And while the cat was coming, a band of the enemy fell upon him and destroyed him; and they overthrew all the kingdom. The king was taken prisoner and compelled to feed cats all his life. "That ungrateful cat!" he continually exclaimed.

"And do you call that a fable?" asked King Jollimon. "I should have let you tell the moral, that there might have been some good to it. Come, you fellow," he said to the crooked-mouthed man, "speak quickly. I long to hear another tale, that I may forget this."

And this tale was that of

HANS AND PETER.

Hans and Peter met one fine morning on the way to market. Hans was large and stout; the world always went easily with him; he troubled himself as little as possible about the cares of life, and seemed to grow plumper every day.

Peter, on the other hand, was thin and slim. He was continually worrying himself about some trifle, and his face grew more and more care-worn every day.

"Good morrow, friend Peter," said plump Hans, in a hearty tone of cheer.

"Good-day, neighbor!" answered Peter, solemnly.

"Why are you so downcast?" asked Hans.

"Downcast! Have you no troubles," retorted Peter, "that you cannot understand why people look downcast?"

"I?" said jovial Hans. "I've only one trouble in the world, and that does not trouble me. My wife complains because I have become so stout."

"Happy man!" exclaimed Peter. "My friends complain because I am so thin."

"My friends say it makes me move too slowly," said Hans.

"My wife upbraids me," returned Peter, "because I move so very quickly."

"Suppose we change bodies!" said they both in a breath. And they changed.

Again, in a few months, Hans and Peter met one fine morning; and Hans was again large and stout, while Peter had become thin and slim.

"What have you done to my body?" asked Hans.

"What have you done to my body?" asked Peter.

"I was puzzled at first," said Hans, "to know whether I was Hans or Peter; but it soon came right."

"At first," returned Peter, "I knew not whether I was Peter or Hans, but as you say, it soon came right."

"Then the difference," remarked Hans, "is not *my* body."

"Nor *my* body," put in Peter.

"But," said they both, "ourselves!"

"Worse and worse," said King Jollimon, at the conclusion of the remarkable legend. "If there were four of you, I shudder to think what a bad story the fourth one would tell!"

"It is because we did not know your majesty's taste," said the man with the crooked back. "If you would hear us once more, we should please you better."

"I have heard enough," said the king; but upon second thought he consented that they should try again.

And first the crooked-backed man told the tale of

THE EGG-SHELL.

A boy once met a magician, who gave him an egg-shell, telling him to place it in his mouth, but on no account to break it. The boy was as foolish as boys usually are, so he instantly obeyed him, without at all stopping to think what the consequences might be. Immediately his head swelled up like an enormous balloon, so that the wind nearly blew him away. He managed to catch hold of a post and save himself from this fate, and a

crowd began to gather around his head. His body was quite out of sight underneath, and only the huge head was to be seen.

As everybody stood staring at the wonderful sight, a fly lit on the boy's cheek. He could not reach it himself, for his arms would not reach a tenth part of the way to his chin; so he asked one of the bystanders to kill the troublesome insect. The boy's voice was so smothered by the egg-shell that it was long before he could make himself understood; but at last the man got an idea of what was wanted, and aimed a severe blow at the fly. The insect flew away unharmed, but the boy started so suddenly that he bit the egg-shell in two, and his head collapsed to its natural size. So there was a little boy in the middle of the place, holding on by a post, and a crowd of people looking at him from a distance.

"What a disappointment!" said the boy's mother. "He was fast becoming remarkable! But then, what a sum his hats would have cost! After all, it is best as it is."

"And besides," added a neighbor, "how could you have got at him to punish him?"

"To be sure!" answered the mother.

"This is better than the first, because it is shorter," said the king; and the man with a crooked nose began the story of

THE CROOKED-NOSED PHILOSOPHER.

"There was once a man," he said, "with a nose so long that it reached half way round his head, and thus the point was continually behind him. This not unnaturally caused him a great deal of trouble, but in the end was the means of his good fortune, as you shall hear. For once, as he sat reading, he felt something on the end of his nose, and turning round his head he saw a fly sitting on the point of it."

"Saw a fly on the point!" interrupted King Jollimon. "What do you take me for, that you thus try to impose such stories on me? Can a man see what is behind him?"

"Certainly, if he turns round," answered the traveler, quite unmoved.

"If he turns round!" repeated the king, in a rage, "can one see the back of his head? I have turned round, but I never could see my back."

"That is because your majesty always looks away from it," replied the other. "If you would turn round and look toward the back of your head, you would undoubtedly see it."

"Do you presume to dispute with me?" screamed his majesty, getting very red in the face. He felt sure he was right, but he could not answer the traveler's argument. "Do you presume to dispute with me?" he repeated. "Get out of my sight, and if one of you three vagabonds, with your trumpery stories, is found in all the kingdom of Jolliland by sunset to-morrow, I 'll have every man of you beheaded three times over. A man see his back, indeed!"

And thus it happened that the tale of "The Crooked-Nosed Philosopher" was never concluded, which was the greater pity, since, if the end was like the beginning, it must have been a very marvelous tale.

SOMETHING IN THE OLD CLOTHES LINE.

BY PAUL FORT.

WHEN I look at pictures of people of old times, I often think what a curious thing it is that the only apparent difference between them and the people of the present day is to be seen in their clothes.

If we could take a dozen or so of ancient Greeks and Romans; some gentlemen and ladies of the middle ages; a party of our great-grandfathers and mothers, and some nice people who are now living in the next street, and were to dress all the women in calico frocks and sun-bonnets, and all the men in linen coats and trousers and broad straw hats, with their hair cut short; and were then to jumble them all up together, and make them keep their tongues quiet, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for a committee, unacquainted with any of the party, to pick out the ancients, the middle-agers, or the moderns.

Lady Jane Grey, or Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, or Helen of Troy, would not look unlike the other women in sun-bonnets and calico frocks; and while there would be a greater difference in the men, whose nationality might show more strongly, Christopher Columbus, Nero, and Marco

Bozzaris would be pretty much the same kind of fellows as the other men of the party.

It is certainly a fact that there are a great many more points of strong resemblance between the people of past ages and ourselves than most of us suppose. It is often very surprising, when reading of the domestic life of the past, to see how precisely similar, in some respects, it was to our own. And, as I have said, the people looked, with the exception of their clothes, very much as we do—meaning by "we" the people of the present day, all over the world.

In 1876, at the Centennial Exposition, I saw a marble bust—life size—which was a portrait of a lady of ancient Rome. There was only the head and neck, the hair was dressed very plainly, and it was astonishing how well that bust would have answered for the portrait of a lady of Thirty-fourth street, New York, or the wife of a gentleman in Springfield, Ohio. The head and face were just such a head and face as I had often seen, and the countenance even seemed familiar to me.

But dress makes all the difference in the world. Had I met that lady attired in her flowing Roman garments, with her golden head-dress and her sandaled feet, I should have had no thought of Thirty-fourth street, or Springfield, Ohio.

And so down the whole line of ages you can tell, pretty nearly, when a man or a woman lived, if you can but get an idea of his or her clothes.

The next thing which strikes most of us when looking at the pictures of old-time people, is a feeling of wonder how they ever could have been willing to make such scarecrows of themselves.

To be sure, we are willing to admire the flowing robes of Greece and Rome, although we feel quite sure that our style of dress is much more sensible, and we have an admiration for a soldier clad in armor, as well as for the noblemen and gentry who figured, some hundreds of years ago, in their splendid velvets and laces, their feathers and cocked hats, and their diamond-hilted swords.

But, as a rule, the garments of our ancestors appear very ridiculous to us. If we did not have good reasons for belief to the contrary, we should be very apt to consider them a set of fools.

It even seems a little wonderful that people should be able to invent such curious fashions of dressing themselves.

Think, for instance, of the wife of Jean Van Eyck, a celebrated old Dutch painter, who was willing to dress her hair so that she looked like a cat, and, moreover, had her portrait taken in that style, so that future generations might see what a guy she was!

Yes, the picture painted over five hundred years ago hangs to-day in the Academy of Bruges, and the staidest little Belgians laugh when they look at it. You may see it yourselves some day, but, if not, you can at least enjoy this excellent copy, which has been engraved for ST. NICHOLAS from a photograph of the painting. If you look at her face, you will see that in feature she is very much like an ordinary woman of the present day. There is nothing at all distinctive about her countenance. As far as that is concerned, she might just as well have lived now as at any other time.

But if she were to appear in an ordinary evening company dressed in the style in which you see her



THE WOMAN WHO LOOKED LIKE A CAT.

in the picture, the difference between her and the other ladies would be very striking, to say the least.

The curious methods of dress in olden times were so many, and were of such infinite variety, that I cannot even allude to them in a little article like this; but you cannot look at very many pictures of the people of by-gone days without seeing some costume which will appear quite funny, if not absolutely absurd.

You need not go very far back either. What could be queerer than the high coat-collars of some of your great-grandfathers, which came up under their ears, while their throats were wrapped in fold after fold of long cravats—or else encircled by a hard, stiff stock,—and the hind-buttons of their coats were away up in the middle of their backs!

But perhaps your great-grandmothers, with the

waists of their gowns just under their arms, with their funny long mittens and their great calash bonnets, were just as queer as their husbands.

Now the question comes very naturally to us: Why did these people, as well as the people who came before them, dress in such ridiculous fashions? We know that many of them were very sensible folk, who knew how to do many things as well as we can do them, and some things a great deal better. Mentally and physically the most of them are not surpassed by the people who live now. Then why did not they know enough to dress sensibly and becomingly as we do?

In reply to this I will say that your great-grandfather and your great-grandmother, unless they belonged to some religious sect which regulated the clothes of its members, would have dressed exactly as your father and mother now do, if it had been the fashion in their day.

And if you had seen their portraits, dressed in clothes of the present day (which, had those old people worn them, would have been out of fashion long before you were born), you would have thought they looked perfectly ridiculous.

The truth of the matter is, that with a great many of us the attractive and desirable qualities of clothes depend entirely upon their relations to the current styles or fashions. We think everything unbecoming and ugly excepting those styles; and no matter how absurd the present fashion may be, there are not ten persons out of a thousand who, when they become used to them, do not admire them and follow them to the extent of their ability.

There are few of you who are not old enough to remember fashions of dress, which at one time you and every one else considered very stylish and becoming, and which now would make a perfect fright of any one who would be bold enough to wear them.

Indeed, were a fine lady to make her appearance in the streets of one of our large cities dressed in the hoops and wide skirts in which she was so fashionable and attractive a few years ago, the street boys would hoot her, and she might walk about all day without meeting a single person who would think that there was anything whatever to be said in favor of such a costume.

Of course, some fashions are uglier and more absurd than others, and it is not strange that we wonder how sensible people could have endured them; but if these very styles were to become fashionable again, most of us would adopt them.

If, in a few years, it should become the fashion for ladies to dress their hair like that of the good wife of Jean Van Eyck, I feel quite certain that nearly all the fashionable ladies you know would go about looking very much like cats. This may seem a libelous assertion; but if you will keep a watch on the fashions, I think you will find I am correct, provided the Van Eyck style comes up.

TOMMY'S DREAM; OR, THE GEOGRAPHY DEMON.

By Laura E. Richards.

I HATE my geography lesson!
It's nothing but nonsense and names;
To bother me so every morning,
It's really the greatest of shames.

The brooks, they flow into the rivers,
And the rivers flow into the sea;
I hope, for my part, they enjoy it,
But what does it matter to me?

Of late, even more I've disliked it,
And more disagreeable it seems,
Ever since the sad evening last winter,
When I had that most frightful of dreams.

I thought that a great horrid monster
Stood suddenly there in my room—
A frightful Geography Demon,
Enveloped in darkness and gloom;

His body and head like a mountain,
A volcano on top for a hat;
His arms and his legs were like rivers,
With a brook round his neck for cravat.

He laid on my poor trembling shoulder
His fingers, cold, clammy and long;
And fixing his red eyes upon me,
He roared forth this horrible song:

"Come! come! rise and come
Away to the banks of the Muskingum!
It flows o'er the plains of Timbuctoo,
With the peak of Teneriffe just in view.
And the cataracts leap in the pale moonshine,
As they dance o'er the cliffs of Brandywine.

"Flee! flee! rise and flee
Away to the banks of the Tombigbee!
We'll pass by Alaska's flowery strand,
Where the emerald towers of Pekin stand;
We'll pass them by, and will rest awhile
On Michillimackinac's tropic isle;
While the apes of Barbary frisk around,
And the parrots crow with a lovely sound.

"Hie! hie! rise and hie
Away to the banks of the Yang-tze-ki!
There the giant mountains of Oshkosh stand,
And the icebergs gleam through the falling sand;
While the elephant sits on the palm-tree high,
And the cannibals feast on bad-boy pie.

"Go! go! rise and go
Away to the banks of the Hoang-ho
There the Chickasaw sachem makes his tea,
And the kettle boils and waits for thee.
We'll smite thee, ho! and we'll lay thee low,
On the beautiful banks of the Hoang-ho!"

These terrible words were still sounding
Like trumpets and drums through my head,
When the monster clutched tighter my shoulder,
And dragged me half out of the bed.

In terror, I clung to the bed-post;
But the faithless bed-post, it broke.
I screamed out aloud in my anguish,
And suddenly—well, I awoke.

He was gone. But I cannot forget him,
The fearful Geography Sprite.
He has my first thought in the morning,
He has my last shudder at night.

Do you blame me for hating my lesson?
Is it strange that it frightful should seem?
Or that I more and more should abhor it
Since I had that most horrible dream?

THE TOWER-MOUNTAIN.

By GUSTAVUS FRANKENSTEIN.

II.

WHEN I reached the crowd of monkeys who were making such a noise and were evidently in such trouble, I soon saw what was the matter. A very large monkey had his claws fastened in the back of a much smaller one, and was biting him in the shoulder—the little fellow shrieking, and the others dreadfully excited, yet hesitating to come to the rescue.

What are monkeys compared to a man? I rushed in, seized the ruffian by the throat, which loosened his hold upon the weaker party, and hurling him with all my force against the ground, broke his ugly skull upon the rock on which it struck.

Then, such a yell of delight as went up from that motley monkey crew! It was simply indescribable. This was immediately followed by an immense amount of jabbering, as they gathered in little groups, no doubt discussing the merits of the action and the valor of the hero. Doubtless the monkey I had slain was a great tyrant over the others, by reason of his superior size and strength, and they were congratulating one another upon their deliverance from his hated rule.

His last victim—poor little fellow!—I raised from the ground, washed his wounds, and, gathering some plantain-leaves, placed them carefully over the lacerated flesh, and bound them on snugly and firmly with strips of palm-leaf.

The little creature looked at me very affectionately, evincing by his expression the deepest gratitude.

As he was in a very sad plight indeed, I nursed and petted him until quite late in the afternoon, his companions not far off observing my movements with great interest. At last I said to the wounded monkey:

"Now, little fellow, go your way in peace. Take care of yourself, and you will get well. Good-bye!"

I took my basket and started up the hill. Occasionally I looked back to see what he was doing,

and each time his gaze was fixed on me; and when I had entirely lost sight of him, I began to regret that I had not taken him with me and cared for him until he should get well.

Pippity, as I returned, was overjoyed to see me. He had certainly grown anxious at my long absence.

"Pippity," I said, "I shall not go down again into the valley for a long time. We have had cocoa-nuts enough lately; let us enjoy that which is around us."

But, after a couple of months had passed away, knowing that Pippity was very fond of the cocoa-nuts (and I, too, liked very much the milk they contained), I determined to go and get some more.

I was getting the nuts down from the trees as best I could, when, all at once, I was surprised at their falling around me fast and thick, and on looking up, there was a little monkey throwing them down! At first, I thought he was throwing them at me; but he stopped when he saw me looking up, and I went on gathering and putting them in the basket. Not one of them that had been thrown down had hit me, so I concluded that the monkey had no evil design, but that, on the contrary, he was trying to do me a good turn.

"That's a pretty good sort of monkey," I thought, "and I would n't mind meeting him any time I come down. He has saved me to-day considerable trouble."

Then, up the mountain I went, and got back home quite early, which seemed to surprise Pippity not a little.

The next time I went down, the same thing happened again; and so on for a number of times.

Once, after taking up my basket and starting for home, I noticed a little monkey (I thought it was the very one that had so kindly thrown me the cocoa-nuts) following me at some distance. The next trip I made, this occurred again, and this time the monkey kept following me nearer and nearer, until, finally, I heard at my heels a slight squeal, and on looking around there was the little creature.

"Why, monkey!" I exclaimed, "what in the world do you want?"

He stood there, trembling somewhat, I thought; but quickly he leaped on my back, and put his arms around my neck. I was a little frightened, at first; but, taking hold of his hands, I gently loosened his hold and brought him around in front of me, when, holding him out to view, I saw a scar on his shoulder.

"Oh! it's you, is it?" I cried. "Then it's you who have been throwing me the cocoa-nuts all this time. It's plain you have n't forgotten a favor." I set him on the ground. "Go, join your comrades, and, whenever you feel disposed to throw me cocoa-nuts, I shall always accept the kindness as a very great favor."

But monkey would n't go and join his comrades, and persisted in following me. I did not want to speak unkind words or use harsh measures toward him, although I tried everything I could think of to induce him to leave me; but all my efforts to get rid of him failed. He followed me home.

Pippity was a little surprised to see two individuals instead of one approaching, and eyed the stranger with much curiosity.

After we had partaken of refreshments, I addressed our guest in the following words:

"Monkey, since you have followed me, and seem inclined to join our society, I shall not object to your remaining, provided you behave yourself properly; and I have no doubt that my worthy friend to whom I have had the high honor of introducing you, will heartily second me in any effort looking toward your comfort and general well-being. You may make this your home, if it so pleases you. If you want to leave us to-morrow, go. If you would like to remain with us until death shall us three part, you are welcome."

I was curious to see how Pippity would treat the new-comer. It was to be expected that he would show some signs of jealousy, but his was a noble nature, and scorned to descend to such mean conduct. He and the monkey were almost immediately on the best of terms, at which I was much pleased, for I would not for a moment have endured any quarreling in my household.

When our cocoa-nuts were nearly all gone, I went down for some more. It was not long after this that, one fine day, the monkey was missing. Neither did he come back the next day. About noon, I said to Pippity:

"Pippity, we have but few cocoa-nuts left. To-morrow I shall go down and get another supply; and who knows but I may meet our friend the monkey? Although he was at any time at liberty to leave us if he liked, yet I confess I have a desire to know what has become of him. Perhaps some accident has befallen him."

While I was yet speaking, a cocoa-nut rolled into our house.

"Why, what's that?" I exclaimed; and, looking out, there was the little monkey, just without the entrance, in the very act of throwing a cocoa-nut into the cavern! Going toward him, I saw him catch one thrown to him by another monkey.

Now, here was a most singular performance, and one which certainly demanded investigation. Where did the second monkey get *his* cocoa-nut? I went toward him, and found that he caught a cocoa-nut thrown to him by a third monkey about fifteen feet beyond him.

As the nuts kept coming all the time, the sight was highly interesting.

To ascertain the true state of the case I went farther; found a fourth monkey, then a fifth, then a sixth; and as I proceeded I left one monkey only to find another farther on, all about fifteen feet one from the other, some perched on rocks, some on trees, forming a zigzag line down the mountain, all busily catching and throwing the cocoa-nuts in the most remarkably systematic fashion. There must have been sixty monkeys or more engaged in this delightful occupation.

I went back and found a large pile of the fruit in our house; and thinking we had enough for a long time to come, I would have liked to be able to make our little monkey understand that we wanted no more. The parrot had learned to discover my wishes very well, but with the monkey I supposed it would be a matter of some difficulty to make him comprehend me. He seemed to divine my thoughts, however, or else his own good sense came to his aid, for, almost immediately, he gave a little shriek, which the next monkey took up, and which went along the line until the sounds died away in the distance. After this a few more nuts rolled into the house, then the throwing and catching ceased, and the monkeys which had been in sight disappeared, with the exception of our little friend, who sprang, all elasticity and animation, into our domicile.

"Now, come, my little friend, sit up and have something to eat," I said. "You must be hungry after the expenditure of so much energy. We had given you up for lost; but now, after this evidence of your good-will toward us, we are satisfied that you really intend to remain with us."

I wished the monkey was able to relate to us how he managed to assemble so many of his friends, and to get them to act with such perfect accord; and how, in the first place, he could make them understand what he wished them to do. Of course, not being able to talk, he could give us no explanation of how the thing was brought about. I could therefore only form an opinion in the matter, which was as follows:

Our little friend was undoubtedly a great favorite with his fellows, and although he was as gentle as a kitten he was not without power, and his companions were ever ready to serve him out of sheer good-will. When, therefore, after he had been rescued from the ferocious monkey, his appreciation of a kind action naturally enkindled in him a desire to return the favor in some way, he threw me the cocoa-nuts from the trees; and, although I believe that from the first he felt an ardent desire to be near his benefactor, his natural modesty prevented his thrusting himself upon me without considerable preliminary skirmishing. His fellow monkeys, keenly sensible of his noble qualities, and happy in having got rid of the odious despot who had so long oppressed them, were only too glad to aid him in any reasonable and honorable project which might benefit the hero who had slain their hated ruler. But by what queer signs and by what sort of jabbering our little monkey had made his wishes known to his companions, only he and they knew.

I now took occasion to tell our four-handed friend that he must have a name.

"'Grilly' you shall be called," I said; "and, although you cannot utter our names, common politeness requires that you be informed of them. There is Pippity, the parrot, and here am I, Frank, the man."

As Pippity was a good scholar, while Grilly yet remained uneducated, it was a source of grief to me that the monkey continued in his deplorable ignorance in the midst of such enlightened society.

What was to be done?

Talk he could not. There was not the slightest use in making any effort in that direction, because nature had failed to furnish him with the organs needed for speaking articulately.

I had noticed frequently, when going down into the valley, a certain rock which fell in pieces by splitting off in smooth plates; and another kind which lay scattered about in small fragments that would make marks like chalk-marks. This substance was of a reddish color, and, on the purplish surface of the thin slabs of the harder rock, it made very clear, distinct lines.

On one of these slabs I wrote the alphabet in large letters, and began by teaching Pippity his A B C's. The next step was to instruct Grilly how to hold the pencil. Taking his hand in mine, I guided it in making the letters. He was rather slow at first in comprehending the science or acquiring the knack of tracing the letters; but continued application will accomplish wonders even with a monkey; and in a few weeks' time Grilly would make any letter at command. I got Pippity to call out the alphabet while Grilly wrote. Thus they taught each other—Pippity addressing the monkey's ear, and Grilly appealing to the parrot's eye.

After they were thus well grounded in the alphabet, I made them spell short and familiar words. I would spell the words to Pippity, and he would repeat them in a loud, clear voice to Grilly, whose province of course it was to write them in a bold, legible hand, whilst the parrot kept his eye sharply on the writing; and if, perchance, the monkey should make a mistake, it was expected of him to call out immediately—"Error!"

As Pippity had a great many phrases and a vast number of nouns at command, and began pretty rapidly to comprehend the science of English orthography, he was soon able to give out the words to Grilly without my help; though he did make some funny mistakes, for which, however, the poor bird was in no way responsible, but which made me laugh at him nevertheless.



TEACHING GRILLY TO WRITE.

It may seem strange to some that a monkey could be taught to write. With such persons I will hold no argument. All I have to say is: Get a monkey, and try it.

Grilly as well as Pippity became in course of time quite a fine scholar, and he, too, learned the names of the plants and many other objects which we found in our dominions. The two agreed very well, and the one furnished what the other lacked. The parrot could talk but not write; the monkey could write but not talk.

But it occurs to me that two such extraordinary characters deserve description.

First come, first served. The external appearance of Pippity was gorgeous in the extreme. His wings, green, red-spotted, were tipped with golden yellow, while the most delicate flush of iridescent colors suffused his back, neck and breast; his toes in pairs, two forward and two back, like those of all other parrots; a bill and tongue exactly formed for speech; eyes in observation keen; and a bearing dignified and commanding.

Grilly, of course, had not so gay an exterior; yet he had a handsome clothing of soft, fine hair; a gentle, intelligent eye; a head exceedingly well formed, round and full, with prominent forehead; handsome moustache and full stylish whiskers; an expression winning and full of animation; a carriage elegant and graceful; and, withal, he was astonishingly expert with tail and hands and feet.

The time now coursed smoothly and happily along, Pippity entertaining us with his lively prattle, and Grilly, full of his antics and his learning, affording a never-failing fund of amusement. Nor did he ever omit, when the supply of cocoa-nuts was about exhausted, to go down and assemble his tribe, who forthwith took their places up the height, passed the nuts one to another, and, when they deemed we had enough, dispersed to their own wild homes of sylvan shade.

One day Grilly was amusing himself turning over some stones that lay in a little heap in one corner of our vast chamber. I had always thought it strange that they were the only loose stones to be found either in the cavern or in the neighborhood, but had never troubled myself any further about them. Seeing Grilly busy with them, I thought I would join him in his work or sport, and in a little time we had the pile reduced to the floor. There, I saw, was a square slab, having on it certain characters and a drawing of a serpent held firmly in the talons of a condor. These symbols excited my curiosity not a little, and I noticed that the stone, which was about three feet square, was loosely resting in its place. I managed to pry it up, and found a dark cavity beneath. It was nearly square, but of its depth I could not judge, owing to the darkness. To satisfy myself on this point, I got a very long stem of one of those gigantic grasses that grow in the tropics, and, letting it down, found the hole to be about forty feet deep. I felt a great desire to descend into this pit, but dared not venture for fear of the foul and deadly air that might have to be encountered below. Such things as matches, of course, we had not, nor any fire whatever. I therefore delayed the experiment for several days, with the expectation that the air would improve considerably in that time. Then, by bracing my hands and feet against the sides, I descended slowly, and found the air good enough to breathe freely, which emboldened me to go to the bottom. There was just light enough to perceive that on one side was an opening about six feet in height, and somewhat more than a foot in width; and I could see rough steps leading down a slight descent. I followed them cautiously, until I came to a level place, which I found to be a passage about three feet wide and higher than I could reach.

It was so dark here that I could no longer see, when, feeling the rock on either side, I came to a place where there was a recess about three feet above the floor of the passage. Raising myself into this recess, I found it to be about four feet in height. This led back a considerable distance,—how far I never discovered,—and as I was groping about, being obliged to stoop all the time, I stumbled over something that rolled and rattled like a bone. I felt for it, and found it to be one, and with it were a number of others. As far as I could judge in the darkness, they were the skeleton of a human being.

How came these there? Was this a tomb?

I felt about for more relics, going hither and thither in the earnestness of quest, but found no more.

I had now been in this dungeon upward of an hour, and felt inclined to return as speedily as possible to the daylight. I searched for the place where I had got up from the narrow passage. I groped this way and that; and this had to be done with precaution, for who could tell where I might not step off suddenly and fall to some great depth? Yet I could find nothing that promised to lead me to the passage by which I had come.

Where was I? What was I to do? Remaining still would never do; to keep moving, moving, was the only course to pursue. I had, I knew not how, emerged from that low-roofed recess, and stood now in what seemed to be a vast chamber where there were neither sides nor roof. I hallooed that I might hear the echo from its walls, and perhaps in that way find them. I was startled, almost frightened, at the solemn mocking sounds that reverberated through the lonely cavern. I grew fearful of my own voice.

At last I sank down exhausted, and slept. I awoke, and groped about once more. This occurred again and again. How often I lay down to sleep I cannot tell. Sometimes I thought of the skeleton I had stumbled over, and wondered if my bones, too, would here find their resting-place. Then I thought of the grand, lofty mountain overhead. What a stupendous monument! But what would I not have given for deliverance from it!

(To be continued.)


THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
BY OUR JAPANESE ARTIST

HOW TO MAKE AN ICE-BOAT.

By J. H. HUBBARD.

THE sport of sailing on the ice has within a few years attracted considerable attention on our northern rivers and lakes, and seems likely to increase. It is an amusement well adapted to big boys, being exciting, requiring skill, and certainly not more dangerous than skating. It is even more fascinating than yachting, without the danger which always attends the latter pursuit. A small ice-boat that a boy can build will sail ten to twenty miles an hour with a good wind Some large ones, strange as it may seem, can sail, with a wind on the beam, actually faster than the wind which is blowing. This fact is attested by the highest scientific authorities.

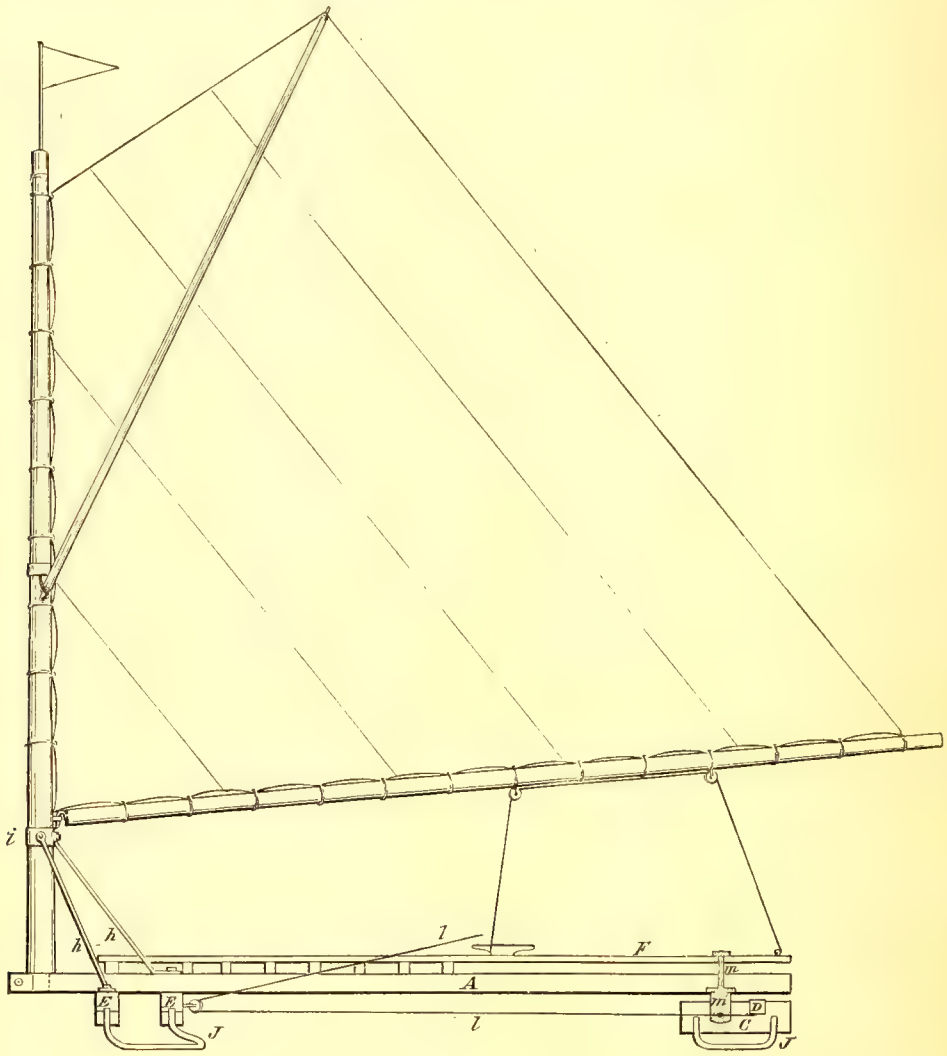


FIG. 1.

Having seen some unsuccessful attempts at ice-boats by boys in various places, I propose to tell you how to build one, at a small expense, that will sail well, and give you a great deal of sport.

The directions and measurements here given are

the result of careful experiments and some failures. Fig. 1 is an elevation, Fig. 2 a ground-plan of the frame, and Fig. 3 a section of a runner. Get a spruce plank, A, 12 feet long, 6 inches wide, 2 inches thick. This is the backbone of the structure. Cut near one end of it a hole two inches square to receive the foot of the mast.

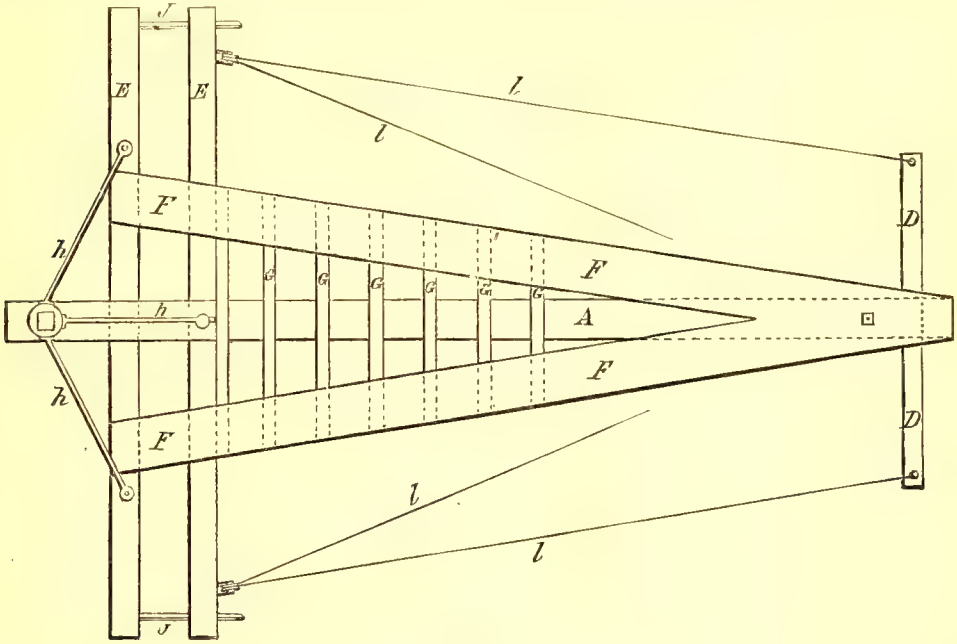


FIG. 2.

Take two oak cross-bars, E E, 8 feet long, 4 inches deep, 2 inches thick. The cross-bars are bolted to A, one foot apart, the forward one a foot from mast-hole. This distance is best.

Next get one oak plank, C, 16 inches long, 3½ inches deep, 2 inches thick.

The hard-wood piece, D, is for tiller, 4 feet long, 2 inches wide, 1 inch thick. This is to be set into the top of plank C, and fastened there with screws. To each end of it is attached a rope, which runs over a sheave fastened to the cross-bar. C D, and the ropes, *l l*, constitute the steering apparatus. Two boards, F F, each 11 feet long, 8 inches wide, ⅞-inch thick, are planed, and the edges matched together, at the stern. They are nailed to the plank, A, and the cross-bars, E E, as shown in Fig. 2. Four blocks, each 3 inches thick, must be put under them where they lie over the cross-bars. A board a foot long, ⅞-inch thick, must also be put under F F at the stern.

Six slats, G G, as long as may be needed, 2 inches wide, ⅞-inch thick, are nailed over A, and under F F.

The mast is a natural spruce stick, 13 feet long, shaved down to 3½ inches at butt, 2½ inches at the top.

The boom is 13½ feet long, 2 inches thick at each end, and a little thicker in the middle. It is fastened to the mast by an iron eye, screwed into the mast, and a hook in the end of the boom. The sprit is 10 feet long, 1½ inches diameter, shaved to ¾-inch for 2 inches at each end.

The iron collar, *i*, through which the mast is inserted loosely, stands two feet above the top of plank, A. It is supported by three iron braces, *h h h*, and is bolted to the tops of them. The braces are ¾-inch round iron, and bolted to the frame as shown.

The hind-runner block, C, is fastened to A by a strong iron, *m*, as shown in Fig. 1. It allows the runner to rock up and down, and to be turned sidewise by the tiller. A must be plated with iron top and bottom where *m* goes through, that the runner may not "wobble."

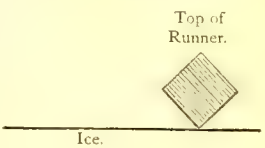


FIG. 3.

The construction of the runners, J J J, must be attended to with the greatest care, as upon these, in a great measure, will depend the success of your boat. Get a square bar of cast steel, 6 feet long, cut off 22 inches for third runner, and divide the

rest in halves, across. Shape two forward runners and one hind one as shown in Fig. 1. The bearing surface is a right-angled edge, as shown in Fig. 3. This sharp edge holds the ice firmly without much friction. Holes are bored two inches up into the cross-bars, near their ends, and the runners driven in and fastened with rivets. After the runners are forged, they should be finished with a file and emery paper if not perfectly smooth. The front turn must be long and gradual like a skate, two-thirds the length, however, flat on the ice. The running edges should not be too sharp. They will project 2½ or three inches below the bottom of the wood.

For the sail get twenty yards, three-quarters of a yard wide, of heavy drilling. The dimensions are: Head, 5 feet; foot, 13 feet; foreleach, 10 feet; afterleach, 14½ feet. Make these measurements on a floor, and mark the outlines with a chalk-line. Cut the after-breadth first, and the others to match. Lap the breadths 1 inch. Allow an inch all around for a hem. The breadths should be basted before stitching. Put two rows of stitching where the breadths lap. Look out for puckering. Put a narrow hem clear around the sail. Then stitch a ⅜-inch rope around the hem. Make a loop at the peak to put the end of sprit into. Draw the rope tight along the boom, and fasten it through a hole in the end. Fasten the throat of sail tight to the top of the mast. Cut a number of short pieces of heavy twine, and lace the sail, at intervals of a foot, to the boom and mast. Fasten a becket or loop of rope at a suitable position on the mast, to set the heel of the sprit into. Rig main-sheet over two sheaves, as shown; it brings less strain on the boom, and clears the skipper's head in tacking. Make a good, large wooden cleat to belay it to.

The cost of materials will be about as follows:

Boards, plank and mast	$5.00
Iron work	6.00
Twenty yards Drilling	2.75
Four single-sheave galvanized pulley-blocks at 35 c. (May be omitted by using leather straps)	1.40
Ropes, etc	85
Total	$16 00

A boat built as above will sail nearly as close to the wind as a good cat-boat. It is managed much the same. Don't turn too short in coming about. Jibe when you like without fear of capsizing. Your boat will carry three persons in a light wind,—more if it blows fresh. Rig it neatly, and try to make a finished thing all through. Your ice-boat will then be more than a boy's plaything, and will be admired by old and young.



THERE once was a man with a child
Who, the neighbors said, never had smiled;
But the father said, "See!
Smile in this way, like me,
And then folks will know when you 've smiled."

DEBBY'S CHRISTMAS.

By Ella A. Drinkwater.

Most young people's Christmas commences the night before; so did Debby's. She had just settled down in Blanket street, and fallen into the sleep of tired, healthy girlhood, when she was aroused by her mother's irritable voice screaming up the stairway.

"Debby! Debby!" she called. "Get up quick and help me pick these turkeys. Your father 's made up his mind to sell them dead weight, and we 've got to pick them to-night, so he can take them to the hotel early in the morning. Do you *hear* me, Debby?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Debby, scrambling out of her warm nest to the square of rag carpet before her bed.

Four minutes later she felt her way downstairs and opened the kitchen door into a room filled with steam, and the peculiar smell of scalded fowls.

"There 's seven to do," her mother said, bending over the brass kettle on the stove to draw from it a dripping turkey. "Yours are all scalded. Go to work."

Debby buttoned on a large apron, seated herself with a tin pan in her lap containing a turkey, and then began quickly to pluck off its feathers, laying them to dry on a religious newspaper spread on the table beside her.

Mrs. Blanchard soon sat down at the other side of the table, and began to pick and talk as fast as fingers and tongue would allow.

What did possess Mr. Blanchard to change his mind, and give them so much extra trouble, she could not conceive; and selling them to Tate, too, when he might have made a quarter of a cent more a pound if he had let Morris have them. And then those hoop-poles! He might have made she did n't know how much if he had taken her advice, and kept them a week longer.

As for the potatoes, they had turned out so small, and the corn was so short in the ear, that the land only knew where the money to get them all something to wear was to come from. Not that *she* cared for dress, for had n't she worn the same bonnet and shawl to church until she was ashamed to show her face there? As for the sewing society, she was a master hand at cutting and planning, and she could go as well as not, too, now that Debby was quite old enough to take care of the baby, and get the supper ready for her father and the boys; but not a step was she going to sit next Mrs. Williams with her black silk, and Mrs. White with her handsome alpaca, although their husbands' farms were no larger than Mr. Blanchard's; and for the life of her she could not understand why *she* should not dress as well when she worked twice as hard as they did.

To all of which Debby listened with a sinking heart and great sobs in her throat, wondering why they should be such an unhappy family when every one around them appeared so glad.

Did it really make people so happy, this Christmas-day that they talked so much about in Sunday-school? That was a beautiful hymn that they sung last Sunday; she repeated one verse softly to herself while the stream of her mother's talk ran on:

> "Jesus is our childhood's pattern,
> Day by day, like us, he grew;
> He was little, weak and helpless,
> Tears and smiles, like us, he knew;
> And he feeleth for our sadness,
> And he shareth in our gladness."

With a comforted feeling she pushed back her hair with her feathery hand, heartily wishing that all the people who ate their turkeys would be comfortable, and have clothes to wear and go to sewing societies whenever they liked.

The clock ticked loudly, the fire died away while Mrs. Blanchard enlarged upon the trials of her life, and, despite the refrain in her heart—

> "And he feeleth for our sadness,
> And he shareth in our gladness"—

Debby's eyes were as heavy with tears as with sleepiness when the last plump turkey lay on the table plucked of his feathers, just as the clock was striking eleven.

"Go to bed, child, and I 'll clear up the mess," her mother said, when Debby sprang up and straightened herself with a long sigh. "I 'm sure your father ought to give you something for keeping out of your bed so late, when he is sleeping as innocent as the baby this minute, I 'll warrant."

As Debby had a way of only thinking her replies, her answer was to wash her hands at the sink and run upstairs with joyful feet, thinking, "How *splendid* it will be if he gives me some money; then I can spend it at the Fair to-morrow night."

But even rose-colored visions could not keep the weary child awake; she was not conscious of touching the pillow, and thought of nothing until the clock striking six awoke her to remember, with a

thrill, that it was Christmas-day,—the day of the Fair.

But there would be no presents or merry greetings in her home, for she could not remember ever hearing either father or mother wish any of the family "Merry Christmas!" and a little candy on that day was among the dimmest pictures of her childhood.

"I 'll make the fire, so that mother can sleep a little longer," she decided, lighting her candle, and beginning to dress with shivering alacrity. "And I 'll be as helpful as I can all day, and perhaps father *will* give me some of the turkey money."

With shaking fingers she kindled the wood fire, and had the kettle boiling and the griddle heated for the cakes, when her mother came out of the bedroom, asking her what had wakened her so early, and telling her to dress the baby while she finished getting the breakfast ready.

Debby willingly brought the screaming baby out to the fire, where she washed and dressed him, soothing him with many motherly little airs. Sam and Jim ran down-stairs to hover over the red-hot stove; the father came in, bringing the pail of milk, stamping his feet, his beard white with his frozen breath; then they all sat down to breakfast by candle-light, and no one would have supposed, from their conversation, that they had ever heard of Christmas-day.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. Blanchard hurried away to dispose of his turkeys, taking the boys with him; Mrs. Blanchard heated the brick oven preparatory to a morning's baking, and Debby flew about as busily as the bee she represented, washing dishes, making beds, peeling vegetables, and tending the baby, lightening her labor with the thought of the money her father might possibly give her.

When it was time for him to return, she determined to keep in sight, as a kind of hint that some of the money should be given to her; not that she would ask him for it,—her askings were only for favors to the boys, made in much fear and inward shrinking; but she would just wait around and remind him by her presence that she had helped pick the turkeys.

But, with no understanding of the feverish anxiety that filled the heart of the little maiden who was moving briskly about the pleasant kitchen dishing up the dinner, Mr. Blanchard threw open the door with a chuckle. "Took every one of them and paid the money down," he announced, coming to the fire. "Got more than I expected, too, for his scales made them weigh more than ours, so I gained just thirty cents."

Debby thought that her heart stopped beating while she stood bewildered in the middle of the floor with a dish of potatoes in her hand, waiting to hear her father say that the extra money should be hers; but he merely asked if dinner were ready, and why she moved so slowly; guessed that sitting up so late made her lazy.

All her castles built of ice-cream, candy, pincushions, and fancy needle-books, fell to the ground with a crash as she set the dish on the table, leaving her with no appetite for dinner, not even for the first pumpkin-pie of the season.

She sat at the table absently tasting the savory pork stew, believing that no one else was ever as miserable as she, and that she should never feel like laughing again, when suddenly she remembered that she had twenty-four cents change left from the dollar that her father gave her to buy school-books, and she would—yes—she would give it to him as she was starting for the Fair, and perhaps he would say that she might keep it.

So she was all ready to laugh when Jim asked if the little boys in the big cities wore muzzles like the dog he had seen in town this morning, and when her mother asked if she would take pie, her "yes" was emphatic; for a world of trouble had rolled off her heart, and she was her hopeful self again.

After the dinner-dishes were washed, and the baby trotted away to dream-land, Debby stole up to her room to look over the dress she was to wear in the evening; as the ruffles in neck and wrists were fresh, she found there was nothing for her to do but brush it and lay it out on the bed. Still she lingered with an undefined feeling that it was Christmas-day everywhere else, and if she could only ——

All the week, while seeing and hearing about the presents the school-girls were making, she had been full of vague longings to do something for some one; but she had neither money nor material, and was not at all sure how a present from her would be received by her father and mother. "Perhaps I might make a pin-ball," she thought, beginning to search through the old chest of drawers that stood at the foot of her bed.

In the lowest drawer were odds and ends that she had been collecting for years, and from one corner, carefully wrapped up, she drew a square of black cloth in which was worked in wool a bunch of rose-buds, pink, white and yellow, surrounded by their green leaves. A lady who had boarded with them the last summer had begun it for a pair of slippers, but after making two or three mistakes on it, had given it to Debby.

"I wonder if I could make it into a cushion for mother?" soliloquized Debby, turning it around in her red fingers. "Mrs. Williams said old flannel was good to stuff them with, and I can bind it with——" she leaned forward and picked among



DEBBY AND THE ICE-CREAM. [SEE PAGE 227.]

her bunch of faded ribbons. "There is nothing nice enough," she sighed; "but this green will *have* to do."

Wrapping herself in a quilt she sat down on the rounded top of a hair-covered trunk, close to the frosty window, and cutting the cloth in the shape of a diamond, she sewed it together like a bag, filled it with flannel, and hurriedly stitched on the faded green ribbon as a binding.

These rosebuds were a wonderful work of art to

Debby, and one of her great treasures; it would have been a "perfectly lovely cushion," she thought, if the binding had only been new and the silk with which she stitched it green instead of blue; and it was *so* delightful to make presents. Next year she would have a present for every one in the house; she wondered why she had never thought of it before.

"And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness,"

sprang from her heart to her lips, and she hummed it over and over all the three-quarters of an hour that she was at work. When the cushion was finished, she held it out in different positions, trying to decide in which it would look best when she should present it; and then she ran down-stairs, possessed with such a variety of feelings that she could scarcely speak when she opened the kitchen door.

Her mother was ironing, with her back toward her. Debby was glad that no one else was there.

"I've made you a Christmas present, mother," she said, timidly, laying it on the ironing-board.

"So *that's* what you have been doing in the cold so long," her mother answered, without pausing in her work. "Miss Holmes was a beautiful hand with her needle, and how she did fuss over that! But you might just as well have made it some other day; I was in no hurry for it. Put it in my bureau-drawer, and come and mend these blankets your father has just brought in. He thinks that we have so little to do that we can sew for the horses right in the midst of everything."

So Debby laid the cushion away, glad that it had met with no worse reception, and sat down in a corner near the stove to mend the coarse, dirty horse-blankets. She usually disliked it exceedingly; but her little attempt at making Christmas presents had so warmed her heart, and her head was so full of the Fair, that it did not now seem so uncongenial, and she was really surprised when the last stitch was taken.

"You are almost as handy with your needle as your mother," her father said, throwing the blankets over his shoulder to carry them to the barn.

"Now spring to, child, and set the table," her mother added, "and I'll rest a few minutes, for I feel as if every bone in my body was broken."

While Debby sewed, the bright sunlight on the green field of wheat and the brown, ridged field of corn-stubble visible through the one large window, had faded quickly away; and as she paused a moment to pick some shreds off her dress and glance out at the weather, all she could see was the dim outline of the woods, the dark forms of the hills rising behind them, and the cold, black wind-clouds piled high above them all.

Tea was ready and over at last, and then Mrs. Blanchard said, while she tried to quiet the screaming baby:

"Go and get ready for the Fair, child, and I will wash the dishes. I have a dreadful sideache, and I expect this young one will cry for an hour or two. But 'every dog must have his day,' and yours will be short enough."

With the cloud on her heart that always followed her mother's gloomy sayings, Debby went slowly up to her room to array herself in her last year's blue merino. But it was a pleasant figure to look upon that she tiptoed up to the glass to survey, and a round rosy face, with a little frown over the right eyebrow, that looked out at her with wistful eyes.

Drawing on hood and shawl, she went down-stairs and stood before her father with the money in her hand. He was seated at the table, bending over a large account-book, with Debby's frown deepened at the corner of his bushy eyebrow, and his fingers in his ears to shut out the baby's cries that reached him from the bedroom. As soon as she caught sight of what he was doing, Debby's hopes fell, for reckoning up the yearly expenses always made him cross for a week.

"Where are you off to now?" he asked, glancing up at her.

"To the Fair. The boys are there to come home with me. And here," her voice faltering, "is the change from the school-books."

"Don't stay late," he replied, turning away and dropping the precious money into his vest-pocket.

With a bursting heart, Debby stumbled out into the windy starlight and walked rapidly along the rough road, with her mittened fingers in her mouth to prevent her crying aloud.

How bitterly she wished she had never heard of the Fair! She was ashamed to go back into the house with no reason for returning, yet the thought of attending the Fair with no money to spend was torturing to her.

"There 's Debby! Merry Christmas! Ride with us! Jump in, Debby!" called several voices, as a wagon full of boys and girls stopped beside her.

"I don't want to; I'd rather walk," answered Debby, swallowing her sobs.

"*Walk*, then!" replied Harry Williams, snapping his whip. "I guess you got a switch in your stocking this morning!"

Laughing thoughtlessly, the party rattled past her, leaving her crying harder than before. But a walk full of dread comes to an end some time, and Debby soon found herself at the entrance to the Fair.

Slipping in behind a group of men, she stood confused by the light and noise.

It was a grand and exciting scene to the little

country maiden, this long, low room, trimmed with evergreens and flags, and illuminated by all the lamps in the neighborhood.

A table extended across each of three sides of the room. One, used for a supper-table, was filled with people eating and drinking noisily; on another was displayed the handiwork of the sewing society for the past year; and the third, which appeared the most attractive, was laden with cake, confectionery, and ice-cream.

Debby rubbed her swollen eyes, and was gazing about her in admiring astonishment, when her neighbor, Annie Williams, shouted "Merry Christmas" in her ear.

"Oh! Thank you," replied the startled Debby.

"Come and take off your things," suggested Annie. "You may put them with mine behind the apron and necktie end of the table. Mother tends that, you know."

Annie tucked the wraps carefully away, and then drew Debby through the crowd over to the stove, screened off in the corner behind the supper-table, where the good aunties of the village were heating their faces and spotting their Sunday dresses while cooking oysters and making coffee for the benefit of the church. But these ladies looked so annoyed by seeing the girls stand around the stove that Debby hurried away. Possibly they thought that the church would not be benefited by Debby's warming her fingers and toes.

Elbowing their way back, with arms clasped around each other's waist, they encountered and stepped on the toes of a big German boy, who convulsed them by pointing down at them with both forefingers, exclaiming: "See the two craz–z–z–y! See the two craz–z–z–y!" And Debby's laugh was as light-hearted as if she could buy everything in the room, and her mother had nineteen silk dresses.

"Now come and get some ice-cream," urged Annie, as they were pushed toward it. "I have had three saucers, and think it is lovely. I ought to be a judge, don't you think so?"

"Not now," said Debby, hastily. "I want to look at the needle-books your mother made."

"It's pokey over there! But I'll humor you, because it is Christmas," laughed Annie.

So they dodged under elbows, and slipped between young men and their sweethearts, until they reached the other end of the room, where Debby admired pen-holders with spiders and mice on them, cushions representing the old lady who lived in a shoe, and needle-books made like wheelbarrows, wondering if there had been anything at the Centennial more beautiful than these. But when a group of girls claimed Annie's attention, she eagerly seized the opportunity to slip away and sit on the bench behind Mrs. Williams's table.

"Tired so soon?" inquired Mrs. Williams, kindly. "But why did n't your mother come?"

"She did n't have—I don't mean—I mean she did n't speak of coming," stammered Debby, with burning cheeks.

"Never mind," replied Mrs. Williams, "you will have a good time, I know; and you must be sure to ride home with us."

Soothed by her sympathetic words, Debby almost forgot her troubles, and sat watching the moving picture with great amusement, until she espied her brothers helping Mr. Williams pass the saucers of cream.

"Oh, I hope they wont be tempted to *take* any," she thought, her heart full of a wordless prayer for them. But her anxiety was soon relieved by seeing Sam forcing his way toward her with a plate of cream.

"He gave it to me for helping," he whispered; "but you take it. Jim ate his right up."

"Eat it yourself, Sammy," she said, drawing back the hand she had stretched out for it. "I don't care so *very* much about it, because I am older, you know."

"Don't you, now, 'truly, truly, black and bluely, lay me down and cut me in twoly?'" he asked, with the air of a magistrate about to "swear" a witness.

"I would very much rather you should eat it," evaded Debby.

"Then I will," he answered, brightly, "for I *do* want it awfully."

"Eat it, then; but don't be tempted to take any," she cautioned.

"Catch me taking—I'm not a thief!" and he hastened away.

Debby was thirteen years old, but she could have cried for that ice-cream.

"Oh, *here* you are at last!" cried Annie, running up to her a few minutes afterward. "I could n't imagine where you had got to. Now, just read my letter," placing a tiny sheet of pink paper in her hand. "That box all trimmed up at the end of the candy-table is the post-office," she explained, "and we give them five cents and ask for a letter. Just read mine."

Debby read, written in a large, clear hand:

"And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath most profit in the world,
For answer take thou this: The prudent penning of a letter."

"It's lovely!" was Debby's comment. "If I should have one, I wonder what it would be!"

"I'll run and get you one," volunteered Annie.

"No, no!" cried Debby, in terror. "I have no money to pay for it."

"Have you spent it all so soon?" asked Annie,

curiously. "But we must go now and get our ice-cream; for, do you know, Mr. James has promised to treat all our class. So come along, for the more we eat the richer the church will grow."

"No," refused Debby, shaking off Annie's hand, "I wont do any such thing," and she shrank back into her corner.

"How queerly you act! You wont do anything I ask you," pouted Annie, turning away.

"I could n't take it," Debby excused to herself. "I want it so much that I 'd feel like a beggar in taking it from him. Annie can't understand, because she has bought it for herself, and will only eat it now for fun. I wish there was something for me to do."

Her thought was scarcely finished before it was answered by Mrs. White, in the handsome alpaca Debby's mother so admired.

"What am I to do with this child?" she asked, stopping before Mrs. Williams with a sleeping baby in her arms. "Phil wants me to go to supper with him, but what can I do?"

"I 'll hold her," said Debby, eagerly. "I have a nice quiet place here."

"Much obliged, I 'm sure," answered Mrs. White, placing the baby carefully in her arms.

With something to take care of, Debby grew so comfortable that when Mrs. White returned from supper she begged to keep the baby longer.

"Every one is so busy here that I 'd like to have something to do, too," she said, arranging a paper so as to shade the baby's eyes from the light, remembering with a throb of gratitude the oranges Mrs. White sent her when she was sick last fall.

"If you don't really care to run about, it would be a great favor to me," returned Mrs. White, "for there are so many people here that I shall not see again for a year, and I want to speak to them all. But a baby is not the most convenient article to carry in a crowd."

The handsome alpaca disappeared, and Debby kept her guard for an hour, watching the young people who visited the post-office or joked over the neckties and aprons.

"Here 's an industrious young lady who has had no supper," declared a bald-headed old gentleman, stopping before her with a large bell in his hand.

"I 've had my supper," quickly answered Debby.

"I don't remember counting you at the table," he replied, wiping the perspiration from his forehead as he passed on, loudly ringing the bell.

"I did n't tell a story," sighed Debby, "for I 've had my supper; but I 'd like people to think I 'd had it here. It looks so nice to sit at the table," she added, catching a glimpse of Annie's blue ribbons as she sat at the table next her brother.

"How thoughtless I *have* been!" cried Mrs. White, returning in a fluster. "I forgot all about you; you must be tired to death."

"Only a little tired," said Debby, "and I am so glad to do anything for you."

"Well, you must come and see me," invited Mrs. White, with her mouth full of pins, as she rolled the baby into a large shawl, "and perhaps I can find something for you to read."

But when Debby stood up she felt more stiff and tired than she had acknowledged, and, fearing that she had stayed too late, she hurried on her wraps, and with much persuasion induced her brothers to go home with her.

"It would n't do us any good to stay and see the auction," she reasoned, closing the door upon the noisy scene with a heart lighter than when she had entered it. "Now let us see how fast we can trot home in the moonlight."

Giving a hand to each of the boys, they walked swiftly toward the little red farm-house, where, although their parents had retired, a lamp and a bright fire awaited them.

The kitchen seemed very quiet after the hubbub they had left, with the clock on the stroke of nine and the cat asleep in the wood-box.

There were three pieces of pumpkin-pie on the table, left as a lunch for them, and these they ate, talking in whispers; and then Debby unfastened the boys' neckties, and followed them upstairs, too tired and sleepy to be very glad or very sorry about anything.

But as she snuggled down under the blankets, with the "merry din" still ringing in her ears, she thought:

"I have not made much Christmas for any one to-day, but, when I 'm grown-up, *wont* I make Merry Christmas for little girls!"

THE COOLEST MAN IN RUSSIA.

(An Old Soldier's Reminiscence.)

By David Ker.



'VE seen many a brave man in my time, sure enough," said old Ivan Starikoff, removing his short pipe to puff out a volume of smoke from beneath his long white moustache. "Many and many a one have I seen; for, thank Heaven, the children of holy Russia are never wanting in *that* way; but all of them put together would n't make one such man as our old colonel, Count Pavel Petrovitch* Severin. It was n't only that he faced danger like a man,—all the others did that,—but he never seemed to know that there *was* any danger at all. It was as good as a re-enforcement of ten battalions to have him among us in the thick of a fight, and to see his grand, tall figure drawn up to its full height, and his firm face and keen gray eye turned straight upon the smoke of the enemy's line, as if defying them to hurt him. And when the very earth was shaking with the cannonade, and balls were flying thick as hail, and the hot, stifling smoke closed us in like the shadow of death, with a flash and a roar breaking through it every now and then, and the whole air filled with the rush of the shot, like the wind sweeping through a forest in autumn,—then Petrovitch would light a cigarette and hum a snatch of a song, as coolly as if he were at a dinner-party in the English Club at Moscow. And it really seemed as if the bullets ran away from *him*, instead of his running from them; for he never got hit. But if he saw any of us beginning to waver, he would call out cheerily: 'Never fear, lads—remember what the song says!' For in those days we had an old camp-song that we were fond of singing, and the chorus of it was this:

"'Then fear not swords that brightly shine,
Nor towers that grimly frown;
For God shall march before our line,
And tread our foemen down.'

"He said this so often, that at last he got the nickname among us of 'Ne-Boisya' (Don't fear), and he deserved it, if ever man did yet. Why, Father Nikolai Pavlovitch himself (the Emperor Nicholas) gave him the Cross of St. George† with his own hand (the St. George from the emperor's own hand—think of that!) at the siege of Varna, in the year '28. You see, our battery had been terribly cut up by the Turkish fire, so at last there were only about half a dozen of us left on our feet. It was as hot work as I ever was in,—shot pelting, earth-works crumbling, gabions crashing, guns and gun-carriages tumbling over together, men falling on every side like leaves, till, all at once, a shot went slap through our flag-staff, and down came the colors!

"Quick as lightning, Pavel Petrovitch was up on the parapet, caught the flag as it fell, and *held* it, right in the face of all the Turkish guns, while I and another man spliced the pole with our belts. You may think how the unbelievers let fly at him when they saw him standing there on the top of the breastwork, just as if he 'd been set up for a mark; and all at once I saw one fellow (an Albanian by his dress, and you know what deadly shots *they* are) creep along to the very angle of the wall, and take steady aim at him!

"I made a spring to drag the colonel down (I was his servant, you know, and whoever hurt him hurt *me*); but before I could reach him I saw the flash of the Albanian's piece, and Pavel Petrovitch's cap went spinning into the air, with a hole right through it just above the forehead. And what do you think the colonel did? Why, he just snapped his fingers at the fellow, and called out to him, in some jibber-jabber tongue only fit to talk to a Turk in:

"'Can't you aim better than that, you fool? If *I* were your officer, I 'd give you thirty lashes for wasting the government ammunition!'

"Well, as I said, he got the St. George, and of course everbody congratulated him, and there was a great shaking of hands, and giving of good wishes, and drinking his health in *mavro tchai*,—that 's a horrid mess of eggs, and scraped cheese, and sour milk, and Moldavian wine, which these Danube fellows have the impudence to call 'black tea,' as if it was anything like the good old tea that we Russians drink at home! (I 've always thought, for my part, that tea ought to grow in Russia; for it 's a shame that those Chinese idolaters should have such grand stuff all to themselves.)

* Paul the son of Peter. This is the usual form of address in Russia, even from a servant.

† The highest Russian decoration.

"Well, just in the height of the talk, Pavel Petrovitch takes the cross off his neck, and holds it out in his hand—just so—and says:

"'Well, gentlemen, you say I'm the coolest man in the regiment, but perhaps everybody would n't agree with you. Now, just to show that I want nothing but fair play, if I ever meet my match in that way, I'll give him this cross of mine!'

"Now, among the officers who stood around him was a young fellow who had lately joined—a quiet, modest lad, quite a boy to look at, with light curly hair, and a face as smooth as any lady's. But when he heard what the colonel said, he looked up suddenly, and there came a flash from his clear blue eyes like the sun striking a bayonet. And then I thought to myself:

"'It wont be an easy thing to match Pavel Petrovitch; but if it *can* be done, here 's the man to do it!'

"I think that campaign was the hardest I ever served. Before I was enlisted, I had often heard it said that the Turks had no winter; but I had always thought that this was only a 'yarn,' though, indeed, it would be only a just judgment upon the unbelievers to lose the finest part of the whole year. But when I went down there I found it true, sure enough. Instead of a good, honest, cracking frost to freshen everything up, as our proverb says,

"'Na zimni kholod
Vsiaki molod'—

(in winter's cold every one is young), it was all chill, sneaking rain, wetting us through and through, and making the hill-sides so slippery that we could hardly climb them, and turning all the low grounds into a regular lake of mud, through which it was a terrible job to drag our cannon. Many a time in after days, when I 've heard spruce young cadets at home, who had never smelt powder in their lives, talking big about 'glorious war' and all that, I've said to myself, 'Aha, my fine fellows! if you had been where *I* have, marching for days and days over ankles in mud, with nothing to eat but stale black bread, so hard that you had to soak it before you could get it down; and if you 'd had to drink water through which hundreds of horses had just been trampling; and to scramble up and down steep hills under a roasting sun, with your feet so swollen and sore that every step was like a knife going into you; and to lie all night in the rain, longing for the sun to rise that you might dry yourself a bit,—perhaps *then* you would n't talk quite so loud about "glorious war!"'

"However, we drove the Turks across the Balkans at last, and got down to Yamboli, a little town at the foot of the mountains, which commands the high-road to Adrianople. And there the unbelievers made a stand, and fought right well. I *will* say that for 'em; for they knew that if Adrianople were lost, all was over. But God fought for us, and we beat them; though, indeed, with half our men sick, and our clothes all in rags, and our arms rusted, and our powder mixed with sand by those rogues of army-contractors, it was a wonder that we could fight at all.

"Toward afternoon, just as the enemy were beginning to give way, I saw Pavel Petrovitch (who was a general by this time) looking very hard at a mortar-battery about a hundred yards to our right; and all at once he struck his knee fiercely with his hand, and shouted:

"'What do the fellows mean by firing like that? They might as well pelt the Turks with potatoes! *I*'ll soon settle them! Here, Vanya (Ivan)!'

"Away he went, I after him; and he burst into the battery like a storm, and roared out:

"'Where 's the blockhead who commands this battery?'

"A young officer stepped forward and saluted; and who should this be but the light-haired lad with the blue eyes, whom I had noticed that night at Varna.

"'Well, you wont command it to-morrow, my fine fellow, for I'll have you turned out this very day. Do you know that not a single shell that you 've thrown since I've been watching you has exploded at all?'

"'With your excellency's leave,' said the young fellow, respectfully, but pretty firmly too, 'the fault is none of mine. These fuses are ill-made, and will not burn down to the powder.'

"'Fuses!' roared the general. 'Don't talk to *me* of fuses; I 'm too old for that rubbish! Is n't it enough for you to bungle your work, but you must tell me a lie into the bargain?'

"At the word 'lie,' the young officer's face seemed to turn red-hot all in a moment, and I saw his hand clench as if he would drive his fingers through the flesh. He made one stride to the heap of bomb-shells, and, taking one up in his arms, struck a match on it.

"'Now,' said he, quietly, 'your excellency can judge for yourself. I 'm going to light this fuse; if your excellency will please to stand by and watch it burn, you will see whether I have "lied" or not.'

"The general started, as well he might. Not that he was afraid—you may be pretty sure of *that*; but to hear this quiet, bashful lad, who looked as if he had nothing in him, coolly propose to hold a lighted shell in his arms to see if it would go off, and ask *him* to stand by and watch it, was enough to startle anybody. However, he was n't one to think twice about accepting a challenge; so he folded his arms and stood there like a statue. The young officer lighted the fuse, and it began to burn.

"As for me and the other men, you may fancy what *we* felt like. Of course, we could n't run while our officers were standing their ground; but we knew that if the shell *did* go off, it would blow every man of us to bits, and it was n't pleasant to have to stand still and wait for it. I saw the men set their teeth hard as the flame caught the fuse; and as for me, I wished with all my heart and soul that if there *were* any good fuses in the heap, this might turn out to be one of the bad ones!

"But no—it burned away merrily enough, and came down, and down, and down, nearer and nearer to the powder! The young officer never moved a muscle, but stood looking steadily at the general, and the general at him. At last, the red spark got close to the metal of the shell; and then I shut my eyes, and prayed God to receive my soul.

"Just at that moment, I heard the man next me give a quick gasp, as if he had just come up from a plunge under water; and I opened my eyes again just in time to see the fuse *out*, and the young officer letting drop the shell at the general's feet, without a word.

"For a moment, the general stood stock still, looking as if he did n't quite know whether to knock the young fellow down, or to hug him in his arms like a son; but, at last, he held out his hand to him, saying:

"'Well, it 's a true proverb, that every one meets his match some day; and I 've met mine to-day, there 's no denying it. There 's the St. George for you, my boy, and right well you deserve it; for if I 'm "the coolest man in the regiment," you 're the coolest in all Russia!'

"And so said all the rest, when the story got abroad; and the commander-in-chief himself, the great Count Diebitsch, sent for the lad, and said a few kind words to him that made his face flush up like a young girl's. But in after days he became one of the best officers we ever had; and I 've seen him, with my own eyes, complimented by the emperor himself, in presence of the whole army. And from that day forth, the whole lot of us, officers and men alike, never spoke of him by any other name but *Khladnokrovni* ('the cool-blooded one')."

NOTE.—Two other versions of this story, differing somewhat in detail, are current in the Russian army; but the one in the text is the more probable, as well as the more generally received.

SKATING.

BY THEODORE WINTHROP.

[Never before printed.]

A BOUNDING gallop is good
  Over wide plains;
A wild free sail is good
  'Mid gales and rains;
A dashing dance is good
  Broad halls along,
Clasping and whirling on
  Through the gay throng.
But better than these,
When the great lakes freeze,
By the clear sharp light
Of a starry night,
O'er the ice spinning
With a long free sweep,
Cutting and ringing
Forward we keep!
On 'round and around,
With a sharp clear sound,
To fly like a fish in the sea!—
Ah, this is the sport for me!

THREE SMART LITTLE FOXES.

THERE were once three little foxes who lived in a hole in a bank. It was a large, comfortable hole, and these three little foxes (two of them were brothers and one was a sister) could lie down and put their heads out of the hole, and see what was going on in the neighborhood.

One afternoon one of the brother foxes slipped out by himself for a little walk, and when he came back he called the other two, and said: "Oh, come here! I will show you something, and tell you all about it."

So they all lay down close together, and looked out of the hole.

"Now then," said the brother fox who had been out, "you see that fence down there?"

"Oh yes," said his brother and sister.

"Well, on the other side of that fence is a splendid chicken-yard. I went down there and saw it myself. I peeped through the fence. And in that yard there is a row of chicken-coops, all with chickens in."

"Oh!" said the others. They began to feel hungry already.

"Yes, all with chickens in, and I heard a little girl say that the row of coops was called Pullet Row, Chicken Avenue, and that all the houses were taken. The first coop had an old hen and eleven little puffy chickens in it, and the second one held a whole lot of small chickens who were big enough to take care of themselves; and the next coop had in it an old rooster who had hurt his foot, and who had to be shut up. I think it's funny that neither mother nor father ever found out this splendid chicken-yard, so near us too! As soon as it gets to be a little dark we must go down there and get some of those chickens."

"All right," said the sister fox; "we'll go, and I'll take the first coop with the little chickens."

"And I'll take the coop with the young chickens who are big enough to take care of themselves," said one of the brother foxes.

"I'll take the big old rooster," said the other brother fox. "I like lots of chickens when I eat any."

At the back of the hole the old Mother Fox was lying down. Her children thought she was asleep, but she was not, and she heard all that they had been talking about.

She now came forward and said: "That is certainly a very nice place that you see down there, and you, my son, were very smart, no doubt, to discover it. But when you go down there, this evening, take a look at a small house near the chicken-yard. A dog lives there—a big black

and white fellow—named Bruce. He is let into the chicken-yard every night at dark. If you think that he wont see you, when you go inside, or that he can't run fast enough to catch you, it might be a very good idea for you to go down there this evening and get some chickens."



THE THREE SMART LITTLE FOXES.

The three little foxes looked at each other, and concluded that they would not go. It was a long time after that before they were heard to boast of being smarter than their father and mother.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HAPPY 1878! Happy New Year to all Jack's little friends! And now let us begin our year's talk with something about

A GARDEN IN WINTER.

DEACON GREEN took a ride early last month, my dears, and he tells me of a wonderful garden which he saw from a window as he went whirling by on a railroad.

Can you guess what was growing in a garden in December?

No, it was not in a Southern State; so your guess of oranges is n't right—though they tell me that oranges do grow in winter-time in Florida.

It was a garden of Christmas-trees, set out in even rows, and looking as spruce and gay and happy as if they knew that they were almost old enough to hold a candle in each of their thousand hands, and a bright gift or token of good-will on each of their thousand arms. I fancy that the gardener who has his mind filled with the care of a garden of Christmas-trees must be a very cheery, kind-hearted fellow indeed. Don't you?

OVENS IN THE FIELDS.

IN Mecklenburg, Northern Germany, as I 'm told, fuel is scarce and dear; and, as the peasants are very poor, they take an odd way to save wood. It is this:

Each village has one or two large ovens in which the baking for a number of people can be done at one time. These ovens look from a little distance as if they were small hillocks, and they are built in the open fields. Why they are placed away from the village I was not told; but I would like to know. They have very much the look of underground dairy-cellars, and are built of great stones covered with turf. One or two men can go into an oven quite comfortably.

In each oven a great fire is made, to heat the stones, and when these are hot enough the fire and ashes are swept out, and the bread is put in to bake. Then a stone door is put over the mouth until it is time to take out the loaves. There is no chimney or opening, and the heat stays in well—even for some time after the bread has been taken out; so that it is no strange thing for a belated traveler to use the shelter or warmth of one of these empty ovens on some cold and stormy night when far from his home.

So much for fire-places out-of-doors. Now for a word about

PERSIAN STOVES.

I 'VE just heard of the queer way the Persians have of keeping themselves warm in their houses during cold weather. They place in the middle of the room a pan of burning charcoal under a sort of table or frame which holds up a large wadded quilt that reaches the floor on all sides, like a tent. This must look almost like keeping the fire warm. Then the family sit around the droll stove, with their legs and arms under the quilt; and when they wish to go to sleep, they put themselves half under the quilt, and so keep nice and warm until the morning. That 's easy enough for Persians to do, because, as I 'm told, they never undress at night, but just roll themselves in coverings and lie down anywhere.

Perhaps you would not find such arrangements in your homes quite as comfortable as soft beds and cozy blankets in well-warmed rooms. However, the Persian winter is not as cold as ours, I suppose.

LIGHT THROUGH METAL.

HERE 'S an odd thing! My wise old wide-awake friend the owl tells me that a Yale College professor has found out a way to make a layer of metal so thin that it will readily show the color of a light-beam sent through it. That professor will be showing us how to see through a mill-stone next, may be.

GOOD AS AN EXPERIMENT.

DEAR JACK: I have a little friend, called Jack, too, who is generally the most sweet-tempered boy I know. But one day he came to play in my rooms, as usual, for I always keep his toys there, in repair and order. He soon grew tired of them, and came to me for a story. I was busy with reading, and refused, telling him to wait until I had leisure. Then he grew impatient, and put my book down with a coaxing "*Please*, Fred." I could not humor him then, and gently told him to stop. Then—I am sorry to say it—he became very angry, and gave me a blow in my face. Now, Jack, don't pass your sentence yet—remember, it was the first and *only* act of that kind. But guess what I did.

I stooped over him and kissed him, saying: "Is this my little boy?" He looked at me and went into a corner—ashamed and weeping. Was not that a sweet victory? I wish some little sisters or brothers would try it. You may believe me this is truth. Some future day I will tell you how I made him some toys.—Yours,

FRED.

EDIBLE NESTS.

DID you ever hear of such an article of food as bird's-nest soup? Well, this soup does not take its name from its looks, as bird's-nest pudding gets its title, but it is actually made from real birds'-nests.

In the island of Java, I 'm told, there is a species

of sea-swallow which makes a nest much like that of our chimney-swallow, and fastens it to the rocky walls of caves. These nests are made almost entirely of a glue-like substance, mixed with a little grass or hair and a few sticks, and they are carefully gathered and sent to China, where they are sold as food.

The nests are soaked in water until the glue becomes soft, when the sticks and straws are picked out and thrown away. The jelly which remains is then dried and preserved, to be used in making the bird's-nest soup. This is considered a great delicacy, and the nests are sold in the Chinese markets for twenty-five dollars a pound. Of course, at this price, none but rich folks can indulge in them, and they are therefore a very fashionable dish. Although they are usually made into soup, they are sometimes cooked in other ways.

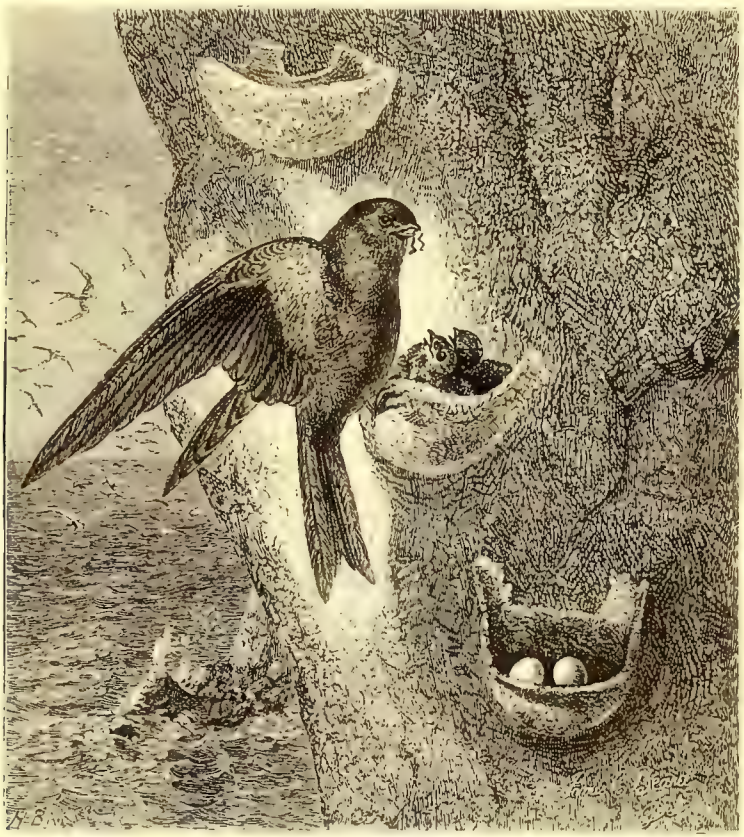
It 's my opinion that the nest of the chimney-swallow might be used as food in the same way; for although it has more sticks and hay in it than the edible nest, there is a good deal of glue, too, and each nest might yield quite a large pot of soup. If the time shall ever come when our own country will have as many people in it as there are in China at the present time, many things little thought of now will be turned to use as articles of food. But at present there is no need of robbing the birds; so let them keep cheerful while they may, poor dears!

BIRD RAILROAD TRAVELERS.

Now that we 're talking about birds'-nests, I may as well tell you some news that has come to me all the way from East Cosham, in Hampshire, England.

On a small piece of frame-work under a third-class "smoking" carriage on the London and South-Western Railway, a water-wagtail built her nest and reared a young and thriving family of four. The train traveled regularly about forty miles a day, and the station-master at East Cosham says that, during every absence of it, the male bird kept close to the spot, awaiting with great anxiety the return of his wayfaring family.

Now, in my opinion, that water-wagtail mother made a queer choice for her home-place. But if the little ones get no other advantage from it, they are sure to be well trained. What do you think about it, my chicks?



JAVA SEA-SWALLOWS AND NESTS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE following is Dr. J. G. Holland's answer to his "Double Riddle," published in our last number:

La, man! I see your little game:
'T is "la" itself in song or aria
That piercing dear Maria's name
Transforms it to *Malaria*.
And "la" itself, as all men know,
Raises the *sol* to *si* and *do*.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have made up a nice little story, and I want you to know it. It is called "Laziness."

Once upon a time there was a little boy and his name was James. He was very lazy. One day he was going out to play when his mother called him back. "James," said she, "I went up to your room to make your bed, for the maid was too busy, and your room is very disorderly. Unless you promise to keep it in order, and have it in order by next week, I will send you from home. I am very sorry to say this; but it must be said. Now you may go; that is all I wanted you for." Next week came very soon, and the room was still in disorder. The mother went up and looked in; she threw herself on her knees, and prayed that Heaven would not let her send her boy away. James went away, and his mother never saw him again.

Now, children, learn a lesson from this, and don't be driven from home by laziness.

I am eleven years old, and I want you to give my love to Jack-in-the-Pulpit and the School-mistress. JENNIE MOORE.

THE BLIND-CLERK'S PUZZLE.

THIS is what the "Blind-clerk" made of the puzzling address that M. B. T gave in a letter to Jack-in-the-Pulpit, published last month:

"Servant Girl, No. 40 Queen's parade, London."

And that turned out to be the right address, too. Another friend says that this same blind-clerk once had referred to him a letter addressed like this:

"To my uncle tom, london."

That was too much. The letter never reached "my uncle tom."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for several years, and like it better every year. I often read over the old numbers, and find many things that seem almost new to me. One of these was "John Spooner's Human Menagerie," in the number for April, 1875, and I have been trying to get up a "menagerie" like John's. I can make most of the wonderful living curiosities, but I do not know how to make a curtain that will "go up with a flourish." I have made one to draw sideways, but I want one to go up. Please inform me how to construct it.—Yours truly, FRED R. MARTIN.

Here is a tolerably easy way to make a stage-curtain that will "go up with a flourish," and come down either quickly or slowly, as may be wished. It is easily kept in order, and readily repaired when damaged.

Above the stage, at the front, set up a stout cross-beam. Let the curtain be of some opaque stuff that will fold well. Fasten its upper edge firmly to the front of the cross-beam. Weight the lower edge of the curtain with a long roller some inches wider than the curtain. Sew to the curtain, on its wrong side, perpendicular rows of rings set at suitable distances apart, and in level lines across. The more rows, the more evenly will the curtain fold. Tie a strong thin cord about the roller in a line with each perpendicular row of rings, and pass each cord through its proper rings. On the bottom of the cross-beam above the several rows of rings, fasten large smooth rings to be used instead of pullies. Pass the cords up through the large rings, and gather them at one end of the beam. Then fasten the ends of the cords to a rope, taking care while doing this that the curtain is down, and hanging properly, and that all the cords are drawn equally tense. There should be a stout pin or hook at the side of the curtain, to which the rope is to be fastened when the curtain is drawn up. Take notice that the cords are of different lengths and must be free from knots. The curtain should not touch the stage, and may be kept in place by fixing the ends of the roller in iron rings or between pegs.

TWO WAYS OF CARRYING THE MAIL.

THE frontispiece to this number of ST. NICHOLAS shows how the mails were carried in winter over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada before the Union Pacific Railroad was finished (1869), and how they are carried now. In 1867, to the perils of the snow and wind and of mountain travel, were added dangers from desperadoes, white as well as red, so that mail deliveries were few and far between, and very irregular, while too often both the carriers and their packs were lost. Slow as the old way was, however, the snow sometimes makes the new way even slower. In spite of miles and miles of snow-sheds and snow-fences, and ever so many steam snow-plows, the railroad is blocked now and then until a way can be dug through huge heaps of drift. Thus, sometimes, whole days are lost on the steam road, when a man might be speeding and coasting on his queer foot-gear, over the snow-crust like the wind, to reach the destination perhaps a week ahead of the snorting snowed-up monster. However, year by year, as sheds and fences and other preventions are multiplied, railroad delays caused by snow become fewer and fewer.

Georgetown, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was so much pleased with the little figure of a nun in the November number, that I made eight like it. I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS ever since it came out, and think it gets nicer every time it is published. I am not quite seven years old, but I composed all of this letter. JOHN WM. MITCHELL.

MY VERY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We really don't know what we should do without you. We took the "Young Folks" for a great many years, and have taken you ever since you were first established.

We went, a short time ago, to see a man who swallowed swords for a profession. Now, can any of our ST. NICHOLAS friends tell us whether he really swallowed them or not, and explain how it is done? —Your loving friends and devoted readers, FANNIE CHANDLER, MARY WHITE.

Painesville, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My children learn the names of English kings and queens, the books of the Old Testament in their order, and other matters of importance to remember, through having found and committed to memory certain rhymes containing them. I have seen several embodying the books of the New Testament, but they all have been too difficult or long for children to learn. I inclose an easy one, written for my own children, which may prove useful to your large family of young folks. W.

BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

In the New Testament we find
Matthew and Mark leading,
With St. Luke and St. John
The books next succeeding.
Acts and Romans have place
Before Corinthians and Galatians;
In them we can trace
Good news for all nations.
Ephesians and Philippians
In order are next;
Colossians, Thessalonians,
With hard names and good text.
Timothy, Titus, and Philemon
Fill up some pages,
And with Hebrews continue
The lessons of ages.
James, Peter, and John
Finish then the good story
With Jude, and Revelations
To add to its glory.

Mount Desert.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen a good many receipts for candy in the "Letter-Box," but not one for chocolate creams. Here is one I have tried a great many times, and it has always been successful:

Two cups of sugar to half a cup of boiling water. Put on the stove, and let it boil ten minutes. Grate a quarter of a square of Baker's chocolate. Place this on the top of a steaming-kettle; leave

it there until soft. Meanwhile, take off the cream and beat it until perfectly white. Roll into little round balls, and dip them in the chocolate. Put the balls into a dish, and set them away to cool.

Hoping you will print this receipt, I remain your devoted admirer,
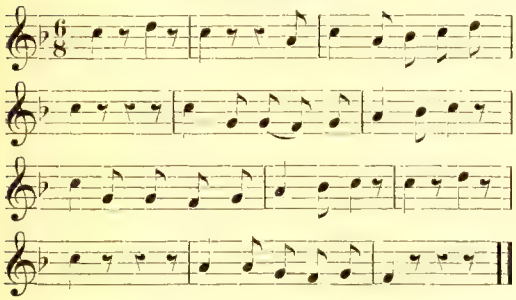
CAROLINE G. BLODGET.

P. S.—The sugar must be powdered.

MOLLIE.—We do not know. One always has to make sure, too, that no speck of envy lurks in the wish to have justice done.

A FRIEND sends us the following Kindergarten song:

THE TIME-TABLE.



One, two, three!
Now please listen to me:
A minute is sixty seconds long;
Sixty minutes to an hour belong.
One, two, three!
Learning is easy, you see.

Four, five, six!
'T is easy as picking up sticks.
Twenty-four hours make one long day;
Seven days in a week we say.
One, two, three!
Learning is easy, you see.

Seven, eight, nine!
Never cry or whine.
The years are only twelve months long;
There is no time for doing wrong.
One, two, three!
Learning is easy, you see.

Tick, tack, tock!
Only look at the clock.
He works away the whole day long,
And every hour he sings a song.
Ding, dong, ding!
So we 'll work and sing.

A. E. L.

Elizabeth, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you please tell me something about the Drawing Classes of the School of Design at the Cooper Institute; and what forms have to be gone through before a pupil can enter; and how old a pupil has to be? Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—Your faithful reader,

SARAH D. O.

The "Woman's Art School" of the Cooper Union, about which Sarah D. O. makes inquiry, is for pupils between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five.

Applications for admission should be made, personally or in writing, to the Principal, Mrs. Sarah N. Carter, giving a responsible written reference as to character, fitness, etc.

The free school holds session from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. There is a "paying" class that meets three times a week in the afternoon, under the charge of the first assistant in drawing of the "Woman's Art School" and of the clerk of the school, and the general superintendence of the principal. But the "paying" class is only for those who wish to study art merely as an accomplishment.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about a little girl who is very fond of you. She always took ST. NICHOLAS until last autumn, then the times were so hard we were unable to get it for her; so she has read and re-read the old ones. Mamma has been sick a great deal for two years, and Agnes, who is ten years old and the oldest of the family, has learned to do a great many things. She can make bread, biscuit, pies and cake,—but her chief accomplishment is toast-making. Last fall, when berries were ripe, she picked and dried some currants, raspberries and blackberries, and put them carefully away. Ever since, when any one is sick, she puts some of her berries in a cup and cooks them nicely; then she makes such a nice piece of toast, so delicate, never scorched or raw. She has no fruit-closet of delicacies to go to, but the common things she has are so nicely prepared that they become luxurious, and often make mamma think of Bayard Taylor's little rhymes about mush and milk, a couplet of which reads:

"And common things that seem most nigh,
Both purse and heart may satisfy."

Her little brother, eighteen months old, claims much of her care, and in return loves her as much as he does mamma. He calls her Tee, and misses her sadly if she is out of sight an hour.

When Agnes was three years old, she said one day:

"Papa, how I love you!"

"What makes you love him? See how homely he is," teasingly answered mamma.

The little one took a good look at papa, and throwing her arms around his neck again, she said:

"Well, he 's pretty in his heart."

Mamma thinks the little girl who can be so thoughtful for ever-tired mamma, so kind to the sick, and so tender of little baby brother, must be pretty in her heart.

AGNES'S MOTHER.

HERE is an enigma made by a little girl eight years of age:

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in spin, but not in weave;
My second in part, but not in leave;
My third is in rain, but not in storm;
My fourth in chilly, but not in warm;
My fifth in hen, but not in coop;
My whole is a country of Europe.

Answer: Spain.

Easton, Md.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me from which of Shakspeare's plays the following quotation is taken?

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

—Yours truly, MARY H. WILSON.

The quotation is from "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 1.; and the whole passage reads:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The beauty is marred, and the aptness of the illustration is lost sight of, by omitting the second half of this admirable sentence; therefore we quote it entire.

"Fairfax," San Rafael, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen letters from San Francisco, Oakland, and other places in California, but I do not think any one has written to you from San Rafael, a beautiful little town near San Francisco.

"Fairfax" is about three miles from the town. The ride here is very pleasant, especially in winter and spring time, when the hills are green and the wild flowers are in bloom.

The house resembles the old Fairfax house in Virginia, called Greenway Court, except that this is perhaps more rambling and the other lacks our wide-spreading bay-trees. It faces the garden and orchard, and beyond these is the hill, a mine of wonder and beauty.

We all enjoy climbing that hill and looking for ferns. In some parts we hardly dare step, for fear of crushing something beautiful. We look down upon a bank of green moss, and find snowy shell-like fungi, so delicate that we hold our breath lest they should float away. Farther on are orange-colored ones, and some shaped like callas, translucent, and in color a pale pink carnelian. Wandering on, we enter a grove of pine-trees, in the midst of which a spring is bubbling up, and the ground is covered with a carpet of ferns, mosses, and wild flowers. By the time we are ready to go home, our baskets are well filled; and then, after we get home, we have the delight of arranging the flowers and ferns, examining the fungi with the microscope, and preparing imposing baskets of specimens to send to two delightful members of the Academy of Science in San Francisco, who are making fungi a specialty in their researches.

One day last summer my brother came running into the house,

saying, in a very loud whisper, "There 's a deer in the creek! There 's a deer in the creek!" We all rushed out in time to see Uncle George, up to his waist in water, struggling with an immense buck. The dogs were there, too, barking as loudly as they could. It was very exciting. My sympathies were entirely with the deer, who made a noble fight before he was conquered. Deer are plentiful around here. Often we are awakened by the baying of the deer-hounds, and we can see the hunting parties on their horses galloping over the hill, and the dogs running to and fro.

The boys catch a good many large fish in our creek, and my uncle once caught a ten-pound salmon-trout that was very pretty; it had two delicate pink bands running along its sides.

The hills are crimson, a little before Christmas, with a holly peculiar to California; and we have many merry excursions in a wagon that we children call our "chariot," in which we go to gather holly for our Christmas festivities.

I have written too much, and yet I would like to tell more, our days are so full of pleasant change.—Your affectionate reader,

MAY D. BIGELOW (fifteen years old).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18, from Annie Longfellow, "Bess," "Isola," "Bessie and her Cousin," "Helen of Troy," W. M. B., Nessie E. Stevens, "Winnie," Florence L. Turrill, James J. Ormsbee, Annie Forbush and Emma Elliott, Grace G. Chandler, Carrie Speiden and Mary F. Speiden, F. A. G. Cameron, Fred M. Pease, Geo. J. Fiske, Geo. Herbert White, "Sidonie," Louise Gilman, Clelia Duel Mosher, Mamie L. Holbrook, Ellie Hewitt, Fannie W., "Croghan, Jr.," Anna E. Mathewson, Eddie Bryan, and Allie Bertram.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AUNT JO'S SCRAP-BAG, Vol. IV. (My Girls, etc.), published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, is the fourth book in this deservedly popular series of short stories by Miss Louisa M. Alcott. The tales are full of freshness, humor, and wholesome thought, with inimitable touches of playful fancy and tenderness such as have established Miss Alcott's loving rule over the hearts of her readers. Boys as well as girls will find plenty to enjoy in these twelve delightful scraps from Aunt Jo's bag, and,—but readers of ST. NICHOLAS need no recommendation to them of anything that Miss Alcott has written. There are some pretty illustrations to the book, and the price is one dollar.

From the same publishers we have received also: TOM, A HOME-STORY, by George L. Chaney, illustrated, $1.25; A GREAT EMERGENCY, AND OTHER TALES, by Juliana Horatia Ewing, illustrated, $1.25; JOLLY GOOD TIMES AT SCHOOL—ALSO SOME TIMES NOT QUITE SO JOLLY, by P. Thorne, illustrated, $1.25.

A new book by the author of "Helen's Babies" is now to be obtained. It is called BUDGE AND TODDIE, THEIR HAPS AND MISHAPS, and is an illustrated edition of "Other People's Children." The designs are by Lucy G. Morse.

Boys will be glad to hear of a good book, EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCES AT ETON, by a present Eton boy, published by George R. Lockwood, of New York. It is a hearty and amusing story, giving, with very slight exaggeration, a faithful account of life in the English public-school at Eton.

SPENSER FOR CHILDREN, published by Chatto & Windus, of London; Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York. A beautiful book, illustrated with several fine colored plates, and relating in simple prose the chief incidents of Spenser's great poem.

From Messrs. Baker, Pratt & Co., New York, we have LILLIPUT LAND; OR, THE CHILDREN'S PEEP-SHOW. This is a collection of serials, short stories, poems, music, and pictures, adapted to interest and instruct young folks. It is edited by the author of "Lilliput Levee." Price, $1.25.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, send us HAPPY DAYS, a very pleasant book, full of pictures, tales and verses, for boys and girls. Several of the articles are by well-known writers, and the contents, as a whole, are bright, wholesome, and entertaining.

From the American Tract Society, New York, we have received DOLLY'S NEW SHOES, AND SOME OF THE PLACES THEY WENT TO, price 30 cents, postage 2 cents; DAUGHTERS OF ARMENIA, by Mrs. S. A. Wheeler, Missionary in Turkey, price 90 cents, postage 6 cents; ALMOST A MAN, by S. Annie Frost, with illustrations by Arthur Burdett Frost, price $1, postage 8 cents; GRACE ASHLEIGH'S LIFE-WORK, illustrated, price $1, postage 8 cents; and DEAR OLD STORIES TOLD ONCE MORE, forty Bible stories, in large type, and with illustrations by "Faith Latimer."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials read downward and the finals upward will give the names of two countries in Europe.

1. A beam of light. 2. To join. 3. To pillage. 4. An article of food. 5. What merchants write. 6. An insect. A. B.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. Calls. 2. A number. 3. A consonant. 4. A river. 5. Wounds. DIAGONALS: Sharpens and transmits. CENTRAL: Interior. CYRIL DEANE.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a kind of nut, and leave a kind of grain. 2. Behead a small stream, and leave a bird. 3. Behead another bird, and leave a gardener's implement. 4. Behead a musical instrument, and leave another musical instrument. 5. Behead a carpenter's tool, and leave a narrow passage. 6. Behead part of a wagon, and leave a part of the body. 7. Behead another part of the body, and leave a tree. 8. Behead an edible fish, and leave the defeat of an army. 9. Behead a dried fruit, and leave an ancient alphabetic letter. ISOLA.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

DIAGONALS, from left to right, a part of the year. Seven words. Fill the blanks in the sentence with appropriate words; and written under each other in the order given, they will give the diagonal.

As —— is more abundant than —— in this season when Love —— her altar fires anew, may this joy go through the —— year, bearing you constant ——; so that, looking back at its close, you can say: "1878 —— to have been one prolonged ——." J. P.

DOUBLE-PUZZLE.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE mad, and leave what soldiers often make. 2. Syncopate part of a house, and leave to move. 3. Syncopate speed, and leave anger. 4. Syncopate to soak, and leave a gait. 5. Syncopate a river, and leave a rank. 6. Syncopate a particle, and leave a laugh. 7. Syncopate openings, and leave farming implements. 8. Syncopate baked clay, and leave fastenings.

The letters that have been syncopated, read downward, will make two words which you must find in the following

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. In brook, but not in sea;
2. In slave, but not in free;
3. In lose, but not in find;
4. In heed, but not in mind;
5. In barn, but not in shed;
6. In black, but not in red;
7. In hill, but not in mound;
8. In held, but not in bound.

What 's the answer?—can you say?
'T is something boys much like to play.

CYRIL DEANE.

GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. —— —— a good post at ——. 2. Did you notice the carved —— in that old cathedral door in ——? 3. —— —— with pleasure from Geneva, for ——. 4. I took great —— to witness these national games, when in ——. 5. I found —— gold in a mine in ——. 6. I could stand —— in the entrance to the cave in ——. 7. I have —— interest in —— than in any other foreign city. B.

OMNIBUS WORD.

In a word of five letters find: 1st. An hour-glass puzzle, the central letters of which, read downward, signify to perform again; horizontally, a symbol often used in writing, a beverage, a vowel, a performance, to provide. 2d. A word-square containing a unit, a vehicle, an epoch. 3d. Words to each of which one letter may be prefixed so as to form another word: a preposition, an animal; a verb, a weed; a study, a vehicle; a part of the body, a sign of sorrow. 4th. Words to fill appropriately the blanks in each stanza below, by prefixing a letter to the first word, when found to form the second, and by prefixing a letter to the second to form the third:

I would not heed so small an ——,
When dealing with one of his ——,
Or of my temper leave a ——.

We asked him in; he sat and ——
Of the ripe fruit at such a ——,
He lowered well the heaped up ——. H. H. D.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

In these quotations find five girls' names, without transposing any letters.

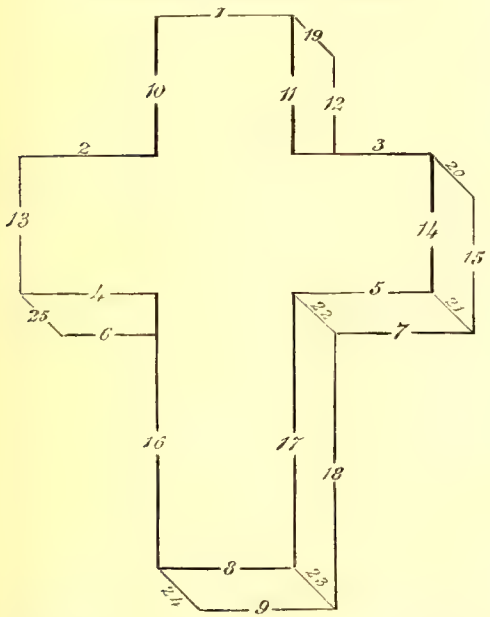
"Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."—*Gray.*

"Where olive-leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru."
Bryant.

"Slowly she raised her form of grace;
Her eyes no ray conceptive flung."—*Hogg.*

"Stainless worth,
Such as the sternest age of virtue saw."—*Bryant.*

PERSPECTIVE-CROSS PUZZLE.



Each of the horizontal words is formed of five letters, excepting No. 6, which has but three. Of the perpendiculars, Nos. 16, 17 and 18 have ten letters each; No. 12 has three letters; and each of the other perpendiculars has five letters. The slanting words have each three letters. Each corner letter serves for every word that radiates from or to its corner.

Meanings of the Different Words.—*Horizontals:* 1, Sublime; 2, an engraving; 3, to trench; 4, occurrence; 5, a certain form of glass; 6, a kind of fish; 7, large; 8, a yard; 9, concise. *Perpendiculars:* 10, An article of dress; 11, solemn; 12, hitherto; 13, to make sure; 14, a Turkish institution; 15, to establish; 16, magical; 17, advancement; 18, tractable. *Diagonals:* 19, Sarcastic; 20, to jump; 21, did meet; 22, a wooden fastening; 23, a part of the body; 24, a hammock; 25, a girl's name. H. H. D.

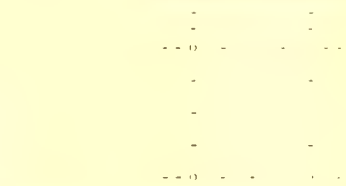
EASY SQUARE WORD.

1. An instrument for measuring time. 2. A title among the ancient Peruvians. 3. Sour. 4. To load. PLUTO.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

When we went to the 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9, the others had contrived to 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 us in picking nuts. CYRIL DEANE.

FRAME PUZZLE.



Make the frame of four words of nine letters each, so that there shall be the same letter of the alphabet at each of the four corners where the words intersect. That letter being indicated (o, in this puzzle), gives the clue.

Upper horizontal line, a pigeon; lower horizontal line, a kind of grain. Left perpendicular line, without a name; right perpendicular line, without fragrance. E.

CHARADE.

My first of Roman origin you see,
Whose purport illustrates the century;
Means light for blind men; restless as a sprite;
The sailor's trust; the prelate's dear delight.

My second heads a small but mighty band,
Whose power pervades and elevates the land:
Indefinite enough, yet, once defined,
It is a thing no language leaves behind.

My third consoles, and cheers in anguish deep,
And oft, like great Macbeth, hath "murdered sleep."
Dear to the maiden's heart when dry and dead,
Its beauty and its bloom forever fled.
Yet even then what lips its charm rehearse!
What poets chant it in their genial verse!

My whole how soft, how silent and how fleet
Female, yet masculine, its aspect sweet.
Tinted as fair as clouds that deck the sky,
Or stainless as the snows that round us lie;
Bright as the saffron tints of dawning light,
Or darker than the stormy depths of night.
A prince's bride; the treasure of a lad;
And yet biographer it never had.
For he who writes its life must ever use
Volumes to celebrate each separate muse.
Fierce, fond, and treacherous, full of songs and wails,
The hero of a thousand fights and tales;
The love of ladies and the scorn of men;
The shame of England's arms. Oh guess me then!
ROSE TERRY COOKE.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

These are a source of great amusement, whether written or acted. To illustrate the latter, you will, for instance, throw your muff under the table, and ask. "What word does that represent?" Perhaps some one will suggest "Muffin." "No—'fur-below.'" Tie your handkerchief tightly around the neck of some statuette—"Artichoke"—etc. In writing or speaking a sentence to illustrate a word, the most ridiculous will sometimes provoke the most mirth. We will give an illustration of one pretty far-fetched, but allowable: "Mister, please come here and make this shell stand up on edge"—"Circumstantial (Sir-come-stan'-shell)." "I encountered the doctor to-day"—"Metaphysician"). With this introduction, I propose a few words for your consideration.

1. Put an extremity into a jar. 2. Young ladies from Missouri. 3. A cow's tail in fly-time. 4. That young sow cost twenty-one shillings sterling. 5. A sham head-dress. 6. Victims to corns. 7. Oxidized iron on a weapon. 8. "Where's the prisoner, Pat?" "Sure, your honor, he's taking his breakfast." 9. "Come and cut our hair." 10. Deviate, fish. 11. A goat. 12. Four. AUNT SUE.

PICTORIAL CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.



THE puzzle is an Anagram Enigma, rather difficult, and meant for experienced puzzle-workers. The answer is the first line of a well-known couplet relating to Christmas.

Each of the numerals underneath the pictures represents a letter belonging to that word of the answer indicated by the numeral.—(thus, 3 indicates a letter of the third word; 7, a letter of the seventh word, etc.).—and each collection of numerals represents a word which will describe the picture above it.

To solve the puzzle, find a word to describe each picture containing as many letters as there are numerals beneath the picture. After all the seven words have been thus found, select from them and group together all the letters that in the numbering beneath the pictures are designated by the same numeral (for, as already stated, all the letters bearing the same numeral belong to that word of the answer which is indicated by the numeral), and each group of these letters must be transposed to form the word of the answer which corresponds with the numeral of the group.

Thus, the word "hay" has three letters and will describe the first picture. After words have been found to describe the other pictures, the selection must begin, and "h," the first letter of "hay," should be placed in a group with all the other letters bearing the numeral 7 in the numbering beneath the pictures; "a" should be grouped with all the other letters designated by 2, and "y" with all those designated by 3; and so on.

When all the letters have been properly separated and grouped, transpose all those letters belonging to group No. 1 into a word to form the first word of the answer; those belonging to group No. 2 into the second word of the answer, etc.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

CHESS PUZZLE.—Begin at the word "Bind." The stanza reads:

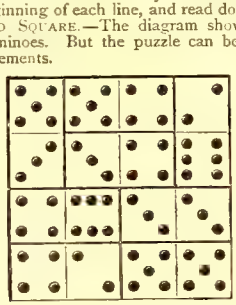
"Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines;
And oh, so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place;
But lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through."—MARVELL

(Quoted by Elia in essay entitled "Blakesmoor in H——shire.")

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Lowell. L, lo, low, owe, we, well, ell

A PLEA FOR SANTA CLAUS.—Merry Christmas. Take the third letter from the beginning of each line, and read downward.

MAGIC DOMINO SQUARE.—The diagram shows one method of arranging the dominoes. But the puzzle can be solved by two or three other arrangements.



BROKEN WORDS.—1. Inquires—in quires. 2. Western—we stern. 3. Ashantee—a shanty.

PICTORIAL QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.—Stalagmites, Stalactites, Natural Cave, Underground. 1. SNUfferS. 2. TANgenT. 3. ATDA. 3. LaUrEL. 4. AuRoRA. 5. GGAC. 6. MeaL RaT. 7. IOdide Cuprl. 8. TrUAnT. 9 ENVelopE. 10. SpaDES.

CHRISTMAS ENIGMA.—"He has more business than an English oven at Christmas."

AUTHORS' NAMES.—1. Mulock (mew, loch). 2. Edgeworth (edge worth). 3. Thackeray (Thack ray). 4. Carlyle (Carl isle). 5. Charles Reade (Charles read). 6. Ruskin (rusk inn). 7. Gaskell (gas K ell). 8. Hale. 9. Macaulay (Mac awl ay). 10. Victor Hugo (victor hug O). 11. Prescott (press cot). 12. Whitney (whit neigh). 13. Braddon (brad don). 14. Alcott (Al cot). 15. Disraeli (D Israel I). 16. Rossetti (Rose Ettie).

A RIMLESS WHEEL.—1. Parapet. 2. Manakin. 3. Fanatic. 4. Rubadub. 1*a*, par; 1*b*, pet; 2*a*, man; 2*b*, kin; 3*a*, fan; 3*b*, tic; 4*a*, rub; 4*b*, dub.

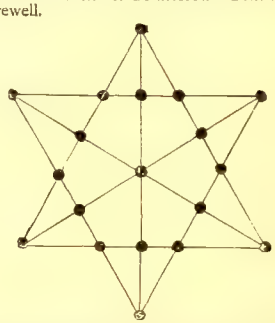
DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Santa Claus. St. Nicholas, pAtronizes, coNfidence, conTribute, compArable, reconCiles, immacuLate, legitimAte, miraculoUs, schoolboyS.

PROVERB PUZZLE.—"Christmas comes but once a year." Car, sabots, chimney, mouse, trace.

SEXTUPLE ACROSTIC.—Mopes, Abaft, Larva, Enter.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—R, Dog, Robin, Gig, N.

NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.—1. Winsome—win some. 2. Sailor—sail or. 3. Wind-flowers—wind flowers. 4. Whip-poor-will—whip poor Will. 5. Parents—Pa rents. 6. To-morrow—Tom or row. 7. Wellfare—Well! farewell.



ANSWER TO TREE PUZZLE IN JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.—The above diagram shows one way of arranging nineteen trees in nine straight rows and yet have five trees in each row. The lines show the rows.

For names of solvers of November puzzles, see "Letter-Box," page 238.



AFTER THE SNOW-STORM.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1878. NO. 4.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

THE SHEPHERD-BOY.

BY EMILY S. OAKEY.

LITTLE ROY led his sheep down to pasture,
And his cows, by the side of the brook;
But his cows never drank any water,
And his sheep never needed a crook.

For the pasture was gay as a garden,
And it glowed with a flowery red;
But the meadows had never a grass-blade,
And the brooklet—it slept in its bed;

And it lay without sparkle or murmur,
Nor reflected the blue of the skies.
But the music was made by the shepherd,
And the sparkle was all in his eyes.

Oh, he sang like a bird in the summer!
And, if sometimes you fancied a bleat,
That, too, was the voice of the shepherd,
And not of the lambs at his feet.

And the glossy brown cows were so gentle
That they moved at the touch of his hand
O'er the wonderful rosy-red meadow,
And they stood at his word of command.

So he led all his sheep to the pasture,
And his cows, by the side of the brook;
Though it rained, yet the rain never patter'd
O'er the beautiful way that they took.

And it was n't in Fairy-land either,
But a house in a commonplace town,
Where Roy as he looked from the window
Saw the silvery drops trickle down.

For his pasture was only a table,
With its cover so flowery fair,
And his brooklet was just a green ribbon
That his sister had lost from her hair.

And his cows they were glossy horse-chestnuts,
That had grown on his grandfather's tree;
And his sheep they were snowy-white pebbles
He had brought from the shore by the sea.

And at length, when the shepherd was weary,
And had taken his milk and his bread,
And his mother had kissed him and tucked him,
And had bid him "good-night" in his bed,

Then there enter'd his big brother Walter,
While the shepherd was soundly asleep,
And he cut up the cows into baskets,
And to jack-stones turned all of the sheep.

THE RAVENS AND THE ANGELS.

(A Story of the Middle Ages.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, Gottlieb began his training among the other choristers.

It was not easy.

The choir-master showed his appreciation of his raw treasure by straining every nerve to make it as perfect as possible; and therefore he found more fault with Gottlieb than with any one else.

The other boys might, he could not but observe, sing carelessly enough, so that the general harmony was pretty good; but every note of his seemed as if it were a solo which the master's ear never missed, and not the slightest mistake was allowed to pass.

The other choristers understood very well what this meant, and some of them were not a little jealous of the new favorite, as they called him. But to little Gottlieb it seemed hard and strange. He was always straining to do his very best, and yet he never seemed to satisfy. The better he did, the better the master wanted him to do, until he grew almost hopeless.

He would not, for the world, complain to his mother; but on the third evening she observed that he looked very sad and weary, and seemed scarcely to have spirits to play with Lenichen.

She knew it is of little use to ask little children what ails them, because so often their trouble is that they do not know. Some little delicate string within is jarred, and they know nothing of it, and think the whole world is out of tune. So she quietly put Lenichen to bed, and after the boy had said his prayers as usual at her knee, she laid her hand on his head, and caressingly stroked his fair curls, and then she lifted up his face to hers and kissed the little troubled brow and quivering lips.

"Dear little golden mouth!" she said, fondly, "that earns bread, and sleep, for the little sister and for me! I heard the sweet notes to-day, and I thanked God. And I felt as if the dear father was hearing them too, even through the songs in heaven."

The child's heart was opened, the quivering lips broke into a sob, and the face was hidden on her knee.

"It will not be for long, mother!" he said. "The master has found fault with me more than ever to-day. He made me sing passage after passage over and over, until some of the boys were quite angry, and said, afterward, they wished I and my voice were with the old hermit who houses us. Yet he never seemed pleased. He did not even say it was any better."

"But he never gave you up, darling!" she said.

"No; he only told me to come early, alone, to-morrow, and he would give me a lesson by myself, and perhaps I should learn better."

A twinkle of joy danced in her eyes, dimmed with so many tears.

"Silly child!" she said, fondly, "as silly as thy poor mother herself! The master only takes trouble, and chastens and rebukes, because he thinks it is worth while, because thou art trying and learning, and art doing a little better day by day. He knows what thy best can be, and will never be content with anything but thy very best."

"Is it that, mother? Is it indeed that?" said the boy, looking up with a sudden dawning of hope.

And a sweet dawn of promise met him in his mother's eyes as she answered:

"It is even that, my own, for thee and for me!"

CHAPTER IV.

WITH a glad heart, Gottlieb dressed the next morning before Lenichen was awake, and was off to the choir-master for his lesson alone.

The new hope had inspired him, and he sang that morning to the content even of the master, as he knew, not by his praise, but by his summoning Ursula from the kitchen to listen, unable to resist his desire for the sympathy of a larger audience.

Ursula was not exactly musical, nor was she demonstrative, but she showed her satisfaction by appropriating her share of the success.

"*I* knew what was wanting!" she said, significantly. "The birds and the blessed angels may sing on crumbs or on the waters of Paradise; but goose and pudding are a great help to the alleluias here below."

"The archduchess will be enraptured, and the Cistercians will be furious!" said the choir-master, equally pleased at both prospects.

But this Gottlieb did not hear, for he had availed himself of the first free moment to run home and tell his mother how things had improved.

After that, Gottlieb had no more trouble about

the master. The old man's severity became comprehensible and dear to him, and a loving liberty and confidence came into his bearing toward him, which went to the heart of the childless old man, so that dearer than the praise of the archduchess, or even the discomfiture of the Cistercians, became to him the success and welfare of the child.

But then, unknown to himself, the poor boy entered on a new chapter of temptations.

The other boys, observing the choir-master's love for him, grew jealous, and called him sometimes "the master's little angel," and sometimes "the little beggar of the hermitage" or "Dwarf Hans' darling."

He was too brave and manly a little fellow to tell his mother all these little annoyances. He would not for the world have spoiled her joy in her little "Chrysostom," her golden-mouthed laddie. But once they followed him to her door, and she heard them herself. The rude words smote her to the heart, but she only said:

"Thou art not ashamed of the hermit's house, nor of being old Hans' darling?"

"I hope, never!" said the child, with a little hesitation. "God sent him to us, and I love him. But it would be nice if dear Hans sometimes washed his face!"

Magdalis smiled, and hit on a plan for bringing this about. With some difficulty she persuaded the old man to take his dinner every Sunday and holiday with them, and she always set an ewer of water—and a towel, relic of her old burgher life—by him, before the meal.

"We were a kind of Pharisees in our home," she said, "and except we washed our hands, never ate bread."

Hans growled a little, but he took the hint, for her sake and the boy's, and gradually found the practice so pleasant on its own account, that the washing of his hands and face became a daily process.

On his patron saint's day (St. John, February 8), Mother Magdalis went a step further, and presented him with a clean suit of clothes, very humble but neat and sound, of her own making out of old hoards. Not for holidays only, she said, but that he might change his clothes every day, after work, as her Berthold used.

"Dainty, burgher ways," Hans called them, but he submitted, and Gottlieb was greatly comforted, and thought his old friend a long way advanced in his transformation into an angel.

So, between the sweetness of the boy's temper and of his dear mother's love which folded him close, the bitter was turned into sweet within him.

But Ursula, who heard the mocking of the boys with indignation, was not so wise in her consolations.

"Wicked, envious little devils!" said she. "Never thou heed them, my lamb! They would be glad enough, any of them, to be the master's angel, or Dwarf Hans' darling, for that matter, if they could. It is nothing but mean envy and spite, my little prince, my little wonder; never thou heed them!"

And then the enemy crept unperceived into the child's heart.

Was he indeed a little prince and a wonder, on his platform of gifts and goodness? And were all those naughty boys far below him, in another sphere, hating him as the little devils in the mystery-plays seemed to hate and torment the saints?

Had the "raven" been sent to him, after all, as to the prophet of old, not only because he was hungry and pitied by God, but because he was good and a favorite of God?

It seemed clear he was something quite out of the common. He seemed the favorite of every one, except those few envious, wicked boys.

The great ladies of the city entreated for him to come and sing at their feasts; and all their guests stopped in the midst of their eager talk to listen to him, and they gave him sweetmeats and praised him to the skies, and they offered him wine from their silver flagons, and when he refused it, as his mother bade him, they praised him more than ever, and once the host himself, the burgomaster, emptied the silver flagon of the wine he had refused, and told him to take it home to his mother and tell her she had a child whose dutifulness was worth more than all the silver in the city.

But when he told his mother this, instead of looking delighted, as he expected, she looked grave, and almost severe, and said:

"You only did your duty, my boy. It would have been a sin and a shame to do otherwise. And, of course, you would not for the world."

"Certainly I would not, mother," he said.

But he felt a little chilled. Did his mother think it was always so easy for boys to do their duty? and that every one did it?

Other people seemed to think it a very uncommon and noble thing to do one's duty. And what, indeed, could the blessed saints do more?

So the slow poison of praise crept into the boy's heart. And while he thought his life was being filled with light, unknown to him the shadows were deepening,—the one shadow which eclipses the sun, the terrible shadow of self.

For he could not but be conscious how, even in the cathedral, a kind of hush and silence fell around when he began to sing.

And instead of the blessed presence of God filling the holy place, and his singing in it, as of old, like a happy little bird in the sunshine, his own sweet voice seemed to fill the place, rising and falling like a tide up and down the aisles, leaping to the vaulted roof like a fountain of joy, and dropping into the hearts of the multitude like dew from heaven.

And as he went out, in his little white robe, with the choir, he felt the eyes of the people on him, and he heard a murmur of praise, and now and then words such as "That is little Gottlieb, the son of the widow Magdalis. She may well be proud of him. He has the voice and the face of an angel."

And then, in contrast, outside in the street, from the other boys: "See how puffed up the little prince is! He cannot look at any one lower than the bishop or the burgomaster!"

So, between the chorus of praise and the other chorus of mockery, it was no wonder that poor Gottlieb felt like a being far removed from the common herd. And, necessarily, any one of the flock of Christ who feels that, cannot be happy, because if we are far away from the common flock, we cannot be near the Good Shepherd, who always keeps close to the feeblest, and seeks those that go astray.

CHAPTER V.

IT was not long before the watchful eye of the mother observed a little change creeping over the boy—a little more impatience with Lenichen, a little more variableness of temper, sometimes dancing exultingly home as if he were scarcely treading the common earth, sometimes returning with a depression which made the simple work and pleasures of the home seem dull and wearisome.

So it went on until the joyful Easter-tide was drawing near. On Palm Sunday there was to be a procession of the children.

As the mother was smoothing out the golden locks which fell like sunbeams on the white vestments, she said: "It is a bright day for thee and me, my son. I shall feel as if we were all in the dear old Jerusalem itself, and my darling had gathered his palms on Olivet itself, and the very eyes of the blessed Lord himself were on thee, and His ears listening to thee crying out thy hosannas, and His dear voice speaking of thee and through thee, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'"

But Gottlieb looked grave and rather troubled.

"So few seem thinking just of His listening," he said, doubtfully. "There are the choir-master and the dean and chapter, and the other choristers, and the Cistercians, and the mothers of the other choristers, who wish them to sing best."

She took his hand. "So there were in that old Jerusalem," she said. "The Pharisees, who wanted to stop the children's singing, and even the dear Disciples, who often thought they might be troublesome to the Master. But the little ones sang for Him, and He knew, and was pleased. And that is all we have to think of now."

He kissed her, and went away with a lightened brow.

Many of the neighbors came in that afternoon to congratulate Magdalis on her boy—his face, his voice, his gentle ways.

"And then he sings with such feeling," said one. "One sees it is in his heart."

But in the evening Gottlieb came home very sad and desponding. For some time he said nothing, and then, with a brave effort to restrain his tears, he murmured:

"Oh, mother! I am afraid it will soon be over. I heard one of the priests say he thought they had a new chorister at the Cistercians whose voice is as good as mine. So that the archduchess may not like our choir best, after all."

The mother said nothing for a moment, and then she said:

"Whose praise and love will the boy at the Cistercian convent sing, Gottlieb, if he has such a lovely voice?"

"God's!—the dear Heavenly Father and the Savior!" he said, reverently.

"And you, my own? Will another little voice on earth prevent His hearing you? Do the thousands of thousands always singing to Him above prevent His hearing you? And what would the world do if the only voice worth listening to were thine? It cannot be heard beyond one church, or one street. And the good Lord has ten thousand churches, and cities full of people who want to hear."

"But thou, mother! Thou and Lenichen, and the bread!"

"It was the raven that brought the bread," she said, smiling; "and thou art not even a raven,—only a little child to pick up the bread the raven brought."

He sat silent a few minutes, and then the terrible cloud of self and pride dropped off from his heart like a death-shroud, and he threw himself into her arms.

"Oh, mother, I see it all!" he said. "I am free again. I have only to sing to the blessed Lord of all, quite sure He listens, to Him alone, and to all else as just a little one of the all He loves."

And after the evening meal, and a game with Lenichen, the boy crept out to the cathedral to say his prayers in one of the little chapels, and to thank God.

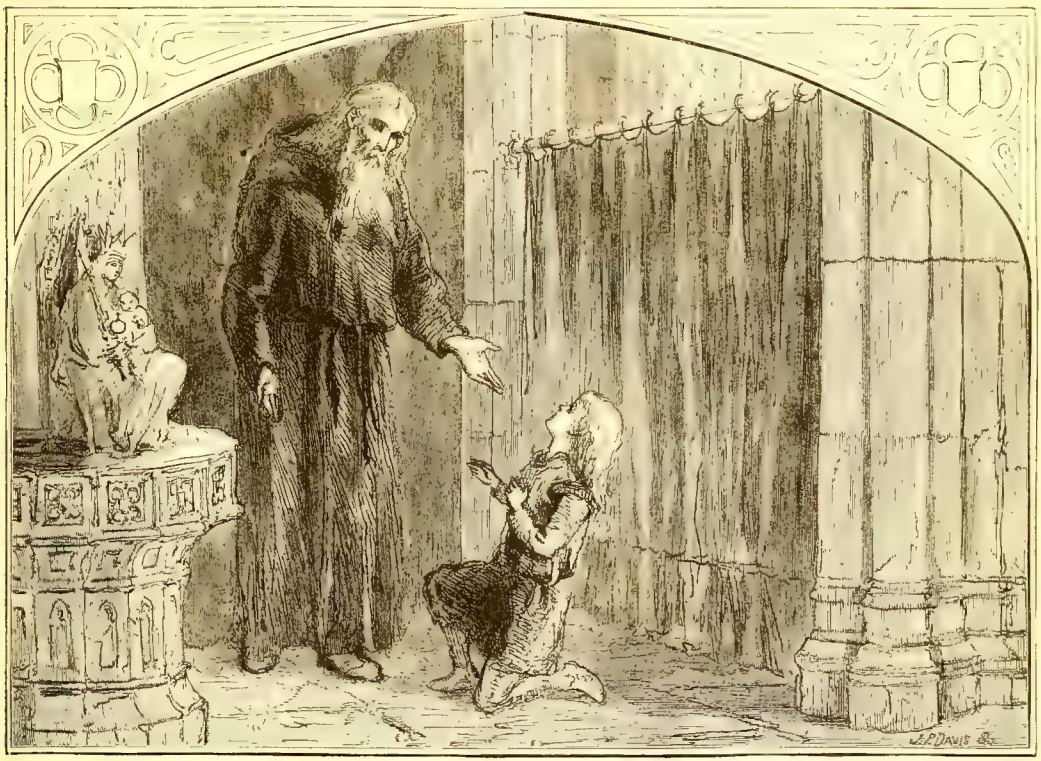
He knelt in the Lady chapel before the image of the infant Christ on the mother's knees.

And as he knelt there, it came into his heart that all the next week was Passion week, "the still week," and would be silent; and the tears filled his eyes to remember how little he had enjoyed singing that day.

"How glad the little children of Jerusalem must have been," he thought, "that they sang to Jesus when they could. I suppose they never could quite loud, and from a dark corner in the shadow of a pillar suddenly arose a very old man in a black monk's robe, with snow-white hair, and drew close to him, and laid his hand on his shoulder and said:

"Fear not, my son. I have a message for thee."

At first, Gottlieb was much frightened, and then, when he heard the kind, tremulous old voice, and saw the lovely, tender smile on the wrinkled, pallid old face, he thought God must really have sent him



"'LOOK AT ME,' THE OLD MAN SAID."

again; for the next Friday He was dead. Oh, suppose He never let me sing to Him again!"

And tears and repressed sobs came fast at the thought, and he murmured aloud, thinking no one was near:

"Dear Savior, only let me sing once more here in church to you, and I will think of no one but you; not of the boys who laugh at me, nor the people who praise me, nor the Cistercians, nor the archduchess, nor even the dear choir-master, but only of you, of you, and perhaps of mother and Lenichen. I could not help that, and you would not mind it. You and they love me so much more than any one, and I love you really so much more than all besides. Only believe it, and try me once more."

As he finished, in his earnestness, the child spoke an angel at last, though certainly not because he was good.

"Look around on these lofty arches, and clustered columns, and the long aisles, and the shrines of saints, and the carved wreaths of flowers and fruits, and the glorious altar! Are these wonderful to thee? Couldst thou have thought of them, or built them?"

"I could as easily have made the stars, or the forests!" said the child.

"Then look at me," the old man said, with a gentle smile on his venerable face, "a poor worn-out old man, whom no one knows. This beautiful house was in my heart before a stone of it was reared. God put it in my heart. I planned it all. I remember this place a heap of poor cottages as

small as thine, and now it is a glorious house of God. And I was what they called the master-builder. Yet no man knows me, or says, 'Look at him!' They look at the cathedral, God's house; and that makes me glad in my inmost soul. I prayed that I might be nothing, and all the glory be His; and He has granted my prayer. And I am as little and as free in this house which I built as in His own forests, or under His own stars; for it is His only, as they are His. And I am nothing but His own little child, as thou art. And He has my hand and thine in His, and will not let us go."

The child looked up, nearly certain now that it must be an angel. To have lived longer than the cathedral seemed like living when the morning stars were made, and all the angels shouted for joy.

"Then God will let me sing here next Easter!" he said, looking confidingly in the old man's face.

"Thou shalt sing, and I shall see, and I shall hear thee, but thou wilt not hear or see me!" said the old man, taking both the dimpled hands in one of his. "And the blessed Lord will listen, as to the little children in Jerusalem of old. And we shall be His dear, happy children for evermore."

Gottlieb went home and told his mother. And they both agreed, that if not an angel, the old man was as good as an angel, and was certainly a messenger of God.

To have been the master-builder of the cathedral of which it was Magdalis's glory and pride that her husband had carved a few of the stones!

The master-builder of the cathedral, yet finding his joy and glory in being a little child of God!

CHAPTER VI.

THE "silent week" that followed was a solemn time to the mother and the boy.

Every day, whatever time could be spared from the practice with the choir, and from helping in the little house and with his mother's wood-carving, or from playing with Lenichen in the fields, Gottlieb spent in the silent cathedral, draped as it was in funereal black for the sacred life given up to God for man.

"How glad," he thought again and again, "the little children of Jerusalem must have been that they sang when they could to the blessed Jesus! They little knew how soon the kind hands that blessed them would be stretched on the cross, and the kind voice that would not let their singing be stopped would be moaning 'I thirst.'"

But he felt that he, Gottlieb, ought to have known; and if ever he was allowed to sing his hosannas in the choir again, it would feel like the face of the blessed Lord himself smiling on him, and His voice saying, "Suffer this little one to come unto me. I have forgiven him."

He hoped also to see the master-builder again; but nevermore did the slight, aged form appear in the sunshine of the stained windows, or in the shadows of the arches he had planned.

And so the still Passion week wore on.

Until once more the joy-bells pealed out on the blessed Easter morning.

The city was full of festivals. The rich were in their richest holiday raiment, and few of the poor were so poor as not to have some sign of festivity in their humble dress and on their frugal tables.

Mother Magdalis was surprised by finding at her bedside a new dress such as befitted a good burgher's daughter, sent secretly the night before from Ursula by Hans and Gottlieb, with a pair of enchanting new crimson shoes for little Lenichen, which all but over-balanced the little maiden with the new sense of possessing something which must be a wonder and a delight to all beholders.

The archduke and the beautiful Italian archduchess had arrived the night before, and were to go in stately procession to the cathedral. And Gottlieb was to sing in the choir, and afterward, on the Monday, to sing an Easter greeting for the archduchess at the banquet in the great town-hall.

The mother's heart trembled with some anxiety for the child.

But the boy's was only trembling with the great longing to be allowed to sing once more his hosannas to the blessed Savior, among the children.

It was given him.

At first the eager voice trembled for joy, in the verse he had to sing alone, and the choir-master's brows were knitted with anxiety. But it cleared and steadied in a moment, and soared with a fullness and freedom none had ever heard in it before, filling the arches of the cathedral and the hearts of all.

And the beautiful archduchess bent over to see the child, and her soft, dark eyes were fixed on his face, as he sang, until they filled with tears; and, afterward, she asked who the mother of that little angel was.

But the child's eyes were fixed on nothing earthly, and his heart was listening for another voice—the voice all who listen for shall surely hear.

And it said in the heart of the child, that day: "Suffer the little one to come unto me. Go in peace. Thy sins are forgiven."

A happy, sacred evening they spent that Easter in the hermit's cell, the mother and the two children, the boy singing his best for the little nest, as before for the King of kings.

Still, a little anxiety lingered in the mother's heart about the pomp of the next day.

But she need not have feared.

When the archduchess had asked for the mother of the little chorister with the heavenly voice, the choir-master had told her what touched her much about the widowed Magdalis and her two children; and old Ursula and the master between them contrived that Mother Magdalis should be at the banquet, hidden behind the tapestry.

And when Gottlieb came close to the great lady, robed in white, with blue feathery wings, to represent a little angel, and sang her the Easter greeting, she bent down and folded him in her arms, and kissed him.

And then once more she asked for his mother, and, to Gottlieb's surprise and her own, the mother was led forward, and knelt before the archduchess.

Then the beautiful lady beamed on the mother and the child, and, taking a chain and jewel from her neck, she clasped it round the boy's neck, and said, in musical German with a foreign accent:

"Remember, this is not so much a gift as a token and sign that I will not forget thee and thy mother, and that I look to see thee and hear thee again, and to be thy friend."

And as she smiled on him, the whole banqueting-hall—indeed, the whole world—seemed illuminated to the child.

And he said to his mother as they went home:

"Mother, surely God has sent us an angel at last. But, even for the angels, we will never forget His dear ravens. Wont old Hans be glad?"

And the mother was glad; for she knew that God who giveth grace to the lowly had indeed blessed the lad, because all his gifts and honors were transformed, as always in the lowly heart, not into pride, but into love.

But when the boy ran eagerly to find old Hans, to show him the jewel and tell him of the princely promises, Hans was nowhere to be found; not in the hermit's house, where he was to have met them and shared their little festive meal, nor at his own stall, nor in the hut in which he slept.

Gottlieb's heart began to sink.

Never had his dear old friend failed to share in any joy of theirs before.

At length, as he was lingering about the old man's little hut, wondering, a sad, silent company came bearing slowly and tenderly a heavy burden, which at last they laid on Hans' poor straw pallet.

It was poor Hans himself, bruised and crushed and wounded in his struggles to press through the crowd to see his darling, his poor crooked limbs broken and unable to move any more.

But the face was untouched, and when they had laid him on the couch, and the languid eyes opened and rested on the beloved face of the child bending over him bathed in tears, a light came over the poor rugged features, and shone in the dark, hollow eyes, such as nothing on earth can give—a wonderful light of great, unutterable love, as they gazed into the eyes of the child, and then, looking upward, seemed to open on a vision none else could see.

"Jesus! Savior! I can do no more. Take care of him, thou thyself, Jesus, Lord!"

He said no more—no prayer for himself, only for the child.

Then the eyes grew dim, the head sank back, and with one sigh he breathed his soul away to God.

And such an awe came over the boy that he ceased to weep.

He could only follow the happy soul up to God, and say voicelessly in his heart:

"Dear Lord Jesus! I understand at last! The raven was the angel. And Thou hast let me see him for one moment as he is, as he is now with Thee, as he will be evermore!"



A TRIP TO THE TEA COUNTRY.

By William M. Tileston.



I WAS leaning over the tea-room table on one of the lovely spring mornings that we sometimes have in China. In front of me the large window, like that in an artist's studio, admitted the north light upon the long array of little porcelain tea-cups and saucers, and "musters," or square, flat boxes of tea-samples. The last new "chop" had been carefully tasted and the leaf inspected, and I was wondering whether the price asked by the tea-man would show a profit over the latest quotations from London and New York, when my speculations were disturbed by the entrance of my friend Charley, followed by Akong, well known as the most influential tea-broker in the Oopack province. Charley and Akong were fast friends, and I saw by the twinkle in the eyes of each that a premeditated plot of some kind was about being exploded upon my unsuspecting self.

But before going further, let me tell you who we all are, where we are, and what we are doing.

Of course I am aware that it is exceedingly impolite to put oneself first, but in the present instance you must excuse it; for besides being the oldest, I occupy the position of guide, philosopher and friend to Charley, and my story would scarcely be intelligible or complete if I did not begin with myself. Well, to begin: I am one of those unfortunate individuals known in China as "cha-szes," or tea-tasters; doomed for my sins, or the hope of one day getting rich, to pass the time in smelling, tasting and buying teas for the great mercantile house or "hong" of Young Hyson & Co. The place at which you find me is Hankow, on the great Yang Tsze Kiang, or river, some six hundred miles from its mouth. If you have a map of China, and will find on it the Yang Tsze, by tracing with your finger—if your map is at all correct—you will discover the cities of Chin Kiang, Nanking, Nganking, Kiu Kiang, and finally, at the junction of the river Han with the Yang Tsze, Wuchang. Hankow will probably not be on your map, but on the north bank of the Yang Tsze, just at the point of junction with the Han, is this important trading port, thrown open to foreigners in 1861, after the signing of the treaty of Tein-Tsin.

And now for Charley, whom I have kept talking pigeon-English to Akong all this time. Charley was the son of an old friend, chaplain to the British consulate at one of the coast ports; his mother dying, Charley was to have been sent home to relatives in England, but I had prevailed upon his father to let the boy, now between twelve and fourteen years old, make me a visit before his final departure.

And now for the conspiracy:

"Chin-chin (how do you do), Akong?" said I.

"What is it, Charley? Out with it, my boy; some mischief, I know." Akong gave a chuckle and a muttered "hi-yah," and Charley proceeded to explain.

"Well Cha,"—the Chinamen called me Cha-tsze and the boy had abbreviated it to Cha,—"Akong says that he has a boat going up to the tea country to-morrow or next day, and wants me to go with him; may I?"

Charley knew that I could refuse him nothing, but the trip of several hundred miles into a district rarely, if ever, visited by foreigners, involved more



THE BARBER.

of a risk than I cared to assume. Charley seeing that I looked unusually solemn, turned to Akong for support.

"What for you no go too, Cha-tsze? Just now

my thinkee no got new chop come inside two week; get back plenty time."

Akong's pigeon-English perhaps requires explanation: You must know, then, that the Chinese with whom all foreigners transact business, instead of learning correct English have a lingo, or *patois*, of their own, ascribed, but I think erroneously, to the carelessness of their first English visitors, who addressed them in this manner, thinking to make themselves more easily understood. The fact is, that pigeon-English, besides having many Portuguese words mixed up with it,—the Portuguese, you know, were established in China as early as the seventeenth century,—is in many instances a literal translation of Chinese into perverted English. In the present instance, Akong suggested that as there would be no more tea down for a fortnight, it would be well for me, too, to go. The proposition was quite agreeable to me, and Charley scampered off to tell Ahim, the cook, and Aho, my boy, to make the necessary preparations.

The next morning, at an early hour, Akong's great mandarin, or house-boat, was moored at the jetty, and the boys were packing away the provisions and the charcoal for cooking, and long strings of copper "cash" to be used in the purchase of eggs and chickens, and the mats of rice that would form the principal article of "chow-chow" for the crew. Everybody in China has a boy, and Charley had his; a regular young imp of a fellow of about his own age. Aling was his name; Charley used to call him Ting-a-ling, and would jabber horrible Chinese to him by the hour. Aling jumped down the steps, two at a time, with Charley's traveling bag; but Aho, more sedate and dignified, marched after him; Charley and I joined Akong in the front of the boat, and with a chorus of "chin-chins" from the coolies and house-servants left behind, and the explosion of a pack of fire-crackers to propitiate the river dragon, the boat was shoved from the jetty, the sail hoisted, and we were soon slowly stemming the broad current of the Yang Tsze. On our right was Hankow, with its million or more inhabitants, the hum of the great city following us for miles; and the mouth of the Han, its surface so covered with junks that their masts resembled a forest, and only a narrow lane of water was left for the passage of boats. Just beyond the Han was Han Yang, once a fine city, but now in ruins, one of the results of the Tae-ping rebellion. Across the Yang Tsze, here a mile wide, was Wuchang, the residence of the viceroy of the Hupeh province. This place was supposed to be closed to foreigners, but Charley and I had made many a secret visit, and had some rare sport among the curiosity shops, with occasionally an adventure of a less pleasing description, about which I should like to tell you if I had time.

Rapidly we passed the suburbs of these cities, and drawing over to the south bank, as the wind was light, the crew were ordered ashore, and stretching themselves along a tow-rope extending from the mast-head, the boat was soon moving quite rapidly. And that reminds me that I have not yet described our boat. These boats,



THE TEA HONG.

used by the gentry in transporting themselves about the country, are almost like Noah's ark on a small scale—a boat with a house running almost the entire length of the deck, with little latticed windows on the outside, and the interior divided into rooms for eating and sleeping. The crew all lived aft on the great overhanging stern, where the cooking was done, and where the handle of the great "yuloe," or sculling oar, protruded. In front of the cabin was a little piece of deck-room where Charley and I had our camp-stools, and which gave us an excellent place from which to observe everything going on ahead.

The boat coolies were straining on the tow-rope a hundred yards ahead. Frequently we passed some fisherman sitting in his little mat hut, with his feet on the windlass that raised his great square net; but never did we see them catch a fish, although on our return the same men were working as assiduously as ever. The country presented the same compact system of farming, the hills in many places being terraced to their very summits, and planted with waving crops of wheat and millet, beans, and vegetables of every description. Toward noon we passed the "Ta" and "Lao Kin Shan" (great and little golden mountain), and by the time Aling had announced "tiffin" (luncheon), we were abreast of Kin Kow, a picturesque village

in the neighborhood of which I generally found some excellent shooting. After tiffin we again resumed our camp-stools. I lighted a cigar, and Akong smoked his hubble-bubble, a small copy of the nargileh of the Turks. The river was alive with junks, some going in the same direction as ourselves, and others loaded with tea, charcoal, vegetable tallow, oil of various kinds, and gypsum, brought, most of them, from the far western province of Sze Chuen.

There was but little variety in the journey until the following day, when we approached the great bend in the Yang Tsze, and Akong told us that, if so inclined, we could land from the boat, and by walking six or eight miles across the country join the boat again, the bend rendering it necessary for her to go around some thirty or forty miles. This we gladly assented to, and taking my gun, in hopes of meeting with some snipe in the paddy-fields, and with Aling and a coolie for interpreters, we landed.

Charley and I both experienced a rather queer sensation as we watched the boat sail off, and found ourselves with no other white man within a hundred or more miles. The country ahead was one immense rice-field, divided by dykes or banks paved with stones and forming paths for walking. At some distance we saw a large clump of bamboos with tall elms beyond, indicating a village, called, as a coolie at work in a ditch informed us, Fi-Loong. Soon we saw a broad creek with a handsome stone bridge over it, and on the other side an unusually large house of two stories, which turned out to belong to the Te-poy, or local magistrate of the place. The old gentleman himself was sitting outside of the house having his head shaved by the village barber. He politely invited us to wait, and after the shaving was over regaled us with a cup of tea,—rather weak, but refreshing,—and after chin-chin-ing we resumed our journey.

Can you see our party trudging along? Beyond the village were more paddy-fields, from which occasionally a great white paddy-bird arose. I shot one of them, to the great delight of our coolie, who pronounced it No. 1 good chow-chow; but Charley and I were much more pleased at the sight of several English snipe. Reaching an old lotus-pond, a shot scared up these birds almost in myriads, and a good bunch of them promised a very welcome addition to our dinner. Meanwhile we had been following a creek, which we now needed to cross. But before long Aling espied a man in the distance at work with a huge buffalo, and exclaiming, "Hi-yah! belly good walkee now," rushed off in that direction. He soon returned with the buffalo and his owner, and indicated that we could cross on the back of the former. The huge, ungainly beast threw up his head and snorted when he caught sight of the "fanquis," or foreign devils, but a pull at the ring through his nose soon brought him to subjection.

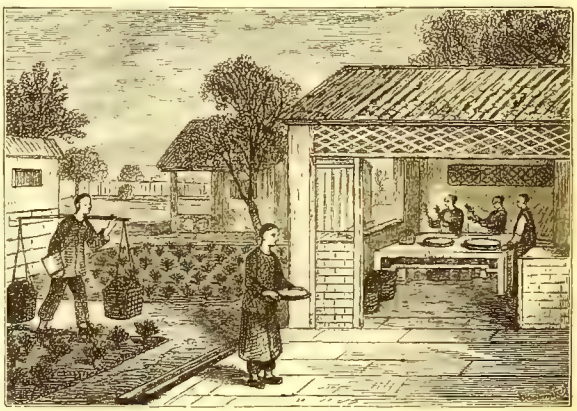
"How much does he want, Aling, to carry us over?"

"He say ten cash can do."

As this sum (one cent) was not an unreasonable ferriage, we nodded; and the buffalo being led into the water near the bank, I mounted first, then came Charley with his arms around me, then Aling, who had climbed up behind. When we were half-way over, Charley laughed so heartily at the ridiculous figure we made that the buffalo gave another snort, and threatened to roll us off, into the muddy water, but we landed safely, and giving the man his ten cash, went on again. The rest of the walk was without adventure, and we finally arrived at the river-bank just as the boat was coming around the point below us.

That evening we left the main river and tracked up a tributary stream until we came to a broad canal, which Akong informed us led direct to our destination.

Turning out of our beds the next morning we found the boat moored to the bank of the canal, opposite a long, rambling, one-storied building, which proved to be the "hong" of the tea-merchant to whom the neighboring plantations belonged. We were really in the tea country at last. On every side of us, as far as the eye could reach, the dark-green tea-plants were growing in their beds of reddish sandy soil. Notwithstanding the cook's urgent appeals to wait until chow-chow was ready, we jumped ashore and into the midst of a crowd of noisy coolies moving in every direction, each with his load slung at the ends of a bamboo



SORTING THE TEA.

across his shoulders, and singing a monotonous "Aho, Aho, Aho!" which appears as necessary to the Chinese carrier as the "Yo heave ho!" to the sailor. Long, narrow junks were lying at the bank, and being rapidly loaded with the familiar tea-chests; crowds of men, women and children were coming from the plantation, each with bags of the freshly picked leaves, or with baskets on their heads in which the more delicate kinds were carefully carried. We stepped into the building, and there witnessed the entire operation of assorting, firing the teas, and even the manufacturing of the chests. We would gladly have remained, but Aho came up and informed us "that breakfast hab got spoilem," so we deferred further investigation until after the meal.

Akong joined us at breakfast, and partook of our curry and rice with great gusto, for tea-brokers as a rule are by no means averse to foreign chow-chow, and handle a knife and fork with almost as much ease as they do the native chop-sticks. Charley plied us both with questions regarding tea in general, and probably the following summary will pretty well represent the result of his queries:

The cultivation of the tea-plant is by no means confined to any one district or spot, but is scattered about through the different provinces, each producing its peculiar description known to the trade by its distinctive name. We were now in the Hupeh or Oopack country, and the tea we saw being gathered and prepared was the heavy-liquored black-leafed description, known in England and to the trade as Congou. This Congou forms the staple of the mixture known in that country under the generic name of "black," and sometimes finds its way to us under the guise of "English breakfast tea." From Foo-chow-foo, on the coast, half-way between Shanghae and Hong Kong, is shipped another description known as red-leaf Congou, the bulk of which goes to England also, although we are gradually absorbing an increasing quantity. Kiu Kiang, on the Yang Tsze, some one hundred and forty miles below Hankow, shares with the latter port in the trade of the Hupeh country, and is, or was until recently, the point of shipment for the fine green teas grown and manufactured in the Moyune district, a very large proportion of which is shipped to this country. First in importance as a point of shipment is Foo-chow-foo, whence are exported, in addition to the red-leafed Congous, or Boheas, the bulk of the Oolongs. Still further down the coast is Amoy, from which point inferior descriptions of both kinds are shipped, together with some scented teas; but the bulk of the latter, known as Scented Capers, Orange Pekoe, etc., are exported from Canton and Macao. These, together with a peculiar description of green, are manufactured at these ports from leaf grown in the neighborhood. Al-



HOEING AND WATERING THE PLANTS.

though no tea is grown near Shanghae, much of the Congou grown in the Hupeh province is sent there for sale, and thence shipped to England. The green teas from both the Moyune and Ping-Suey countries are also shipped from Shanghae.

Breakfast over, we jumped ashore again, and, desiring to conduct our sight-seeing systematically, started for the fields. First we walked to the foot of a hill a little distance off, where some men in short cotton trousers and jackets were laying out a new plantation. The ground was accurately marked off, and in one place the little plants, only an inch or two in height, were just showing above the ground. In another, the seeds—little round balls they looked like—were being planted in the rows. Passing another field, where some men were at work with their hoes in true Chinese style, stopping every few moments to smoke their pipes, we came at last to where the plants had attained some size and the actual picking was going on. The plants themselves were from two to six feet high, according to age, and from repeated cuttings down had grown into dense masses of small twigs. Many of them were covered with little white flowers, somewhat similar to the jasmine, and seeds inclosed in a casing not unlike that of the hazel-nut, but thinner and full of oil. Charley thought they looked like little laurel bushes; to me, those that had been well picked were not unlike huckleberry bushes, only the leaves were, of course, a much darker green. The first picking, usually in April, is when the leaves are very young and tender, commanding a much higher price than those subsequently plucked. The second is a month later, when they have attained maturity; and as unpropitious weather would be likely to ruin them, great

expedition is used in getting in the crop, the entire population turning out to assist. A third, and even a fourth, follows; but the quality rapidly deteriorates, and but a small proportion of these last pickings is prepared for export.



DRYING THE TEA.

The plantations were filled with a merry crowd, composed principally of women and children, all engaged in stripping the bushes as rapidly as possible, yet with great care and dexterity, so as not to bruise the leaves. They looked up from their work and screamed to each other in their harsh guttural tones, casting glances of astonishment at the barbarians. Following some of the coolies, who with filled bags were trudging off to the curing-house, we saw the most interesting operation of all. Here, at least thirty young girls were engaged in assorting the leaves, picking out all the dead and yellow ones, and preparing them for the hands of the rollers and firers. Our entrance excited quite a commotion among the damsels, as we were probably the first barbarians they had seen, and we had the reputation of living entirely on fat babies. A word from Akong, who had joined us, re-assured them, and in a few minutes Charley was airing his little stock of Chinese, more, I thought, to their amusement than their edification. Leaving this room we went into another where the curing was in progress. On one side extended a long furnace built of bricks, with large iron pans placed at equal distances, and heated by charcoal fires below. Into these pans leaves by the basketful were poured, stirred rapidly for a few minutes, and then removed to large bamboo frames, where they were rolled and kneaded until all the green juice was freed. They were then scattered loosely in large, flat baskets, and placed in the sun to dry. Subsequently, the leaves were again carried to the furnaces and exposed to a gentle heat, until they curled and twisted themselves into the shapes so familiar to you all. Some of the finer kinds often prepared for exportation are rolled over by hand before being fired. The great object appears to be to prevent the leaf from breaking; hence, in the commoner kinds and those intended for home consumption, which do not receive the same care, the leaves are found to be very much broken. In fact, the preparation of this latter sort is very simple: a mere drying in the sun, after which it presents a dry, broken appearance, like autumn leaves.

Green tea, although grown in particular districts, receives its peculiar color by being stirred with a mixture of gypsum and Prussian blue during the firing, but is prepared in a more laborious manner, the leaves being selected and divided to form the different kinds known as Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Hyson, Hyson Skin and Twankay. An aggregation of these kinds, proportioned according to their value, forms what is known as a "chop," whereas a chop of black tea comprises all of one grade or quality. Chinamen wonder at the taste of "outside barbarians" in preferring a tea colored green, but would provide them with a leaf of yellow or blue if there was a market for it.

The entire operation pertaining to the business appeared to be carried on in the cluster of little



ONE OF THE SING-SONG GIRLS.

buildings with court-yards between, but almost under the same roof, and afforded occupation to an immense number of persons. And yet the payments

could not have been very large; from six to ten cents per day being about the wages they received. In one room men were engaged in making boxes; in another, lining them with thin sheets of lead. Further on, the outsides of the boxes were being pasted over with paper, on which was stamped the name of the tea and the maker's business-title. Finally, they were being filled, soldered up and carried off to the boats, not to be opened again until they reached the shop of some London grocer.

The principal object of our friend Akong's visit was to convoy with his mandarin-boat a fleet of tea-junks to Hankow; so that but one day was given us for our visit. The boats being nearly ready, it was arranged that we should start on our return the following morning. The evening was devoted to a dinner and "sing-song" given for our entertainment by the tea-men. Aho asked if he should take our knives and forks, a proposition which we indignantly rejected. As it was to be a Chinese dinner, we determined to do it in Chinese style, chop-sticks and all. Such a dinner! We were seated at little square tables holding four persons each, the Chinamen all dressed in their official or state costumes. First came little dishes of sweet-meats and then bowls of bird's-nest soup, with the jelly-like substance floating about in it in company with little pieces of chicken. This was very nice, although we *did* all eat out of the same bowl, using little porcelain spoons. Then came more sweet-meats, followed by dishes of *béche de mer*, or sea-slugs and fat pork; this we passed, but not until an over-polite Chinaman took up a gristly piece of *something* with his chop-sticks, and, after biting off a piece, passed the rest to Charley. The chop-sticks we could not manage; the meat would slip out of them, and had it not been for the soups, of which there were several, and the rice, which we could *shovel* into our mouths, we should have had no dinner. Tea was passed by the servants continually, as were little bowls of "samshu"—a liquor distilled from rice. During the dinner, the sing-song girls played on the native two-stringed fiddles, and sang in falsetto voices a selection of music, which was undoubtedly very fine if judged by the Chinese standard, but which we could not appreciate.

The noise soon became almost intolerable, and we slipped off to the boat and sought our beds.

When we awoke in the morning the whole fleet of tea-boats was under way, and with a fair wind we ran rapidly down the creek and were once more on the broad Yang Tsze. On the third day we reached Hankow safely, and well pleased with our trip to the tea country.

TREASURE-TROVE.

By Olive A. Wadsworth.

A diligent Biddy was scratching one day,
And pecking at morsels that came in her way,
When all of a sudden she widened her eyes,
And the feathers stood up on her head with surprise!

A strange-looking treasure Dame Biddy had found,
'Twixt a brick and a clam-shell it lay on the ground;
The hen with a peck turned it over and over,
But the longer she looked the less could discover.

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen, "as sure as I stand,
This never was grown upon solid dry land;
I 'll take it along to Dame Duck and her daughter,
They 're wise about things that come out of the water."

So she carried the thing in her beak to the brook,
And called to Dame Duck to come quickly and look,
And the dame and her child relinquished their pleasure,
And waddled ashore to examine the treasure.

"Alack!" said the duck and "A-quack!" said the daughter,
"We 've never seen objects like *this* in the water!
Suppose we submit it to old Mrs. Ewe?
She 's wise about wool, and has seen the world, too!"

So the duck took it carefully up in her bill,
And the duckling and hen followed on to the mill,
Where the miller's fat sheep was placidly grazing,
And there they displayed this treasure amazing.

"Ah, bah!" said the sheep, "what a queer-looking piece!
This never was parcel or part of a fleece!
Our flock would disown it!—but take it, I pray,
To Brindle, the cow, she 's wise about hay!"

So the sheep and the duckling, the duck and the hen,
With the treasure set forth in procession again,
To where the cow stood,—in the shade, as she ought,—
A-chewing her cud and a-thinking her thought.

"Bless my horns!" said the cow, "I really must say,
I 've ne'er seen the like in straw or in hay!
Why don't you ask Dobbin, the farmer's gray mare?
She 's traveled so much, and she 's wise about hair."

So the hen and the ducks, the sheep and the cow,
Went seeking for Dobbin, just loosed from the plow;
They all talked at once, to make things explicit,
And finally showed her the cause of their visit.

But Dobbin gave snorts of dislike and dismay;
"Why don't you," said she, "pass it on to old Tray?
He hunts for his food where the refuse is thrown,
And he 's wise about cinders, and rubbish, and bone."

So Dobbin and Brindle, and fat Mrs. Ewe,
And the duckling and duck, and the Biddy-hen too,
All eager for knowledge, went down the wide road
To the kennel where Tray had his pleasant abode.

Now Tray was a dog with a gift for detecting,
He never would bark without briefly reflecting;
He snuffed at the treasure and turned it about,
And soon would have uttered his sentence, no doubt,—

But just then our Tommy ran up to the crowd.
"Where did you get those, sir?" he cried out aloud.
"They 're my new Sunday gloves! They fell out of my hat!
I took them to school to show them to Matt!

"And, you see, Matt and I had some liquorice candy,
Our fingers were sticky, the gloves were just handy;
And then, when the teacher said, 'Tom, wash your slate,'
My sponge was all lost, and the class could n't wait.

"And 'cause I was hurrying, what do you think?
That bothersome ink-bottle slopped out the ink!
You can't expect gloves to look nobby and new
When they have to be used for a slate and ink too.

"Now, that's reasons enough!" said poor Tommy, "I guess!"
And the company bowed a unanimous "Yes,"
And the horse, cow and sheep, duck, duckling and hen,
Complacently turned themselves homeward again.

UNDER THE LILACS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter VII.

NEW FRIENDS TROT IN.

Next day Ben ran off to his work with Quackenbos's "Elementary History of the United States" in his pocket, and the Squire's cows had ample time to breakfast on wayside grass before they were put into their pasture. Even then the pleasant lesson was not ended, for Ben had an errand to town, and all the way he read busily, tumbling over the hard words, and leaving bits which he did not understand to be explained at night by Bab.

At "The First Settlements" he had to stop, for the school-house was reached and the book must be returned. The maple-tree closet was easily found, and a little surprise hidden under the flat stone; for Ben paid two sticks of red and white candy for the privilege of taking books from the new library.

When recess came great was the rejoicing of the children over their unexpected treat, for Mrs. Moss had few pennies to spare for sweets, and, somehow, this candy tasted particularly nice, bought out of grateful Ben's solitary dime. The little girls shared their goodies with their favorite mates, but said nothing about the new arrangement, fearing it would be spoilt if generally known. They told their mother, however, and she gave them leave to lend their books and encourage Ben to love learning all they could. She also proposed that they should drop patch-work and help her make some blue shirts for Ben. Mrs. Barton had given her the materials, and she thought it would be an excellent lesson in needle-work as well as a useful gift to Ben—who, boy-like, never troubled himself as to what he should wear when his one suit of clothes gave out.

Wednesday afternoon was the sewing time, so the two little B's worked busily at a pair of shirt sleeves, sitting on their bench in the door-way, while the rusty needles creaked in and out, and the childish voices sung school-songs, with frequent stoppages for lively chatter.

For a week, Ben worked away bravely, and never shirked nor complained, although Pat put many a hard or disagreeable job upon him, and chores grew more and more distasteful. His only comfort was the knowledge that Mrs. Moss and the Squire were satisfied with him, his only pleasure the lessons he learned while driving the cows, and recited in the evening when the three children met under the lilacs to "play school."

He had no thought of studying when he began, and hardly knew that he was doing it as he pored over the different books he took from the library. But the little girls tried him with all they possessed, and he was mortified to find how ignorant he was. He never owned it in words, but gladly accepted all the bits of knowledge they offered from their small store; getting Betty to hear him spell "just for fun;" agreeing to draw Bab all the bears and tigers she wanted if she would show him how to do sums on the flags, and often beguiled his lonely labors by trying to chant the multiplication table as they did. When Tuesday night came round the Squire paid him a dollar, said he was "a likely boy," and might stay another week if he chose. Ben thanked him and thought he would, but the next morning, after he had put up the bars, he remained sitting on the top rail to consider his

prospects, for he felt uncommonly reluctant to go back to the society of rough Pat. Like most boys he hated work, unless it was of a sort which just suited him; then he could toil like a beaver and never tire. His wandering life had given him no habits of steady industry, and while he was an unusually capable lad of his age, he dearly loved to loaf about and have a good deal of variety and excitement in his life.

Now he saw nothing before him but days of patient and very uninteresting labor. He was heartily sick of weeding; even riding Duke before the cultivator had lost its charms, and a great pile of wood lay in the Squire's yard which he knew he would be set to piling up in the shed. Strawberry-picking would soon follow the asparagus cultivation, then haying, and so on all the long, bright summer, without any fun, unless his father came for him.

On the other hand, he was not obliged to stay a minute longer unless he liked. With a comfortable suit of clothes, a dollar in his pocket, and a row of dinner-baskets hanging in the school-house entry to supply him with provisions if he did n't mind stealing them, what was easier than to run away again? Tramping has its charms in fair weather, and Ben had lived like a gypsy under canvas for years, so he feared nothing, and began to look down the leafy road with a restless, wistful expression, as the temptation grew stronger and stronger every minute.

Sancho seemed to share the longing, for he kept running off a little way and stopping to frisk and bark, then rushed back to sit watching his master with those intelligent eyes of his, which seemed to say, "Come on, Ben, let us scamper down this pleasant road and never stop till we are tired." Swallows darted by, white clouds fled before the balmy west wind, a squirrel ran along the wall, and all things seemed to echo the boy's desire to leave toil behind and roam away as care-free as they. One thing restrained him,—the thought of his seeming ingratitude to good Mrs. Moss, and the disappointment of the little girls at the loss of their two new play-fellows. While he paused to think of this, something happened which kept him from doing what he would have been sure to regret afterward.

Horses had always been his best friends, and one came trotting up to help him now, though he did not know how much he owed it till long after. Just in the act of swinging himself over the bars to take a short cut across the fields, the sound of approaching hoofs, unaccompanied by the roll of wheels, caught his ear, and pausing, he watched eagerly to see who was coming at such a pace.

At the turn of the road, however, the quick trot stopped, and in a moment a lady on a bay mare came pacing slowly into sight,—a young and pretty lady, all in dark blue, with a bunch of dandelions like yellow stars in her button-hole, and a silver-handled whip hanging from the pommel of her saddle, evidently more for ornament than use. The handsome mare limped a little and shook her head as if something plagued her, while her mistress leaned down to see what was the matter, saying, as if she expected an answer of some sort:

"Now, Chevalita, if you have got a stone in your foot, I shall have to get off and take it out. Why don't you look where you step and save me all this trouble?"

"I 'll look for you, ma'am; I 'd like to!" said an eager voice so unexpectedly that both horse and rider started as a boy came down the bank with a jump.

"I wish you would. You need not be afraid; Lita is as gentle as a lamb," answered the young lady, smiling, as if amused by the boy's earnestness.

"She 's a beauty, anyway," muttered Ben, lifting one foot after another till he found the stone, and with some trouble got it out.

"That was nicely done, and I 'm much obliged. Can you tell me if that cross-road leads to the Elms?" asked the lady, as she went slowly on with Ben beside her.

"No, ma'am; I 'm new in these parts, and I only know where Squire Allen and Mrs. Moss live."

"I want to see both of them, so suppose you show me the way. I was here long ago, and thought I should remember how to find the old house with the elm avenue and the big gate, but I don't."

"I know it; they call that place the Laylocks now, 'cause there 's a hedge of 'em all down the path and front wall. It 's a real pretty place; Bab and Betty play there, and so do I."

Ben could not restrain a chuckle at the recollection of his first appearance there, and as if his merriment or his words interested her, the lady said, pleasantly: "Tell me all about it. Are Bab and Betty your sisters?"

Quite forgetting his intended tramp, Ben plunged into a copious history of himself and new-made friends, led on by a kind look, an inquiring word, and sympathetic smile, till he had told everything. At the school-house corner he stopped and said, spreading his arms like a sign-post:

"That 's the way to the Laylocks, and this is the way to the Squire's."

"As I 'm in a hurry to see the old house, I 'll go this way first, if you will be kind enough to give my love to Mrs. Allen, and tell the Squire Miss Celia

is coming to dine with him. I wont say good-by, because I shall see you again."

With a nod and a smile the young lady cantered away, and Ben hurried up the hill to deliver his message, feeling as if something pleasant was going to happen, so it would be wise to defer running away, for the present at least.



BEN TAKES THE STONE FROM LITA'S FOOT.

At one o'clock Miss Celia arrived, and Ben had the delight of helping Pat stable pretty Chevalita; then, his own dinner hastily eaten, he fell to work at the detested wood-pile with sudden energy, for, as he worked, he could steal peeps into the dining-room, and see the curly brown head between the two gray ones as the three sat round the table. He could not help hearing a word now and then, as the windows were open, and these bits of conversation filled him with curiosity, for the names "Thorny," "Celia," and "George" were often repeated, and an occasional merry laugh from the young lady sounded like music in that usually quiet place.

When dinner was over, Ben's industrious fit left him, and he leisurely trundled his barrow to and fro till the guest departed. There was no chance for him to help now, since Pat, anxious to get whatever trifle might be offered for his services, was quite devoted in his attentions to the mare and her mistress till she was mounted and off. But Miss

Celia did not forget her little guide, and spying a wistful face behind the wood-pile, paused at the gate and beckoned with that winning smile of hers. If ten Pats had stood scowling in the way Ben would have defied them all, and vaulting over the fence he ran up with a shining face, hoping she wanted some last favor of him. Leaning down, Miss Celia slipped a new quarter into his hand, saying:

"Lita wants me to give you this for taking the stone out of her foot."

"Thanky, ma'am; I liked to do it, for I hate to see 'em limp, 'specially such a pretty one as she is," answered Ben, stroking the glossy neck with a loving touch.

"The Squire says you know a good deal about horses, so I suppose you understand the Houyhnhnm language? I'm learning it, and it is very nice," laughed Miss Celia, as Chevalita gave a little whinny and snuggled her nose into Ben's pocket.

"No, miss, I never went to school."

"That is not taught there. I'll bring you a book all about it when I come back. Mr. Gulliver went to the horse-country and heard the dear things speak their own tongue."

"My father has been on the prairies where there's lots of wild ones, but he did n't hear 'em speak. I know what they want without talkin'," answered Ben, suspecting a joke, but not exactly seeing what it was.

"I don't doubt it, but I wont forget the book. Good-by, my lad, we shall soon meet again," and away went Miss Celia as if she was in a hurry to get back.

"If she only had a red habit and a streamin' white feather, she 'd look as fine as Melia used to. She *is* 'most as kind and rides 'most as well. Wonder where she 's goin' to. Hope she *will* come soon," thought Ben, watching till the last flutter of the blue habit vanished round the corner, and then he went back to his work with his head full of the promised book, pausing now and then to chink the two silver halves and the new quarter together in his pocket, wondering what he should buy with this vast sum.

Bab and Betty meantime had had a most exciting day, for when they went home at noon they found the pretty lady there, and she had talked to them like an old friend, given them a ride on the little horse, and kissed them both good-by when they went back to school. In the afternoon the lady was gone, the old house all open, and their mother sweeping, dusting, airing in great spirits. So they had a splendid frolic tumbling on feather beds, beating bits of carpet, opening closets, and racing from garret to cellar like a pair of distracted kittens.

Here Ben found them, and was at once overwhelmed with a burst of news which excited him as much as it did them. Miss Celia owned the house, was coming to live there, and things were to be made ready as soon as possible. All thought the prospect a charming one; Mrs. Moss because life had been dull for her during the year she had taken charge of the old house; the little girls had heard rumors of various pets who were coming, and Ben, learning that a boy and a donkey were among them, resolved that nothing but the arrival of his father should tear him from this now deeply interesting spot.

"I 'm in *such* a hurry to see the peacocks and hear them scream. She said they did, and that we 'd laugh when old Jack brayed," cried Bab, hopping about on one foot to work off her impatience.

"Is a *faytun* a kind of a bird? I heard her say she could keep it in the coach-house," asked Betty, inquiringly.

"It 's a little carriage," and Ben rolled in the grass, much tickled at poor Betty's ignorance.

"Of course it is. I looked it out in the dic., and you must n't call it a *payton* though it *is* spelt with a p," added Bab, who liked to lay down the law on all occasions, and did not mention that she had looked vainly among the f's till a school-mate set her right.

"You can't tell *me* much about carriages. But what I want to know is where Lita will stay?" said Ben.

"Oh, she 's to be up at the Squire's till things are fixed, and you are to bring her down. Squire came and told Ma all about it, and said you were a boy to be trusted, for he had tried you."

Ben made no answer, but secretly thanked his stars that he had not proved himself untrustworthy by running away, and so missing all this fun.

"Wont it be fine to have the house open all the time? We can run over and see the pictures and books whenever we like. I know we can, Miss Celia is so kind," began Betty, who cared for these things more than for screaming peacocks and comical donkeys.

"Not unless you are invited," answered their mother, locking the front door behind her. "You 'd better begin to pick up your duds right away, for she wont want them cluttering round her front yard. If you are not too tired, Ben, you might rake round a little while I shut the blinds. I want things to look nice and tidy."

Two little groans went up from two afflicted little girls as they looked about them at the shady bower, the dear porch, and the winding walks where they loved to run "till their hair whistled in the wind," as the fairy-books say.

"Whatever shall we do! Our attic is so hot and the shed so small, and the yard always full of hens or clothes. We shall have to pack all our things away and never play any more," said Bab, tragically.

"May be Ben could build us a little house in the orchard," proposed Betty, who firmly believed that Ben could do anything.

"He wont have any time. Boys don't care for baby-houses," returned Bab, collecting her homeless goods and chattels with a dismal face.

"We sha' n't want these much when all the new things come; see if we do," said cheerful little Betty, who always found out a silver lining to every cloud.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS CELIA'S MAN.

BEN was not too tired, and the clearing-up began that very night. None too soon, for, in a day or two, things arrived, to the great delight of the children, who considered moving a most interesting play. First came the phaeton, which Ben spent all his leisure moments in admiring, wondering with secret envy what happy boy would ride in the little seat up behind, and beguiling his tasks by planning how, when he got rich, he would pass his time driving about in just such an equipage, and inviting all the boys he met to have a ride.

Then a load of furniture came creaking in at the lodge gate, and the girls had raptures over a cottage piano, several small chairs, and a little low table, which they pronounced just the thing for them to play at. The live stock appeared next, creating a great stir in the neighborhood, for peacocks were rare birds there; the donkey's bray startled the cattle and convulsed the people with laughter; the rabbits were continually getting out to burrow in the newly made garden; and Chevalita scandalized old Duke by dancing about the stable which he had inhabited for years in stately solitude.

Last, but by no means least, Miss Celia, her young brother and two maids, arrived one evening so late that only Mrs. Moss went over to help them settle. The children were much disappointed, but were appeased by a promise that they should all go to pay their respects in the morning.

They were up so early, and were so impatient to be off, that Mrs. Moss let them go with the warning that they would find only the servants astir. She was mistaken, however, for as the procession approached, a voice from the porch called out: "Good morning, little neighbors!" so unexpectedly, that Bab nearly spilt the new milk she carried, Betty gave such a start that the fresh-laid eggs quite skipped in the dish, and Ben's face broke into a broad grin over the armful of clover which he brought for the bunnies, as he bobbed his head, saying, briskly:

"She 's all right, miss; Lita is, and I can bring her over any minute you say."

"I shall want her at four o'clock. Thorny will be too tired to drive, but I must hear from the post-office, rain or shine;" and Miss Celia's pretty color brightened as she spoke, either from some happy thought or because she was bashful, for the honest young faces before her plainly showed their admiration of the white-gowned lady under the honeysuckles.

The appearance of Miranda, the maid, reminded the children of their errand, and having delivered their offerings, they were about to retire in some confusion, when Miss Celia said pleasantly:

"I want to thank you for helping put things in such nice order. I see signs of busy hands and feet both inside the house and all about the grounds, and I am very much obliged."

"I raked the beds," said Ben, proudly eying the neat ovals and circles.

"I-swept all the paths," added Bab, with a reproachful glance at several green sprigs fallen from the load of clover on the smooth walk.

"I cleared up the porch," and Betty's clean pinafore rose and fell with a long sigh, as she surveyed the late summer residence of her exiled family.

Miss Celia guessed the meaning of that sigh, and made haste to turn it into a smile by asking, anxiously:

"What *has* become of the playthings? I don't see them anywhere."

"Ma said you would n't want our duds round, so we took them all home," answered Betty, with a wistful face.

"But I do want them round. I like dolls and toys almost as much as ever, and quite miss the little "duds" from porch and path. Suppose you come to tea with me to-night and bring some of them back? I should be very sorry to rob you of your pleasant play-place."

"Oh yes 'm, we 'd love to come! and we 'll bring our best things."

"Ma always lets us have our shiny pitchers and the china poodle when we go visiting or have company at home," said Bab and Betty, both speaking at once.

"Bring what you like and I 'll hunt up my toys too. Ben is to come also, and *his* poodle is especially invited," added Miss Celia as Sancho came and begged before her, feeling that some agreeable project was under discussion.

"Thank you, miss. I told them you 'd be willing they should come sometimes. They like this

place ever so much, and so do I," said Ben, feeling that few spots combined so many advantages in the way of climbable trees, arched gates, half-a-dozen gables, and other charms suited to the taste of an aspiring youth who had been a flying Cupid at the age of seven.

"So do I," echoed Miss Celia, heartily. "Ten years ago I came here a little girl, and made lilac chains under these very bushes, and picked chickweed over there for my bird, and rode Thorny in his baby-wagon up and down these paths. Grandpa lived here then and we had fine times; but now they are all gone except us two."

"We have n't got any father either," said Bab, for something in Miss Celia's face made her feel as if a cloud had come over the sun.

the rings upon the white hand that held her own. But Betty put her arms about the new friend's neck, and kissed her so softly that the hungry feeling in Miss Celia's heart felt better directly, for this was the food it wanted, and Thorny had not learned yet to return one half of the affection he received. Holding the child close, she played with the yellow braids while she told them about the little German girls in their funny black-silk caps, short-waisted gowns and wooden shoes, whom she used to see watering long webs of linen bleaching on the grass, watching great flocks of geese, or driving pigs to market, knitting or spinning as they went.

Presently, "Randa," as she called her stout maid, came to tell her that "Master Thorny could n't



MISS CELIA AND HER LITTLE FRIENDS.

"*I* have a first-rate father, if I only knew where he 'd gone to," said Ben, looking down the path as eagerly as if some one waited for him behind the locked gate.

"You are a rich boy, and you are happy little girls to have so good a mother; I've found that out already," and the sun shone again as the young lady nodded to the neat, rosy children before her.

"You may have a piece of her if you want to, 'cause you have n't got any of your own," said Betty, with a pitiful look which made her blue eyes as sweet as two wet violets.

"So I will! and you shall be my little sisters. I never had any, and I 'd love to try how it seems," and Miss Celia took both the chubby hands in hers, feeling ready to love every one this first bright morning in the new home which she hoped to make a very happy one.

Bab gave a satisfied nod, and fell to examining

wait another minute," and she went in to breakfast with a good appetite, while the children raced home to bounce in upon Mrs. Moss, talking all at once like little lunatics.

"The phaeton at four,—so sweet in a beautiful white gown,—going to tea, and Sancho and all the baby things invited. Can't we wear our Sunday frocks? A splendid new net for Lita. And she likes dolls. Goody, goody, wont it be fun!"

With much difficulty their mother got a clear account of the approaching festivity out of the eager mouths, and with still more difficulty got breakfast into them, for the children had few pleasures, and this brilliant prospect rather turned their heads.

Bab and Betty thought the day would never end, and cheered the long hours by expatiating on the pleasures in store for them, till their playmates were much afflicted because they were not going

also. At noon their mother kept them from running over to the old house lest they should be in the way, so they consoled themselves by going to the syringa bush at the corner and sniffing the savory odors which came from the kitchen, where Katy, the cook, was evidently making nice things for tea.

Ben worked as if for a wager till four, then stood over Pat while he curried Lita till her coat shone like satin, then drove her gently down to the coach-house, where he had the satisfaction of harnessing her "all his own self."

"Shall I go round to the great gate and wait for you there, miss?" he asked, when all was ready, looking up at the porch where the young lady stood watching him as she put on her gloves.

"No, Ben, the great gate is not to be opened till next October. I shall go in and out by the lodge, and leave the avenue to grass and dandelions, meantime," answered Miss Celia, as she stepped in and took the reins, with a sudden smile.

But she did not start even when Ben had shaken out the new duster and laid it neatly over her knees.

"Is n't it all right now?" asked the boy, anxiously.

"Not quite; I need one thing more. Can't you guess what it is?"—and Miss Celia watched his anxious face as his eyes wandered from the tips of Lita's ears to the hind-wheel of the phaeton, trying to discover what had been omitted.

"No, miss, I don't see ——" he began, much mortified to think he had forgotten anything.

"Would n't a little groom up behind improve the appearance of my turnout?" she said, with a look which left no doubt in his mind that *he* was to be the happy boy to occupy that proud perch.

He grew red with pleasure, but stammered, as he hesitated, looking down at his bare feet and blue shirt:

"I aint fit, miss, and I have n't got any other clothes."

Miss Celia only smiled again more kindly than before, and answered, in a tone which he understood better than her words:

"A great man said his coat-of-arms was a pair of shirt sleeves, and a sweet poet sung about a barefooted boy, so I need not be too proud to ride with one. Up with you, Ben, my man, and let us be off, or we shall be late for our party."

With one bound the new groom was in his place, sitting very erect, with his legs stiff, arms folded, and nose in the air, as he had seen real grooms sit behind their masters in fine dog-carts or carriages. Mrs. Moss nodded as they drove past the lodge, and Ben touched his torn hat-brim in the most dignified manner, though he could not suppress a broad grin of delight, which deepened into a chuckle when Lita went off at a brisk trot along the smooth road toward town.

It takes so little to make a child happy, it is a pity grown people do not oftener remember it and scatter little bits of pleasure before the small people, as they throw crumbs to the hungry sparrows. Miss Celia knew the boy was pleased, but he had no words in which to express his gratitude for the great contentment she had given him. He could only beam at all he met, smile when the floating ends of the gray veil blew against his face, and long in his heart to give the new friend a boyish hug as he used to do his dear Melia when she was very good to him.

School was just out as they passed, and it was a spectacle, I assure you, to see the boys and girls stare at Ben up aloft in such state; also to see the superb indifference with which that young man regarded the vulgar herd who went afoot. He could not resist an affable nod to Bab and Betty, for they stood under the maple-tree, and the memory of their circulating library made him forget his dignity in his gratitude.

"We will take them next time, but now I want to talk to you," began Miss Celia, as Lita climbed the hill. "My brother has been ill, and I have brought him here to get well. I want to do all sorts of things to amuse him, and I think you can help me in many ways. Would you like to work for me instead of the Squire?"

"I guess I would!" ejaculated Ben, so heartily that no further assurances were needed, and Miss Celia went on, well pleased:

"You see, poor Thorny is weak and fretful, and does not like to exert himself, though he ought to be out a great deal, and kept from thinking of his little troubles. He cannot walk much yet, so I have a wheeled chair to push him in, and the paths are so hard it will be easy to roll him around. That will be one thing you can do. Another is to take care of his pets till he is able to do it himself. Then you can tell him your adventures, and talk to him as only a boy can talk to a boy. That will amuse him when I want to write or go out; but I never leave him long, and hope he will soon be running about as well as the rest of us. How does that sort of work look to you?"

"First-rate! I'll take real good care of the little fellow, and do everything I know to please him, and so will Sanch. He 's fond of children," answered Ben, heartily, for the new place looked very inviting to him.

Miss Celia laughed, and rather damped his ardor by her next words:

"I don't know what Thorny *would* say to hear you call him 'little.' He is fourteen, and appears

to get taller and taller every day. He seems like a child to *me*, because I am nearly ten years older than he is; but you need n't be afraid of his long legs and big eyes,—he is too feeble to do any harm,—only you must n't mind if he orders you about."

"I 'm used to that. I don't mind it if he wont call me a 'spalpeen,' and fire things at me," said Ben, thinking of his late trials with Pat.

"I can promise that, and I am sure Thorny will like you, for I told him your story, and he is anxious to see 'the circus boy,' as he called you. Squire Allen says I may trust you, and I am glad to do so, for it saves me much trouble to find what I want all ready for me. You shall be well fed and clothed, kindly treated and honestly paid, if you like to stay with me."

"I *know* I shall like it—till father comes, anyway. Squire wrote to Smithers right off, but has n't got any answer yet. I know they are on the go now, so may be we wont hear for ever so long," answered Ben, feeling less impatient to be off than before this fine proposal was made to him.

"I dare say; meantime we will see how we get on together, and perhaps your father will be willing to leave you for the summer if he is away. Now show me the baker's, the candy-shop, and the post-office," said Miss Celia, as they rattled down the main street of the village.

Ben made himself useful, and when all the other errands were done, received his reward in the shape of a new pair of shoes and a straw hat with a streaming blue ribbon, on the ends of which shone silvery anchors. He was also allowed to drive home, while his new mistress read her letters. One particularly long one, with a queer stamp on the envelope, she read twice, never speaking a word till they got back. Then Ben was sent off with Lita and the Squire's letters, promising to get his chores done in time for tea.

(To be continued.)

CRUMBS FROM OLDER READING.

By JULIA E. SARGENT.

EMERSON.

"WHO ever heard of Emerson?" I asked a room of third-reader pupils. Nearly every hand came up, and the bright faces were full of interest. What a delightful surprise! I did not expect to see more than two hands, and here all were as interested as if I had said, "Who ever heard of Hayes or Tilden?" All at once I remembered that, for more than a week, every fence about the school had been covered with circus-bills, bearing the name "Billy Emerson."

Sure enough he was the only Emerson those pupils knew about; for when I said Ralph Waldo Emerson, one by one the hands came down. No one had heard of him. Now I know no more of "Billy Emerson" than the children knew of Ralph Waldo Emerson, but I am not afraid to say that the one I know is better worth knowing.

For in papa's library, or on mamma's center-table, I have no doubt you can find more than one book which he has written. When in his sermon the minister tells what Emerson has said, you may be very sure he does not quote "Billy." Papers and magazines all have something to say concerning this man, whose books grown people read and talk about.

Who is he, then? His name is Ralph Waldo Emerson, and he writes books.

Very good; and what are people who write books called? Then Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is an author. He lives in a republican country which has Washington for its capital. He was born in the Bay State, in the largest city of New England. He dwells now in a little town where a battle was fought a hundred years ago, and the name of this town means "harmony." You know where that is, do you not? He was born in 1803, and, as this is 1878, every one of you boys and girls who can subtract can tell just his age. One of the books he has written tells about England, another about such famous men as Shakspeare and Napoleon, and others talk about wealth and friendship, prudence and power.

That does not sound as if he meant them for you? Well, one thing he did mean for you, and that is a dear little poem—"The Squirrel and the

Mountain." Every one of you will want to read it, and when you have read it you will want to learn it, and when you have learned you will want to speak it. I need not have told you he meant that poem for you; you would know that the minute you saw it. But you could not tell so soon how many things he says for you in those famous essays so often quoted. What do you think I can find for you in this dry-looking book, "Conduct of Life," with "Emerson" printed just under the title?

Did you ever see an old hen with her little walking bundles of feathers in the soft garden soil? How she does scratch and bustle for something to eat! Why, she is eating every bit herself! Perhaps she thinks that taking care of the chickens' mother is very important work for her; but by-and-by she will call the little folks to share what she has found.

You may think of me as of an old hen who has long been scratching in the soft garden soil of Ralph Waldo Emerson's writings. She has found much for herself, with now and then a bit for the chickens.

Here, the very first thing, is something about eggs. "There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be but to boil an egg." I hope my little friends are never cross when Bridget has not boiled the nice breakfast egg in the best way. More than that; I hope they themselves know what is the best way of doing it; just how hot the water must be, how long the egg should boil to make it hard or soft, and, what is well worth knowing, how to get it in and out of the hot water without breaking the shell.

Here is another bit. It is like an egg, for the meaning is wrapt in words just as an egg hides in the shell. "The tell-tale body is all tongues." What does the tongue help to do? Will no one know that you are cross unless you say, "I am cross this morning?" Can I find it out although you do not say a word? Yes, indeed; that puckered mouth and ugly little scowl tell, all too quickly, and even if I could not see your face, that little jerk and twist would tell the story. Do you not know when the dog is sick or tired, or full of fun? yet, his bright eyes, eager little nose, lively body and whisking tail, tell no more surely than your own face and body.

"The tell-tale body is all tongues." Mr. Emerson, we think that is true.

"How can I be beautiful?" Every boy and girl, man and woman, wants to know that. Here is Mr. Emerson's beauty recipe: "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us." Do you suppose that recipe will work? Think of the most beautiful people you know. Ah, I knew some one would say "mother." Do you not think these people are those who try very hard to make others happy? I know very many beautiful people who would have remained very plain had they sought only to please themselves.

We want to try Emerson's rule for becoming beautiful, so it will not do to forget that "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us."

"Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well." Yes, Mr. Emerson, that is the only way to have things go well,—following the Golden Rule.

"You cannot hide any secret. 'T is as hard to hide as fire." Perhaps you think that it is not so; but you just try how long you can keep a secret that even your dearest friend does not know. I should not wonder if Emerson were right once more.

"There is much you may not do." True again. We do not need Emerson to tell us that. "You must not do that, you must not do this," the little folks hear so often, that sometimes they wonder what they may do.

But we would like to have him tell us what things last longest.

He is all ready to tell whoever wants to know, "Beauty is the quality which makes to endure. In a house that I know, I have noticed a block of spermaceti lying about closets and mantel-pieces for twenty years together, simply because the tallow-man gave it the form of a rabbit; and I suppose it may continue to be lugged about unchanged for a century. Let an artist draw a few lines or figures on the back of a letter, and that scrap of paper is rescued from danger, is put in a portfolio, or framed and glazed, and, in proportion to the beauty of the lines drawn, will be kept for centuries." And there are beauties of heart, mind and character, that do not meet the eye, but are none the less powerful in "making to endure."

THE OLD MAN AND THE NERVOUS COW.

By R. E.

"There was an old man who said 'How
Shall I 'scape from this horrible cow?
I will sit on the stile,
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of the cow.'"

THE old man was walking thoughtfully through the field, with his hands behind him, when the nervous cow saw him. She was n't ordinarily a bad-natured cow, but she was mad just then. An aggravating fly had been biting her half the morning, and, just as she was drinking at the brook, a frog had jumped up with a cry and bitten her nose. These things had completely unsettled her nerves.

She was ready to run at anything, and the old man being the only living thing in sight, she plunged toward him.

What could he do? He was a short, stout old man, and could not run very fast, and, though he tried his best, he only just managed to reach the stile and plump down on it, all out of breath, as the cow neared him.

Then he suddenly remembered reading somewhere that if you looked right into an animal's eyes, it would run away from you.

"Ah!" thought he, "I'll look straight at her, and if I smile at the same time, she wont have the heart to hurt me."

So he put on a smile (of course it was not a very beautiful one, for he was in a hurry, but it was the best he could do), and stared straight into the cow's eyes. She saw that smile, and it so touched her that she stopped short. Then she sauntered back a little way, but the thought of that aggravating fly, and that awful frog, was too much for her poor nerves, and turning around, she dashed madly on again.

In another minute, the poor old man—cane, little legs, smile and all—was up in the air.

He alighted in the top of a hickory-tree. One branch grazed his eye, two ran into his legs, while another held his smile stiff and straight.

Thus he stayed until an eagle caught sight of him, pounced right down, and flew off with him to her nest, which was on a huge rock that rose straight up into the cold air and made the summit of a mountain.



"I WILL SIT ON THE STILE, AND CONTINUE TO SMILE."

When the old eagle plumped the little old man down into the nest, just imagine, if you can, how astonished the eaglets were! They opened their beaks as well as their eyes, and cried out:

"What 's this, mother? What *is* this?"

"Oh! it 's only a man," cried the old eagle. "I found him roosting in the top of a tree. Don't know how he got there. Suppose he was trying to fly, and could n't. Tell us how it was, old man."

"Can he talk?"

"Talk!" said the eagle. "Of course he can talk. And he can tell stories, too, I warrant you. So, if you like, you may keep him to tell you stories."

"Oh, wont that be nice! Tell us a story, right off," they all screamed, jerking the old man down into the nest.

"But it 's so dirty here," said he, looking around, with his nose turned up a little. "Let me sit on the edge of the nest, wont you?—and I 'll tell you all the stories you want."

"You 'll fall over."

"Oh no, I wont. I 'll hold on with my cane and my legs. Now just shut your beaks, so you wont look so savage, and listen."

So the old man perched himself on the edge of the nest. The eaglets took hold of his coat with their beaks, to keep him from falling; and he told them the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves"; and when that was ended, another, and then another.

He did n't eat much supper that night, for they had n't any convenience for cooking. And he did n't sleep well, either, for whenever one of the eaglets woke up in the night, it always pinched him with its beak, to make sure he was there. So he resolved to get away as soon as he could.

But he did n't seem to have any chance; so there he stayed and told stories till he longed to wring the necks of the gaping birds that kept asking him for more.

Now, all this time the cow had been getting more and more nervous. Every day she thought of the poor old man and his meek little legs and his sweet old smile, and just how his coat-tails looked as he went up; till at last she laid her head down on a tuft of grass by the brook, and cried—regularly boo-hooed.

Having thus relieved her feelings, she became calm, and, rising, said:

"I 'll go to his house and find out how and where he is, if I can."

So off she started. But the house was shut up, and there was no one there except the cat.

Very much frightened the cat was, too, when the cow pushed up the pantry window with her horns, and bellowed:

"Where 's your master?"

"I don't know," said the cat, retreating to a far corner, with his back up. "I have n't set eyes on him since last Sunday."

"Oh dear!" sighed the cow, dropping the window with a crash that broke out two of the panes of glass. "What shall I do?"

"What 's the matter with you?—and what do you want of the old man?" asked Tabby, bounding out through one of the broken panes.



"THE POOR OLD MAN WAS UP IN THE AIR."

The cow told him.

"Well," said Tab, stroking his whiskers reflectively, "I guess I 'll go with you and help you look for the good-natured old creature."

So they journeyed on, asking everybody they met about the old man. But nobody knew, until finally they came across an old crow who knew everybody's business.

"An old man?" said he. "The eagle took an old man the other day. Did he have very slender legs?"

"Yes, yes!" said the cat and the cow together.

"And a sweet smile on his face?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the cow. "He went up with that smile, and it has been haunting me ever since," and she burst into a flood of tears.

"Well," said the crow, "he 's in the eagle's nest telling stories to the eaglets, and if he is n't tired of the business by this time, I 'm mistaken."

"Where is the nest?—and how can we get there?"

"Up at the very top of the mountain yonder. Go straight ahead, and you can't miss it."

So straight ahead they went till they came to the rock where the eagle's nest was. Then what should they do? They could hear the old man's little, thin voice telling stories to the birds, but they knew he would n't dare come where the cow was, even if he could clamber down that steep rock. At last, Tab suggested that the cow should hide herself, while he climbed up into the nest and persuaded the old man. So the cow hid, and puss scrambled up to the nest and carefully poked his head in.

"Ah, master!" he whispered; "climb down the rock to-night, and I'll show you the way home." And he disappeared.

This visit braced up the old man's courage, and when the mother-bird came home he calmly told her he thought he'd sleep at the foot of the rock that night; and she unsuspectingly took him in her talons and dropped him gently on the ground.

As soon as she had gone, the old man looked all about him, and called "Tabby, Tabby," very softly. Tabby came out from under the roots of a tree and bounded on his shoulder, and told him how sorry the cow was, and how she was waiting in a thicket ready to carry him home, if he wanted to go.

Of course he wanted to go, and in less than a jiffy the cow had come out from her hiding-place, had cried a little, and had taken the old man on her back, and started full speed down the mountain, with the cat tearing after her.



THE OLD MAN TELLING STORIES TO THE EAGLETS.

It was a long way to the old man's house, and they reached it just tired out. Of course, they got something to eat, and then they went to bed and slept right through two days; but on the morning of the third day they got up as merry as crickets, and, after a hearty breakfast, they agreed to live together for the rest of their lives. And they have lived ever since in perfect harmony.

THE RAID OF THE CAMANCHES.

By the Author of "We Boys."

Fred Hart, who was the eldest son of a country clergyman, and preparing for college at Whitford Boys' Academy, was known at that classical institution as a "dig," because he "dug" into his books and studied hard. His room-mate, Neal Howe, an orphan, dependent upon his own exertions, was styled a "digger;" and as both lads were rather dark, it was but a step for those wicked upper-story boys to stigmatize them, "Digger Indians!"

This term was gradually extended to include all the boys in the second story, for they were all hard students. The "Diggers" retaliated mildly by styling their upper-story neighbors, "Camanches."

The Camanches perpetrated all sorts of schoolboy atrocities on the Diggers, but, above all things else, they burned for a pillow-fight. In vain they challenged the Diggers to combat. Those law-abiding savages declined, though well aware of thereby falling into contempt on charge of cowardice.

Unmistakable indications were soon apparent that the Camanches meditated an attack.

The north wing was intended to be fire-proof, and each story was separated from the main building by iron doors which usually were fastened back by staples. The Camanches reasoned that these doors might be as effectual in shutting off teachers as fire; and the staples in both the second and third stories were one day withdrawn, so that these doors could be easily closed.

Scouting parties reported that the Camanches were getting ready the war-paint,—*i. e.*, the burnt cork,—and one ferocious savage had intimated that they should spare neither age nor sex.

A council was immediately held in Fred Hart's room, and Fred unanimously chosen chief.

"If they 're determined on a pillow-fight they shall have it," resolutely remarked that warrior.

The Diggers proposed using their own pillows as reserve arms only, and the next day any number of this tribe might have been seen scouring the village on mysterious errands, which the housewives would have explained as an effort to buy up old pillows.

"All 's fair on the defensive," said Chief Fred, and each Digger ripped open one end of his pillow, poured in a little mucilage, and then basted it up, in accordance with the liberal views boys always entertain concerning "basting."

At a little after nine o'clock, when the lights had been extinguished, and a teacher made the nightly rounds, a Camanche scout quietly closed and bolted the iron doors and relighted the hall lamps. Then, with hair-starting war-whoops, the savages began dropping down through the trap-door, which opened from one hall to another in the capacity of fire-escapes.

The Diggers, peacefully studying in their rooms, were summarily ordered into the hall to battle. Every man protested, but the Camanches refused to parley. Then, seizing their weapons, the assailed marched forth to the field of carnage.

Thwack! went the blows of the Camanches.

Thwack! the Diggers.

Thwack! the Camanches.

Thwack! the Diggers.

A stir among the Camanches and then a wild affray.

Crack! crack! go the Diggers' bastings. Crack! feathers fly over the heads and into the eyes of the Camanches, and there many of them stick. The Camanches realize the disadvantages of unprovoked assault with no rules of warfare agreed upon beforehand.

Here and there a Camanche drops his arms and flies to the farther end of the hall, only to fumble unavailingly at the fastenings of the iron door, while a victorious Digger belabors him with the weapon he has just cast aside.

All at once there is descried in the dim light of the hall the boots and never-to-be-mistaken striped pantaloons of Captain Hale swinging through the trap-door!

Captain Hale is drill-sergeant and professor of gymnastics. He has seen years of army service, and is thoroughly imbued with the military spirit. The boys are more afraid of him than of the president and entire board of trustees,—as afraid as they would be of old Nick, himself, in boots and striped pantaloons.

In a flash every Digger had disappeared into his own room and locked the door after him, and the Camanches are left alone, gasping among their feathers, the captain in their midst.

There is a moment of bewilderment followed by a wild stampede toward the iron door, but the Captain has cut off the retreat.

"Young gentlemen, you will remain and clear up the hall. Williams, go to the coal-cellar and bring up the two-bushel basket."

Williams is "nobbiest" of third-story boys,

bravest of Camanche warriors, but Williams doesn't dare refuse to go for that basket. During his absence his fellow-savages express strong doubts as to his ever re-appearing upon the battle-field, but he does return, like Regulus to his barrel of spikes.

The Captain has borrowed a number of brooms and dust-pans from the Diggers who, to a man, had retired and been snoring sweetly.

"Now, gentlemen, clear up these feathers!" orders the Captain, as if he was crying, "Forward, march!"

Clearing up those feathers was a tedious and trying process. Any one who has ever chased a worn-out but still lively feather up and down a long hall can imagine the scene with hundreds of them flying about.

"They 're the meanest lot of feathers,—pretty much all fuzz," said one exhausted brave.

When the last handful had been crowded into the basket, Williams attempted opening the door.

"No; you 're to make your exit the same way you made your ingress," announced the Captain.

Williams stared blankly at the trap-hole in the ceiling.

Dropping down through a trap-door and going up through the same, with no visible means of support but the floor, are naturally different exercises.

"You 're fertile in expedients; can't you devise some good way of getting out?" coolly asked the Captain.

"We might stand on each other's shoulders," suggested one small savage, whom the bloodthirsty Williams afterward confessed he longed to scalp at this juncture.

"Very well, do so," ordered the Captain.

Then one of the noble savages stood under the trap-door while one by one the others sprang upon his shoulders, caught the edges of the opening above, wriggled, writhed, contorted his limbs, and finally succeeded in drawing himself up to his own story, while all down the hall, on either side, there appeared at the open ventilators over the doors the eyes of pairs of miserable Diggers, and for every Camanche that wriggled up there resounded a succession of groans.

The Camanches thought, with a thrill of exultation, that the Captain would be obliged to proffer his shoulders for the last man, and would then be left pondering alone, like the goat in the well. That would be something of a revenge, at any rate.

But when only one boy remained, who, to the exasperation of the entire tribe, was the identical small savage who had proposed going up in that ridiculous style, the Captain quietly opened the iron door, and he and the small savage retired with dignity.

The Captain, who had his "good streaks," never reported the Camanches, but they manifested a disposition thereafter to settle quietly upon their own reservation and cultivate the peaceful arts, and they always treated their neighbors, the Diggers, with respect, though unmingled with affection.



"LITTLE BO-PEEP, SHE WENT TO SLEEP."

SOLIMIN: A SHIP OF THE DESERT.

By Susan Coolidge.

I ASKED a party of children once the meaning of the word "desert," and all but one shouted out, "rice pudding and oranges!" having in their minds the dinner which we had just eaten. That one, who was older than the rest, said, rather shyly, "A big piece of land, aunty, is n't it?" but even he did n't know how big,—or that there is a difference in spelling between the *dessert* which people eat and the *desert* which sometimes eats people, closing its jaws of sand, and swallowing them up as easily as a boy swallows a cherry.

The biggest desert in the world is in Africa, and is called the Sahara. It is almost as large as the Atlantic Ocean, but instead of water it is all sands and rocks. Like the ocean, it is visited with storms; dreadful gales, when the wind scoops up thousands of tons of sand and drives them forward, burying and crushing all they meet. And it has islands, too—small green patches, where springs bubble through the ground, and ferns and acacias and palm-trees grow. When a traveler sees one of these fertile spots afar off, he feels as a tempest-tossed sailor does at sight of land. It is delightful to quit the hot, baking sun, sit in shadow under the trees, and rest the eyes, long wearied with dazzling sands, on the sweet green and the clear spring. Oases, these islands are called. Long distances divide them. It is often a race for life to get across from one to the other. Sometimes people do not get across! In 1805, a caravan of 2,000 persons died miserably of heat and thirst in the great desert, and the sand covered them up. Do you wonder at my saying that the desert eats men?

Now, you will be puzzled to guess what sort of ship it is which swims this dry ocean. It is the camel—an animal made by God to endure these dreadful regions, in which no other beast of burden can live and travel. I dare say many of you have seen camels in menageries. They are ugly animals, but very strong, swift and untiring. With a load of 800 pounds on his back, a camel will travel for days at the rate of eight miles an hour, which is as fast as an ordinary ship can sail. More wonderful still, he will do this without stopping for food or water. Nature has provided him with an extra stomach, in which he keeps a store of drink, and with a hump on his back, made of jelly-like fat, which, in time of need, is absorbed into the system and appropriated as food. Is it not strange to think of a creature with a cistern and a meat-safe inside him? A horse would be useless in the desert, where no oats or grass can be had; but the brave, patient camel goes steadily on without complaint till the oasis is reached: then he champs his thorn bushes, fills himself from the spring, allows the heavy pack to be fastened on his back again, and is ready for further travel.

Now you know what sort of a ship it is that I am going to tell you about. It was a camel, named Solimin. He was of a rare and valuable breed, known as "herie," or coursers, because they are so much swifter than ordinary camels. Solimin's master, Ahmed, was a poor man. He never could have afforded to buy a full-grown camel of this rare breed; and Solimin had become his through a piece of good fortune. When a little foal, Solimin was found in a lonely place in the desert, standing over the dead body of his mother, who had fallen and perished by the way. Led to the brown tent which was Ahmed's home, the orphan baby grew up as a child of the family, lay among the little ones at night, and was their pet and plaything all the day. The boys taught him to kneel, to rise, to carry burdens, to turn this way and that at a signal. The girls hung a necklace of blessed shells around his neck, saved for him the best of the food, sang him songs (which he was supposed to enjoy), and daily kissed and stroked his gentle nose and eyes. As he grew big and strong, the pride of his owners grew with him. Not another family of the tribe possessed a herie. Once and again, Ahmed was offered a large price for him, but he rejected it with disdain.

"Would I sell my son—the son of my heart?" he said. "Neither will I part with Solimin. By the Prophet, I swear it."

Of all the dwellers in the brown tent Solimin loved best Ahmed himself, and his eldest son, Mustapha. With them he was docile as a lamb; but if strangers drew near, or persons he did not like, he became restive and fierce, screamed, laid back his ears, and kicked with his strong hind legs. A kick from a camel is no joke, I can tell you. All the desert guides knew Solimin, and, for his sake, Ahmed was often hired to accompany caravans. Nay, once, at Cairo, Solimin was chosen to carry the sacred person of the Khedive on a day's excursion up the Nile bank, which event served the tribe as a boast for months afterward.

It was the year after this journey to Cairo that Ahmed met with a terrible adventure. He and

Mustapha, making their way home after a long journey, had lain down to sleep away the noontide hours, according to the custom of desert travelers. Their camels were tethered beside them, all seemed secure and peaceful, when, sudden as the lowering of a cloud, a party of Arabs, belonging to a wild tribe at enmity with all men, pounced upon them. Ahmed and his son defended themselves manfully, but what could two men, surprised in sleep, do against a dozen? In five minutes all was over. The assailants vanished in a cloud of dust, and Ahmed, who had been struck down in the rush, recovered his senses, to find camels, baggage, belt, money, everything gone, and Mustapha wounded and motionless on the earth beside him.

Ahmed thought him dead. They were alone in the desert, a hundred miles from home, without food or water, and with a groan of despair he sat down beside his son's body, bowed his head, and waited until death should come to him also. An Arab believes in fate, and gives up once for all when misfortune occurs.

But Mustapha stirred, and Ahmed at once sprang up. There was nothing he could do for the poor boy, except to chafe and rub his hands; but this was something, for presently Mustapha revived enough to speak.

"Are they gone?" he asked.

"Yes, the accursed ones, they are gone, with all our goods and with Solimin! The Prophet's curse light upon them!" And passing from despair to fury, Ahmed threw sand upon his head, and flung himself on the ground in helpless rage. Mustapha joined in with groans and lamentations.

When the father and son grew calmer, they began to discuss their situation. Ahmed knew of a small unfrequented oasis, about twenty miles away. It was their only chance of safety, but could they reach it?

"I *think* I can walk," declared Mustapha, tying up his wounded leg in a fold torn from his turban. But he limped sadly, and his tightly pressed lips showed pain as he moved. He was faint with hunger beside. Neither of the men had eaten since sunrise.

Suddenly Mustapha uttered a joyful cry, and lifted something from the earth.

"The Prophet be praised!" he cried. "My father, here is food. The robbers have dropped a bag of dates."

Sure enough, there it lay, a heavy bag of dates, shaken off from some camel's pack during the struggle. Heavy as it was, and hard to carry, Ahmed would fain have had it larger. It was their safety from starvation. A handful of its contents satisfied hunger, and gave them strength to begin their walk. What a walk it was! Poor Mustapha lay down every half-hour from pain and weakness; the sand was heavy, the darkness puzzled them. When morning broke, they had not accomplished more than half the distance. All through the hot day-time they lay panting on the ground, eating now and then a date, tormented with thirst and heat; and when evening came, they dragged themselves to their feet again, and recommenced their painful journey. Step by step, hour by hour, each harder and longer than the last, moment by moment they grew more feeble, less able to bear up, till it seemed as though they could no longer struggle on. At last, the morning broke. Ahmed raised his blood-shot eyes, seized Mustapha's arm, and pointed. There, not a hundred yards away, was the oasis, its trees and bushes outlined against the sky.

Poor Mustapha was so spent that his father had to drag him across the short dividing space. It was a small oasis, and not very fertile; its well was shallow and scanty, but no ice-cooled sherbet ever seemed more delicious than did its brackish waters to the parched tongues of the exhausted men.

All day and all night they lay under the shadow of the cactuses and the acacia-trees, rousing only to drink, and falling asleep again immediately. Shade, and sleep, and water seemed the only things in the world worth having just then.

The second day they slept less, but it was nearly a week before they could be said to be wide-awake again. Such a pair of scare-crows as they looked! Ahmed was almost naked. The robbers had taken part of his clothes, and the desert thorns the rest. Haggard, wild, blackened by the sun, they gazed at each other with horror; each thought, "Do I look like that?" and each tried to hide from the other his own dismay.

They could never tell afterward how long they remained at the oasis. It seemed years, but I suppose it could not have been more than weeks. All day long they looked wistfully toward the horizon, in hopes of a caravan, but the caravan never came. Slowly the dates dwindled in the bag; slowly the precious water diminished in the well; a little longer, and starvation would be upon them. They scarcely spoke to each other those last days, but sat each by himself in a sort of dull despair. At night, when they fell asleep, they dreamed of food, and woke in the morning to feel themselves still hungry. It was horrible!

Then came a morning when they rose to find the hard desert outline, which they knew so well, vanished and gone, and in its stead a smooth, shining lake, fringed with trees and dotted with feathery, fairy islands. So near it seemed, and so real, that it was as though they heard the ripple of the water and the rustling of the wind in the tree-boughs.

Mustapha stared as though his eyes would burst from his head; then he gave a wild cry, and was rushing away; but his father held him fast.

"Stay, my son! Stay, Mustapha! It is no lake,—it is a device of Satan. What you behold is the mirage, spread by devils for men's destruction."

"Let me go!" shrieked Mustapha, writhing and struggling.

But even as he strove, the soft water-outlines shifted and trembled; the lake rose in air, melted, and sailed off into curling mists; the trees, the whole fair picture, dissolved, and the well-remembered sands and black rocks took its place. With a cry of horror, Mustapha slid through his father's arms to the earth, hid his face, and cried like a child.

Next morning, only one date was left in the bag. Ahmed put it in his son's hand with a mournful look.

"Eat, my son," he said; "eat, and then we will die. Allah il Allah!"

A long silence followed; there seemed nothing more to say. Suddenly, from afar off, came to their ears the tinkle of a bell.

Mustapha raised his head.

"Is it the mirage again, my father?" he asked. "For it seems to me that I hear the bell from the neck of Solimin, our camel."

Eagerly they listened. Again the bell tinkled, and, looking through the bushes, they saw, floating toward them, as it seemed, the form of a gigantic camel. Soundless and still, it moved rapidly along. Behind, but much farther away, other forms could be seen, still dim and indistinct, veiled by the mist of driving sand.

Suddenly Mustapha gave a start.

"My father," he cried, in an excited whisper, "it *is* Solimin! I do not mistake! What other camel ever resembled Solimin? Do you not see his lofty hump,—his arched neck? Does not the bell tinkle as with the voice of home?"

Then, half raising himself, he gave, with all the power of his voice, the well-known call.

Solimin—for it was indeed he—paused as the sound caught his ears, and snuffed the wind. Again came the call; he wheeled, plunged, threw his rider, dashed forward, broke through the bushes, and in a second was on his knees before his old master.



"THEY SAW THE FORM OF A GIGANTIC CAMEL."

"Up, up, my father! there is no time to lose!" cried Mustapha, grown stronger in a moment. "Up, up! for the robbers are close upon us!"

In fact, wild cries and clouds of dust showed that the foe had taken the alarm, and were hurrying on. But already Ahmed and Mustapha were mounted, and Solimin, like a ship at full sail, was speeding away with them. And where was the camel could overtake him, even when he was loaded double? Fast and swift his long, swinging trot bore them onward, and before two hours were gone, all traces of the pursuers had disappeared behind them, and they were free to turn their course toward the brown tents where rest, and food,

and welcome had waited so long for their coming, and where, after a little time, their hardships and sufferings seemed to them only like a bad dream.

As for Solimin, he hardly could be more tenderly treated or beloved than before this adventure; but if the freshest water, the prickliest furze,—if bowls of sour milk,—if a triple necklace of shells,—if brushing and grooming,—if soft pats from childish fingers, and sweet names murmured in his ears by girlish voices can make a camel happy, then is Solimin the happiest of heries. Solimin no longer, however. His name is changed to "The Blessed," in memory of the day when, like a stately ship, he came over the desert sea, and bore his starving masters to home, and life, and liberty.

BELINDA BLONDE.

By Laura E. Richards.

Belinda Blonde was a beautiful doll,
With rosy-red cheeks and a flaxen poll;
Her lips were red, and her eyes were blue,
But to say she was happy would not be true;
For she pined for love of the great big Jack
Who lived in the box so grim and black.
She never had looked on the Jack his face,
But she fancied him shining with beauty and grace;
And all the day long she would murmur and pout,
Because Jack-in-the-box would never come out.
"Oh, beautiful, beautiful Jack-in-the-box!
Undo your bolts and undo your locks!
The cupboard is shut, and there's no one about;
Oh, Jack-in-the-box! jump out, jump out!"
But alas, alas for Belinda Blonde!
And alas, alas for her dreamings fond!
There soon was an end to all her doubt,
For Jack-in-the-box really *did* jump out!—
Out with a crash, and out with a spring,
Half black and half scarlet, a horrible thing;
Out with a yell and out with a shout,
His great goggle-eyes glaring wildly about.
"Alas! alas!" cried Belinda Blonde;
"Is this the end of my dreamings fond?
Is this my love, and is this my dear,
This hideous, glowering monster here?
Alas! alas!" cried Belinda fair.
She wrung her hands and she tore her hair,
Till at length, as the dolls who were witnesses say,
She fell on the ground and she fainted away.

Moral.

Now all you dolls, both little and big,
With china crown and with curling wig,
Before you give way to affection fond,
Remember the fate of Belinda Blonde;
And unless you wish to get terrible knocks,
Don't set your heart on a Jack-in-the-box.

THE LONDON DUST-MAN.

By Alexander Wainwright.

There he goes! A dusky gloom hangs over the roofs of great London City; a similar gloom fills my room and seems to have touched all the furniture with smoky age, and as I look down from the window into the gloomy street, I see him coming along slowly, and crying in a voice like a plea for help in affliction: "Dust-oh!—dust-oh!—dust-oh!—dust-oh!"

Not one of the many citizens who are passing notices him, or finds anything strange in that plaintive cry. The people who live in the city see him day after day, and remember how, in their childhood, they had terrifying notions of his weakness for kidnapping and other mysterious wickednesses. They know better now, and hurry past him with scarcely a glance; but to the American visitor he is something of a curiosity.

When the London fog is gray we cannot see him



"DUST-OH!"

very far off, for he, too, is gray from head to foot with ash-dust, and as he approaches us he comes out of the mist like a phantom, though in reality he is a substantial, square-built, deep-chested fellow, shod with enormous Blücher shoes (the soles of which are bright with nails), and clad in a loose blouse and trousers, that are tied up about the knees. The blouse is open at the chest, and is

lifted to the waist by his big, brown hands, which are tucked in his trouser pockets, and his head is covered by the kind of hat that sailors call a sou'-wester. His only ornament is a pair of ear-rings; and with his head thrown back he saunters along the street by the side of his cart, repeating in measured tones his cry, "Dust–oh–oh! dust–oh!"

Now and then he stops at a house, and his mate —he has a mate who is as much like him as pea is like pea—descends into the cellar, bringing forth the ashes and refuse that have accumulated in twenty-four hours, and when the cart, which is a square, box-like affair, is filled he starts for home with his load.

What a queer home it is! It is on the outskirts of the city, far away from the finer streets and buildings. A large space of ground is as gray and dusty as an African or Western desert, and is broken by mounds of ashes, some of which are only a few feet high, while others are almost as high as houses,—quite as high, in fact, as the dismal little shanties on the edge of the reservation in which the dust-man and his fellows live. Other carts and other dust-men are constantly coming and going, dumping one load and then returning to the city for another, and as soon as a load is dumped it is attacked by a crowd of men, women and children, who with shovels, rakes and hooks, turn it over and over, and raise stifling clouds of dust.

The reader may think that the collections made by the dust-man are valueless, but such is not the case.

There are more than 300,000 inhabited houses in London, consuming more than 3,500,000 tons of coal a year, and besides the ashes from this great quantity of fuel, the dust-man gathers the other refuse of the houses. He is employed by a contractor, who agrees with the corporation to remove the ashes, etc., out of the city, and the contractor divides every load into six parts, as follows: Soil, or fine dust, which is sold to brick-makers for making bricks and to farmers for manure; brieze, or cinders, sold to brick-makers for burning brick; rags, bones and old metals, sold to marine-store dealers; old tin and iron vessels, sold to trunk-makers for clamps; bricks, oyster and other shells, sold for foundations and road-building; and old boots and shoes, sold to the manufacturers of Prussian blue.

Sometimes much more valuable things than these are found, and the reader may remember the romance that Charles Dickens made out of a London dust-man—"Our Mutual Friend."

It is in sifting the different parts of a load that the men, women and children, are employed; they are as busy as ants; mere babies and wrinkled old dames take a part in the labor, and all of them are so covered with dust and ashes that they are anything but pleasant to contemplate, though, as a rule, they are useful, honest, and industrious members of society.

"Dustie" is what the Londoners familiarly call the dust-man, and only a few know in what ignorance and poverty he lives. One would think that he would work himself into a better occupation, but his family have been dust-men for generations, and the generations after him are not likely to change.

HUCKLEBERRY.

By Frank R. Stockton.

More than a hundred and sixty-eight years ago, there lived a curious personage called "Old Riddler." His real name was unknown to the people in that part of the country where he dwelt; but this made no difference, for the name given him was probably just as good as his own. Indeed, I am quite sure that it was better, for it meant something, and very few people have names that mean anything.

He was called Old Riddler for two reasons. In the first place, he was an elderly man; secondly, he was the greatest fellow to ask riddles that you ever heard of. So this name fitted him very well.

Old Riddler had some very peculiar characteristics,—among others, he was a gnome. Living underground for the greater part of his time, he had ample opportunities of working out curious and artful riddles, which he used to try on his fellow-gnomes; and if they liked them, he would go above-ground and propound his conundrums to the country people, who sometimes guessed them, but not often.

The fact is, that those persons who wished to be on good terms with the old gnome never guessed his riddles. They knew that they would please him better by giving them up.

He took such a pleasure in telling the answers to his riddles, that no truly kind-hearted person would deprive him of it, by trying to solve them.

"You see," as Old Riddler used to say, when talked to on the subject, "if I take all the trouble to make up these riddles, it's no more than fair that I should be allowed to give the answers."

So the old gnome, who was not much higher than a two-year-old child, though he had quite a venerable head and face, was very much encouraged by the way the people treated him, and when a person happened to be very kind and appreciative,



"'DON'T YOU SEE?' ASKED THE OLD FELLOW."

and gave a good deal of attention to one of his conundrums, that person would be pretty sure, before long, to feel glad that he had met Old Riddler.

There were thousands of ways in which the gnomes could benefit the country-folks, especially those who had little farms or gardens. Sometimes Old Riddler, who was a person of great influence in his tribe, would take a company of gnomes under the garden of some one to whom he wished to do a favor, and they would put their little hands up through the earth and pull down all the weeds, root-foremost, so that when the owner went out in the morning, he would find his garden as clear of weeds as the bottom of a dinner-plate.

Of course, any one who has habits of this kind must eventually become a general favorite, and this was the case with Old Riddler.

One day he made up a splendid riddle, and, after he had told it to all the gnomes, he hurried up to propound it to some human person.

He was in such haste that he actually forgot his hat, although it was late in the fall, and he wore his cloak. He had not gone far through the fields before he met a young goose-girl, named Lois. She was a poor girl, and was barefooted; and as Old Riddler saw her in her scanty dress, standing on the cold ground, watching her geese, he thought to himself: "Now I do hope that girl has wit enough to understand my riddle, for I feel that I would like to get interested in her."

So, approaching Lois, he made a bow and politely asked her: "Can you tell me, my good little girl, why a ship full of sailors, at the bottom of the sea, is like the price of beef?"

The goose-girl began to scratch her head, through the old handkerchief she wore instead of a bonnet, and tried to think of the answer.

"Because it's 'low,'" said she, after a minute or two.

"Oh no!" said the gnome. "That's not it. You can give it up, you know, if you can't think of the answer."

"I know!" said Lois. "Because it's sunk."

"Not at all," said Old Riddler, a little impatiently. "Now come, my good girl, you'd much better give it up. You will just hack at the answer until you make it good for nothing."

"Well, what is it?" said Lois.

"I will tell you," said the gnome. "Now, pay attention to the answer: Because it has gone down. Don't you see?" asked the old fellow, with a gracious smile.

"Yes, I see," said the goose-girl, scratching her head again; "but my answer was nearly as good as yours."

"Oh, dear me!" said Old Riddler, "that wont do. It's of no use at all to give an answer that is nearly good enough. It must be exactly right, or it's worthless. I am afraid, young girl, that you don't care much for riddles."

"Yes I do," said the goose-girl; "I make 'em."

"Make them?" exclaimed Old Riddler, in great surprise.

"Yes," replied Lois, "I'm out here all day with these geese, and I have n't anything else to do, and so I make riddles. Do you want to hear one of them?"

"Yes, I would like it very much indeed," said the gnome.

"Well, then, here 's one: If the roofs of houses were flat instead of slanting, why would the rain be like a chained dog?"

"Give it up," said Old Riddler.

"Because it could n't run off," answered Lois.

"Very good, very good," said the gnome. "Why, that 's nearly as good as some of mine. And now, my young friend, did n't you feel pleased to have me give up that riddle and let you tell me the answer, straight and true, just as you knew it ought to be?"

"Oh yes!" said the goose-girl.

"Well, then," continued Old Riddler, "remember this: What pleases you will often please other people. And never guess another riddle."

Lois, although a rough country girl, was touched by the old man's earnestness and his gentle tones.

"I never will," said she.

"That 's a very well-meaning girl," said Old Riddler to himself as he walked away, "although she has n't much polish. I 'll come sometimes and help her a little with her conundrums."

Old Riddler had a son named Huckleberry. He was a smart, bright young fellow, and resembled his father in many respects. When he went home, the old gnome told his son about Lois, and tried to impress on his mind the same lesson he had taught the young girl. Huckleberry was a very good little chap, but he was quick-witted and rather forward, and often made his father very angry by guessing his riddles; and so he needed a good deal of parental counsel.

Nearly all that night Huckleberry thought about what his father had told him. But not at all as Old Riddler intended he should.

"What a fine thing it must be," said Huckleberry to himself, "to go out into the world and teach people things. I 'm going to try it myself."

So, the next day, he started off on his mission. The first person he saw was a very small girl playing under a big oak-tree.

When the small girl saw the young gnome, she was frightened and drew back, standing up as close against the tree as she could get.

But up stepped Master Huckleberry, with all the airs and graces he could command.

"Can you tell me, my little miss," said he, "why an elephant with a glass globe of gold-fish tied to his tail is like a monkey with one pink eye and one of a mazarine blue?"

"No," said the small girl, "I don't know. Go away!"

"Oh," said Huckleberry, "perhaps that 's too hard for you. I know some nice little ones, in words of one syllable. Why is a red man with a green hat like a good boy who has a large duck in a small pond?"

"Go away!" said the small girl. "I came here to pick flowers. I don't know riddles."

"Perhaps that one was too easy," said Huckleberry, kindly. "I have all sorts. Here is one with longer words, divided into syllables. I 'll say it slowly for you: What is the dif-fer-ence between a mag-nan-i-mous ship-mate and the top-most leaf-let on your grand-mo-ther's bar-ber-ry bush?"

"I have n't got any grandmother," said she.

"Oh, well! Any grandmother will do," said Huckleberry.

"I can't guess it," said the small girl, who was now beginning to lose her fear of the funny little fellow. "I never guessed any riddles. I 'm not old enough."

"Very well, then," said Huckleberry, I 'll tell you what I 'll do. Let 's sit down here under the tree, and I 'll tell you one of father's riddles, and give you the answer. His riddles are better than mine, because none of mine have any answers. I don't put answers to them, for I can never think of any good ones. I met a boy once, and told him a lot of my riddles; and he learned them, and went about asking people to guess them, and when the people gave them up, he could n't tell them the answers, because there were none, and that made everybody mad. He told one of the riddles to his grandmother,—I think it was the one about the pink-eyed monkey and the wagon-load of beans——"

"No," said the small girl; "the elephant and



THE BOY AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

the gold-fish was the other part of the pink-eyed monkey one."

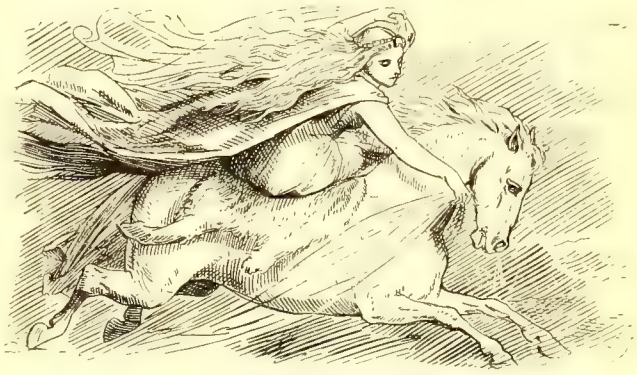
"Oh, it don't make any difference," said Huckleberry. "I don't join my riddles together the same way every time. Sometimes I use the gold-fish

and elephant with the last part of one riddle, and sometimes with another. As there 's no answer, it don't matter. I begin a good many of my best riddles with the elephant, for it makes a fine opening. But, as I was going to tell you, this boy told one of my riddles to his grandmother, and she liked it very much; but when she found out that there was no answer to it, she gave him a good box on the ear, and that boy has never liked me since. But now I 'll tell you a story. That is, it 's like a story, but it 's really a riddle. Father made it and everybody thinks it 's one of his best. There was once a fair lady of renown who was engaged to be married to a prince. And when the wedding-day came round—they were to be married in one of the prince's palaces in the mountains—she was so long getting dressed—you see she dressed in one of her father's palaces, down in the valley—that she was afraid she would be late, so as soon as her veil was pinned on, she ran down to the stables, threw a wolf-skin on the back of one of the fieriest of the chargers, and springing on him, she dashed away. She was n't used to harnessing horses, and was in such a hurry that she forgot all about the bridle, and so, as she was dashing away, she found she could n't steer the animal, and he did n't go anywhere near the prince's palace, but galloped on, and on, and on, every minute taking her farther and farther away from where she wanted to go. She could n't turn the charger, and she could n't stop him, though she tore off pieces of her veil, and tried to put them around his nose, but it was no good. So when the wedding-party had waited and waited and waited, the prince got angry and married another lady, and nobody knows where the fair lady of renown went to, although there are some people who say that she 's a-galloping yet, and trying to get her veil around the charger's nose. Now, why was it that that fair lady of renown never married? Answer: Because she had no bridal. You can say either bri-d-a-l, or bri-d-l-e, because they both sound alike, and if she had had either one of them, she would have been married. This is a pretty long riddle, but it 's easier than mine, because it 's all fixed up right, with the answer to it and everything. You like it better than mine, don't you?"

The small girl did not answer, and when Huckleberry looked around, he saw that she was asleep.

"Poor little thing!" said Huckleberry, softly, to himself. "I guess I gave her a little too much riddle to begin with. Her mind is n't formed enough yet. But it 's pretty hard on me. I wanted to teach somebody something, and here she 's gone to sleep. I wish I could find that goose-girl. If father could teach her something, I 'm sure I could."

So he went walking through the fields, and



THE FAIR LADY OF RENOWN.

pretty soon he saw Lois, standing among her geese, who were feeding on the grass.

Huckleberry skipped up to her as lively as a cricket.

"Can you tell me," said he, "why an elephant with a glass globe of gold-fish tied to his tail is like the Lord High Admiral of the British Isles?"

"Was the globe of gold-fish all the elephant owned?" asked the goose-girl, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Huckleberry. "But I don't see what that 's got to do with it."

"Then the answer is," said Lois, without noticing this last remark, "because all his property is entailed."

"Well, I de-clare!" cried Huckleberry, opening his eyes as wide as they would go, "if you did n't guess it! Why, I did n't know it had an answer."

"I wish it had n't had an answer," said the goose-girl, suddenly stamping her foot. "I wish there had never been any answer to it in the whole world. It was only yesterday that I promised Old Riddler that I would never guess another riddle, and here I 've done it! It 's too bad!"

"I don't think it is," cried Huckleberry, waving his little cap around by the tassel. "It 's all very well for father not to want people to guess his riddles, because they 've got answers and he knows what they are. But I would never have known that any of mine had an answer if you had n't guessed this one. If you had had a riddle like this one, would n't you have been glad to have some one tell you the answer?"

"Yes, I would," said Lois.

"Well, then, my good girl, remember this: If

a thing gives you pleasure, it 's very likely that it will give somebody else pleasure. So let somebody else have a chance, and the next time you hear a riddle that you think the owner has no answer for, guess it for him, if you can. Good-by!"

And away went Master Huckleberry, skipping and singing and snapping his fingers and twirling his cap, until he came to a wide crack in the ground, when he rolled himself up like a huckleberry dumpling, and went tumbling and bouncing down into the underground home of the gnomes.

"Get out of the way!" said he to the gnomes he passed, as he proudly strode to his father's apartments. "I 'm going to make a report. For the first time in my life I 've taught somebody something."

When Huckleberry left her, the goose-girl stood silently in the midst of her geese. Her brow was overcast.

"How 's anybody to do two things that can't both be done?" she exclaimed at last. "I 'll have nothing more to do with riddles as long as I live."

HOW SIR WILLIAM PHIPS FOUND THE TREASURE IN THE SEA.

By S. G. W. Benjamin.

THERE is scarcely anything more exciting to the imagination than tales of hidden treasure, especially treasure lost at sea. The mystery, the wonder, the adventure, the tragedy, the seemingly boundless possibilities connected with riches lost by shipwreck or war, and yet not gone beyond the hope of recovery, have given rise to a multitude of romantic stories, some of them pure fictions, but many founded more or less on fact.

I have known several cases in which treasure lost by piracy or shipwreck has been recovered after a century or more. Some years ago a company of men from Boston made two cruises to the shoals of the Silver Key on the Bahama Banks, a spot noted for shipwrecks. They had some clue to a treasure-laden ship which had foundered there long ago. The first trip was unsuccessful, but on the second voyage the wreck was found. Divers, armed with modern apparatus, spent several days in the quest, but in vain, until, finally, just as the last diver was about to give the signal to be drawn up, he leaned against what seemed only the barnacle-encrusted end of a beam; but suddenly it gave way, and numbers of golden doubloons rolled out at his feet. Considerable sums rewarded further search in the sand-filled and decaying carcass of the old ship; but exactly how much was realized is known only to the discoverers, who kept the matter secret, and thus evaded paying a great part of the share due to the British crown, in whose dominion the treasure was found.

To Boston also belonged, some two centuries ago, the celebrated treasure-hunter, William Phips. He was one of twenty-one sons, and was born at Woolwich, Maine, in 1651. Of a bold, adventurous spirit, his first and last passion was to follow the sea, although until he was eighteen years of age he was forced to tend sheep. He then apprenticed himself to a ship-carpenter for four years, taking a trip down the coast now and then, and watching his chance for the next move. He is said to have been inspired by an idea that celebrity and fortune were to be his destiny; and when his apprenticeship was over, he went to Boston and worked at ship-building for a year, until he had the good luck to win the favor of a rich widow. Her he married, and, with the increase of means thus obtained, Phips launched into various enterprises, which did not always turn out well. But he never lost faith in his guiding star, and often told his good wife that "he should yet become commander of a king's ship, and owner of a fair brick house in the Green Lane of Boston"—at that time the Beacon Street of the plucky little town.

Ten years went by, and Phips seemed but little nearer the realization of his dreams than while tending sheep on the hill-sides of Maine, when the prospect suddenly brightened in an unexpected quarter. This was the time when Spanish and Portuguese galleons were crossing the ocean laden with silver from Potosi and diamonds from Brazil. Pirates and privateers scoured the seas to rob the treasure-ships, and great expeditions were sent out by England in war times for the same purpose.

The imaginations of men ran riot during this feverish state of things, and people were ready to believe almost any yarn "spun" in the forecastle.

Phips was just the man to be moved by such tales, and, when he learned of a certain rich wreck on the Bahamas, he at once fitted out a small vessel and went in search of it. He found and recovered the treasure, but the amount was small, being only large enough to whet his appetite for more.

While at the Bahamas, he was told of another Spanish vessel, wrecked off Puerto Plata more than fifty years before, with a much larger treasure. His means not being sufficient for this expedition, Phips sailed for England and made direct application to the Admiralty to aid him in his search. So ably did this true son of the sea represent his cause, that he was given command of the "Rose Algier," a ship mounting eighteen guns and carrying a hundred men. Thus Phips's first dream came to pass; he was now captain of a king's ship, with a roving commission.

The exact position of the wreck was unknown, and the untrustworthy character of the crew added great difficulties to the undertaking. It should be remembered, also, that diving-bells, diving-armor, and the like, were then unknown. But the courage and indomitable perseverance of Phips now came into play, and he had a capital chance to show the stuff of which he was made.

Soon after they had sailed, the crew came aft, armed, and determined to force Phips to yield to their wishes, which probably were that they should all turn pirates. Without giving them time to deliberate, Phips flew at their leader, hurled him to the deck and dispatched him on the spot—a deed so prompt and daring that it awed the mutineers into submission for the time. One who has never seen a mutiny at sea can form but little idea of its desperate character, and the rapidity of action and unflinching nerve required where men are shut up alone on the wide ocean with a quarrel so deadly in its nature that no compromise can be thought of for a moment, and no quarter can be allowed with safety to him who gives it.

But the next plot to seize the ship was even more dangerous. The "Rose Algier," being in need of repairs, was taken to a cove in a small uninhabited island, and careened on one side in order to reach the damaged place. Most of the stores were moved on shore, the ship was hove down, and a bridge was laid between the deck and the land. Under the pretense of pastime, most of the crew now betook themselves to the woods, and there plotted to return at seven in the evening, seize the ship, force Phips and eight faithful men on shore, leave them there to perish, and themselves sail away on a piratical cruise. But the carpenter was one of the few who stood by the captain, and yet they could not risk putting to sea without him. They sent for him, therefore, on some pretext, and, having him in their power, offered him the choice of instant death or of joining his fortunes with theirs. He begged for half an hour to think about it, and said that at any rate he should have to return on board for his tool-chest. They granted his request, and sent two men with him to watch his movements. Soon afterward, he was suddenly taken with a pretended cramp or colic, and in great seeming agony rushed into the cabin for medicine; there he found Phips, and in a few rapid words revealed the plot. In less than two hours the mutineers would be marching on the ship. Not an instant was to be lost. Immediately the guns were loaded and trained to command the shore and all the approaches to the stores; the bridge was taken in, and when the mutineers appeared they found themselves caught. In tones of thunder, Phips bade them not to stir or he would mow them down with his batteries; nor did they dare to disobey. The bridge was again laid down, and the eight loyal men brought back the stores to the ship. When all was safely on board again, the mutineers were told that they were to be left to the fate they had intended for their commander. In despair at so terrible a prospect, the miserable men threw down their arms, and protested their willingness to submit if Phips would but relent and not sail away without them. After a long parley, he agreed to let them come on board, they having first given up their arms. But, with such a crew, further search after the treasure was useless. Phips, therefore, sailed for Jamaica, changed the crew, and again weighed anchor for Hispaniola. There he was lucky enough to find an old Spaniard who told him that the wreck was somewhere about a reef a few leagues north of Puerto de la Plata. Phips immediately went to the spot. But his search for the wreck was long and unavailing, the season was changing, and the "Rose Algier," now but half manned and in unseaworthy condition, was unfit to prowl around a dangerous reef in the hurricane season. So, without having accomplished the object of so much exertion and anxiety, Phips was obliged to return to England, a baffled but not a discouraged man.

Very naturally, it was impossible for our adventurer to obtain another English ship-of-war, although he received much credit for the courage and skill shown in controlling the mutineers, and one would conclude that the treasure of the old Spanish galleon would after this have remained at the bottom of the sea, the exclusive possession of the sharks, the turtles and the barracudas. But with rare pertinacity Phips returned to the charge,

and at last persuaded the Duke of Albemarle and several other wealthy noblemen to his views. They formed a company and obtained a patent from King James II., giving them the sole right to all wrecked treasure they might find during a certain number of years. Then they fitted out a ship and tender, the latter to cruise in coves and shoal water, reef, and the men then rowed slowly in the boat around it, carefully examining the depths below for signs of the wrecked galleon. The waters in the West Indies are very clear, and during a calm objects can be seen at a considerable depth. The rocks were of singular form, rising nearly to the surface, but with sides so steep that any vessel



CAPTAIN PHIPS THREATENS TO SAIL AWAY FROM THE MUTINEERS.

and Phips invented several rude contrivances for dragging and diving, far inferior to the means now used for such purposes. Thus prepared, he sailed once more for Hispaniola. There a small, stout boat was built, and with it and a crew of Indian divers the tender was despatched to the reef where the wreck was said to be. The tender was anchored in good holding-ground at a safe distance from the striking them would be liable to go down many fathoms below the reach of the most expert diver. The only hope was that the wreck might have lodged on some projecting ledge. But the closest observation, long continued, failed to reveal any sign of the object so eagerly sought, although the water was perfectly calm.

At length, a curious sea-plant cropping out of a

crevice in the sides of the reef caught the eye of one of the crew, and he sent down an Indian to bring it up. When the diver returned to the surface he reported that he had seen a number of brass cannon lying tangled among the sea-weed on a ledge. That was enough. Inspired with the greatest enthusiasm, diver after diver plunged below to be the first to discover the treasure, and ere long one of them brought up an ingot of silver worth several hundred pounds. Transported with success they left a buoy to mark the spot, and made all sail to carry the glad tidings to Phips. He would not credit the tale until he had seen the ingot, when he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God, we are all made!"

Every man was at once enlisted in the service of fishing for the treasure. The bullion was discovered first; after that, in the bottom of the hold, the sea-miners found the coin in bags, which had been so long under water that they were encrusted with a stony shell, hard as rock. This was broken with crowbars, revealing gold, jewels, and "pieces of eight," in glittering abundance. The last day's work brought to light twenty massive silver ingots, and the whole amount recovered was somewhat over three hundred thousand pounds, a sum equal in the values of our time to five millions of dollars. Nor was this all the riches concealed in the wreck; but Phips was obliged to return to England before completing the business. Provisions had run low, and the presence of so vast a treasure on board had stimulated the cupidity of the crew to a dangerous degree, so that each day of delay in reaching port was full of hazard. Every precaution was taken to guard the treasure, but what probably prevented the crew from rising was the promise Phips gave them, when matters had become most suspicious, that they should each receive a share of the profits in addition to his wages, even if his own portion were thus swallowed up. Phips reached England without mishap, thus bringing to a successful termination one of the most daring exploits of its sort that were ever attempted.

When the profits were divided, Phips received as his share a sum that would now be equal to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Duke of Albemarle presented Mrs. Phips with a magnificent gold cup worth fifteen thousand dollars, and King James expressed great pleasure at the honesty and ability of Phips in the conduct of such a difficult undertaking, and as a reward for bringing such a treasure into England granted him the honor of knighthood, and offered him important employment in the royal service. Fortune had indeed smiled on the shepherd-boy of Maine.

But Phips was never ashamed of his humble origin, nor in all his wanderings did he forget his native land. And now, instead of remaining to enjoy further honors near the throne, he returned to his family, bearing the important commission of High Sheriff of New England. He now built the brick house on Green Lane which he had promised his wife fifteen years before. The name of this street was eventually changed to Charter Street, in memory of his efforts to have the charter of the Massachusetts colony restored.

Sir William Phips afterward engaged in the wars between the American colonies of France and England, and at the head of an expedition of eight ships captured Port Royal. A subsequent enterprise against Quebec failed from a combination of causes, some of them beyond the control of Phips. After this Sir William went again to England, where he was appointed Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the New England colonies; and his return home with these new honors and titles was made the occasion of a day of solemn thanksgiving.

His governorship having ceased, Sir William Phips sailed for England, and was meditating a fresh expedition in search of shipwrecked treasure when he was taken suddenly ill, and died at the age of forty-five. While his adventurous career affords us little hope that any of us will ever, like him, discover shipwrecked wealth, it gives us a fine example of what perseverance combined with intelligence, courage and honesty can accomplish in the face of great difficulties; for it was a union of all these qualities which enabled Sir William Phips to wrest fortune and honors from the ocean depths.



SOME FISHING-BIRDS OF FLORIDA.

By Mrs. Mary Treat.

All along the St. John's River, during the winter, may be seen birds catching fish for a living. They are more numerous here in winter than in summer, because, upon the freezing of the waters at the North, they flock to Florida to carry on their fishing in the St. John's, which, never freezing, contains an abundance of fish.

The belted kingfisher comes close to the house, where I can watch him fishing as I sit at the window. The river is five miles across here, and for several yards from the shore it is quite shallow, so that a wharf two hundred and fifty feet long was necessary to make it easy to launch our small row-boats. A railing extends along the side of the wharf, and upon this railing the kingfisher perches, watching for his prey.

He understands fishing much better than most boys, for he seldom misses his game. He takes his position on the railing, and fixes his eyes upon the finny tribes below, and when a fish that suits him comes within his range, he dives into the water



THE BELTED KINGFISHER.

and brings it up with his stout beak, and then beats it upon the railing to make it limp and tender before swallowing.

It is not so very surprising that he is such an expert fisher, for during the winter it is his only occupation; he has no family to look after now, and he is so very selfish and quarrelsome that he will not allow any of his brothers to fish near him. He considers the whole length of the wharf his fishing-post, and his brothers must not trespass upon his grounds; if they do, he chases them away with a rattling, clanging noise, enough to frighten any fisher not stronger than himself.

In the spring he takes a partner in his business, for now it is time to raise a family, and he knows he can never do this alone. He is very good and kind to this partner, and helps her dig a hole in a clayey bank for the nest, and then takes his turn in sitting upon the eggs. After the eggs are hatched, they both catch fish to feed the young until they are old enough to feed themselves.

The American flamingo, with his gorgeous scarlet feathers, is a superb fellow. He is very shy, and peculiarly afraid of man. On account of its fine apparel, it has been more closely pursued than almost any other bird. It does not go north like some of the herons, but Audubon says it has occasionally been seen in South Carolina. Its constant home, however, is in the southern part of Florida and along the Gulf coast.

Like the herons, of which I told you in St. Nicholas for May, 1877, the flamingoes are sociable, and live in flocks. They have webbed feet, which give them an advantage over the herons in enabling them to swim as well as to wade. I have never been able to get near enough to these birds to gain any personal knowledge of their habits.

The nest of the flamingo is a curious affair; usually built in a marshy, muddy place, in the form of a mound. It is made of sticks and grass and mud to the height of two or three feet, with a hollow in the middle to hold the eggs. The male is said to assist in the construction of the nest, but this is probably mere conjecture, for I think no one living at the present time has been able to get near enough to these birds to watch their habits, and their nests can be reached only with great difficulty.

The female lays two white eggs about the size of those of a goose. It is said that she sits astride the nest in an ungainly fashion, and that the young, as soon as they are hatched, take to the water like young ducks.

If a law only could be passed to protect these birds, what a grand sight the waters of Florida would soon present! These great, brilliant, scarlet birds, dallying and playing in the water, or wading near the shore in quest of game, would be a sight never to be forgotten. Can it be possible that Florida does not care for such glorious creatures, and will allow, year after year, these marauders

from the North to kill them without a single protest? Unless something is done for the protection of these splendid creatures, they must soon become extinct; for their range is quite limited, and I fear the boy and girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS, by the time they grow to men and women, can only read of these as "gorgeous birds of the past."

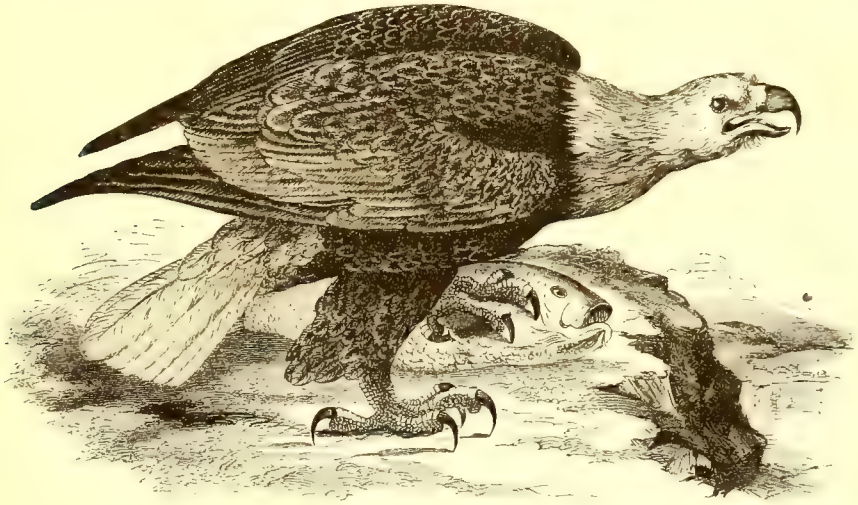
Almost every morning, the osprey, or fish-hawk, comes in front of the window and fishes in the shallow water near the house. He does not seem to be as expert as the kingfisher. I have seen him dive a dozen times or more into the water before bringing up his prey. He sails around and around in the air; at last fixing his eyes upon a fish, he swoops down, making the water splash around him. His feet are large and powerful, and he arranges his long toes in the form of a scoop as he plunges into the river; this scoop is his fishing-tackle with which he brings up his finny food.

I think I should not like to be an osprey, for he seems to have such a hard time to get a living, and yet he is an honest, well-disposed laborer. After he has succeeded in catching a fish, a bald eagle often swoops down from some tall tree, where he has been watching him, and by main force compels this honest fisher to give up his hard-won prey. The eagle is considerably larger than his victim, being about three feet in length, while the osprey is only about two feet.

It is quite a grand sight to see these two large birds wheeling through the air—the osprey trying to elude the eagle, diving first one way and then another, until at last, when he sees the unencumbered eagle must overpower him, in a fit of desperation he lets the fish drop, and the eagle catches it before it reaches the water, and carries it to some retired spot where he devours it.

And now the poor defrauded osprey must go to work and catch another fish before he can have his dinner. Here you see the bald eagle with his ill-gotten prey.

Great flocks of ducks often come to fish in the shallow water close to the shore. I suppose the reason that they come so near is that they find smaller fish here than in the deep water; and another reason, they are never shot at near the shore, for no fire-arms are allowed to be discharged within the town limits, except under the penalty of five dollars for each discharge.



THE BALD EAGLE.

This place, in winter, corresponds to a northern watering-place in summer. There is a warm sulphur-spring here, and people come from all quarters for health and for amusement. At first the great numbers of birds all about attracted many sportsmen, but I am very glad to tell you that the Florida people did not like this reckless shooting of birds in their midst, so they made this beautiful little place—Green Cove Spring—a city, and elected a mayor and a marshal, and other officers, to keep the men straight, and to protect the birds.

So this is why the birds that live about this little city are so tame, and why the ducks come so close to us; they have learned that they are quite safe from guns here.

Several species of ducks may sometimes be seen in one flock, fishing together in perfect harmony. It is quite astonishing how long they can stay under water, and when they come up their feathers are not wet at all.

The most beautiful of these fishing-ducks is the

hooded merganser. Its plumage is most elegant, and it has a large thick tuft or crest of feathers covering the whole head, which gives it a sort of military look; and, indeed, it seems to be a commander, for it leads all of its relatives. It sometimes stays so long under the water that I begin to fear something has happened,—that an alligator, or some other huge beast, has got hold of it; but it always makes its appearance after a while, often at quite a long distance from where it went under.

NAN'S PEACE-OFFERING.

By Kate W. Hamilton.

"I JUST wish I was properer, and everything—so there!" said Nannie, sitting discontentedly down upon the green grass by the road-side, and surveying herself with a pair of very serious brown eyes.

It was a forlorn little self, surely, with wet dress, muddy shoes, inky apron, and crumpled sun-bonnet.

"Aunt S'mantha 'll think I'm dreadful. She says I never have any forethought; but I have lots of after-thoughts, and I s'pose folks can't have both kinds. It don't do any good, either. Oh dear!"

There was a whistled tune coming up the road. Tommy Grey was attached to it, but the whistle seemed much the older and more important of the two, and was first to reach the tree where Nannie was sitting. When Tommy caught up with it, he stopped in surprise.

"Hello, Nan Verling! Is that you?"

"I suppose so, but I wish it was n't," answered Nannie, dolefully.

"What for?" questioned Tommy, in still further astonishment.

"'Cause I wish I was somebody else that was n't all wrinkled and mussed up. I don't see how folks can keep nice and have good times, anyway," declared Nan, in a burst of confidence. "You see, I just helped sail boats in the brook, and I did n't know my dress was wet a bit till I came away; and then Lizzie Sykes tagged me, and course I had to tag her back again. I don't know what made her run right through the mud, where I could n't catch her without getting my shoes all muddy. Should think she might have known better! My old inkstand at school is always upsetting itself, and it had to spill on my clean white apron this afternoon. Then my sun-bonnet ——"

"Looks as if you 'd hung it up in your pocket," suggested Tommy.

"Well, I did n't; I only rolled it up for a rag-baby when we played keep house at recess. I s'pose it 's bad for bonnets, but it made the beautifulest kind of a baby," said Nannie, a little ray of enthusiasm gleaming through her despondency. "But Aunt S'mantha does n't 'preciate such things," she added, mournfully.

"No," answered Tommy, sympathetically. "She 'll scold, may be?"

"P'r'aps so. May be she 'll send me to bed without any supper."

"Whew! That a'nt any fun, I tell you!" declared Tommy. "Why, a fellow just tumbles and tumbles, and gets hungrier and hungrier, and wonders what the folks have got for supper, and looks at the stars, and tries to say 'Hickory-dickory-dock' backward, and wishes it was morning. It just feels awful!"

"I did n't ever try it, and I don't s'pose I could stand it," said Nannie, shaking dejectedly the curly head in the flopping sun-bonnet. "I 've a good mind not to go home at all, but just run away off somewhere, and be a foundling. Foundlings have pretty good times, 'cause I 've read about 'em in books. They get adopted by some great lady in a big house, and grow up rich, and get to be real handsome."

"I don't believe you would," declared Tommy, more honestly than politely.

Nan meditated a minute, and then said, with a sigh:

"Well, I guess I 'll have to go home, then."

"Scoldings don't last very long, anyway," urged Tommy, consolingly.

"But if you sort o' think you ought n't to have done things, and did ought to be more careful—and everything—it makes it seem more worse, you know," remarked Nannie, in a hesitating, half-penitent way. "'Cause I *do* like Aunt S'mantha."

"Yes," admitted Tommy, knitting his brow over the complications of the case, and searching his own experience for a suggestion of relief. "If you only had something nice to carry home to her—something she wants. Once I got wet as a rat

playing round the pond, but I 'd caught two fish—reg'lar tip-top trout—and I took 'em home to mother; held 'em up where they 'd be seen first thing, you know. And she said, 'What nice fish!' and did n't scold a wink."

"I could n't catch anything if I tried a week, and Aunt S'mantha would n't care, anyway. Why, she 's a real grown-up woman, and could have tea-parties and make molasses candy every day if she wanted to! I don't believe she wants anything, unless it 's ban—bananas—whatever that is. I heard her say she 'd like some, this morning."

"Bandanas?" questioned Tommy, with brightening eyes.

"Y–e–s, I guess so," answered Nannie, rather doubtfully.

"Ho! I know what they are as well as anything. Why, they 're silk handkerchiefs—red and yellow, with spots on 'em."

Nannie's hand dived into her small pocket, and re-appeared with two nickels and a copper.

"Do you guess I could buy one at Carney's store for 'leven cents? 'Cause I have n't got any more."

"I s'pose so. Why, yes; handkerchiefs a'nt much 'count, you know. I always lose mine—only they a'nt bandanas. I guess women-folks think more about 'em, though," said Tommy, with the air of one superior to such trifles.

Nannie was convinced, and started from her seat with a little sigh of relief.

"I 'll go and buy her one, then. And I think you 're a pretty good boy, Tommy Grey," she added, gratefully, as she trudged down the road, leaving Tommy to take up his whistling and his homeward route again.

It was quite a long walk to the store—*the* store, because the village only boasted one. That did not matter much to the inhabitants generally, as the town was so near. Bentleyville and Bentley were connected by a straggling line of houses that made it hard to tell where the village ended and the town began. Ambitious young villagers took advantage of this to talk about "we city people," while the older ones contentedly spoke of themselves as "plain country-folks."

Nannie did not care in the least which she was, neither did she greatly mind the walk, though the feet that had done so much running began to grow tired. If only she could carry a peace-offering to Aunt Samantha! That would make all right, and her small world bright again, she was sure.

"I can't have any candy or slate-pencils for ever so long; but I don't care, 'cause I do like her, and she 'll know it—course she will if I buy her a handkerchief; and she wont think I got all mussed up on purpose," she soliloquized.

It required some heroism to pass by the fresh pop-corn balls at the store door, and to turn away from the boxes of figs without a second glance; but Nannie did both, and, walking straight to the counter, made known her errand.

"Bandanas? Yes, a prime lot of 'em," said bustling little Mr. Carney, bringing out his whole stock.

His small customer, standing on tiptoe to reach the counter, gravely examined them. Would Aunt Samantha like a red one or a yellow one best, she wondered. It was a perplexing question to decide. If only she could take her one of each! And that reminded her to ask the price.

"Seventy-five cents apiece," said the old gentleman, briskly.

"Seventy—five—cents!" repeated Nan, faintly.

"Yes, sissy; cheap at that, too."

"I—thought—I did n't know," stammered Nannie, in a sore disappointment. Then rallying her faltering courage, she asked: "Don't you ever sell any for 'leven cents?"

"Eleven cents? Bless me, child! Why, they cost —— Oh! may be you mean cotton ones? Look a little like these."

Nan nodded, glad to think it even probable that she had meant anything.

"Well, I don't keep that kind, you see," explained Mr. Carney, condescendingly.

Discouraged and forlorn, the little woman turned away. She walked until she was quite out of sight of the store, and then paused to meditate. What should she do? It seemed dreadfully hard to give up her plan now when she had thought it all nicely settled. There were plenty of stores in Bentley; some of them might sell handkerchiefs for eleven cents. She glanced dubiously along the road leading to the town, and noticed that the sun was nearly out of sight behind the hills.

"But it stays light ever and ever so long after the sun sets," she murmured, "and it did n't seem a bit far when I rode to town with Aunt S'mantha. I guess this store is most part way. Anyhow, I just must have a bandana!" she added, as she once more caught sight of her soiled apron and muddy shoes.

She straightened her sun-bonnet, and started resolutely forward again. She had grown to feel that the proposed purchase was in some way a reparation due to Aunt Samantha, and she could not give it up. On and on trudged the tired little feet, aching wearily at last, but never hesitating nor turning back. It seemed a long way, though.

"Wonder if I wont ever and ever come to where the houses get thicker," she murmured. "When I keep a store I 'll build it on the edge somewhere, so folks wont have to walk so far to get to it."

After a time, the buildings did nestle more closely together, and, somewhat comforted, she stopped a moment to rest. But she started suddenly to her feet as a light flashed upon her from an opposite window. People were really beginning to light their lamps, and the daylight was almost gone.

Weariness was forgotten in the thought that night might fall before she could return, and she ran as fast as her light feet would carry her—so swiftly and so far that she had nearly passed a small store without seeing it.

She checked her steps at this discovery, and entering, asked, breathlessly:

"Oh,—please,—have you any ban-banners?"

"What? any what?" demanded a severe-looking lady, coming forward and eying Nan suspiciously through her spectacles.

"Bandaners,—handkerchiefs," explained Nannie, less confidently.

"Bandanas? No; I don't keep them," responded the lady, very stiffly.

"Should think she might have been more p'lite, if I did n't call it right," commented the young traveler as she hurried along the street once more. "Here's another."

This time there was only a boy in attendance. He was head of the establishment when the proprietor went to supper, and he enjoyed his important position.

"Do you keep ban–ban–banners?" asked Nannie, growing confused again.

"Which? I hope you don't mean any disrespect to the flag of your country, ma'am?"

"No sir; I mean handkerchiefs," said Nannie, innocently.

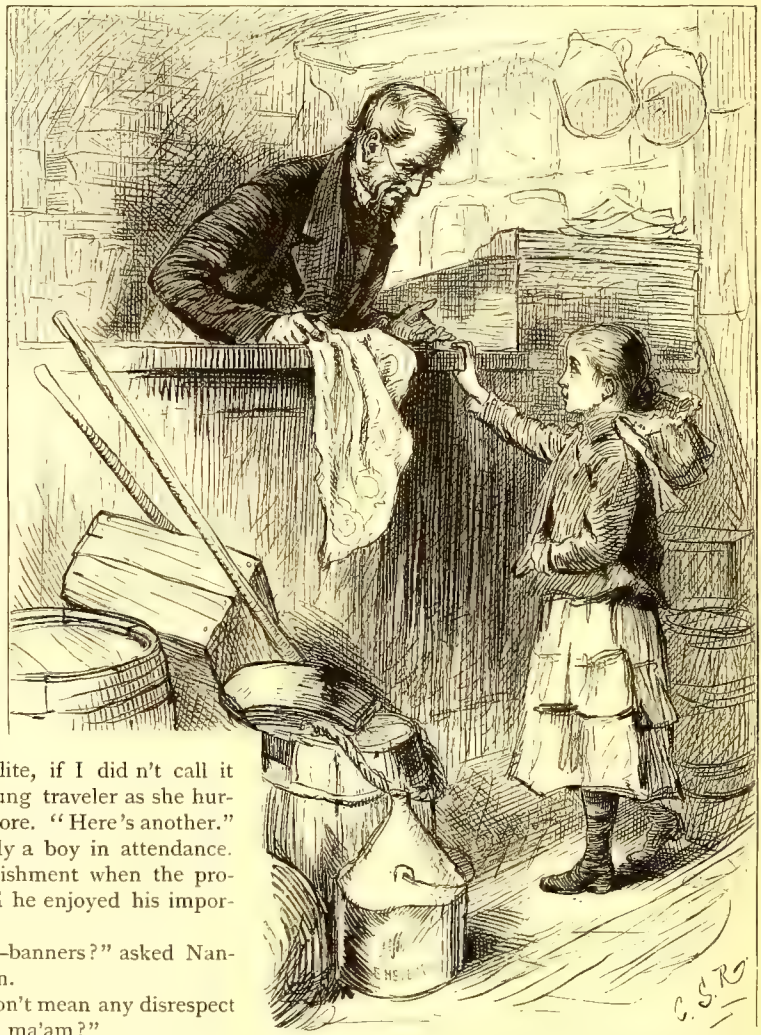
"Ah! yes, I understand. I think we have the article in question."

A number of the red and yellow silks were produced, and while the brown eyes scanned them in some perplexity, the mischievous young clerk surveyed the comical little figure before him, and gravely asked:

"Is that quantity sufficient for the exercise of your predilections? or would you like an additional supply?"

"I would like 'leven cents worth," stammered Nannie.

"Eleven cents worth of silk handkerchiefs? That 's a novelty now!" laughed the boy. "Why,



"'SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS APIECE,' SAID THE OLD GENTLEMAN."

you see that would n't be a seventh part of one of these bits of magnificence,—not a scrap large enough for a respectable doll. We really could n't do it, ma'am. The owner of this establishment has a nonsensical way of always selling his handkerchiefs whole."

Then, at sight of the disappointed little face, his fun yielded to an impulse of kindness, and from a far-away corner he produced an old box with the

dust of disuse lying thickly upon it. It contained some small cotton handkerchiefs, gayly printed, with border, pictures and verses, in bright colors. Nannie's eyes brightened. They were much prettier than the others, she thought, and they were only ten cents! She wavered uncertainly between a pink and a blue one, and finally appealed to the clerk for advice.

"Which is the nicest? Could n't really say, ma'am. If you want it for winter use, the blue would probably match best with your nose; but if you keep it specially for fits of weeping, the red might be nearest the proper tint."

Nannie looked at him solemnly, but not understanding him in the least: she decided upon the blue one, and turned away with the precious package in her hand. It was certainly growing late. The rosy glow had all vanished from the west, and one star was peeping out dimly.

"A good deal after supper-time," murmured Nannie, anxiously. Then, glancing down a side street, she caught sight of a baker's sign. It was but a few steps, and she was very hungry, so she determined to invest her remaining cent in a piece of gingerbread. Eager to be on her homeward way she walked rapidly, and this did not suit the fancy of a large dog in a neighboring yard. He bounded toward the fence, barking furiously, and in a moment Nannie discovered that he had pushed open the gate and was upon the street. She fled at full speed away beyond the shop and down another street. At last a corner hid him from view, and he did not follow her. She dared not retrace her steps for fear of meeting him, and she abandoned all hope of a visit to the bakery. There must be other ways back to the road, though, she thought, and she wandered up one street and down another without coming to any building that looked familiar. She had lost her way entirely, and grew more and more bewildered as she wandered. The stars came out thickly in the sky, and it seemed to her that she had been traveling for hours. Finally she found herself in a quiet, unfrequented part of the town, and then the brave little heart failed utterly, and frightened, homesick, and terribly weary, she sank down by the road-side, sobbing bitterly. She did not hear the sound of wheels, nor notice the horses drawn up beside her, until some one called:

"Hello, little one! what 's the matter?"

She had heard that neighborly voice too often not to recognize it now, and she sprang up in wild delight. "Oh, Captain Hoyt! Take me home! Oh, please sir, wont you take me home?"

"Home, chick-a-biddy? Why, who—little Nan Verling, I declare! Well, if it is n't lucky that I did n't sell my apples till late to-day, and am just going out! How in the world did you get there?"

"I lost my way," faltered Nannie, trying hard to conquer her tears when she was safely in the wagon. "I came to buy a bandana handkerchief for Aunt S'mantha."

"Bandana? Well, she 'll need it, and a few cambric ones thrown in, if she don't know where you are at this time of night," declared the captain, whipping up his horses.

He was quite right; Miss Samantha was nearly frantic. She had sent to every house in the village, and had learned from Tommy how her love of neatness and carelessly expressed desire for bananas had together worked mischief. But as a visit to the store revealed the fact that Nannie had been there and had gone, Miss Samantha could think of nothing but that most improbable resort,—the pond; and she had gathered a party with ropes and lanterns, when Captain Hoyt drove up and deposited the small maiden in their midst.

"I 've got the handkerchief, Aunt S'mantha! and I 'm so glad; but my clothes are all spoiled, and I 'm so sorry," began Nannie.

"Clothes, child! Do you think I care so much more for your clothes than for you that I want to hear about them first?" exclaimed Miss Samantha, with an embrace so long and close that Nannie was quite astonished.

"I did n't know," she answered.

And Miss Samantha said not a word, for she thought if the child really did not know, there must have been something wrong somewhere. She smiled a little grimly when she saw the wonderful handkerchief, but she laid it away as if it were a treasure. Nannie had a nice supper and a good night's sleep, and felt quite bright when Tommy looked in upon her the next morning.

"I had an awful time; but your way is a real good one, Tommy, 'cause she did n't scold a bit," she informed him, confidentially.

"But I guess,—I s'pose,—anyhow, mother says that the best way to please folks is to do as they want you to, instead of buying 'em things," said Tommy, feeling that, as he had led her into trouble, he was in honor bound to give her the benefit of the moral that had been impressed upon him.

"Y-e-s," answered Nannie, rather vaguely.

But, as the weeks went on, and Aunt Samantha grew so much more gentle that she could n't help being more careful not to trouble her, she thought that handkerchief must be a very precious article.

THE TOWER-MOUNTAIN.

BY GUSTAVUS FRANKENSTEIN.

III.

I WANDERED about for what seemed to me days and days, but always cautiously, and never without some hope of escape. At length, becoming weak, I suppose, I missed my footing from a ledge of rock and fell to a great distance. I was stunned and bruised, but soon recovered; and considering the course I must have come, and this last terrible descent, I felt almost sure that I was far below the surface of the earth, and that I must try to go up, and must search and search until I should find some way of ascending. I accordingly moved on, with greater care than ever, and soon found that I was in a sort of rocky passage which rose at a slight inclination. I need not say how this discovery revived my spirits, nor how I was cheered yet more when, after a time, I came to a level surface again, and discovered that beyond it the passage continued as before, but much widened.

Keeping close to the wall of rock on my right, I slowly ascended in what seemed to me a spiral curve. Sometimes I would take a step to the left, to ascertain if I still had a barrier on that side; by which I found that there were many openings in the wall on that side, probably similar to the one through which I had reached this apparently continuous passage.

Up, up I went, gaining courage though feeling weaker and weaker. Having the wall on my right for so long a time, and seeming to be always ascending, I began to think that I was in a sort of circular honey-combed cavern.

It must be borne in mind that my progress was exceedingly slow, consequent upon the necessity of feeling my way, step by step, apprehensive of going over the brink of a precipice in some moment of undue confidence. How many times I lay down to sleep, how many times I rose to continue the task, I cannot tell; but, having been immured so long, without food and without light, I began to feel stealing over me a weariness of exhaustion which required the utmost power of the will to battle.

All this time I kept ascending. Suddenly the passage seemed to open wide, and, all at once, a bright light shot into the cavern. For the moment I was blinded; a painful sensation struck me across the brows; but I determined to behold the light at whatever cost. I opened my eyes; and now, the shock of the dazzling brightness having passed away, I saw the most beautiful effect I had ever beheld in my whole life.

A ray of sunlight fell in a round spot, bright and warm, on the wall at the left. It entered by a small aperture higher up—in the wall at the right. For a moment I looked around. I stood in a vast, rock-bound chamber—an immense hall—faintly illuminated by reflection from the direct sun-ray which fell upon a vein of quartz, and sparkled, lively with flitting rainbow-colors. I could see the openings in the inner wall, many of them a hundred feet high, nearly all very narrow, and for the most part vertical. On the right, the wall was unbroken, with the exception of the little hole, through which the blessed sunlight streamed, in the pit of a broad, deep, conical sort of depression. Far behind me, I could just make out the mouth of the passage from which I had emerged into this spacious chamber, and before me the opening into another also adjacent to the wall on my right.

I felt now more assured than ever, for I was certainly above-ground. For a moment, I forgot my forlorn condition, and paused to admire the splendor of the scene. A few minutes only, and it was gone. I lingered. Should I wait to see this lovely sight renewed? Twenty-four hours must elapse before the sun's return to the same position. But *would* it come to the same point again on the morrow? I knew it could not, and that the least deflection from its course that day would allow no ray to fall into the darkness of that mysterious dungeon. I knew, further, that it was either morning or evening, about nine or three o'clock, by the direction of the beam of light. This fact was immensely encouraging; my heart throbbed rapidly; the blood came tingling to the finger-ends; I felt a warmth, an energy, a hope, an animation of spirits I had not known for a long time. It had all along been but one unending night, when often I would wonder whether, outside, under the broad blue sky, it was then night or day; but now I knew that it was day.

I soon reached the passage which I had seen ahead of me, and found it in some places not more than two or three feet wide. The ascent became steeper, though not at all difficult, except at one place, where for about ten yards I was obliged to use both hands and feet to make sure of not slipping back.

About two hours after passing this point the air seemed to change; there was a warmth and fragrance to it which was very grateful; I fancied also that I could see somewhat indistinctly.

"Surely," I thought, "this seems like coming to daylight."

Warmer and sweeter grew the air; I could see the wall of rock on my right; and then I suddenly encountered a volume of air blown toward me, charged with a most delicious odor—for it seemed as if the sweetest perfumes of the earth were mingled in that breath of air. I knew I was coming to the light! Another turn, and there before me were the grand snow-capped mountains suffused with the last rosy flush of the setting sun!

Oh, indescribable glory!

For a moment, my eyes swept over the horizon,—I was far above the earth,—then back to the beauteous snow in its sunset splendor. The rosy tinges lifted and vanished, and a cool twilight glow rested on the mountain summits. I looked upon the plain below. Far beneath, it lay in the evening shadow, with its thousand fading tints of tropic foliage, with one spot of blue, almost immediately below, in all that mass of verdure—the lake. I knew then that I was almost exactly above the cave I had so long inhabited. And Pippity—Grilly—were they there now?

I was about to call with all my might; but what ear could hear at that great distance?



"WE SAW HIM CLIMBING THROUGH A SQUARE OPENING OF LIGHT." [SEE PAGE 292.]

Three thousand feet at least of space separated my friends from me. How could I get down that almost perpendicular rock, and how could they get up to me? How could they know that I was there?

And now the specter of starvation rose up before me in strongest force. Should I try to find my way back again?—once more attempt the darkness? No! no! Too precious was the daylight. It would not do. And what could be gained? I could not possibly live to reach the bottom!

The twilight rested serenely on the encircling range of mountain snow, then faded sweetly from the darkening sky.

The stars are beacons of hope and faith. Under them I lay down and slept.

It was a refreshing slumber that I had beneath an unclouded sky, and when I awoke it was early dawn. The cool air was grateful; and so charming seemed all nature that I forgot my hunger and the isolation of my position. I began, too, to examine the situation. I had emerged from the cavern into open day by reason of the sudden termination of the wall which I had had so long on my right. There was left the inner wall as before, now exposed and forming the exterior of the mountain. I stood on a platform of rock about four feet square. Beyond was an angle in the wall, and just then a step to a higher grade of flat rock also. Then a considerable steepness of the narrow floor, and a bending to the left, when it was lost to view behind the mass of perpendicular rock. As the sun rose, I looked down toward the lake, which seemed to lie almost directly beneath, so nearly perpendicular was the mountain on that side. About six or seven hundred feet below me, I observed a bird flying from point to point up the mountain. Soon it disappeared from view. It had flown to the other side. Presently it re-appeared, still circling and rising, now perching at one point, and now at another higher up, then passing out of view again. At length it seemed to come more directly upward; it rose more rapidly, and was continually in sight.

It was a parrot. I heard its cry. I could see it distinctly.

"Pippity, Pippity!" I cried, "is that you?"

He gave one joyful scream, alighted on my shoulder, and then on my hand, talking as fast as his tongue could run: "How d' ye do? How d' ye do? Frank, Frank!"

"Food, food, Pippity!" I begged; and before I had finished the words he flew down the abyss, screaming as he went. I followed him with my eyes until the precipice below prevented my seeing him any longer.

It seemed to me a full hour before he re-appeared, and as he came nearer I saw something in his beak. It was a bunch of grapes. He flew toward me. I held out my hand to receive him, and with a heart full of thankfulness I took the precious fruit from his beak.

"Thank you, thank you, Pippity!" I said. But Pippity did n't wait for such little expressions of civility. Immediately, he flew away again, and soon returned with other fruits, and nuts of various kinds; and, as he could bring but little at a time, of course I could eat but little at a time, which was a happy circumstance, for that is just the way a starving man should eat.

In about four or five hours I told Pippity I had had enough.

"And now, Pippity," said I, "tell me,—how long have I been away?"

He promptly answered, "Three days!"

"Are you sure?"

"Three days—one, two, three."

I was almost sure he was right. But how the bird had found me I could not make out. I questioned him in many ways, but could get no satisfactory answer. By my not returning the day I went down into the hole, and not the next, no doubt my friends began to be alarmed for my safety, and set to work to find me, if possible. What Grilly did in the matter I could not conjecture; but Pippity, being able to fly, probably made excursions round the mountain, thinking that I might possibly come out at some place, and hoping thus to be able to find me and come to my relief.

During the afternoon, Pippity made a number of trips down into the fertile plain, every time bringing back something good to eat, whilst I rested quietly, amusing myself with looking at the pleasant scenery that everywhere surrounded me, talking with Pippity whenever he was present, and sometimes sleeping pleasantly.

A short time before sunset, Pippity took his last flight down, and, not long after the sun had disappeared, I saw him returning in the beautiful twilight. Again he brought me fruit.

"Go down to Grilly now," I said; "I will stay up here until morning, and then you come to me again."

But Pippity did n't want to leave; and I told him that as he was so desirous of keeping me company, he might remain with me through the night.

The next morning, at the first glimmering of dawn, I awoke, feeling well, hearty and cheerful. Pippity was off immediately to bring me breakfast, and about ten o'clock we set out in high spirits to make further ascent of this singular peak. All went well for about an hour, when, Pippity being absent after food, I came to a place in the rock where the walk suddenly ended. A little further

on and higher up it was as good as any part I had yet gone over; but the intervening space of scarcely more than a dozen feet was very steep, and, what was remarkable, loose stones lay upon its surface as though they had slid down from above. This slide seemed to have been occasioned by a softness of the rock in that part, causing it to scale off in thin pieces, which the slightest disturbance would send rattling down the mountain. Just beyond these loose stones was a smooth surface of very steep rock, over which it would be necessary to pass in order to reach the path beyond.

I paused here; and after Pippity had brought the fruit and I had finished my dinner, I began seriously to discuss the question whether or not I ought to attempt the passage of this dangerous interval. Pippity seemed to understand my intentions quite well, for he grew very uneasy, and in his queer ways, with snatches of singularly applicable speech, he remonstrated most strenuously. But we now were not very far from the top, and so fascinating seemed the prospect of reaching the very pinnacle, that I could not withstand the impulse of making the effort to get there. Over the loose stones I scrambled, clinging with hands and feet as best I could, whilst an avalanche of rocky fragments slid, tumbled, and rattled ominously down the declivity.

I got my hands upon the smooth rock, but at my feet the loose stones were slipping rapidly away; this, in a moment more, would leave me without support and mercilessly let me follow them. But Pippity, who had been flying around me in the greatest excitement, got just above me, and planting his toes firmly against the rock, seized me by the shoulder. Then, holding on with a most determined grip of his bill, he pulled like a Trojan; and I do verily believe the bird saved my life. By dint of his pulling and backing upward, seconded by my own frantic efforts to shuffle up the rock, I succeeded in gaining the foothold beyond. At least he inspired me with fresh resolution and confidence in helping myself.

After a little rest, we went on, winding around a succession of short spirals, and at last reached the highest point of this magnificent mountain!

* * * * * *

What a sensation!

Perched here on the extreme point of a pinnacle more than four thousand feet above the vast plain of rich fertility embosomed among the snow-clad mountains. The lake was a spot of beautiful blue, a gem in the center of this lovely picture.

Suddenly, we heard a rattling of stones beneath, then a shriek.

"Stars! What 's that?—GRILLY!"

And up he came bounding, as lively as a cricket. He danced around us in the greatest delight, threw his arms around me, ran wildly here and there, and danced and danced again.

"Grilly, Grilly!" shrieked the parrot, "how in the world did you get up here?"—and his staid demeanor contrasted strangely with the monkey's antics.

But Grilly danced and danced. The fact was that, even if he could have spoken, he was too much excited to make reply. Grilly was great in action; in words deficient.

The afternoon was now far advanced; and Grilly at last becoming tranquil, and in keeping with the peaceful scene around us, I said to him:

"How you came up here I do not know; but of this I am certain, that you were not as long getting up as I was, for you arrived fresh and active, whilst I was almost dead. Now, that makes me think that although I cannot find the way back, you may. Therefore, you shall be guide. But it is too late to start to-day. Besides, I wish to behold another sunset from this glorious height."

The night was very pleasant; and as I lay upon a flat rock, looking out upon the stars from my high and silent perch, the round earth looming like a shadow far below me, I thought it would be delightful to make a long stay on this interesting pinnacle, especially at this time, as the weather was very fine; but the getting of food presented itself as an obstacle. As Grilly was now with us, it would be too great a tax on Pippity to supply us both. Besides, we could not do without water. I resolved, therefore, to set out early in the morning, and that I would re-enter that dungeon, as there was clearly no other way of getting down.

Before the sun was up, we already were descending; and when we arrived at the dangerous slide, where the day before I had nearly slipped off the mountain, we halted. Pippity was dispatched for food, whilst Grilly and I sat down and contemplated the sunrise splendor. Four times Pippity descended to the plain, and brought thence something to eat. Noon was fast approaching, and it behooved us, if we would accomplish anything that day, to press forward without delay. As before, Pippity showed considerable anxiety, calmly remarking, however, as I translated his jargon, that he would, as on the previous day, hold fast to my shoulder with his bill. He made Grilly get down below at the same time and hold on to my feet; and when I began to crawl and wriggle along the best way I could, I was assisted very materially by the parrot above and the monkey below.

Notwithstanding the perilous situation, I could not but be amused at the ludicrous singularity of the performance.

Above stood the sure-footed bird, all gravity,

pulling away at my shoulder; below was the monkey, holding me fast by the heels, jumping and capering as the treacherous stones rolled from under him. Of course, in less than a minute the whole thing was over, and I was safely landed on a good broad walk.

We arrived at the opening of the dungeon. Descend into it? Again be lost—perhaps perish? I hesitated. I shrank from entering; and yet, down into it I must go!

"Pippity," said I, to my trusty parrot, "we will linger here another day. You must bring us all the food you can between this and night; and to-morrow morning, with the first peep of dawn, be ready to go down again, and make as many trips before noon as you can, so that we shall be able to undertake that dark and uncertain journey with at least a small quantity of provisions."

Grilly ran in and out of the dark passage quite frequently, both that evening and the next morning, evidently evincing a desire that the descent should be made without delay, which convinced me that he had come through all the darkness which yet lay between us and deliverance.

The sun had reached the zenith when I at last bade farewell to the light and resolutely determined to proceed.

"Good-bye, Pippity! We shall meet you below. Fly down, get everything ready for our reception, and have the table well supplied with the choicest fruits that you can find."

But Pippity clung to me, and would not leave.

"I will go with you! I want to go!" implored the bird.

No expostulation could deter him from accompanying us.

Grilly led the way; and when we lost the light, he squealed and chattered, and frequently ran back to make sure that Pippity and I were following him. I kept close to the wall on my left. We passed over the steep place. Still I kept close to the wall. The wall was on my left—still on my left. We were going at a pretty pace, as the monkey was continually urging us forward. We could not go fast enough for him. All at once he squealed significantly. He ran back to me. He took hold of my hand, and leading me slowly forward a few paces, I found there were three diverging passages. He drew me into the middle one. Then we resumed our quick gait, and, for some little time, all appeared to be plain sailing again.

It may be asked, why did I allow myself to be guided by a thoughtless monkey? But here, in this darkness, was not reason entirely at sea? Might not instinct be superior to reason and avail something? I abandoned myself entirely to its mysterious power. I had faith in it. Grilly proceeded with such confidence that I could not but trust him.

We had been plodding our way through the darkness for about four hours, I thought, when Grilly gave a loud shriek, and, running back to us, led us hurriedly forward; light became faintly visible; we ascended a few steps through a very narrow passage; we came abruptly to a stop; the monkey grasped something that hung down from above, and sprang upward with the agility of his nature. We saw him high above our heads climbing through a square opening of light. Immediately, he was descending again.

"Why, Pippity," I cried, "we are at the bottom! Up there is our palace!"

"Of course it is!" shrieked the parrot, in a tone which sounded more like a shout of joy than the voice of a bird; and, clinging to one of a number of long grass stems that could now be distinctly seen hanging from the top, he climbed up with bill and claws as handsomely as any parrot ever did the like, crying as he went:

"Come along, Frank! We 're all right!"

Grilly was now down, too; and, reaching me his hand, he would fain have tried to pull me to the top. But I gave him to understand that I could very well take care of myself, and up I went by means of hands and feet—the monkey all capers, the parrot all talk, the man thankful—and when we stood in our grand old palace once more, three more thoroughly delighted creatures never were seen.

"Now, Pippity and Grilly," said I, "bring something to eat. Search our broad garden for the best. Let us eat and be merry. While the light yet glows, let us enjoy ourselves."

Away went the faithful animals. When they were gone, I walked forth and stood under the beautiful trees, surrounded by all the adorning verdure. How glad was I to be once more on the ground, once more in the world!

Presently, I saw Pippity and Grilly returning. The latter had an immense load of luscious fruit strung over his back, besides what he dragged after him in a large basket. It may well be imagined that we had a most delightful meal.

After this, I made frequent visits to the top of the pinnacle, always taking Grilly with me, Pippity, as a general thing, being content to take the short cut and meet us at the aperture above.

But before taking these trips, I made Grilly stretch a line of the long silken cords (which we found in abundance) from one end of the dark passage to the other, so that I could find my way back, if the monkey should fail me. I also used strong ropes, made of these strands, to get over the dangerous slide.

These trips afforded us an agreeable diversion.

We had now, it might be said, entire command of our mountain palace—our magnificent hall below and our splendid look-out above. Months passed away in this happy abode. Sometimes we visited the distant mountains, ever exploring, ever learning, ever rejoicing; but always returning to our happy home with a renewed relish of its rare comforts and matchless advantages.

During one of the excursions to the neighboring mountains,—Pippity alone accompanying me, Grilly having gone to assemble his tribe for a fresh supply of cocoa-nuts,—we were leisurely contemplating the great expanse of loveliness that lay before us, in the center of which our noble dwelling loomed up superbly.

"What a splendid domain is ours!" I said to Pippity. "We have everything that man need wish,—and, for that matter, parrot or monkey either. How bountiful, here, is nature, and withal so beautiful! And our palace! Was ever anything in the world like it?"

As the parrot made no answer, I looked toward him, for I was certain that he would join in praise of all our precious blessings.

There was a troubled look about him. His wings moved convulsively. The feathers stood ruffling from his body. He was in a state of the greatest agitation.

I was alarmed. "What 's the matter, Pippity?" I cried. But Pippity replied only with a succession of loud shrieks growing ever louder and louder.

The air had become as still as death.

My body appeared to move from side to side. No, no! The ground was rising, falling! It seemed no longer solid. Like a wave it rose and fell. The foot-hills below us separated, reft into awful chasms. I looked toward our home. Just then cried Pippity:

"Oh, our palace! Our palace!"

"Ah, ah! It falls! It falls! See, see, how the huge rocks rive and crumble!"

What a fall was there! A crash that echoed terribly in that circle of mountain wildness!

A cloud of dust rolled in fearful mockery where one moment before had stood the proud pinnacle. An enormous mass of rocks fell into the lake below, and the vapors rose in a rival cloud. High in the firmament they curled and twisted, their wreathing forms together telling a woful tale of destruction.

We forgot our own danger in watching all our grandeur dashed to nothingness.

Destruction as it was, it was grand!

But Grilly! Where was he? "Ah, Grilly, Grilly!" cried I, "I fear he is lost!"

"Come, come!" said Pippity. "Where 's Grilly? Find Grilly! Quick, quick!"

But there was some rough country to get over. Gaps, masses of uprooted trees, rocks, earth and vegetation mingled in confusion.

At last we arrived at home—no, not home! Nothing but a heap of ruins!

And where was Grilly? We searched, but found him not. We called, and called again; but answer there came none.

Pippity, with a shrill and deafening cry uttered ceaselessly: "Grilly! Grilly! Grilly! Grilly!"

But answer there came none.

And all the next day we sought, and still poor Pippity cried, "Grilly! Grilly!"

But the dead, the lost, answer not.

* * * * * *

A home we had no longer. Where once stood magnificence, ruin now stared us in the face.

"Pippity!" I said to poor Polly, "we will leave this once glorious spot. Our home is desolate. It is home no longer. Let us seek new scenes in other lands."

"Where shall we go?" asked Pippity—and if a parrot could shed tears he would have shed them.

"We will go to the abodes of men. We will go among civilized people."

"I, too, Frank. I, too! Call Gr——!"

"Say no more, Pippity! Strive to forget."

For seventeen days we traversed the mountains, picking up a scanty subsistence by the way. Pippity was considerably frightened by the condors that really seemed to threaten us when we reached great elevations; and I was astonished at the remains of the once stupendous works of the ancient dwellers in this land. Bridges stretching from mountain to mountain, over immense, deep valleys, attested the knowledge and power of that singular race.

Later, we began to meet people; a hut here and another there, with miles between. Pippity was quite at a loss to know what to make of such persons as we met. When two or more happened to be conversing together, it was utterly incomprehensible to him how they could understand one another.

"What jargon is this?" he evidently tried to say, "that these people are all the time jabbering? It is nothing but an unmeaning chattering of monkeys. Can it be possible that they know what they are babbling? And you understand that gibberish, too?"

I had taught Pippity no language but my own, and it was no wonder that he was surprised when he heard people so like me talking quite differently.

We soon reached the sea-coast; and if Pippity was surprised at what he saw in the towns and cities, the citizens, many of whom were familiar with the English tongue, were still more surprised at his wonderful gift of language.

My own appearance until I bought myself some decent clothes, created quite a sensation among the people I met. During my long stay in my mountain home, I had been obliged to mend and darn my garments with the fibers of plants until there was scarcely a vestige of the original fabric remaining; and I looked like a veritable scarecrow.

But I was not poor. In a little, home-made wallet, I carried a small handful of diamonds, which I had, from time to time, found in my wanderings about the Tower-Mountain. These now did me good service. I easily converted them into money, which gave me the means of living and traveling as I pleased.

We took ship, Pippity and I, and sailed away to my old home in the north. On the voyage, the gifted bird was the hero of the vessel. Ladies, gentlemen, children, and even the officers and crew of the ship, were glad to gather around him and talk to him. No such parrot had any of them seen before. I had magnificent offers made to me, if I would consent to sell him, but I refused them all, and, after awhile, Pippity himself relieved me of the duty of declining to sell him. When an offer of purchase was made, he would say, "I can't be bought!"—or, if the proposal came from a lady, "Madam, your offer is most respectfully declined!"

At last we reached my native city, and here a great misfortune happened to me.

In walking about the streets with my parrot, Pippity was constantly obliged to inhale the fumes of tobacco. He could not endure it, and frequently asked me in his own fashion why people persisted in puffing such sickening smoke from their mouths. I explained the matter to him, but he never could see any sense in it. It was known on board the ship that Pippity disliked the fumes of tobacco, and he was such a general favorite that no one smoked in his presence.

But in the city streets he met with no such consideration. He was incessantly compelled to breathe tobacco smoke, and it made him ill. In a very few days he was seized with a painful choking sensation, caused by the irritation of the smoke, and in a short time he died. His last words were:

"That detestable tobacco!"

And so I lost this good friend. I had his skin stuffed, and presented it to our society of natural history.

There were people to whom I told this story of my adventures who did not believe me, but I was always sure they would have credited my word if only I had had my monkey and my parrot with me to corroborate the truth of my strange history.

THE END.

GIFTS FOR ST. NICHOLAS.*

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

GRIEVE not, O Santa Claus, who fills
Each stocking, box and tree;
Nor think, most desolate of saints,
None bring good gifts to thee.

We place no candles in thy crypt,
No gold upon thy shrine,—
Thou bringest us the frankincense,
The tapers and the wine.

But rarer gifts, good Nicholas,
Than these, thy children bring,
When up and down an echoing world
The Christmas bells all ring.

We bring our brightest, truest love
To crown thy happy brows;
No monarch wears a coronet
So light as holly-boughs.

We bring our gayest, fairest hopes,
With smiling memories spun;
So rich a robe has never shone
Earth's proudest king upon.

We bring our trust, our childhood faith,
And place it in thy hand;
No jeweled scepter has such power
To rule on sea or land.

Then stay, O dear St. Nicholas!
Look on thy heaped-up shrine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our memories,
Our trusts, our faith are thine!

There 's not in all the calendar
One saint whose altars shine
With such gay throngs of worshipers,
Such precious gifts, as thine!

* An answer to "Left Out," published in the December number.

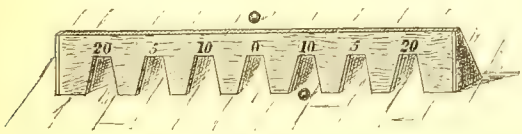
SOME IN-DOOR GAMES AT MARBLES.

By L. D. Snook.

One or two of the following games of marbles may be known to the readers of St. Nicholas, but we think they all will be new to a great many boys.

The Arched-Board Count-Game.

A strip of board, half an inch thick, five inches wide, and twenty-two inches long, has notches cut in one side, two inches wide at the bottom, and



tapering as shown. Short bits of board nailed upon each end keep the strip upright. Then it is placed upon the floor within two feet of the wall. Each player is provided with the same number of marbles (from three to five, or as many as the players wish), and from the opposite side of the room he rolls at the board, the object being to roll through the arches, which have numbers immediately above them in the manner shown. The one making the most counts after rolling all the marbles is entitled to one game. Or, if you have but five or six marbles, each party rolls the whole number by himself, and should there be a tie between those who make the highest aggregate number, they must roll again, the one then having the highest tally winning the game.

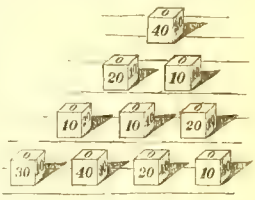
Three-Arch Discount-Game.

This board is as wide and thick as the other, but is only eighteen inches in length. The center arch is four inches wide, the two small ones three inches each. In playing, each boy rolls from four to ten marbles each, every marble that passes under the center arch counting forty; if the marble goes through either small arch, twenty is deducted from the count, or, as the boys say, is "counted off" each time. So, if you are not a good shot, it is likely you will lose more than you will gain. In this, or the previous game, if you fail to pop your marble through any arch, it is lost.



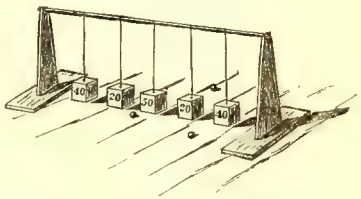
The Ten-Block Count-Game.

You are to make ten blocks of wood, each about one inch square; upon one side of each you mark the figure 0; on the other sides the numbers 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50, the 50 being upon the side opposite the 0. The blocks are placed upon the floor or carpet in the form of a half diamond, as shown. The 0 in each case being placed upward, each player rolls four marbles singly at the blocks, the object being to hit as many of them as possible. When done, count the numbers on the upper sides of all the blocks, and replace them for the next player. It is a lively game.



Swinging-Block Count-Game.

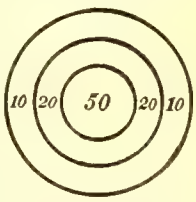
This is but a modification of the block-game just described. A common pin or tack is driven partly into one side of a block, which is connected by a string with a little strip of wood above. Instead of



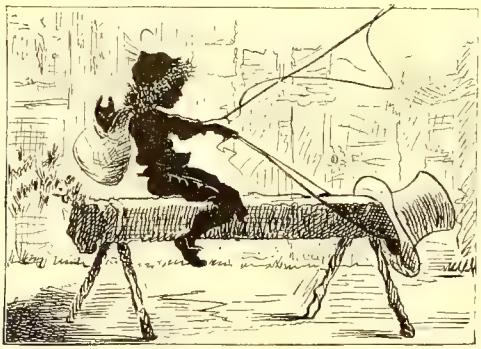
making side-pieces for supports, two chairs can be used, letting the strip rest upon the seat or lower rounds. Each block has the same number upon every side, and is hung so that the bottom is about one-quarter of an inch from the floor. When a marble strikes a block it swings a little and soon is quiet. This saves considerable work in replacing overturned blocks. For each block hit, tally the number upon it.

Circle-Game.

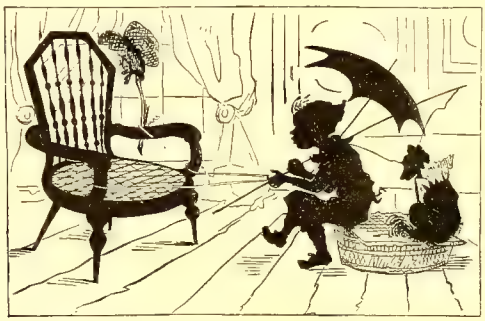
Mark upon a piece of paper three rings, the largest from eight to fifteen inches in diameter, the other two considerably smaller. Within the rings mark the numbers 10, 20, and 50, as shown. Lay this paper upon the carpet or floor, and roll your marbles, the object being to have them stop upon the paper and as near the center as possible, each person to let his remain where they stop until all of his be rolled. Should a marble rest on a line, tally for it the number in the largest circle adjoining.



TOMMY'S THREE HORSES.



THE first is a pony without any head;
'T is a wonder, indeed, how the creature is fed.



The second, you see, is a steady old chair;
Very gentle is he, and he needs little care.



And here is another—the third one, of course;
But the driver's Tom's brother, and Tom's his own horse.

THE CHICKENS THAT WOULD NOT BE TAME.

In a small village there lived an old woman who kept poultry. One day this old woman went to see a little girl, who had some chickens which were so tame that they would eat corn and crumbs out of her hand.

"That's nice," said the old woman; "I shall teach my chickens to do that."

So she went home, and got some corn and some crumbs, and went out into the yard and called the chickens; but they would not come to her. They were afraid of her, because she used to shout at them, and throw sticks at them, every time they came into the garden, or near the house.



When she saw that her chickens would not eat out of her hand, this old woman was very angry, indeed.

"You bad chickens!" she said, "I'll catch you and make you eat out of my hand." So she ran after them and tried to catch them, but some ran one way and some another, and she could not lay hold of any of them.

The next day she went again to the house where the tame chickens were, and this time she saw the little girl's mother, and told her about the trouble she had, and how her chickens would not let her come near them.

"I don't see why they are not nice, gentle chickens like those your little girl has," said the old woman.

"Well," said the little girl's mother, "perhaps they would be tame if you had always treated them as well as my little girl treats her chickens. She has been kind and gentle with them ever since they came out of their shells, and they have learned not to be at all afraid of her. But I think I have seen you throwing sticks at your chickens and chasing them about the yard. If you do that, they cannot help being afraid of you, and they will never come to you and eat out of your hand."

What the little girl's mother said was very true, and if any of you have birds or animals which you wish to tame, you must always treat them so kindly that they will never have any reason to be afraid to come to you.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"THIRTY days has September, April, June and November; all the rest have forty-three, except February, which is leap-year every four months." I may not repeat this correctly, but I heard a little boy saying something of the kind. Perhaps you all know the jingle better than I do, so I'll say no more about it.

NATURE'S PADDLE-BOATS.

A LITTLE bird has told me such a strange thing! It's about a kind of jelly-fish which he called a "Globe-Beroe," I think; but you can find out for yourselves, if I caught the name aright or not.

This jelly-fish looks like a tiny ball of the clearest ice. All around it, much after the fashion of the lines of longitude on a geographical globe, are eight bands a little less transparent than the rest of the body. On each of these are thirty or forty small paddles, in shape like the floats upon the paddle-wheels of a steamboat; and it is by means of these that the little creature pushes itself along in the water. The paddles are alive, and move either swiftly or slowly, one at a time or all together.

Not only can this natural paddle-boat send itself along, but it can also cast anchor. It puts forth very fine threads, which gradually lengthen, unfolding from their sides transparent tendrils like those of a vine. These catch hold of and twine around some fixed thing, and moor the craft; and when the Beroe is about to be roving again, they unwind themselves, and all slip quietly back into the little ice-ball out of sight.

There are countless millions of Beroes in the Arctic regions, where the sea is in some parts colored by them for miles and miles. If there were not such immense fleets of these tiny paddle-boats there would be little chance for us to wonder at them, because they choose for their moorings just the places where whales love best to feed and play their rough games, and where, too, their own presence in the sea makes it into a kind of soup of which whales are very fond.

TINY TREES.

ONLY think of trees, full-grown trees, so small that several of them,—roots, stems, branches and all,—piled one above another, would not be as tall as I am!

What kind of birds would stoop to roost in such little, little trees, I 'd like to know?

They tell me that such tree-lings do really grow, away up, on high mountains, near where the snow stays all the year through, and also in very cold countries near the polar circles.

I do hope the words "polar circles" will bring clear ideas to you, my dears. They 've quite tangled up my notions. Wont some of you explain the things to me?

BIRDS AND TELEGRAPH-WIRES.

THE Little Schoolma'am has been talking about snow-birds, and she says there was a poem about them in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1875, and also a picture of the dear little fellows comfortably perched on a telegraph-wire, out in Colorado, somewhere. I dare say you 'll remember them, my chicks.

Well, she went on to say that telegraph-wires are not always such good friends to birds, for she had heard that, along the great railroads in the West, large numbers of prairie-chickens are killed at certain seasons of the year by flying against the wires. Sometimes this may happen in the dark, but more often in the day-time when the wind is very strong.

Of course, this can't very well be helped; but it does seem dreadful, does n't it, my dears? However, the section-men, who have charge of the railroad tracks, get some good from it, for they make a regular business of gathering the fallen birds, which are then cooked and eaten.

WALTON'S KITTY AGAIN.

DEAR JACK: A while ago I told in ST. NICHOLAS something about "Walton's Kitty," that loves music and climbs upon any one who sings to her, putting her head as close as can be to the lips of the singer. Now, here is another true story about this same cat:

In the summer, Walton's aunt used to set the milk in a cool closet, in a pitcher with a long, narrow neck, but day after day, when tea-time came, every drop of that milk was gone. Nobody drank it, nobody used it, nobody spilled it. "Walton's Kitty" and all her descendants were clear of suspicion, because of the long, narrow neck of that pitcher. So everybody watched and waited to find out how the milk went.

And this is what they saw: There sat "Walton's Kitty," dipping her paw deep down into the pitcher, taking it out, and then lapping the milk from it! If she dropped the smallest drop, she stopped and cleaned that up, and then went on. As the milk dwindled to the bottom of the pitcher she shook her paw around; and she never left off until every drop of milk was gone!

Since then, the milk for tea stands in a covered pitcher, but "Walton's Kitty" has hers in a tall, narrow goblet. It is a very affecting sight, and people laugh till they cry as they watch her.—Yours truly,

M. B. C. S.

FLINT ONCE WAS SPONGE.

YOU never would think it, would you, my dears? But the Little Schoolma'am says that it was; and she always is right.

She says that flint really is nothing more nor less

than sponge turned to stone. Once the sponge grew at the bottom of the sea, as other sponges grow now; but that was ages and ages ago, and since then the sponge, turned to flint, has lain covered by rocks and earth of many kinds piled thick above it. Seen with a microscope, flint shows the make of sponge in its fibers; and sometimes you can see, bedded in it, the shells of the tiny creatures on which the sponge had fed. Now and then, inside a flint, will be found bits of the sponge not yet changed.

That last proof settles it; but I must say it 's hard to believe;—hard as the flint, almost.

SOME OLD PUZZLES.

HERE are two letters, with old puzzles in them, that may amuse you for a while on one of these shivery evenings, my chicks. I 'll tell you the answers next month.

Michigan.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The other night one of my brothers said he did not believe we could pronounce a certain word after he should have spelled it. I will tell you what it is, though you may have heard about it already:

A cross, a circle complete,
An upright where two semi-circles do meet,
A triangle standing upon two feet,
Two semi-circles, a circle complete.
Yours truly, CORA.

Oswego, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: I send you a riddle which I found. I take ST. NICHOLAS and like it very much. I have all of the volumes from 1874.

I am a word of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber,
Yet, do but add the letter S,—
Lo! what a metamorphosis!
What plural was, is plural now no more,
And sweet 's what bitter was before.
Yours truly, KITTIE.

Talking about riddles, reminds me of one that was made by Richard Whately, an archbishop of Dublin, as I 've heard. This is it:

"When from the Ark's capacious round
The beasts came forth in pairs,
Who was the first to hear the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?"

I 'm told that it never has been guessed right by anybody; yet the archbishop said there was an answer, although he did not say what it was. May be you can solve the riddle, my dears, if you brush up your wits a bit? Let me know as soon as you think you have the right answer.

THE NEWEST FASHION.

THE girls of the Red School-house often talk about new fashions, especially when the Little Schoolma'am is about, for she is pretty sure to drop some useful hints. Well, one day she told them, among other things, about the "latest novelty" in ladies' ball-dresses at Upernavik, in Greenland.

As nearly as I can remember, she said that the costume consists of a little jacket, made of bright-colored calico or flannel; long pantaloons of seal-skin, trimmed like the jacket and sitting close to the figure; and white, red or blue boots: the whole set off by gay ribbons and all the beads the wearer can get.

A jaunty suit enough, no doubt; but, if she wore only that, the wearer must have been obliged to dance, merely to keep herself warm.

By the way, I wonder what ever possessed them to call that frozen country Green-land?

TO SURPRISE A DOG.

THIS is the way a man among the Himalaya Mountains once astonished a stranger dog. He put on a pair of huge goggles and walked steadily and quietly toward the dog, without speaking a word. The dog bristled up and stared hard for a moment, and then, all at once, he seemed to wilt, and away he slunk as if ashamed of himself.

I heard about this only the other day, my dears, and I tell it to you merely to warn you not to try the little trick, unless you are sure your dog will not get angry and jump for you.

It would not look well for you to slink off as if you were ashamed of yourself.

THE KINDERGARTEN AT HOME.

DEAR JACK: Will you please tell your older boys and girls that in good systems of Kindergarten teaching they will find a great many means of amusing invalid brothers or sisters without wearying them, and many games and much fun for the younger ones, who will learn at the same time things that they ought to know. To carry out these methods one wants sticks, blocks, slates, slats, colored balls, and other things easy to make and cheap to buy, the use of which is pleasant to teach as well as to learn and practice.

I bought lately a full set of Kindergarten apparatus such as I have named, and sent it to a little niece of mine in California, and the dear little one writes to me that she has had much happiness and enjoyment out of it. I hope some of your young friends will try the experiment and let me know what success they have.—I am, dear Jack, yours affectionately, A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

KAFFIR IRONING.

YOU all know how ironing is done here—with flat-irons, I think somebody said. Well, the birds tell me that the Kaffirs of South Africa don't use flat-irons, but have quite another way. They make the clothes into a neat flat package, which they lay on a big stone. Then they just dance on the package until they think the clothes are smooth enough! It must be good fun to them! Luckily, Kaffirs don't wear cuffs and frills.

SLIPPERS FOR HORSES.

WHERE do horses wear slippers?

Now, my chicks, this is not a conundrum. So you need not be chirping out, "On their feet, of course;" or some foolish answer of that kind. The real answer is, "Japan,"—at least, so I 'm told, and there are such numbers of other queer things there, that I don't wonder it is so.

Well, Japanese horses wear straw slippers,—clumsy-looking things, I should say. But, besides that, they stand in their stables with their heads where American horses' tails would be! Perhaps Japanese horses like to see for themselves what is going on?

"Where is the food put?"

Why, in a bucket hung from the roof, of course. Where else, would you suppose?



ON THE ICE.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Fair Haven, Vt., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two of my sisters and myself have taken your magazine ever since it was published, and like it very much. I am glad Miss Louisa M. Alcott is writing a story for your magazine, as I am very fond of her stories.

I have read "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," "Little Men," "Hospital Sketches," "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag," and "Little Women," with all of which I was delighted. I have three sisters, who, with myself, have been called "Meg, Amy, Beth and Jo." My oldest sister, Alice, who is twenty years old, has been called "Meg"; my sister Ada, who is sixteen years old, is the "Amy" of our family; my little sister Stella, who is eleven years old, is well skilled in music, and we think she is very much like "Beth"; and I am thirteen, and have been called "Jo."

So, you see, I was greatly interested in "Little Women," as I could appreciate it so well; and it seemed to me as if Miss Alcott must have seen us four girls before she wrote the story.

I have four first cousins, and they are all boys, and with my sisters and me we are "eight cousins." One of my cousins is a little baby, a little over five weeks old. He makes the eighth cousin.

I liked the piece about Miss Alcott in the December number very much. We expect to take your magazine until we are young women. I think it the best published for young people.—Your friend,

ANNIE ADAMS.

BY letters just received from England, we learn that the pretty Christmas and New-Year cards in our December and January issues were *not* drawn by Miss Greenaway, though a friend had mistakenly sent them to us last summer as specimens of that lady's work, cut from a scrap-book. We, therefore, hasten to correct the error, wishing, at the same time, that we knew to whose hand to credit the drawings. To our still greater regret, we now learn that Marcus Ward & Co., of London, had published these as Christmas cards, and counted upon having a large sale for them in America. Had we known this in time, we certainly should not have copied the pictures without previously referring to the publishers. The best reparation we can make at the present date is this acknowledgment and a bit of honest advice to our readers: Hunt the shops for the beautifully colored cards from which these pictures were copied, and buy them for next Christmas. They are far better than our printed ones.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old and very fond of reading, and as I never can find an interesting book of history, I read stories. But mamma and other people tell me I ought to read something instructive, but as I never can find anything I like, I would be much obliged if you would help me a little by giving me a list of pleasant books. I have taken you for three years and enjoy you very much indeed.—Your very affectionate reader, ALICE CLINTON.

"Greene's Shorter History of the English People," a new work, is very interesting. H. M. D. in the "Letter-Box," October, 1876, says that "The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney" is such a pleasant book that you cannot help having a good time when you are reading it, and will not think it is history unless you know beforehand. "Seven Historic Ages," by Arthur Gilman, is another attractive book, and, if you are like most smart girls of your age, you will find Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" as interesting as many story books. It is a history of Spain in its most prosperous times. It is long; but, once begun, few find it hard to finish.

Geneva, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell "Jack" that apples that are part sour and part sweet grow in the beautiful State of New York. I have tasted of such fruit and am sure it is so. Who can tell me more about this wonderful fruit? And how many have ever eaten such apples?

Can any one tell me what causes them to grow one side sweet and the other sour? Hoping to hear more on this subject, I remain, yours truly, ALMA AYLESWORTH.

Mobile, Ala.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you of Fanny, our little mule, who cannot be forced to work on Sunday. She is gentle, obedient and faithful on week days, but on Sunday Fanny will not be made to move.

Don't think us heathen, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for the boys just tried to make her carry a load of hay as a test, and to tease her, also; but when papa saw what they were up to, he put a stop to it, and now Fanny enjoys her Sundays in peace. My little sister says, "she is a religious mule." Do you think that the mule really knows when Sunday has come?—Your well-wisher, ERNESTINE HAMMOND.

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES.

(Jack-in-the-Pulpit's Story in the December Number, Straightened Out.)

KING ALFRED THE GREAT, having been driven by the Danes to seek safety in flight, disguised himself as a peasant, and took refuge in the hut of a cow-herd, where he was told to watch the baking of some cakes. But he forgot the cakes and let them burn; and when the herdsman's wife came in, she gave him a sound scolding for his carelessness.

Charles I. of England was defeated at Marston Moor; and his son, Charles II., after losing the battle of Worcester, barely escaped capture, by hiding in the leafy branches of an oak-tree.

Robert Bruce lost many battles, fighting for the Scottish throne. At length, he lay down disheartened on a heap of straw in an old hut. While he was thinking over his troubles, he saw a spider trying to get from one rafter to another. It failed many times, but at last succeeded, and Bruce, taking courage at the insect's example, went on fighting until he had secured his kingdom.

Sir Isaac Newton had on his table a pile of papers upon which were written calculations that had taken him twenty years to make. One evening, he left the room for a few minutes, and when he came back

he found that his little dog "Diamond" had overturned a candle and set fire to the precious papers, of which nothing was left but a heap of ashes. It was then that he cried, "Oh, Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done!"

It is said that George Washington, when a boy, destroyed his father's favorite cherry-tree, and, being asked about it, replied: "I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet."

Oliver Cromwell, when dispersing Parliament, saw the Speaker's mace upon the table, and, pointing to it, said, "Take away that bauble!"

Just after Lord Nelson's great naval victory off Cape Trafalgar, as he was dying from a wound received in the battle, he kept repeating the words, "Thank Heaven, I have done my duty!"

Prince William, son of Henry II. of England, was drowned on his way home from France. The king was so affected by his loss that "he never smiled again."

[Fannie P. sends a complete and correct version. Willie H. Paul and Bertha Paul straightened out all of the story except the part about Lord Nelson. The versions sent by E. J. Smith, Charlie W. Jerome, Lulu Way, and John N. L. Pierson, were correct, as far as they went, but they explained only the parts that referred to King Alfred himself.]

HERE is a little story sent to ST. NICHOLAS as a companion to "The Story that Would n't be Told," in the November number:

THE STORY NOBODY KNEW.

Once there was a little story that nobody knew, and nobody could tell it, because nobody knew it, and yet this little story wanted dearly to be told. It used to wait about where people were telling stories, and when a story was ended and the merry laugh went round, it would say to itself, "Now they will certainly tell me," but they never did. So at last this little story got quite low-spirited and wandered off by itself out of the house, and through the garden into the orchard, and there in the orchard, under an apple-tree, there was a little girl lying fast asleep among the buttercups and daisies. The little story looked all around to see that no one else was there, and then it cuddled down beside the sleeping child and whispered itself into her ear. It was so exciting, so charming, that the little girl awoke, and thought she had dreamed it all, and ran to tell her mother the beautiful dream. When she saw her mother, she cried out, "Mother! mother!" and was just about to tell the little story, when suddenly she forgot it all, and now the little story can never be told, but it still comes to good children in their dreams.

A LITTLE GIRL, eleven years old, sends these verses of her own composition to the "Letter-Box":

VALENTINE.

I am a little Cupid,
And I come to visit thee,
To tell you that I love you,
And to know if you love me.

And if you 'll be my little wife,
And come along with me,
I 'll take you to a lovely place,
And pretty flowers you 'll see.

And when you have been there a day,
You 'll be a little Cupid,
With no hard lesson-books to learn,
That are so dull and stupid.

But, if you will not come and be
My pretty little wife,
You 'll go straight back to school again,
With lessons all your life. K. UNIACKE.

Two Rivers, Wis.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am not quite ten years old, but I am one of your oldest subscribers. We have every number from the very first. I have a brother Fred, two years older than I. We have always lived on the shores of Lake Michigan.

During the summer months, the steamer comes in from Chicago every morning. Fred and I like to get up early in the morning, and go down to the beach, before breakfast, to see the steamer go out; and, afterward, the morning train, for the station is near the beach. It is lovely down there early in the morning; we dig wells, sail boats, and wade out after the waves that chase us back again

We love the lake, and spend many happy hours down there. But sometimes it's a very wicked lake. Three weeks ago it blew very hard all night, and in the morning the waves were rolling up like mountains, and near the harbor pier there lay a wreck. Although they were so close to the town, and several other vessels were lying at anchor near, no one had heard, or seen, or knew anything about how it happened. It proved to be the "Magellan," of St. Catherine's, Ont. Since then nine bodies have washed ashore, among them the captain and his brother, the mate, both of them fine-looking young men, and not like ordinary rough sailors. The captain was a Knight Templar, and the Masons took charge of the body and sent it home, and some ladies made a beautiful cross of natural flowers, which they laid on his breast. But I will leave this sad subject, and tell you how we appreciate ST. NICHOLAS.

Last week we had a concert. There were several recitations from ST. NICHOLAS, besides the "Mother Goose Operetta" in the January number (1877). It was very pretty. There were fifteen children, all in handsome peasant costumes. I was Marie.

Last summer, when we came from the Centennial, in our Pullman car were two boys just Fred's age; one was from San Francisco and one from Chicago. Of course, the three were soon well acquainted, and had lots of fun together. And what do you think? They soon found out that each was a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS! And how they enjoyed talking over the stories together! "Fast Friends" seemed to be the favorite; but I like "Eight Cousins" better.—Respectfully yours, NETTIE CONINE.

Paulsboro', N. J., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had pigeons at the Woodbury Fair both this year and last, and took the first premiums for best display; another little fellow, about my age, had four when I had six, and had eight when I had nine; how many had I better take next year? You are interested in this question, for the two dollars premium helps pay for my ST. NICHOLAS, and I don't want to be without *that*. I take the "Scattered Seeds," but like ST. NICHOLAS better. Please stop sending my magazine to Wm. E. *Grant*. I am no relation to General Grant, but am a Democrat, and for General McClellan. I am nine years of age.—Your constant reader, WILLIE E. GAUNT.

You have done so well already, Willie, that we think you can best answer your own question; but we should take *all* of our *best* pigeons.

New York.

Will ST. NICHOLAS please tell "Sidonie" if the "trade dollar" is made entirely of silver?

It is not. There are 900 parts of pure silver and 100 parts of copper in the "trade dollar." The copper alloy is added to make the coin hard, so that it will wear well, as silver by itself would be too soft.

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I, for one, think it is all nonsense about those "that" sentences. Anybody can put more than eight "thats" in a sentence; but if he, she, or it, can parse them, I would like to have them do it. I don't believe it can be done. Let them parse the sentence in the August number, for instance; and, if they can put in twelve "thats" and then parse them, why, then, and not till then, will I believe it. Please put this in the Letter-Box, and oblige C. P. S.

Louisville, Ky.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for the many beautiful designs which you have given for Christmas presents, and for the pictures and silhouettes which you have published, from which we have copied in *tableaux vivants* and shadow pantomimes. We had "The Modern and Mediæval Ballad of Mary Jane" (published in January, 1877) in our church entertainment, and it "took" immensely. "The Stalwart Benjamin" and "Lord Mortimer" were cut from pasteboard, and fastened up by wires, and, of course, no one knew that they were not people. The "Ballad" was read behind the scenes.—Truly yours, KITTY B. WHIPPLE.

Boston.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa has bought me every number of the ST. NICHOLAS you have ever published, and as I have seen several letters asking you about different things, I thought I would ask you about something I do not understand. If it is not really known who wrote the plays "Titus Andronicus" and "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," what circumstances lead people to think Shakspeare wrote them?

I have enjoyed you extremely, and as the Little Schoolma'am seems always to answer such questions, I write to you hoping you will ask her.—I am your fond admirer, ETHEL DAVIS.

The Little Schoolma'am says it is not absolutely certain who wrote the plays you name, but this is about the way the matter stands:

The play "Titus Andronicus" is not now believed to have been originally written by Shakspeare. It is considered too horrible and repulsive to be his work. However, it may have been brought to

him to be retouched and made ready for the stage. Hence is it, perhaps, that some passages of his are found in it.

"Pericles," as well as "Timon of Athens," is believed to have been the work of some other writer, afterward completed and partially altered by Shakspeare. It is thought that most of the last three acts of "Pericles" are Shakspeare's, though some of their prose scenes and all the choruses are by another hand.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALL AROUND A PALETTE is a delightful book for boys and girls, especially for those who love good pictures and odd and sprightly stories with something in them besides the fun and sparkle. Mr. J. Wells Champney has put a picture or a sketch wherever there was a chance, and Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney has made the stories very bright, sweet and interesting. The book is published by Messrs. Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston, and is one of the "Children's Art Series."

Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, send us THE BOY TRADERS, by Harry Castlemon, a brisk story of adventure on the sea, in the Sandwich Islands and among the Boers. There are several striking pictures.

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE, by Anne Kearney, author of "Castle Daly," "Oldbury," etc.; published by Macmillan & Co., New York. This book is by an English author, and is a charming picture of family life, which will interest girls of thirteen and fifteen years of age. The story is of two girls, each named Rose, the one rich and the other poor; and tells how they were brought together, and the influence they exercised upon each other, and relates, in a very pleasant way, the various adventures, sayings, and doings of their brothers and sisters.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK, by Ennis Graham, author of "Carrots" and "Tell me a Story"; published by Macmillan & Co. This volume is well illustrated by Walter Crane. The cuckoo in an old clock makes friends with a lonely little girl, and causes her to have a good time, and to see many wonderful things. One of the prettiest parts of the story is the account of the making of the clock in the German home of the little girl's grandmother.

SLICES OF MOTHER GOOSE, SERVED WITH SAUCE BY "CHAMP," is the title of a set of large cards, admirably printed in black and red, and giving new funny versions of Mother Goose rhymes, by Alice Parkman, illustrated with capital pictures and silhouettes by Mr. Champney. Messrs. Lockwood, Brooks & Co., of Boston, are the publishers.

SIX SINNERS, by Campbell Wheaton, has to do chiefly with one of the six dear little "sinners," Dora Maynard, whom girl readers will love right off. It tells all about her school-days, her pranks and fun, her troubles and how they were overcome, and tells it in a way so lively and absorbing that you will want to read all of it at one sitting. The book is clearly printed in large type, and is published by Messrs. Putnam, New York.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals, read downward, form the names of two kinds of trees.

1. The width of a vessel. 2. A mountain of Crete. 3. A Tom-boy. 4. An inclosure. 5. To harbor. WILLIE PETTINOS.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A GOVERNOR. 2. To join. 3. Flexible. 4. A girl's name. 5. Quick dances. L.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

I AM a word of five letters, the sum of which is 512.

My 1 × my 3 = $\frac{1}{20}$ of my 5;
My 2 × my 4 = $\frac{1}{6}$ of my 3;
My 5 ÷ my 1 = my 3 × 20.

SEDGWICK.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

AT the top of a mountain,
Within a clear light;
In the midst of a fountain,
At edge of the night;
In field and in meadow,
In sunshine and shadow,
On land and on sea,
At the end of the earth,
Or in air, we may be.

Now put us together,
And, if you guess right,
You 'll discover a water-fall
Sparkling and bright. W. P. B.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a kind of sword, and leave a fluid for burning. 2. Behead a sharp-pointed weapon, and leave a fruit. 3. Behead to touch, and leave a kind of fish. 4. Behead a vehicle used in winter, and leave a shelf. 5. Behead a kind of deer, and leave a game that boys play. 6. Behead an ancient war implement, and leave a unit. 7. Behead animals of a common kind, and leave a sort of grain. 8. Behead to pull, and leave sore. 9. Behead the name of a vessel, and leave a narrow passage. WALTER A.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. CHANGE artful into a confusion. 2. Change a Persian king into a mixture. 3. Change a cutter into listeners. 4. Change a cheat into musicians. 5. Change repaired into healed. 6. Change a drink into a class embracing many species. CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

IN war, and in council, my first oft appears.
My second is that which my first often wears.
Very strong is my last: 't is a bark, not a bite;
That from which it is taken is solid, not light.
Three joined in one, if my whole you should find,
An island well known it would bring to your mind.

M. D.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

(Composed by Mary V. and Willie K., each aged thirteen.)

AN island west of British Columbia (1) went to the lightest city (2) in the world to attend a ball. She there met a peak in Oregon (3) named as follows: A city in Egypt (4), a city in Maine (5), and a city in Australia (6), in whom she was much interested.

Her dress was a valley among the Himalaya Mountains (7), and though elegantly trimmed with a city in Belgium (8), it was, unfortunately, two cities in France (9). As she felt a country in South America (10), she wore around her shoulders a city in Scotland (11) shawl. Her jewelry was exclusively a peak in Oregon (12). Her shoes were of a country in Africa (13), and her handkerchief was perfumed with a city in Prussia (14).

Being a lake north of the United States (15) dancer, she had distinguished partners, whose names were the capital of the United States (16), the capital of Ohio (17), the capital of Wisconsin (18), the capital of Alabama (19), the capital of Mississippi (20), and the capital of North Carolina (21).

Having boldly said that she was a country in Europe (22), she was escorted by a city in Indiana (23) to a bay in South-west Africa (24), where she freely partook of a river in Oregon (25), some islands in the Pacific Ocean (26), a river in South Africa (27), a district in France (28), and some islands in the Atlantic (29). After passing a river of Maine evening (30), she bade a cape in Iceland (31) to her hostess, and was escorted home by an island in Nova Scotia (32).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

MY 1 2 3 4 is undoubtedly possessed by every one of the whole race of 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 (my whole), while my 5 6 7 8 ends a prayer. C. D.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.



Twelve things may be found in the picture above,
Not clearly perceived by the eye,
But with keen observation and witty conceit,
You will find them, I know, if you try.

First point out (1) an animal (other than bear),
(2) A spectator, (3) a portion of corn,
(4) One part of a sentence, and (5) parts of a bird,
And (6) what may your fair head adorn.

Now (7) part of a river, and (8) parts of a book,
And now, if you please, take the trouble
To pick out (9, 10) two letters, which, rightly combined,
In classical language mean "double."

The remaining two things in the picture above,
To which I would call your attention,
Are (11) part of a carriage or part of a boy,
And (12) a sort of a stop or suspension. AUNT SUE.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a bur, and leave to plague; curtail again, and leave plants. 2. Curtail a celestial body, and leave to make smooth; again, and leave a model. 3. Curtail a low, wet ground, and leave a planet; again, and leave to injure; again, and leave a parent. 4. Curtail a jury-roll, and leave a glass; again, and leave part of a gun-lock; again, and leave a parent. CYRIL DEANE.

COMPLETE DIAGONAL.

Diagonals from left to right, downward: 1. Fifty. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A title of respect. 4. To affirm. 5. Ardent. 6. A vale. 7. A rule of action. 8. A river in Italy. 9. Phonetically, a measure.

Horizontally: 1. Used by painters. 2. An Israelitish king. 3. A name for beer. 4. More dim. 5. To reduce. N. T. M.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters. My 2 11 3 is a fish. My 1 4 3 2 5 is a girl's name. My 7 3 8 10 5 is an American politician. My 12 8 6 1 is pretty for a child's wear. My 9 8 12 10 5 is a necessary domestic utensil. My 4 8 6 2 is very pleasant. My whole is the title of a popular book. D. C. R.

SQUARE-WORD.

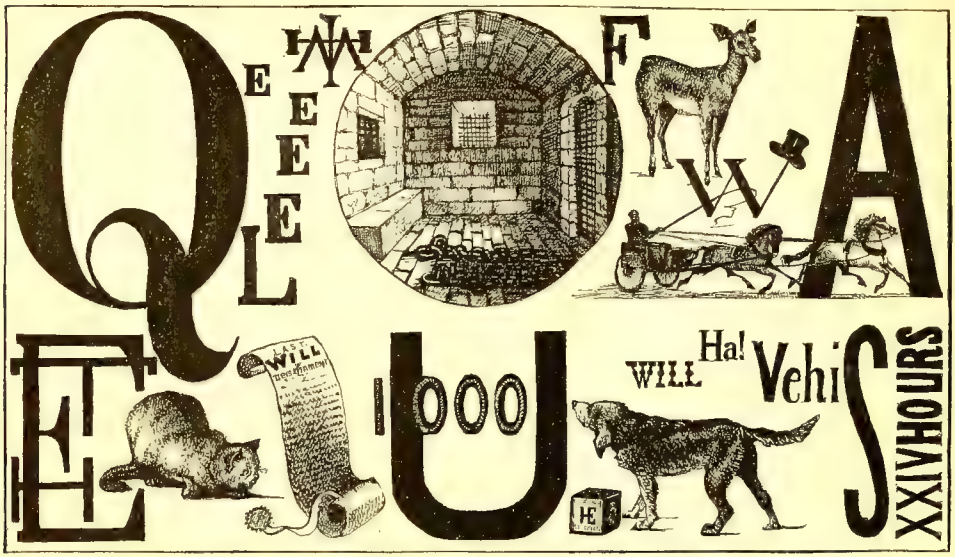
1. An emperor's title. 2. Nothing. 3. Weapons. 4. A flower. E.

ANAGRAM DOUBLE DIAMOND AND CONCEALED DOUBLE SQUARE.

From the sentence "Seer eats a pear" form a double diamond, the center of which will be a double word-square. CYRIL DEANE.

PICTORIAL PROVERB PUZZLE.

The answer is a well-known couplet.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Initials, Russia; finals, Turkey; across,

R —a— Y
U —nit— E
S —ac— K
S—uga—R
I —O— U
A —n— T

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Diagonals, hones, sends; central, inner; horizontals,

H A I L S
O N E
N
D E E
S O R E S

DECAPITATIONS.—Acorn, corn; brook, rook; drake, rake; flute, lute; pearl, earl; plane, lane; wheel, heel; spine, pine; trout, rout; prune, rune.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Diagonal, January; horizontals, Jollity, sAdness, kiNdles, ensUing, compAny, appeaRs, holidaY.

DOUBLE PUZZLE.—Central Syncopations: Rabid, raid; stair, stir; haste, hate; steep, step; Tiber, tier; grain, grin; holes, hoes; tiles, ties. The syncopated letters, B, A, S, E, B, A, L, L, form the answer to the Cross-word Enigma.

GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—I held, Delhi; panels, Naples; I turn, Turin; pains, Spain; pure, Peru; erect, Crete; more, Rome.

OMNIBUS WORD.—Crate:

I. Hour-Glass Puzzle.—Central, re-act: horizontals, caret, tea, a, act, cater.

II. Square-Word.—Ace, car, era.

III. Prefix Puzzle.—At, cat; are, tare; art, cart; ear, tear.

IV. Another Prefix Puzzle.—Ace, race, trace; ate, rate, crate.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.—Esther, molEST HER; Theresa, THERE SAt; Ada, A DAMsel; Nora, NO RAy; Ernesta, STERNEST Age.

PERSPECTIVE CROSS PUZZLE.—*Horizontals:* 1, Grand; 2, plate; 3, ditch; 4, event; 5, prism; 6, eel; 7, great; 8, court; 9, terse. *Perpendiculars:* 10, Glove; 11, dread; 12, yet; 13, prove; 14, harem; 15, plant; 16, telegmatic; 17, preferment; 18, governable. *Diagonals:* 19, dry; 20, hop; 21, met; 22, peg; 23, toe; 24, cot; 25, Eve.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.—Dial, inca, acid, lade.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Forest all, forestall.

FRAME PUZZLE.—Stock-dove, broom-corn, anonymous, inodorous.

CHARADE.—Cat.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.—Pot-a-toe, potato; Molasses, molasses; whisky; guinea-pig; false-hood, falsehood; toe-martyrs, tomatoes; pike-rust, pie crust; captive-atin', captivating; barber-us, barbarous; turn-pike; butter; IV, ivy.

PICTORIAL CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.—At Christmas play and make good cheer.

ANSWERS TO THE CHESS PUZZLE in the December number were received, before December 18, from "Frederica," P. Hill, J. E. N. James T. White, Laura Randolph, S. J. B., "Bessie and her Cousin," Alice Mason, and M. W. Collet.

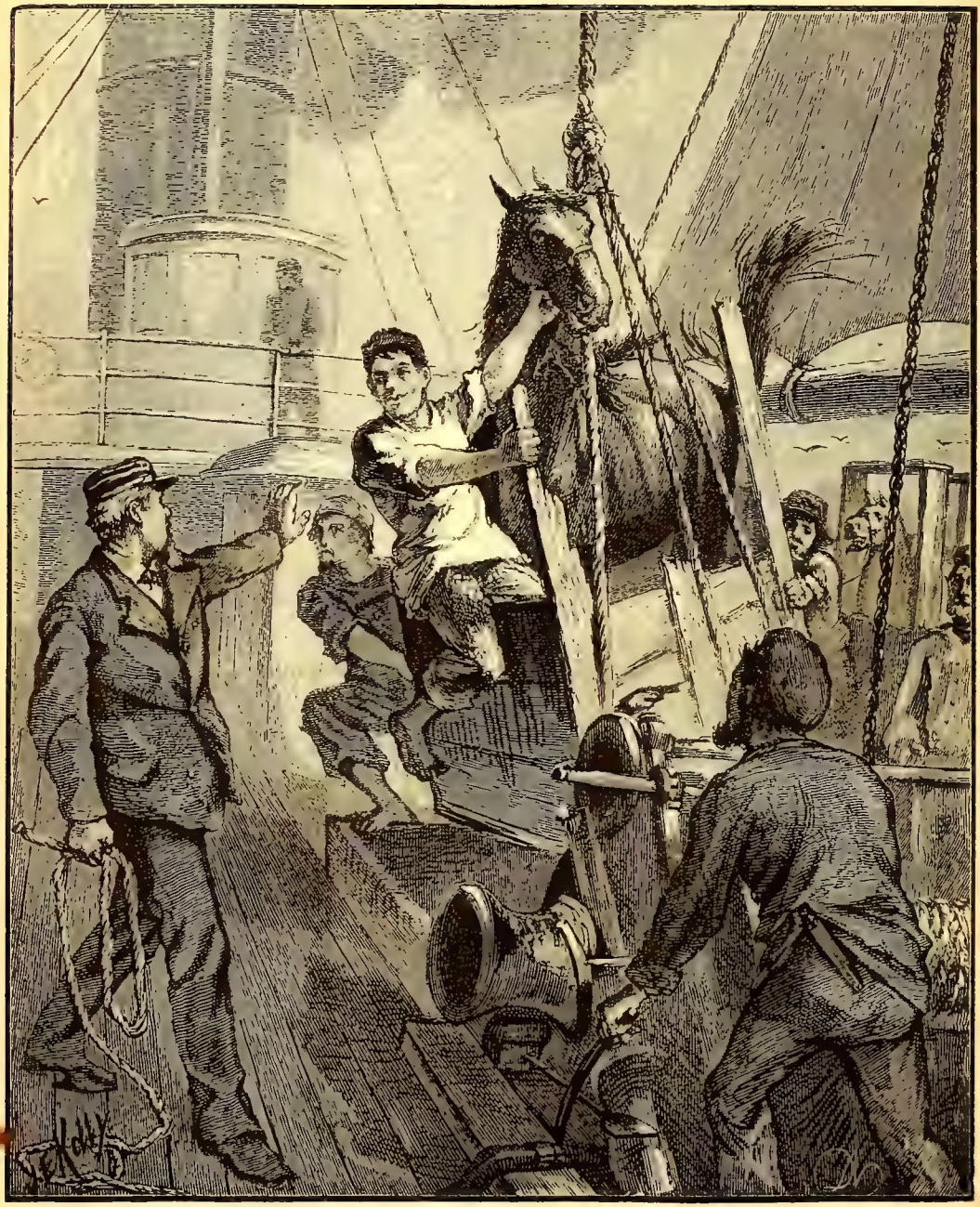
ANSWERS TO THE MAGIC DOMINO-SQUARE PUZZLE in the December number were received, before December 18, from Alice Louise, William Lewis Lockwood, James Buckelew, Howard G. Myers, Jas. Forsyth, E. C. Rowse, Bertie Pierson, Walter Sanger, Kenneth Hartley, Hattie Coons, Margaret B. Dodge, Alice Downing, Anna A. Hays, Emma A. Gill, "Georgie," D. C. Robertson, Willie T. Sheffield, Samuel Herbert Fisher, George D. Mitchell, Carrie Welles, G. L., Emma Elliott, K. C. R., A. H., John Hancock, Jr., Harry Hartshorn, Carrie Doane, Carrie Heller, Eddie F. Worcester, H. S., Fred B. Appleget, "Three of Them" (?), C. Kittinger, "Bessie and her Cousin," and P. Hill, whose criticism we find just.

Helen L. Gilbert sends the solution of a puzzle in which 18 (not 16) is the sum of the dots in each row of half-dominoes.

ANSWERS TO OTHER PUZZLES in the December number were received, before December 18, from Charles Lothrop, R. T. McKeever, Arthur C. Smith, Lulu Way, James J. Ormsbee, Fannie Runnels, G. L., "Jennie," Bancel La Farge, Nellie Kellogg, Allie Bertram, L. Giraud, Alice N. Bailey, Josephine Seibert, "Frederica," P. Hill, B. P. Emery, "Bessie and her Cousin," A. G. Cameron, "Lizzie and Anna," Fred S. Pickett, Gracie S. Cook, Leonice Barnes, John Edward Hill, Carrie Heller, Bessie L. Barnes, Helen E. Risteen, "Blotterer and Blunderer," T. W. Siddall, Alice Mason, Fred M. Pease, Nessie E. Stevens, P. Hill, Katie E. Earl, M. W. Collet, and A. H. White.

ANSWERS TO THE "BLIND-CLERK'S PUZZLE," in Jack-in-the-Pulpit for December, were received, before December 18, from K. C. R., H. B. Hastings, and "Nat"; and answers to the TREE PUZZLE from Mary V. Ridgway, "M.," Linda L. Bergen, H. Walton, H. B. Hastings, J. C. Hoadley, Lewis K. Stubbs.

Caroline I. Lockwood, of Tunbridge Wells, England, sends an answer to a puzzle in a former number.



A HORSE AT SEA.

[See page 367.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. MARCH, 1878. NO. 5.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

HANSA, THE LITTLE LAPP MAIDEN.

BY KATHARINE LEE.

ONCE upon a time, in a very small village on the borders of one of the great pine forests of Norway, there lived a wood-cutter, named Peder Olsen. He had built himself a little log-house, in which he dwelt with his twin boys, Olaf and Erik, and their little sister Olga.

Merry, happy children were these three, full of life and health, and always ready for a frolic. Even during the long, cold, dark winter months, they were joyous and contented. It was never too cold for these hardy little Norse folk, and the ice and snow which for so many months covered the land, they looked on as sent for their especial enjoyment.

The wood-cutter had made a sledge for the boys, just a rough box on broad, wooden runners, to be sure, but it glided lightly and swiftly over the hard, frozen surface of snow, and the daintiest silver-tipped sledge could not have given them more pleasure.

They shared it, generously, with each other, as brothers should, and gave Olga many a good swift ride; but it was cold work for the little maid, sitting still, and, after a while, she chose rather to watch the boys from the little window, as they took turns in playing "reindeer."

One day they both wanted to be "reindeer" at once, and begged Olga to come and drive, but the chimney corner was bright and warm, and she would not go.

"Of course," said Olaf; "what else could one expect? She is only a girl! I would far rather take Krikel; he is always ready. Hi! Krikel! come take a ride!" and he whistled to the clever little black Spitz dog that Peder Olsen had brought from Tromsöe for the children.

Krikel really seemed to know what was said to him, and scampered to the door, pushed it open with his paws and nose, then, jumping into the little sledge, sat up straight and gave a quick little bark, as if to say: "Come on, then; don't you see I am ready!"

"Come, Erik; Krikel is calling us," said Olaf. But Olga was crying because she had vexed her brother, and Erik stayed to comfort her. So Olaf went alone, and he and Krikel had such a good time that they forgot all about everything, till it grew so very dark that only the tracks on the pure, white snow, and a little twinkle of light from the hut window helped them to find their way home again.

In the wood-cutter's home lived some one else whom the children loved dearly. This was old grandmother Ingeborg, who was almost as good as the dear mother who had gone to take their baby sister up to heaven, and had never yet come back to them.

All day long, while the merry children played about the door, or watched their father swing the bright swift ax that fairly made the chips dance, Dame Ingeborg spun and knit and worked in the little hut, that was as clean and bright and cheery as a hut with only one door and a tiny window could be. But then it had such a grand, wide chimney-place, where even in summer great logs

and branches of fir and pine blazed brightly, lighting up all the corners of the little room that the sunbeams could not reach.

Here, when tired with play, the children would gather, and throwing themselves down on the soft wolf-skins that lay on the floor before the fire, beg dear grandmother Ingeborg for a story. And such stories as she told them!

So the long winter went peacefully and happily by, and at last all hearts were gladdened at sight of the glorious sun, as he slowly and grandly rose above the snow-topped mountains, bringing to them sunshine and flowers, and the golden summer days.

One bright day in July, father Peder went to the fair in Lyngen.

"Be good, my children," said he, as he kissed them good-bye, "and I will bring you something nice from the fair."

But they were nearly always good, so he really need not have said that.

Now, it was a very wonderful thing indeed for the wood-cutter to go from home in summer, and grandmother Ingeborg was quite disturbed.

"Ah!" said she, "something bad will happen, I know."

But the children comforted her, and ran about so merrily, bringing fresh, fragrant birch-twigs for their beds, shaking out their blankets of reindeer-skins, and helping her so kindly, that the good dame quite forgot to be cross, and before she knew it, was telling them her very, very best story, that she always kept for Sundays.

So the hours went by, and the children almost wearied themselves wondering what father Peder would bring from the fair.

"I should like a little reindeer for my sledge," said Olaf.

"I should like a fur coat and fur boots," said Erik; "I was cold last winter."

You see, these children did not really know anything about toys, so could not wish for them.

"*I* should like a little sister," said Olga, wistfully. "There are two of you boys for everything, and that is so nice; but there is only one of me, ever, and that is *so* lonely."

And the little maid sighed; for besides these three, there were no children in the village. The brawny wood-cutters who lived in groups in the huts around, and who came home at night-fall to cook their own suppers and sleep on rude pallets before the fires, were the only other persons whom the little maiden knew; and sometimes the two boys (as boys will do to their sisters) teased and laughed at her, because she was timid, and because her little legs were too short to climb up on the great pile of logs where they loved to play. So it was no wonder that she longed for a playmate like herself.

"Hi!" cried the boys, both together; "one might be sure you would wish for something silly! What should we do with *two* girls, indeed?"

"But father said he would bring 'something nice,' and *I* think girls are the very nicest things in the world," replied Olga, sturdily.

There would certainly have been more serious words, but just then good grandmother Ingeborg called "supper," and away scampered the hungry little party to their evening meal of brown bread and cream, to which was added, as a treat that night, a bit of goat's-milk cheese.

During midsummer in Norway the sun does not set for nearly ten weeks, and only when little heads nod, and bright eyes shut and refuse to open, do children know that it is "sleep-time." So on this day, though the little hearts longed to wait for father's coming, six heavy lids said "no," and soon the tired children were sleeping soundly on their sweet, fresh beds of birch-twigs.

A few miles beyond Lyngen, on the north, a little colony of wandering Lapps had pitched their tents, some years before our story begins, and finding there a pleasant resting-place, had made it their home, bringing with them their herds of reindeer to feed on the abundant lichens with which the stony fields and hill-side trees were covered. Somewhat apart from the little cluster of tents



OLAF GIVES KRIKEL A RIDE IN HIS SLED.

stood one, quite pretentious, where dwelt Haakon, the wealthiest Lapp of all the tribe. He counted his reindeer by hundreds, and in his tent, half buried in the ground for safe keeping, were two great chests filled with furs, gay, bright-colored jackets and skirts, beautiful articles of carved bone and wood, and, more valuable than all, a little iron-bound box full of silver marks. For Haakon had married Gunilda, a rich maiden of one of the richest Lapp families, and she had brought these to his tent.

Here, for a while, Gunilda lived a peaceful, happy life. Haakon was kind, and, when baby Niels came to share her love, the days were full of joy and content. She made him a little cradle of green baize bound with bright scarlet, filled with moss as soft and fine as velvet, and covered with a dainty quilt of hare's-skin. This was hung by a cord to one of the tent-poles, and here the baby rocked for hours, while his mother sang to him quaint, weird songs, that yet were not sad because of the joyous baby laugh that mingled with the notes.

But, alas! after a time Haakon fell into bad habits and grew cruel and hard to Gunilda. Though she spoke no word, her meek eyes reproached him when he let the strong drink, or "finkel," steal away his senses; and because he could not bear this look, he gave his wife many an unkind word and blow, so that at last her heart was broken. Even baby Hansa, who had come to take Niels' place in the little cradle, could not comfort her; and, one day, when Haakon was sleeping, stupidly, by the tent-fire, Gunilda kissed her children,—then she, too, slept, but never to waken.

When Haakon came to his senses, he was sad for a while; but he loved his finkel more than either children or wealth, and many a long day he would leave them and go to Lyngen, to drink with his companions there.

Ah! those were lonely days for Niels and little Hansa. The Lapp women were kind, taking good care of the little ones in Haakon's absence, and would have coaxed them away to their tents to play with the other children; but Niels remembered his gentle-voiced mother, and would not go with those women who spoke so harshly, though their words were kind. Hansa and he were happy alone together. Each season brought its own joys to their simple, childish hearts; but they loved best the soft, balmy summer-time, when the harvests ripened quickly in the warm sunshine, and they could wander away from their tent to the fields where the reapers were at work, who had always a kindly word for the gentle, quiet Lapp children. Here Hansa would sit for hours, weaving garlands of the sweet yellow violets, pink heath, anemones, and dainty harebells, that grew in such profusion along the borders of the fields and among the grain, that the reapers, in cutting the wheat, laid the flowers low before them as well. Niels liked to bind the sheaves, and did his work so deftly that he was always welcome. He it was, too, who made such a wonderful "scarecrow" that not a bird dared venture near. But little Hansa laughed and said: "Silly birds! the old hat cannot harm you. See! I will bring my flowers close beside it." Then the reapers, laughing, called the ugly scarecrow "Hansa's guardian."

So the years went by, and the children lived their quiet life, happy with each other. It seemed as though the tender mother-love that had been theirs in their babyhood was around them still, guarding and shielding them from harm. Niels was a wonderful boy, the neighbors said, and little Hansa, by the time she was twelve years old, could spin and weave, and embroider on tanned reindeer-skins (which are used for boots and harness) better than many a Lapp woman. Besides, she was so clever and good that every one loved her. Every one, alas! but Haakon, her father. He was not openly cruel; with Gunilda's death the blows had ceased, but Hansa seemed to look at him with her mother's gentle, reproachful eyes, and so he dreaded and disliked her.

One summer's day he said, suddenly: "Hansa, to-day the great fair in Lyngen is held; dress yourself in your best clothes, and I will take you there."

"Oh, how kind, dear father!" said Hansa, whose tender little heart warmed at even the semblance of a kind word. "That will be joyful! But, may Niels go also? I *cannot* go without him," she said, entreatingly, as she saw her father's brow darken.

But Haakon said, gruffly: "No, Niels may *not* go; he must stay at home to guard the tent."

"Never mind, Hansa," whispered Niels; "I shall not be lonely, and you will have so many things to tell me and to show me when you come home, for father will surely buy us something at the fair; and perhaps," he added, bravely, seeing that Hansa still lingered at his side, "perhaps father will love you if you go gladly with him."

"Oh, Niels!" said Hansa, "do you really think so? Quick! help me, then, that I may not keep him waiting."

Never was toilet more speedily made, and soon Hansa stepped shyly up to Haakon, saying gently, "I am ready, father."

She was very pretty as she stood before him, so gayly dressed, and with a real May-day face, all smiles and tears—tears for Niels, to whom for the first time she must say "good-bye," smiles that perhaps might coax her father to love her. But Haakon looked not at her, and only saying "Come, then," walked quickly away.

"Good-bye, my Hansa," said Niels, for the last time. "*I* love you. Come back ready to tell me of all the beautiful things at the fair."

Then he went into the tent, and Hansa ran on beside her father, who spoke not a word as they walked mile after mile till four were passed, and Lyngen, with its tall church spires, its long rows of houses, and many gayly decorated shops, was before them. Hansa, to whom everything was new and wonderful, gazed curiously about her, and many a question trembled on her tongue but found no voice, as Haakon strode moodily on, till they reached the market-place, and there beside one of the many drinking-booths sat himself down, while Hansa stood timidly behind him. Soon he called for a mug of finkel, and drank it greedily; then another and another followed, till Hansa grew frightened and said, "Oh, dear father, do not drink any more!"

Then Haakon beat her till she cried bitterly.

"Oh, cry on!" said the cruel father, who we must hope hardly knew what he was saying, "for never will I take you back to my tent and to Niels. I brought you here to-day that some one else may have you. You shall be my child no longer. I will give you for a pipe, that I may smoke and drink my finkel in peace. Who 'll buy?"

Just then, good Peder Olsen came by, and his kind heart ached for the little maid.

"See!" said he to the angry Lapp. "Give me the child, and I will give you a pipe and these thirty marks as well. They are my year's earnings, but I give them gladly."

"Strike hands! She is yours!" said Haakon, who, without one look at his weeping child, turned away; while the wood-cutter led Hansa, all trembling and frightened, toward his home.

At first, she longed to tell her kind protector of Niels, and beg him to take her back. But she was a wise little maid, and curious withal. So she said to herself: "Who knows? It may be a beautiful home, and the kind people may send me back for Niels. I will go on now, for I have never been but one road in all my life, and surely I can find it again."

So she walked quietly on beside father Peder, till at last his little cottage appeared in sight.

"This is your new home, dear child," said he, and they stepped quickly up to the door, opened it softly, and entered the little room.

Grandmother Ingeborg was nodding in her big chair in the chimney corner, but the soft footsteps aroused her, and, looking up, she said:

"Oh! *tak fur sidst*,* good Peder. Hi, though! What is that you bring with you?"

Before she could be answered, the children, whose first nap was nearly over, awoke and saw their father with the little girl clinging to his hand, and looking shyly at them from his sheltering arm.

"Oh!" cried Olga, "a little sister! *My* wish has come true!"—and she ran to the new-comer and gave her sweet kisses of welcome; at which father Peder said, "That is my own good Olga."

But grandmother Ingeborg, who had put on her spectacles, said:

"Ah! I see now! A good-for-nothing Lapp child! She shall not stay here, surely!"

"Listen," said Peder Olsen, "and I will tell you why I brought home the little Hansa, for that is her name,"—and he told the story of the father's drinking so much finkel, and offering to give his little girl for a pipe, and how he himself had purchased her. "But see!" added the worthy Peder, turning toward Hansa, "you are not bound but for as long as the heart says stay."

Hansa looked about, and, meeting Olga's sweet, entreating glance, said, "I will stay ever."

Then Olga cried, joyously, "Now, indeed, have I a sister!" and took her to her own little bed, where soon they both were sleeping, side by side.

As for Olaf and Erik, they were still silent, though now from anger, and that was very bad.

Grandmother Ingeborg, I think, was angry, too, for said she to herself:

"Now I shall have to spin more cloth, and sew and knit, that when her own clothes wear out we may clothe this miserable Lapp child" (for the good dame was a true Norwegian, and despised the Lapps); "and our little ones must divide their brown bread and milk with her, for we are too poor to buy more, and it is very bad altogether. Ah! I was sure something bad would happen,"—and grandmother fairly grumbled herself into bed.

In the morning all were awake early, you may be sure, and gazing curiously at the new-comer, whom they had been almost too sleepy to see perfectly before; and this is how she appeared to their wondering eyes.

She seemed about twelve years old, but no taller than Olga, who was just ten. She had beautiful soft, brown eyes; and fair, flaxen hair, which hung in rich, wavy locks far down her back. She wore a short skirt of dark blue cloth, with yellow stripes around it; a blue apron, embroidered with bright-colored threads; a little scarlet jacket; a jaunty cap, also of scarlet cloth, with a silver tassel; and neat, short boots of tanned reindeer-skin, embroidered with scarlet and white.

Soon grandmother Ingeborg, who had been out milking the cow, came in, and almost dropped her great basin of milk, in her anger.

"What!" cried she to Hansa, "all your Sunday clothes on? That will never do!"

"But I have no others," said the little maid.

* Thanks for seeing you again.

"Then you shall have others," said grandmother, and she took from a great chest in the corner an old blue skirt of Olga's, a jacket which Olaf had outgrown, and a pair of Erik's wooden shoes.

Meekly, Hansa donned the strange jacket and skirt; but her tiny feet, accustomed to the soft boots of reindeer-skin, could not endure the hard, clumsy wooden shoes.

"Ah!" said grandmother, who was watching her. "Then must you wear my old cloth slippers," which were better, though they would come off continually.

"Now bring me my big scissors, that I may cut off this troublesome hair," cried Dame Ingeborg. "I do not like that long mane; Olga's head is far neater!"

And, in spite of poor Hansa's entreaties, all her long, beautiful, shining locks were cut short off.

But Hansa proved herself a merry little maid, who, after all, did not care for such trifles. Besides, this, she was so helpful in straining the milk, preparing the breakfast, and bringing fresh twigs for the beds, that Dame Ingeborg quite relented toward her, and said:

"You are very nice indeed—for a Lapp child. If you could only spin, I'd really like to keep you."

Then Hansa moved quickly toward the great spinning-wheel which stood near the open door, and, before a word could be spoken, began to spin so swiftly, yet carefully, that grandmother, in her surprise, forgot to say "Ah," but kissed the clever little maid instead.

"She'll be proud," said the boys, "because she is so wise. Let us go by ourselves and play,"—and away they ran.

"Come," said Olga to Hansa; "though they have run away, they will not be happy without us,"—which wise remark showed that she knew boys pretty well; and the two little maids went hand in hand, and sat down beside the boys.

"We have no room for *two* girls here," said Olaf, and he gave poor Hansa a very rough push.



"HANSA'S GUARDIAN."

"What can you do to make us like you?" said Erik.

"I can tell stories," said Hansa. "Listen!"

And she told them a wonderful tale, far better than grandmother's Sunday best one.

"That is a very good story," said Olaf, when it was finished, "and you are not so bad—for a girl. But still, if my father had not bought you, I should have owned a reindeer for my sledge to-day."

"And I should have had a fur coat and boots, to keep me warm next winter," said Erik.

At this, Hansa opened her bright eyes very wide, and looked curiously at the boys for a moment, then said: "Did you wish for those things?"

"We have wished for them all our lives," said Erik; while Olaf, too sore at his disappointment to say a word, gave Hansa a rude slap instead.

That night, when all were sleeping soundly, little Hansa arose, dressed, and stole softly from the hut. The sun was shining brightly, and it seemed as if the path over which father Peder had led her showed itself, and said, "Come, follow me, and I will lead you home!" And so it did, safely and surely, though the way seemed long, and her little feet ached sorely before she had gone many miles. But she kept bravely on, till at last her father's tent appeared in sight. Then her heart failed her.

"I hope father is not home," said she, "else he will beat me again. I only want my Niels."

And she gave a curious little whistle that Niels had taught her as a signal; but no answer came

back. So she crept gently up to the tent, drew aside the scarlet curtain that hung before the opening, and looked in.

Meanwhile, let us go back to Haakon at the fair.

As father Peder led Hansa away, he turned again to the booth, and being soon joined by some friendly Lapps, spent the night, and far on into the next day, in games and wild sports (such as abound at the fair) with them.

At last, a thought of home seemed to come to him, and, heedless of all cries and exclamations from his companions, he hurried away. The long road was passed as in a kind of dream, and, almost ere he knew it, he stood before his tent, with Niels' frightened eyes looking into his, and Niels' eager voice crying:

"Oh, father! where is Hansa? What have you done with my sister?"

"Be silent, boy!" said Haakon, sternly. "Your sister is well, but—she will never come back to the tent again!"

Then, as if suddenly a true knowledge of his crime flashed upon him, he buried his face in his hands, and tears, that for many years had been strangers to his eyes, trickled slowly down his rough brown cheeks, and so, not daring to meet his boy's truthful, questioning gaze, he told him all.

"Oh, father, let us go for her! She will surely come back if you are sorry," cried Niels, eagerly.

"You cannot, for, alas! I know neither her new master's name nor whither he went," said Haakon.

Then Niels, in despair, threw himself down on his bed and wept bitterly—wept, till at last, all exhausted with the force of his grief, he slept. How long he knew not, for in the Lapp's tent was nothing to mark the flight of the hours; but he awoke, finally, with a start, sat up and rubbed his eyes, and looked wildly about, saying:

"Yes, there sits father, just where I left him, and there is no one else here. But I am sure I heard Hansa whistle to me; no one else knows our signal, and —— Oh! there—*there* she is at the door!" and he sprang toward her and clasped her in his arms, crying, "Hansa, my Hansa! I have had a dream—such an ugly dream! How joyful that I am awake at last! See, father," he said, leading her to Haakon; "have you, too, dreamed?"

"It was no dream, boy," said his father; and, turning to Hansa, he asked, more gently than he had ever yet spoken to her, "How came you back, my child?"

Then Hansa, clinging closely to Niels the while, told him all that had befallen her, and of the pleasant home she had found, and added, boldly:

"Father, let me take these kind friends some gifts; we have *so* much, and I wish to make them happy."

"Take what you want, child," said Haakon. "And see! here is a bag of silver marks; give it to Peder Olsen, and say that each year I will fill it anew for him, so that he shall never more want." Then, turning to Niels, he added: "Go you, too, with Hansa. Surely those kind people will give you a home as well. It is better for you both that you have a happier home, and care; and I—can lead my life best alone."

In the wood-cutter's little hut, Olga was the first to discover Hansa's absence.

"Ah, you naughty boys!" cried she. "You have driven my new sister away!"—and she wept all day and would not be comforted.

Bed-time came, but brought no trace of Hansa. Poor, tender-hearted Olga cried herself to sleep; while Olaf and Erik were really both frightened and sorry, and whispered privately to each other, under their reindeer blanket, that if Hansa should ever come back, they would be very good to her.

"And I will give her my Sunday cap," said Erik, "since she cannot wear my shoes."

Two, three, four days went by, and still Hansa came not; and father Peder, who was the last to give up hope, said, finally:

"I fear we shall never see our little maid again."

The children gathered around him, sorrowing, while Dame Ingeborg threw her apron over her head, and rocked to and fro in her big chair in the chimney corner.

Just then came a gentle little tap on the door, which, as Olga sprang toward it, softly opened, and there on the threshold stood little Hansa, smiling at them; and—wonder of wonders!—behind her was a little reindeer, gayly harnessed, with bright silver bells fastened to the collar, which tinkled merrily as it tossed its pretty head. Beside it stood a boy, somewhat taller than Olaf, balancing on his head a great package.

"I have been far, far away to my own home," said Hansa, "and my brother Niels has come back with me, bringing something for you."

Then Niels laid down the package, and gravely opening it, displayed to the wondering eyes real gifts from fairy-land, it seemed.

There were the fur coat and boots, and a cap also, more beautiful than Erik had ever dreamed of. A roll of soft, fine blue wool, for grandmother, came next; then a beautifully embroidered dress, and scarlet apron and jacket, for Olga; and last of all, a fat little leather bag, which Hansa gave to father Peder, saying:

"There are many silver marks for you, and my father has promised that it shall never more be empty, if you will give to Niels and me a home." Then turning quickly to Olaf, she said: "And here is my own pet reindeer 'Friska' for you."

So the children, in the gladness of their hearts, kissed the little maid, and Olaf whispered, "Forgive me that slap, dear Hansa!"

Father Peder stood thoughtfully quiet a moment, then, turning to the children, he said:

"See, little ones! I gave my last mark for Hansa, and knew not where I should find bread for you all afterward; but the dear child has brought only good to us since. I am getting old, and my arms grow too weak to swing the heavy ax, and I thought, often, soon must my little ones go hungry. But now we are rich, and my cares have all gone. So long as they wish, therefore, shall Niels and Hansa be to me as my own children; they shall live here with us, and we will love them well."

"Ho!" cried Niels, "that is a fine board, but no good so; see what *I* can do with it!" and he lifted one end and put it across a great log that lay near by.

"Now you little fellows," said he to Olaf and Erik, "I am strong as a giant, but I cannot quite roll up this other log alone. Come you and help."

So the boys together rolled the heavy log to its place, and put the other end of the board upon it.

"Now jump!" cried Niels; and with one joyous "halloo" the children were on the broad, springy plank, enjoying to the utmost this novel pleasure.

Their shouts of delight brought the wood-cutter to the door of the little hut, and grandmother Ingeborg following, caught the excitement, and,



ON THE SPRING-BOARD.

Then he kissed all the happy faces, and said: "Now go and play, little ones, for grandmother and I must think quietly over these God-sent gifts."

So the children, first putting Friska, the reindeer, carefully in the little stable beside the cow (so that he should not run away from the strange new home, Hansa said), hastened to their favorite play-place,—a large pine board lying on the slope of the hill, whence they could look far away across the fields and fjords to the Kilpis, the great mountain peaks where, even in summer, the pure white snow lay glistening in the sunlight.

pulling off her cap, she waved it wildly, crying: "Hurrah for the Lapps! Hurrah!"

Then she and father Peder went back to their chairs in the chimney corner; and Hansa, sitting on the spring-board, with the children around her, told them such a wonderful, beautiful story, that they were quite silent with delight.

At last said Olaf, contentedly, as he lay with his head on Hansa's knee:

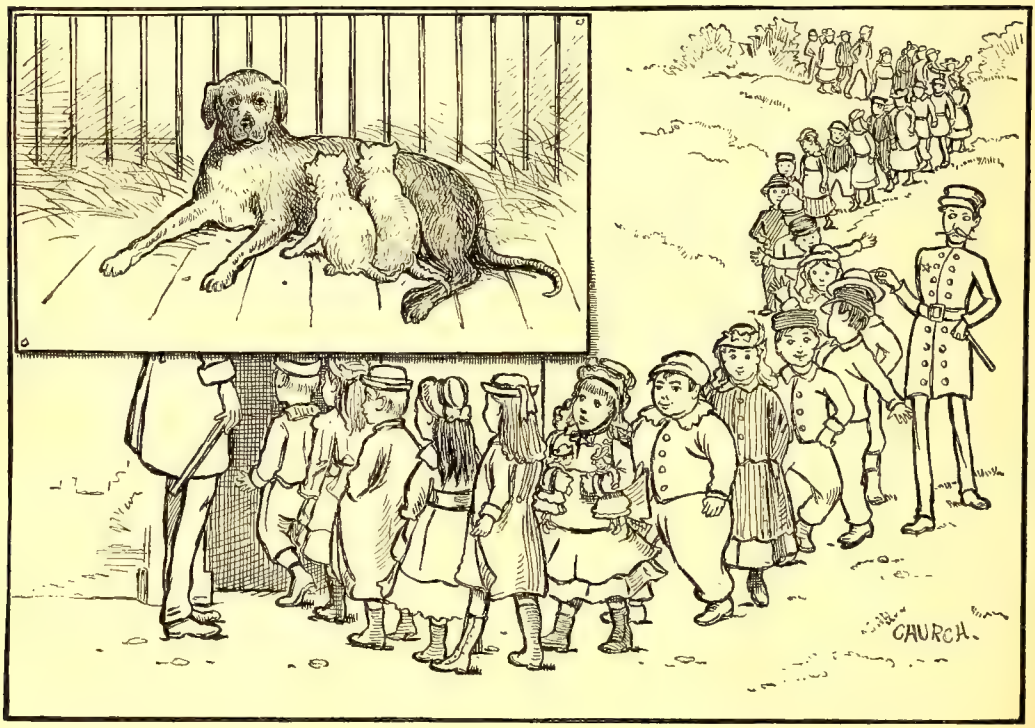
"After all, girls *are* the nicest things in the world!"

"Except boys," said little Hansa, slyly.



BY E. MULLER.

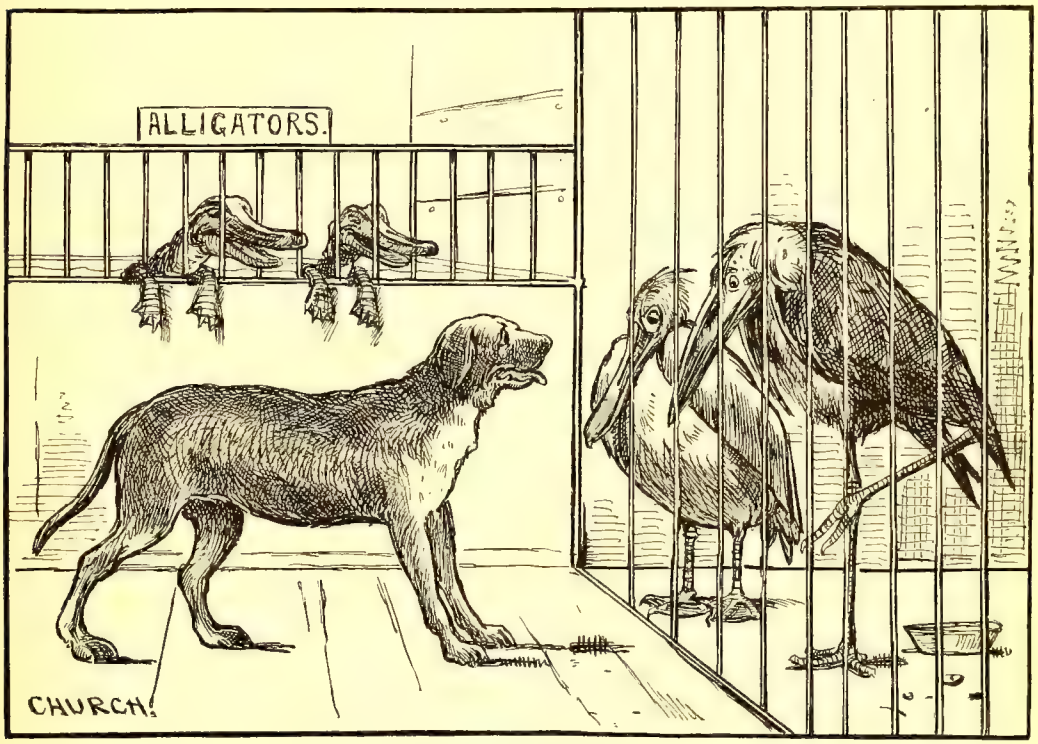
JUNO lived in a great park, where there was a menagerie, and neither the park nor the menagerie could have done without Juno. Now, who do you think Juno was? She was a dear old black and brown dog, the best-natured dog in the world. And this was the reason they could not do without her in the park. A lioness died, and left two little lion-cubs with no one to take care of them. The poor little lions curled up in a corner of the cage, and seemed as if they would die. Then the keeper of the menagerie brought Juno, and showed her the little lion-cubs, and said: "Now, Juno, here



are some puppies for you; go and take care of them, that 's a good dog." Juno's own puppies had just been given away, and she was feeling very badly about it, and was rather glad to take care of the two little lions. They were so pretty, with their soft striped fur and yellow paws, that Juno soon loved them, and she took the best of care of them till they grew old enough to live by themselves. Many people used to come and stand near the big lion's cage, and laugh to see only a quiet old dog, and two little bits of lion-cubs shut in it.

It was very pretty to see Juno playing with the cubs, and all the children who came to the park wanted first to see "the doggie that nursed the lion-puppies." But when they grew large enough they were taken away from her, and sold to different menageries far away, and poor Juno wondered what had become of her pretty adopted children. She looked for them all about the menagerie, and asked all the animals if they had seen her two pretty yellow-striped lion-puppies. No one had seen them, and nearly every one was sorry, and had something kind to say, for Juno was a favorite with many. To be sure, the wolf snarled at her, and said it served her right for thinking that she, a miserable tame dog, could bring up young lions. But Juno knew she had only done as she was told, so she did not mind the wolf. The monkeys cracked jokes, and teased her, saying they guessed she would be given another family to take care of—sea-lions, most likely, and she would have to live in the water to keep them in order. This had not occurred to Juno before, and it made her quite uneasy.

"It is not possible they would want me to nurse



JUNO IS WARNED BY THE PELICAN.

young sea-lions," said she. "They are so very rude, and so very slippery, I never could make them mind me."

"You may be thankful if you don't get those two young alligators in the other tank," said a gruff-voiced adjutant.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Juno. "You don't think it possible?"

"Of course it is possible," said a pelican, stretching his neck through his cage-bars. "You 'll see what comes of being too obliging."

"We all think you are a good creature, Juno," said a crane. "Indeed, I should willingly trust you with my young crane children, but really, if you *will* do everything that is asked of you, there 's no knowing whose family you may have next."

Juno went and lay down in a sunshiny place near

the elephant's house, and thought over all these words. Very soon she grew sleepy, in spite of her anxiety, and was just dropping off into a doze, when she heard the keeper whistle for her. She ran to him and found him in the hippopotamus's cage.



JUNO TAKES CARE OF THE YOUNG HIPPOPOTAMUS.

"Juno," said he, "I guess you'll have to take charge of this young hippopotamus, the poor little fellow has lost his mother."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Juno. "I was afraid it would come to this. I'm thankful it is n't the young alligators."

So Juno took charge of the young hippo,—she called him hippo for short, and only when he was naughty she called him: "Hip-po-pot-a-mus, are n't you ashamed of yourself?" But he was a great trial. He was awkward and clumsy, and not a bit like her graceful little lion-puppies. When he got sick, and she had to give him peppermint, his mouth was so large that she lost the spoon in it, and he swallowed spoon and all, and was very ill afterward. But he grew up at last, and just as Juno had made up her mind not to take care of other people's families any more, the keeper came to her with two young giraffes, and told her she really must be a mother to the poor little scraps of misery, for their mother was gone, and they would die if they were n't cared for immediately. These were a dreadful trouble, and besides, they would keep trotting after her everywhere, till the pelican, and the adjutant, and the cranes nearly killed themselves laughing at her. Poor Juno felt worse and worse, till when one day she heard the keeper say she certainly would have to take care of the young elephant, she felt that she could stand it no longer, and made up her mind to run away. So she said good-bye to all her friends, and ran to the wall of the park. There she gave a great jump, and,—waked up, and found herself in the sunshiny grass near the elephant's house.

"Oh, how glad I am!" said Juno.

"What in the world has been the matter?" asked the elephant. "You've been kicking and growling in your sleep at a great rate. I've been watching you this long time."

"Such dreadful dreams!" said Juno. "Lion-puppies are all very well, but when it comes to hippopotamus, and giraffes, and elephant——"

"What *are* you talking about?" said the elephant. "I guess you'd better go to your supper; I heard the keeper call you long ago."

So Juno went to her supper, very glad to find she had only dreamed her troubles; but she made up her mind that if the old hippopotamus *should* die, she would run away that very night.

WISHES.

By Mary N. Prescott.

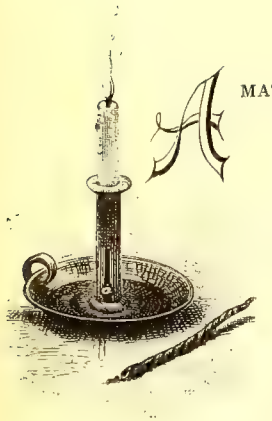
I WISH that the grasses would learn to sprout,
That the lilac and rose-bush would both leaf out;
That the crocus would put on her gay green frill,
And robins begin to whistle and trill!

I wish that the wind-flower would grope its way
Out of the darkness into the day;
That the rain would fall and the sun would shine,
And the rainbow hang in the sky for a sign.

I wish that the silent brooks would shout,
And the apple-blossoms begin to pout;
And if I wish long enough, no doubt
The fairy Spring will bring it about!

HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.

By F. H. C.



A MATCH is a small thing. We seldom pause to think, after it has performed its mission, and we have carelessly thrown it away, that it has a history of its own, and that, like some more pretentious things, its journey from the forest to the match-safe is full of changes. This little bit of white pine lying before me came from far north, in the Hudson Bay Territory, or perhaps from the great silent forests about Lake Superior, and has been rushed and jammed and tossed in its long course through rivers, over cataracts and rapids, and across the great lakes.

We read that near the middle of the seventeenth century it was discovered that phosphorus would ignite a splint of wood dipped in sulphur; but this means of obtaining fire was not in common use until nearly a hundred and fifty years later.

This, then, appears to have been the beginning of match-making. Not that kind which some old gossips are said to indulge in, for that must have had its origin much farther back, but the business of making those little "strike-fires," found in every country store, in their familiar boxes, with red and blue and yellow labels.

The matches of fifty years ago were very clumsy affairs compared with the "parlor" and "safety" matches of to-day, but they were great improvements upon the first in use. Those small sticks, dipped in melted sulphur, and sold in a tin box with a small bottle of oxide of phosphorus, were regarded by our forefathers as signs of "ten-leagued progress." Later, a compound made of chlorate of potash and sulphur was used on the splints. This ignited upon being dipped in sulphuric acid. In 1829 an English chemist discovered that matches on which had been placed chlorate of potash could be ignited by friction. Afterward, at the suggestion of Professor Faraday, saltpeter was substituted for the chlorate, and then the era of friction matches, or matches lighted by rubbing, was fairly begun.

But the match of to-day has a story more interesting than that of the old-fashioned match. As

we have said, much of the timber used in the manufacture comes from the immense tracts of forest in the Hudson Bay Territory. It is floated down the water-courses to the lakes, through which it is towed in great log-rafts. These rafts are divided; some parts are pulled through the canals, and some by other means are taken to market. When well through the seasoning process, which occupies from one to two years, the pine is cut up into blocks twice as long as a match, and about eight inches wide by two inches thick. These blocks are passed through a machine which cuts them up into "splints," round or square, of just the thickness of a match, but twice its length. This machine is capable, as we are told, of making about 2,000,000 splints in a day. This number seems immense when compared with the most that could be made in the old way—by hand. The splints are then taken to the "setting" machine, and this rolls them into bundles about eighteen inches in diameter, every splint separated from its neighbors by little spaces, so that there may be no sticking together after the "dipping." In the operation of "setting," a ribbon of coarse stuff about an inch and a half wide, and an eighth of an inch thick, is rolled up, the splints being laid across the ribbon between each two courses, leaving about a quarter of an inch between adjoining splints. From the "setting" machine the bundles go to the "dipping" room.

After the ends of the splints have been pounded down to make them even, the bundles are dipped —both ends—into the molten sulphur and then into the phosphorus solution, which is spread over a large iron plate. Next they are hung in a frame to dry. When dried they are placed in a machine which, as it unrolls the ribbon, cuts the sticks in two across the middle, thus making two complete matches of each splint.

The match is made. The towering pine which listened to the whisper of the south wind and swayed in the cold northern blast, has been so divided that we can take it bit by bit and lightly twirl it between two fingers. But what it has lost in size it has gained in use. The little flame it carries, and which looks so harmless, flashing into brief existence, has a latent power more terrible than the whirlwind which perhaps sent the tall pine-tree crashing to the ground.

But the story is not yet closed. From the machine which completed the matches they are taken to the "boxers"—mostly girls and women—who place them in little boxes. The speed with which this is done is surprising. With one hand they pick up an empty case and remove the cover, while with the other they seize just a sufficient number of matches, and by a peculiar shuffling motion arrange them evenly, then—'t is done!

The little packages of sleeping fire are taken to another room, where on each one is placed a stamp certifying the payment to the government of one cent revenue tax. Equipped with these passes the boxes are placed in larger ones, and these again in wooden cases, which are to be shipped to all parts of the country, and over seas.

All this trouble over such little things as matches! Yet on these fire-tipped bits of wood millions of people depend for warmth, cooked food and light. They have become a necessity, and the day of flint, steel and tinder seems almost as far away in the past as are the bow and fire-stick of the Indian.

Some idea of the number of matches used in North America during a year may be gained from the fact that it is estimated by competent judges that, on an average, six matches are used every day by each inhabitant; this gives a grand total of 87,400,000,000 matches, without counting those that are exported. Now, this would make a single line, were the matches placed end to end, more than 2,750,000 miles in length! It would take a railroad train almost eight years to go from one end to the other, running forty miles an hour all the time.

How apt to our subject is that almost worn-out Latin phrase, "*multum in parvo*,"—much in little! Much labor, much skill, and much usefulness, all in a little piece of wood scarcely one-eighth of an inch through and about two inches long!





By Mary L. Bolles Branch.

Teddy was such a rogue, you see! If Aunt Ann sent him to the store for raisins, the string on the package would be very loose, and the paper very much lapped over, when he brought it home; if he went to the baker's, the tempting end of the twist loaf was sure to be snapped off in the street, and a dozen buns were never more than ten when they reached the table. Boys are *so* hungry! Teddy knew every corner of the pantry: if half a pie were left over from dinner, it could not possibly be hidden under any pan, bowl, pail, or cunningly folded towel, but he would find it before supper. Pieces of cake disappeared as if by magic, preserves were found strangely lowered in the crocks, pickles went by the wholesale, gingerbread never could be reckoned on after the first day, and once —only once—did Teddy's mamma succeed in hiding a whole baking of apple tarts in the cellar for a day by setting them under a tub. The cellar never was a safe place again; Aunt Ann tried it with doughnuts, and the crock was empty in two days. She put her stick cinnamon on the top shelf in the closet, behind her medicine bottles, and when she wanted it a week after, there was not a sliver to be found. Then the loaf sugar—I don't know but that was the worst of all. Did he stuff his pockets with it? did he carry it away by the capful? It seemed incredible that anything *could* go so fast. One day, Aunt Ann detected Teddy behind the window curtain with a tumbler so nearly full of sugar that the water in it only made a thick syrup, and there he was reading "Robinson Crusoe" and sipping this delightful mixture. From that moment Aunt Ann made up her mind that he should "stop it."

"I 'll tell him it 's nothing more nor less than downright STEALING—so I will," muttered the good soul to herself; "the poor child 's never had proper teaching on the subject from one of us; he 's got all his pa's appetite without the good principles of *our* side of the family to save him."

So, the next day, the sugar being out, she bought two dollars' worth while Teddy was at school, and without even telling his mother, she searched the house for a hiding-place. She shook her head at the pantry and cellar, but she visited the garret, and the spare front chamber; she looked into the camphor-chest, she contemplated a barrel of potatoes, she moved about the things in her wardrobe, and at last she hid the sugar! No danger of Teddy finding it this time! Aunt Ann could not repress a smile of triumph as she sat down to her knitting.

Unconscious Teddy came home at noon, ate his dinner, and was off again. His mother and Aunt Ann went out making calls that afternoon, and as Aunt Ann closed the street door she thought to herself—

"I can really take comfort going out, I feel so safe in my mind, now that sugar is hid."

But at tea-time she almost relented when she saw Teddy look into the sugar-bowl, and turn away without taking a single lump.

"He is really honorable," she said to herself; "he thinks that is all there is, and he wont touch

it." And she passed the gingerbread to him three times, as a reward of merit.

There was sugar enough in the bowl to sweeten all their tea the next day, and so far all went well. But the third day, in the afternoon, up drove a carry-all to the gate, with Uncle Wright, Aunt Wright, and two stranger young ladies from the city—all come to take tea, have a good time, and drive home again by moonlight.

Teddy's mother sat down in the front room to entertain them, and Aunt Ann hurried out to see about supper. How lucky it was that she had boiled a ham that very morning! Pink slices of ham, with nice biscuit and butter, were not to be despised even by city guests. She had also a golden comb of honey, brought to the house by a countryman a few hours before; it looked really elegant as she set it on the table in a cut-glass dish. Then there were,—oh, moment of suspense! would she find any left?—yes; there *were* enough sweet crisp seed-cakes to fill a plate.

The table was set—the tea with its fine aroma, and the coffee, amber-clear, were made. The cream was on, so was the sugar-bowl, and Aunt Ann was just going to summon her guests, when she happened to think to lift the sugar-bowl cover and peep in. Sure enough, there was n't a lump there!

"I must run and fill it!" exclaimed Aunt Ann, lifting it in a hurry, and starting; but she had to stop to think in what direction to go.

"Where was it I put that sugar?" she asked herself.

In the camphor chest? No. In the potatoes? No; she remembered thinking they were not clean enough. Was it anywhere up garret? If she went there and looked around, maybe it would come into her mind. She did go there, sugar-bowl in hand, and she did look around, but all in vain—she could not think where she had put that two dollars' worth of sugar!

And time was flying, the sun was setting—pretty soon the moon would be up. How hungry the company must be, and they must wonder why supper was n't ready. It would never do to sit down to the table with an empty sugar-bowl, for Aunt Wright always wanted her tea extra sweet, and Uncle Wright never could drink coffee without his eight lumps in the cup. Dear, dear! Aunt Ann was all in a flurry. *Why* had she ever undertaken to hide that sugar!

"I shall certainly have to send to the store for some more!" she said to herself, "and that will take so long; but it can't be helped."

So she spoke to Teddy, who was sitting in the dining-room window apparently studying his geography lesson, but in reality wondering what in the world Aunt Ann was fluttering all over the house so uneasily for.

"Run to the store, Teddy!" she said quickly; "get me half a dollar's worth of loaf sugar as soon as ever you can."

"Why, Aunt Ann," he replied, "what for? I should think you had sugar enough already."

"So I have!" she exclaimed, nervously. "I got two dollars' worth day before yesterday, and I hid it away in a safe place to keep it from you, and now, to save my life, I can't think where I put it, and I 've searched high and low. Hurry!"

Teddy smiled upon her benignly.

"You should have told me sooner what you were looking for," he said. "That sugar is on the upper shelf of your wardrobe, in your muff-box in the farther corner. It is *very* nice sugar, Aunt Ann!"

"Sure enough!" she cried. "That is where I hid it, and covered it up with my best bonnet and veil. And then, when I went calling, I wore my bonnet and veil, and never once thought about the sugar. I suppose that was when you found it, you bad boy."

"Yes 'm, I found it that time. I was looking for a string," he said; "but I should have found it anyhow in a day or two, even if you had n't let sugar crumbs fall on the shelf, Aunt Ann!"

"I believe you, you terrible boy!" she rejoined. "Now go call the company to tea."

And she did believe him, and would have given up the struggle from that day, convinced that the fates were against her, but for her heroic resolve to instill straightway into this young gentleman with his pa's appetite the good principles of *her* side of the family.

UNDER THE LILACS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter IX.

A HAPPY TEA.

Exactly five minutes before six the party arrived in great state, for Bab and Betty wore their best frocks and hair-ribbons, Ben had a new blue shirt and his shoes on as full-dress, and Sancho's curls were nicely brushed, his frills as white as if just done up.

No one was visible to receive them, but the low table stood in the middle of the walk, with four chairs and a foot-stool around it. A pretty set of green and white china caused the girls to cast admiring looks upon the little cups and plates, while Ben eyed the feast longingly, and Sancho with difficulty restrained himself from repeating his former naughtiness. No wonder the dog sniffed and the children smiled, for there was a noble display of little tarts and cakes, little biscuits and sandwiches, a pretty milk-pitcher shaped like a white calla rising out of its green leaves, and a jolly little tea-kettle singing away over the spirit-lamp as cozily as you please.

"Is n't it perfectly lovely?" whispered Betty, who had never seen anything like it before.

"I just wish Sally could see us *now*," answered Bab, who had not yet forgiven her enemy.

"Wonder where the boy is," added Ben, feeling as good as any one, but rather doubtful how others might regard him.

Here a rumbling sound caused the guests to look toward the garden, and in a moment Miss Celia appeared, pushing a wheeled chair in which sat her brother. A gay afghan covered the long legs, a broad-brimmed hat half hid the big eyes, and a discontented expression made the thin face as unattractive as the fretful voice which said, complainingly:

"If they make a noise, I 'll go in. Don't see what you asked them for."

"To amuse you, dear. I know they will, if you will only try to like them," whispered the sister, smiling and nodding over the chair-back as she came on, adding aloud: "Such a punctual party! I am all ready, however, and we will sit down at once. This is my brother Thornton, and we are going to be very good friends by and by. Here 's the droll dog, Thorny; is n't he nice and curly?"

Now, Ben had heard what the other boy said, and made up his mind that he should n't like him; and Thorny had decided beforehand that he would n't play with a tramp, even if he *could* cut capers; so both looked decidedly cool and indifferent when Miss Celia introduced them. But Sancho had better manners, and no foolish pride; he, therefore, set them a good example by approaching the chair, with his tail waving like a flag of truce, and politely presented his ruffled paw for a hearty shake.

Thorny could not resist that appeal, and patted the white head, with a friendly look into the affectionate eyes of the dog, saying to his sister as he did so:

"What a wise old fellow he is! It seems as if he could almost speak, does n't it?"

"He can. Say 'How do you do,' Sanch," commanded Ben, relenting at once, for he saw admiration in Thorny's face.

"Wow, wow, wow!" remarked Sancho, in a mild and conversational tone, sitting up and touching one paw to his head, as if he saluted by taking off his hat.

Thorny laughed in spite of himself, and Miss Celia, seeing that the ice was broken, wheeled him to his place at the foot of the table. Then seating the little girls on one side, Ben and the dog on the other, took the head herself and told her guests to begin.

Bab and Betty were soon chattering away to their pleasant hostess as freely as if they had known her for months; but the boys were still rather shy, and made Sancho the medium through which they addressed one another. The excellent beast behaved with wonderful propriety, sitting upon his cushion in an attitude of such dignity that it seemed almost a liberty to offer him food. A dish of thick sandwiches had been provided for his especial refreshment, and as Ben from time to time laid one on his plate, he affected entire unconsciousness of it till the word was given, when it vanished at one gulp, and Sancho again appeared absorbed in deep thought.

But having once tasted of this pleasing delicacy, it was very hard to repress his longing for more, and, in spite of all his efforts, his nose would work, his eye kept a keen watch upon that particular dish, and his tail quivered with excitement as it lay like a train over the red cushion. At last, a moment came when temptation proved too strong for him. Ben was listening to something Miss Celia said, a tart lay unguarded upon his plate, Sanch

looked at Thorny, who was watching him, Thorny nodded, Sanch gave one wink, bolted the tart, and then gazed pensively up at a sparrow swinging on a twig overhead.

The slyness of the rascal tickled the boy so much that he pushed back his hat, clapped his hands, and burst out laughing as he had not done before for weeks. Every one looked around surprised, and Sancho regarded him with a mildly inquiring air, as if he said, "Why this unseemly mirth, my friend?"

Thorny forgot both sulks and shyness after that, and suddenly began to talk. Ben was flattered by his interest in the dear dog, and opened out so delightfully that he soon charmed the other by his lively tales of circus-life. Then Miss Celia felt relieved, and everything went splendidly, especially the food, for the plates were emptied several times, the little tea-pot ran dry twice, and the hostess was just wondering if she ought to stop her voracious guests, when something occurred which spared her that painful task.

A small boy was suddenly discovered standing in the path behind them, regarding the company with an air of solemn interest. A pretty, well dressed child of six, with dark hair cut short across the brow, a rosy face, a stout pair of legs, left bare by the socks which had slipped down over the dusty little shoes. One end of a wide sash trailed behind him, a straw hat hung at his back, while his right hand firmly grasped a small turtle, and his left a choice collection of sticks. Before Miss Celia could speak, the stranger calmly announced his mission.

"I have come to see the peacocks."

"You shall presently ——" began Miss Celia, but got no further. for the child added, coming a step nearer:

"And the wabbits."

"Yes, but first wont you ——"

"And the curly dog," continued the small voice, as another step brought the resolute young personage nearer.

"There he is."

A pause, a long look, then a new demand with the same solemn tone, the same advance.

"I wish to hear the donkey bray."

"Certainly, if he will.'

"And the peacocks scream."

"Anything more, sir?"

Having reached the table by this time, the insatiable infant surveyed its ravaged surface, then pointed a fat little finger at the last cake, left for manners, and said, commandingly:

"I will have some of that."



MISS CELIA AND THORNY.

"Help yourself; and sit upon the step to eat it, while you tell me whose boy you are," said Miss Celia, much amused at his proceedings.

Deliberately putting down his sticks, the child took the cake, and, composing himself upon the step, answered with his rosy mouth full:

"I am papa's boy. He makes a paper. I help him a great deal."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Barlow. We live in Springfield," volunteered the new guest, unbending a trifle, thanks to the charms of the cake.

"Have you a mamma, dear?"

"She takes naps. I go to walk then."

"Without leave, I suspect. Have you no brothers or sisters to go with you?" asked Miss Celia, wondering where the little runaway belonged.

"I have two brothers, Thomas Merton Barlow and Harry Sanford Barlow. I am Alfred Tennyson Barlow. We don't have any girls in our house, only Bridget."

"Don't you go to school?"

"The boys do. I don't learn any Greeks and Latins yet. I dig, and read to mamma, and make poetrys for her."

"Could n't you make some for me? I 'm very fond of poetrys," proposed Miss Celia, seeing that this prattle amused the children.

"I guess I could n't make any now; I made some coming along. I will say it to you."

And, crossing his short legs, the inspired babe half said, half sung the following poem:*

"Sweet are the flowers of life,
Swept o'er my happy days at home;
Sweet are the flowers of life
When I was a little child.

"Sweet are the flowers of life
That I spent with my father at home;
Sweet are the flowers of life
When children played about the house.

"Sweet are the flowers of life
When the lamps are lighted at night;
Sweet are the flowers of life
When the flowers of summer bloomed.

"Sweet are the flowers of life
Dead with the snows of winter;
Sweet are the flowers of life
When the days of spring come on.

"That 's all of that one. I made another one when I digged after the turtle. I will say that. It is a very pretty one," observed the poet with charming candor, and, taking a long breath, he tuned his little lyre afresh:

"Sweet, sweet days are passing
O'er my happy home,
Passing on swift wings through the valley of life.
Cold are the days when winter comes again.
When my sweet days were passing at my happy home,
Sweet were the days on the rivulet's green brink;
Sweet were the days when I read my father's books;
Sweet were the winter days when bright fires are blazing."

"Bless the baby! where did he get all that?" exclaimed Miss Celia, amazed, while the children giggled as Tennyson, Jr., took a bite at the turtle instead of the half-eaten cake, and then, to prevent further mistakes, crammed the unhappy creature into a diminutive pocket in the most business-like way imaginable.

"It comes out of my head. I make lots of them," began the imperturbable one, yielding more and more to the social influences of the hour.

"Here are the peacocks coming to be fed," interrupted Bab, as the handsome birds appeared with their splendid plumage glittering in the sun.

Young Barlow rose to admire, but his thirst for knowledge was not yet quenched, and he was about to request a song from Juno and Jupiter, when old Jack, pining for society, put his head over the garden wall with a tremendous bray.

This unexpected sound startled the inquiring stranger half out of his wits; for a moment the stout legs staggered and the solemn countenance lost its composure, as he whispered, with an astonished air:

"Is that the way peacocks scream?"

The children were in fits of laughter, and Miss Celia could hardly make herself heard as she answered, merrily:

"No, dear; that is the donkey asking you to come and see him. Will you go?"

"I guess I could n't stop now. Mamma might want me."

And, without another word, the discomfited poet precipitately retired, leaving his cherished sticks behind him.

Ben ran after the child to see that he came to no harm, and presently returned to report that Alfred had been met by a servant and gone away chanting a new verse of his poem, in which peacocks, donkeys, and "the flowers of life" were sweetly mingled.

"Now I 'll show you my toys, and we 'll have a little play before it gets too late for Thorny to stay with us," said Miss Celia, as Randa carried away the tea-things and brought back a large tray full of picture-books, dissected maps, puzzles, games, and several pretty models of animals, the whole crowned with a large doll dressed as a baby.

At sight of that, Betty stretched out her arms to receive it with a cry of delight. Bab seized the games, and Ben was lost in admiration of the little Arab chief prancing on the white horse, "all saddled and bridled and fit for the fight." Thorny poked about to find a certain curious puzzle which he could put together without a mistake after long study. Even Sancho found something to interest him, and standing on his hind-legs thrust his head between the boys to paw at several red and blue letters on square blocks.

"He looks as if he knew them," said Thorny, amused at the dog's eager whine and scratch.

"He does. Spell your name, Sanch," and Ben

* These lines were actually composed by a six-year-old child.

put all the gay letters down upon the flags with a chirrup which set the dog's tail to wagging as he waited till the alphabet was spread before him. Then with great deliberation he pushed the letters about till he had picked out six; these he arranged with nose and paw till the word "Sancho" lay before him correctly spelt.

"Is n't that clever? Can he do any more?" cried Thorny, delighted.

"Lots; that's the way he gets his livin' and mine too," answered Ben, and proudly put his poodle through his well-learned lessons with such success that even Miss Celia was surprised.

"He has been carefully trained. Do you know how it was done?" she asked, when Sancho lay down to rest and be caressed by the children.

"No 'm, father did it when I was a little chap, and never told me how. I used to help teach him to dance, and that was easy enough, he is so smart. Father said the middle of the night was the best time to give him his lessons, it was so still then and nothing disturbed Sanch and made him forget. I can't do half the tricks, but I 'm going to learn when father comes back. He 'd rather have me show off Sanch than ride, till I 'm older."

"I have a charming book about animals, and in it an interesting account of some trained poodles who could do the most wonderful things. Would you like to hear it while you put your maps and puzzles together?" asked Miss Celia, glad to keep her brother interested in their four-footed guest at least.

"Yes 'm, yes 'm," answered the children, and fetching the book she read the pretty account, shortening and simplifying it here and there to suit her hearers.

"'I invited the two dogs to dine and spend the evening, and they came with their master, who was a Frenchman. He had been a teacher in a deaf and dumb school, and thought he would try the same plan with dogs. He had also been a conjurer, and now was supported by Blanche and her daughter Lyda. These dogs behaved at dinner just like other dogs, but when I gave Blanche a bit of cheese and asked if she knew the word for it, her master said she could spell it. So a table was arranged with a lamp on it, and round the table were laid the letters of the alphabet painted on cards. Blanche sat in the middle waiting till her master told her to spell cheese, which she at once did in French, F R O M A G E. Then she translated a word for us very cleverly. Some one wrote *pferd*, the German for horse, on a slate. Blanche looked at it and pretended to read it, putting by the slate with her paw when she had done. "Now give us the French for that word," said the man, and she instantly brought C H E V A L. "Now, as you are at an Englishman's house, give it to us in English," and she brought me H O R S E. Then we spelt some words wrong and she corrected them with wonderful accuracy. But she did not seem to like it, and whined and growled and looked so worried that she was allowed to go and rest and eat cakes in a corner.

"'Then Lyda took her place on the table, and did sums on a slate with a set of figures. Also mental arithmetic which was very pretty. "Now, Lyda," said her master, "I want to see if you understand division. Suppose you had ten bits of sugar and you met ten Prussian dogs, how many lumps would you, a French dog, give to each of the Prussians?" Lyda very decidedly replied to this with a cipher. "But, suppose you divided your sugar with me, how many lumps would you give me?" Lyda took up the figure five and politely presented it to her master.'"



ALFRED TENNYSON BARLOW.

"Was n't she smart? Sanch can't do that," exclaimed Ben, forced to own that the French doggie beat his cherished pet.

"He is not too old to learn. Shall I go on?" asked Miss Celia, seeing that the boys liked it though Betty was absorbed with the doll and Bab deep in a puzzle.

"Oh yes! What else did they do?"

"'They played a game of dominoes together, sitting in chairs opposite each other, and touched the dominoes that were wanted; but the man placed them and kept telling how the game went. Lyda was beaten and hid under the sofa, evidently feeling

very badly about it. Blanche was then surrounded with playing-cards, while her master held another pack and told us to choose a card; then he asked her what one had been chosen, and she always took up the right one in her teeth. I was asked to go into another room, put a light on the floor with cards round it, and leave the doors nearly shut. Then the man begged some one to whisper in the dog's ear what card she was to bring, and she went at once and fetched it, thus showing that she understood their names. Lyda did many tricks with the numbers, so curious that no dog could possibly understand them, yet what the secret sign was I could not discover, but suppose it must have been in the tones of the master's voice, for he certainly made none with either head or hands.'

"It took an hour a day for eighteen months to educate a dog enough to appear in public, and (as you say, Ben) the night was the best time to give the lessons. Soon after this visit the master died, and these wonderful dogs were sold because their mistress did not know how to exhibit them."

"Would n't I have liked to see 'em and find out how they were taught. Sanch, you 'll have to study up lively for I 'm not going to have you beaten by French dogs," said Ben, shaking his finger so sternly that Sancho groveled at his feet and put both paws over his eyes in the most abject manner.

"Is there a picture of those smart little poodles?" asked Ben, eying the book, which Miss Celia left open before her.

"Not of them, but of other interesting creatures; also anecdotes about horses, which will please you, I know," and she turned the pages for him, neither guessing how much good Mr. Hamerton's charming "Chapters on Animals" were to do the boy when he needed comfort for a sorrow which was very near.

Chapter X.

A HEAVY TROUBLE.

"THANK you, ma'am, that 's a tip-top book, 'specially the pictures. But I can't bear to see these poor fellows," and Ben brooded over the fine etching of the dead and dying horses on a battle-field, one past all further pain, the other helpless but lifting his head from his dead master to neigh a farewell to the comrades who go galloping away in a cloud of dust.

"They ought to stop for him, some of 'em," muttered Ben, hastily turning back to the cheerful picture of the three happy horses in the field, standing knee-deep among the grass as they prepare to drink at the wide stream.

"Aint that black one a beauty? Seems as if I could see his mane blow in the wind, and hear him whinny to that small feller trotting down to see if he can't get over and be sociable. How I 'd like to take a rousin' run round that meadow on the whole lot of 'em," and Ben swayed about in his chair as if he was already doing it in imagination.

"You may take a turn round my field on Lita any day. She would like it, and Thorny's saddle will be here next week," said Miss Celia, pleased to see that the boy appreciated the fine pictures, and felt such hearty sympathy with the noble animals whom she dearly loved herself.

"Need n't wait for that. I 'd rather ride bareback. Oh, I say, is this the book you told about where the horses talked?" asked Ben, suddenly recollecting the speech he had puzzled over ever since he heard it.

"No, I brought the book, but in the hurry of my tea-party forgot to unpack it. I 'll hunt it up to-night. Remind me, Thorny."

"There, now, I 've forgotten something too! Squire sent you a letter, and I 'm having such a jolly time I never thought of it."

Ben rummaged out the note with remorseful haste, protesting that he was in no hurry for Mr. Gulliver, and very glad to save him for another day.

Leaving the young folks busy with their games, Miss Celia sat in the porch to read her letters, for there were two, and as she read her face grew so sober, then so sad, that if any one had been looking he would have wondered what bad news had chased away the sunshine so suddenly. No one did look, no one saw how pitifully her eyes rested on Ben's happy face when the letters were put away, and no one minded the new gentleness in her manner as she came back to the table. But Ben thought there never was so sweet a lady as the one who leaned over him to show him how the dissected map went together, and never smiled at his mistakes.

So kind, so very kind was she to them all that when, after an hour of merry play, she took her brother in to bed, the three who remained fell to praising her enthusiastically as they put things to rights before taking leave.

"She 's like the good fairies in the books, and has all sorts of nice, pretty things in her house," said Betty, enjoying a last hug of the fascinating doll whose lids would shut so that it was a pleasure to sing "Bye, sweet baby, bye," with no staring eyes to spoil the illusion.

"What heaps she knows! More than Teacher, I do believe, and she does n't mind how many questions we ask. I like folks that will tell me things," added Bab, whose inquisitive mind was always hungry.

"I like that boy first-rate, and I guess he likes

me, though I did n't know where Nantucket ought to go. He wants me to teach him to ride when he 's on his pins again, and Miss Celia says I may. *She* knows how to make folks feel good, don't she?" and Ben gratefully surveyed the Arab chief, now his own, though the best of all the collection.

"Wont we have splendid times? She says we may come over every night and play with her and Thorny."

"And she 's going to have the seats in the porch lift up so we can put our things in there all dry, and have 'em handy."

"And I 'm going to be her boy, and stay here all the time; I guess the letter I brought was a recommend from the Squire."

"Yes, Ben: and if I had not already made up my mind to keep you before, I certainly would now, my boy."

Something in Miss Celia's voice, as she said the last two words with her hand on Ben's shoulder, made him look up quickly and turn red with pleasure, wondering what the Squire had written about him.

"Mother must have some of the 'party,' so you shall take her these, Bab, and Betty may carry baby home for the night. She is so nicely asleep, it is a pity to wake her. Good-bye till to-morrow, little neighbors," continued Miss Celia, and dismissed the girls with a kiss.

"Is n't Ben coming, too?" asked Bab, as Betty trotted off in a silent rapture with the big darling bobbing over her shoulder.

"Not yet; I 've several things to settle with my new man. Tell mother he will come by and by."

Off rushed Bab with the plateful of goodies; and, drawing Ben down beside her on the wide step, Miss Celia took out the letters, with a shadow creeping over her face as softly as the twilight was stealing over the world, while the dew fell and everything grew still and dim.

"Ben, dear, I 've something to tell you," she began, slowly, and the boy waited with a happy face, for no one had called him so since 'Melia died.

"The Squire has heard about your father, and this is the letter Mr. Smithers sends."

"Hooray! where is he, please?" cried Ben, wishing she would hurry up, for Miss Celia did not even offer him the letter, but sat looking down at Sancho on the lower step, as if she wanted him to come and help her.

"He went after the mustangs, and sent some home, but could not come himself."

"Went further on, I s'pose. Yes, he said he might go as far as California, and if he did he 'd send for me. I 'd like to go there; it 's a real splendid place, they say."

"He has gone further away than that, to a lovelier country than California, I hope." And Miss Celia's eyes turned to the deep sky, where early stars were shining,

"Did n't he send for me? Where 's he gone? When 's he coming back?" asked Ben, quickly, for there was a quiver in her voice, the meaning of which he felt before he understood.

Miss Celia put her arms about him, and answered very tenderly:

"Ben, dear, if I were to tell you that he was never coming back, could you bear it?"

"I guess I could—but you don't mean it? Oh, ma'am, he is n't dead?" cried Ben, with a cry that made her heart ache, and Sancho leap up with a bark.

"My poor little boy, I *wish* I could say no."

There was no need of any more words, no need of tears or kind arms round him. He knew he was an orphan now, and turned instinctively to the old friend who loved him best. Throwing himself down beside his dog, Ben clung about the curly neck, sobbing bitterly:

"Oh, Sanch, he 's never coming back again; never, never any more!"

Poor Sancho could only whine and lick away the tears that wet the half-hidden face, questioning the new friend meantime with eyes so full of dumb love and sympathy and sorrow that they seemed almost human. Wiping away her own tears, Miss Celia stooped to pat the white head, and to stroke the black one lying so near it that the dog's breast was the boy's pillow. Presently the sobbing ceased, and Ben whispered, without looking up:

"Tell me all about it; I 'll be good."

Then, as kindly as she could, Miss Celia read the brief letter which told the hard news bluntly, for Mr. Smithers was obliged to confess that he had known the truth months before, and never told the boy lest he should be unfitted for the work they gave him. Of Ben Brown the elder's death there was little to tell, except that he was killed in some wild place at the West, and a stranger wrote the fact to the only person whose name was found in Ben's pocket-book. Mr. Smithers offered to take the boy back and "do well by him," averring that the father wished his son to remain where he left him, and follow the profession to which he was trained.

"Will you go, Ben?" asked Miss Celia, hoping to distract his mind from his grief by speaking of other things.

"No, no; I 'd rather tramp and starve. He 's awful hard to me and Sanch, and he 'll be worse now father 's gone. Don't send me back! Let me stay here; folks are good to me; there 's nowhere else to go." And the head Ben had lifted

up with a desperate sort of look went down again on Sancho's breast as if there was no other refuge left.

"You *shall* stay here, and no one shall take you away against your will. I called you 'my boy' in play, now you shall be my boy in earnest; this shall be your home, and Thorny your brother. We are orphans, too, and we will stand by one another till a stronger friend comes to help us," cried Miss Celia, with such a mixture of resolution and tenderness in her voice that Ben felt comforted at once, and thanked her by laying his cheek against the pretty slipper that rested on the step beside him, as if he had no words in which to swear loyalty to the gentle mistress whom he meant henceforth to serve with grateful fidelity.

Sancho felt that he must follow suit, and gravely put his paw upon her knee, with a low whine, as if he said: "Count me in, and let me help to pay my master's debt if I can."

Miss Celia shook the offered paw cordially, and the good creature crouched at her feet like a small lion bound to guard her and her house forever more.

"Don't lie on that cold stone, Ben; come here and let me try to comfort you," she said, stooping to wipe away the great drops that kept rolling down the brown cheek half hidden in her dress.

But Ben put his arm over his face, and sobbed out with a fresh burst of grief:

"You can't; you did n't know him! Oh, daddy! daddy!—if I 'd only seen you jest once more!"

No one could grant that wish; but Miss Celia did comfort him, for presently the sound of music floated out from the parlor,—music so soft, so sweet, that involuntarily the boy stopped his crying to listen; then quieter tears dropped slowly, seeming to soothe his pain as they fell, while the sense of loneliness passed away, and it grew possible to wait till it was time to go to father in that far-off country lovelier than golden California.

How long she played Miss Celia never minded, but when she stole out to see if Ben had gone she found that other friends, even kinder than herself, had taken the boy into their gentle keeping. The wind had sung a lullaby among the rustling lilacs, the moon's mild face looked through the leafy arch to kiss the heavy eyelids, and faithful Sancho still kept guard beside his little master, who, with his head pillowed on his arm, lay fast asleep, dreaming, happily, that "Daddy had come home again."

(To be continued.)



A TALK OVER THE HARD TIMES.

COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

WHEN you 're writing or reading or sewing, it 's right
To sit, if you can, with your back to the light;
And then, it is patent to every beholder,
The light will fall gracefully over your shoulder.



Now here is a family, sensible, wise,
Who all have the greatest regard for their eyes;
They first say, "Excuse me," which also is right,
And then all sit down with their backs to the light.

But their neighbors, most unhygienic, can't see
Why they do it, and think that they cannot agree,
And always decide they 've been having a fight,
When they merely are turning their backs to the light.

SECRETS OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

By William H. Rideing.

I believe that the youngsters in our family consider my study a very pleasant room. There are some books, pictures, and hunting implements in it, and I have quite a large number of curious things stored in little mahogany cabinets, including a variety of specimens of natural history and articles of savage warfare, which have been given to me by sailors and travelers. In one of these cabinets there are the silver wings of a flying-fish, the poisoned arrows of South Sea cannibals, sharks' and alligators' teeth, fragments of well-remembered wrecks, and an inch or two of thick tarred rope.

The latter appears to be a common and useless object at the first glance, but when examined closely it is not so uninteresting. It measures one and one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and running through the center are seven bright copper wires, surrounded by a hard, dark brown substance, the nature of which you do not immediately recognize. It is gutta-percha, the wonderful vegetable juice, which is as firm as a rock while it is cold and as soft as dough when it is exposed to heat. This is inclosed within several strands of Manilla hemp, with ten iron wires woven among them. The hemp is saturated with tar to resist water, and the wires are galvanized to prevent rust. You may judge, then, how strong and durable the rope is, but I am not sure that you can guess its use.

Near the southern extremity of the western coast of Ireland there is a little harbor called Valentia, as you will see by referring to a map. It faces the Atlantic Ocean, and the nearest point on the opposite shore is a sheltered bay prettily named Heart's Content, in Newfoundland. The waters between are the stormiest in the world, wrathy with hurricanes and cyclones, and seldom smooth even in the calm months of midsummer. The distance across is nearly two thousand miles, and the depth gradually increases to a maximum of three miles. Between these two points of land—Valentia in Ireland and Heart's Content in Newfoundland—a magical rope is laid, binding America to Europe with a firm bond, and enabling people in London to send instantaneous messages to those in New York. It is the first successful Atlantic cable, and my piece was cut from it before it was laid. Fig. 2 on the next page shows how a section of it looks, and Fig. 3 shows a section of the shore ends, which are larger.

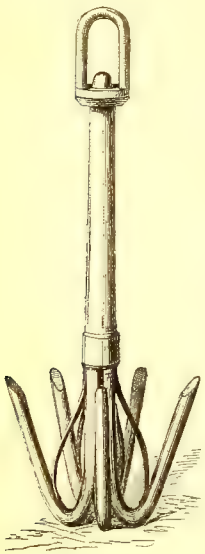
Copper is one of the best conductors of electricity known, and hence the wires in the center are made of that metal. Water, too, is an excellent conductor, and if the wires were not closely protected, the electricity would pass from them into the sea, instead of carrying its message the whole length of the line. Therefore, the wires must be incased or insulated in some material that will not admit water and is not itself a conductor. Gutta-percha meets these needs, and the hemp and galvanized wire are added for the strength and protection they afford to the whole.

It was an American who first thought of laying such an electric cable as this under the turbulent Atlantic. Some foolish people laughed at the idea and declared it to be impracticable. How could a slender cord, two thousand miles long, be lowered from an unsteady vessel to the bottom of the ocean without break? It would part under the strain put upon it, and it would be attacked by marine monsters, twisted and broken by the currents. At one point the bed of the sea suddenly sinks from a depth of two hundred and ten fathoms to a depth of two thousand and fifty fathoms. Here the strain on the cable as it passed over the ship's stern would be so great that it certainly must break. More than this, the slightest flaw—a hole smaller than a pin's head—in the gutta-percha insulator would spoil the entire work, and no remedy would be possible. A great many people spoke in this way when the Atlantic cable was first thought of, as others, years before, had spoken of Watt and Stephenson. But Watt invented the steam-engine, Stephenson invented the locomotive, and Cyrus Field bound Great Britain to the United States by telegraph.

Early in 1854, Mr. Field's attention was drawn to the scheme for a telegraph between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, in connection with a line of fast steamships from Ireland to call at St. John's, Newfoundland. The idea struck him that if a line were laid to Ireland, lasting benefit would result to the world. So he called together some of his intimate friends, including Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Chandler White, and Marshall O. Roberts, and they joined him in organizing the "New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company," which was the pioneer in the movement to connect the two continents by a telegraph cable, and without whose aid its consummation would have been indefinitely delayed.

The work was costly and difficult. The first part consisted in surveying the bottom of the sea for a route. This was done by taking "soundings" and

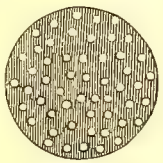
"dredgings." As some of you are aware, "sounding" is an operation for ascertaining the depth of the sea, while "dredging" reveals what plants and living creatures are at the bottom. After much patient labor, a level space was found between Ireland and Newfoundland, and it seemed to be so well adapted to the surveyor's purposes that it was called the "Telegraphic Plateau."



THE GRAPNEL.

Two or three large vessels were next equipped, and sent out with several thousand miles of cable on board, which they proceeded to lay. But the fragile cord—fragile compared with the boisterous power of the waves—broke in twain, and could not be recovered. A second attempt was made, and that failed, too. Brave men can overcome adversity, however, and the little band of scientific men and capitalists were brave men and were determined to succeed. Each heart suffered the acute anguish of long-deferred hope, and each expedition cost many hundred thousands of dollars. Nevertheless, the promoters of the Atlantic cable sent out a third time, and when failure met them again, it seemed to common minds that their scheme was a settled impossibility. Not so with the heroes. Each failure showed them some faults in their plans or machinery. These they amended. Thus, while they were left at a distance from the object of their ambition, they were brought a little nearer to its attainment.

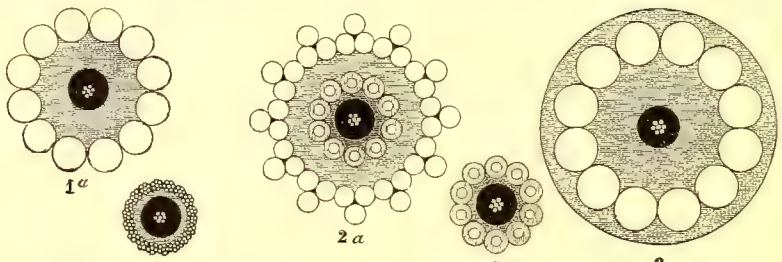
Guided by the light of past experience, they equipped a fourth expedition. The "Great Eastern" was selected, and her interior was altered for the purpose. She was, and is still, the largest vessel afloat. Her length is six hundred and ninety-five feet; her breadth eighty-five feet, and her burthen twenty-two thousand tons. One of the principal causes of failure in previous expeditions was the inability of the cable to endure the severe strain put upon it in stormy weather as it passed from an ordinarily unsteady vessel into the sea. The "Great Eastern," from her immense size, promised to be steady in the worst of gales. Her hold was fitted with three enormous iron tanks—a "fore" tank, a "main" tank, and an "after" tank. The main tank was the largest, and eight hundred and sixty-four miles of cable were coiled in it. Eight hundred and thirty-nine miles in addition were coiled in the after tank, and six hundred and seventy miles in the fore tank, making in all two thousand three hundred and seventy-four miles of cable. The food taken on board for the long voyage in prospect consisted of twenty thousand pounds of butcher-meat, five hundred head of poultry, one hundred and fourteen live sheep, eight bullocks, a milch cow, and eighty tons of ice.



SECTION OF GRAPPLING LINE.

What is called the shore-end of the cable—*i. e.*, that part nearest the shore, which is thicker than the rest—was first laid by a smaller steamer. It extended from Valentia to a point twenty-eight miles at sea. Here it was buoyed, until the great ship arrived. On a wet day in July, 1866, it was joined with the main cable on board the "Great Eastern," and on the same day that vessel started on her voyage to Newfoundland.

It may seem a simple matter to distribute or "pay out" the cable, but in practice it is exceedingly difficult. Twenty men are stationed in the tank from which it is issuing, each dressed in a canvas suit, without pockets, and in boots without nails. Their duty is to ease each coil as it passes out of the tank, and to give notice of the marks painted on the cable one mile apart. Near the entrance of the tank it runs over a grooved wheel and along an iron trough until it reaches that part



SECTIONS OF CABLES (REDUCED).

1. Main cable of 1858. 1*a*. Shore-end, abandoned cable of 1858. 2. Main cable of 1866. 2*a*. Shore-end, recovered cable of 1865. 3. Shore-end of cable of 1866.

of the deck where the "paying out" machine is placed. The latter consists of six grooved wheels, each provided with a smaller wheel, called a "jockey," placed against the upper side of the groove so as to press against the cable as it goes through, and retard or help its progress. These six wheels and their jockeys are themselves controlled by brakes, and after it has been embraced by them the cable winds round a "drum" four times. The drum is another wheel, four feet in diameter and nine inches deep, which is also controlled by powerful brakes; and from it the cable passes over another grooved wheel before it gets to the "dynamometer" wheel. The dynamometer is an instrument which shows the exact degree of the strain on the cable, and the wheel attached to it rises and falls as the strain is greater or less. Thence the cable is sent over another deeply grooved wheel into the sea.

You will remember what I said about insulation,—how a tiny hole in the gutta-percha would allow the electricity to escape. On deck there is a small house, which is filled with delicate scientific instruments. As the cable is paid out, it is tested here. If a wire or a nail or a smaller thing is driven through it, and the insulation is spoiled, an instrument called the galvanometer instantly records the fact, and warning is given at all parts of the ship. The man in charge touches a small handle, and an electric bell rings violently in the tank and at the paying-out machinery. At the same time a loud gong is struck, at the sound of which the engines are stopped. Delay might cause much trouble or total failure, as the injured section must be arrested and repaired before it enters the water.

The great steamer went ahead at the rate of five nautical miles an hour, and the cable passed smoothly overboard. Messages were sent to England and answers received. The weather was bright, and all hands were cheerful. On the third day after the "splicing" of the shore-end with the main cable, that part of the ocean was reached where the water suddenly increases in depth from two hundred and ten fathoms to two thousand and fifty. One of the earlier cables broke at this place and was lost forever. The electricians and engineers watched for it with anxious eyes. It was reached and passed. The black cord still traveled through the wheels unbroken, and the test applied by the galvanometer proved the insulation to be perfect. The days wore away without mishap until the evening of July 17, when the sound of the gong filled all hearts with a sickening fear.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" ENTERING THE BAY OF HEART'S CONTENT.

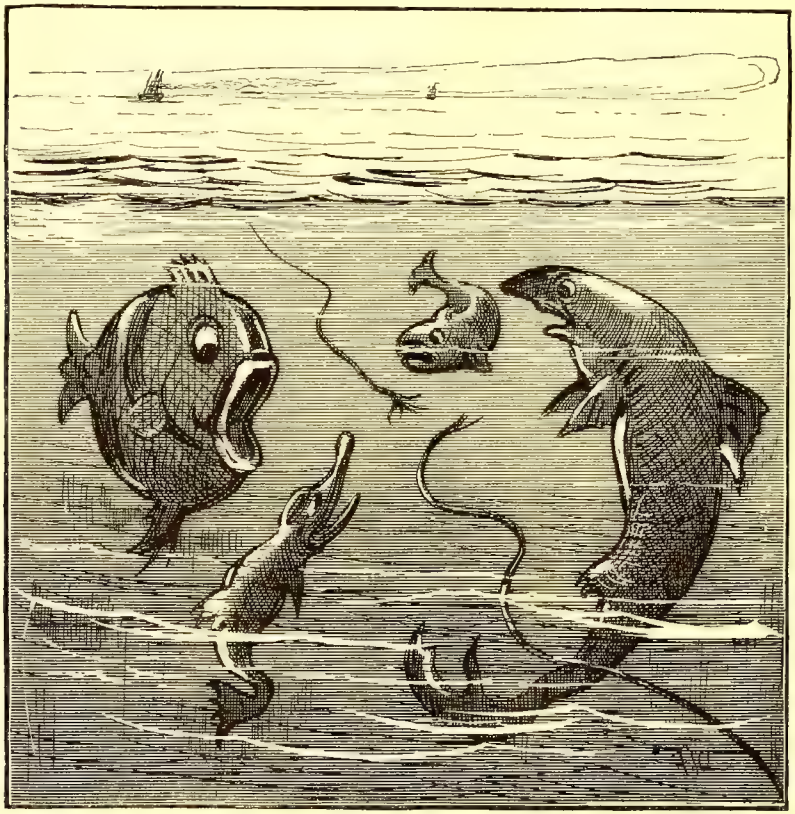
The rain was falling in torrents and pattering on the heavy oil-skin clothing of the watchers. The wind blew in chilly gusts, and the sea broke in white crests of foam. A dense and pitchy cloud issued from the smoke-stacks. The vessel advanced in utter darkness. A few lights were moving about, and shadows fell hither and thither as one of the hands carried a lantern along the sloppy deck. The testing-room was occupied by an electrician, who was quietly working with his magical instrument, and the cable could be heard winding over the wheels astern, as the tinkling of a little bell on the "drum" recorded its progress.

The electrician rose from his seat suddenly, and struck the alarum. The next instant each person on board knew that an accident had happened. The engines were stopped and reversed within two minutes. Blue-lights were burned on the paddle-boxes, and showed a knot in the cable as it lay in the trough.

Two remedies seemed possible. One was to cut the cable, and support one end in the water by a buoy until the rest could be unraveled. The other was to unravel the cable without cutting it.

States over the event. It surpassed all other achievements of the age, and equaled the invention of the telegraph itself.

Thus, after infinite labor and repeated failures, the brave men who undertook the work accomplished it. A year before, their third cable had broken in mid-ocean, and it was now proposed to "grapple" for it. The "Great Eastern" was fitted out with apparatus, which may be likened to an enormous fishing-hook and line, and was sent to the spot where the treasure had been lost. The line



It is a very intricate knot that an old sailor cannot untie, and the old sailors on the "Great Eastern" twisted and untwisted coil after coil until they succeeded in untying this one. The insulation remained perfect, and in a few hours all was right again. The accident caused much ill foreboding, however, as it showed how slight an occurrence might bring the expedition to a disastrous end.

On July 27, after a voyage of fifteen days, the "Great Eastern" finished her work, and her part of the cable was attached to the American shore-end, which had been laid by another vessel. Some of you will remember the rejoicings in the United

was of hemp interwoven with wire. Page 328 shows a section of it. Twice the cable was seized and brought almost to the surface. Twice it slipped from the disappointed fishermen, but the third time it was secured. It was then united with the cable on board, which was "paid out" until the great steamer again reached Newfoundland, and a second telegraph-wire united the two continents.

The scene on board as the black line appeared above water was exciting beyond description. It was first taken to the testing-room, and a signal intended for Valentia was sent over it, to prove whether or not it was perfect throughout its whole

length. If it had proved to be imperfect, all the labor spent upon it would have been lost. The electricians waited breathlessly for an answer. The clerk in the signal-house at Valentia was drowsy when their message came, and disbelieved his ears. Many disinterested people, and even some of the promoters of the cable, did not think it possible to recover a wire that had sunk in thousands of fathoms of water. But the clerk in the little station connected with the shore-end of the cable of 1865 suddenly found himself in communication with a vessel situated in the middle of the Atlantic. The delay aggravated the anxious watchers on the ship, and a second signal was sent. How astonished that simple-minded Irish telegraph-operator was! Five minutes passed, and then the answer came. The chief electrician gave a loud cheer, which was repeated by every man on board, from the captain down to his servant.

There are now four cables in working order, and the cost of messages has been reduced twenty-five per cent. The New York newspapers now contain nearly as much European news as the London newspapers themselves.

THE CANARY THAT TALKED TOO MUCH.

By Margaret Eytinge.

Annette's canary-bird's cage, with the canary in it, was brought into the library and hung upon a hook beside the window.

Out popped a mouse from a hole behind the book-case.

"Why, what are *you* doing here, canary?" she said. "I thought *your* place was the bay-window in the dining-room."

"So it is—so it is!" beginning with a twitter, answered the canary; "but they said I talked too much!"—ending with a trill.

"Talked!" repeated the mouse, sitting up on her hind-legs and looking earnestly at him. "I thought *you* only sang!"

"Well, singing and talking mean about the same thing in bird-language," said the canary. "But goodness g–r–r–racious!" he went on, swinging rapidly to and fro in his little swing at the top of his cage, "'t was they that talked so much—my mistress and the doctor's wife, and the doctor's sister—not me. I said scarcely a word, and yet I am called a chatterbox, and punished—before company, too! I feel mad enough to pull out my yellowest feathers, or upset my bath-tub. Now, you look like a sensible little thing, mouse, and I 'll tell you all about it—what they said and what I said—and you shall judge if I deserved to be banished.

"The doctor's wife and the doctor's sister called.

"'It's a lovely day!' said they.

"'A lovely, lovely, lovely day!' sang I. 'The sun shines bright—the sky is blue—the grass is green—yes, lovely, lovely, lovely—and I 'm happy, happy, happy, and glad, glad, glad!'

"They went right on talking, though I sang my very best, without paying the slightest attention to me; and when I stopped, I caught the words 'So sweet' from my mistress, and then I sang again: 'Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet is the clover—sweet is the rose—sweet the song of the bird—sweet the bird—sweet the clover—sweet the rose—the rose—the clover—the bird—yes, yes, yes—sweet, sweet, sweet!' And as I paused to take breath, I heard some one say, 'What a noise that bird makes! how loudly he sings!' 'How loudly he sings!' repeated I, 'how loudly he sings!—the bird, the bird, the beautiful bird—sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet ——' But suddenly my song ended, for my mistress got up, unhooked my cage, saying, 'Canary, you 're a chatterbox; you talk too much,' and brought me in here.

"And really, mouse, as you must see, I did n't say more than a dozen or so words. What do you think about it?"

"Well," said the mouse, stroking her whiskers and speaking slowly, "you *did n't say* much, but it strikes me you talked a great deal."

"Oh!" said the canary, putting his head on one side and looking thoughtfully at her out of his right, bright, black, round eye. But just then the mouse heard an approaching footstep, and, without even saying "good-bye," she hurried away to the hole behind the book-case.

A NIGHT WITH A BEAR.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

"TELL you what, Roxie, I wish father and Jake had some of those hot nut-cakes for their dinner; they did n't carry much of anything, and these are proper nice."

Mrs. Beamish set her left hand upon her hip, leaned against the corner of the dresser, and meditatively selected another nut-cake, dough-nut or cruller, as you may call them, from the great brown pan piled up with these dainties, and Roxie, who was curled up in a little heap on the corner of the settle, knitting a blue woolen stocking, looked brightly up and said:

"Let me go and carry them some, Ma. It 's just as warm and nice as can be out-of-doors, real springy, and I know the way to the wood lot. I 'd just love to go."

"Let 's see—ten o'clock," said Mrs. Beamish, putting the last bit of cake into her mouth, and wiping her fingers upon her apron. "It 's a matter of four miles there by the bridge, Jake says, though if you cross the ford it takes off a mile or more. You 'd better go round by the bridge, anyway."

"Oh no, Ma; that is n't worth while, for Pa said only last night that the ice was strong enough yet to sled over all the wood he 'd been cutting," said Roxie, earnestly, for the additional mile rather terrified her.

"Did he? Well, if that 's so, it is all right," replied her mother, in a tone of relief, and then she filled a tin pail with nut-cakes, laid a clean, brown napkin over them, and then shut in the cover and set it on the dresser, saying:

"There, they 've got cheese with them, and you 'll reach camp before they eat their noon lunch. Now, get on your leggin's and thick shoes, and your coat and cap and mittens, and eat some cakes before you start, so as not to take theirs when you get there."

"I would n't do that, neither; not if I never had any," replied Roxie, a little resentfully, and then she pulled her squirrel-skin cap well over her ears, tied her pretty scarlet tippet around her neck, and held up her face for a good-bye kiss. The mother gave it with unusual fervor, and said, kindly:

"Good-bye to you, little girl. Take good care of yourself, and come safe home to mother."

"Yes, Ma. But I may wait and come with them, may n't I? They 'll let me ride on old Rob, you know."

"Why, yes, you might as well, I suppose, though I 'll be lonesome without you all day, baby. But it would be better for you to ride home, so stay."

It was a lovely day in the latter part of March, and although the ground was covered with snow, and the brooks and rivers were still fast bound in ice, there was something in the air that told of spring,—something that set the sap in the maple-trees mounting through its million little channels toward the buds, already beginning to redden for their blooming, and sent the blood in little Roxie's veins dancing upward too, until it blossomed in her cheeks and lips fairer than in any maple-tree.

"How pleasant it is to be alive!" said the little girl aloud, while a squirrel running up the old oak-tree overhead stopped, and curling his bushy tail a little higher upon his back, chattered the same idea in his own language. Roxie stopped to listen and laugh aloud, at which sound the squirrel frisked away to his hole, and the little girl, singing merrily, went on her way, crossed the river on the ice, and on the other bank stopped and looked wistfully down a side path leading into the denser forest away from her direct road.

"I really believe the checkerberries must have started, it is so springy," she thought; "I 've a mind to go down and look in what Jake calls 'Bear-berry Pasture,' though I told him they were not bear-berries, but real checkerberries." So, saying to herself Roxie ran a few steps down the little path, stopped, stood still for a minute, then slowly turned back, saying:

"No, I wont, either, for may be I would n't get to the camp with the nut-cakes before noon, and then they would have eaten all their cheese. No, I 'll go right on, and not stay there any time at all, but come back and get the checkerberries; besides, mother said she 'd be lonesome without me, so I 'd better not stay, any way."

So Roxie, flattering herself like many an older person with the fancy that she was giving up her selfish pleasure for that of another, while really she was carrying out her own fancy, went singing on her way, and reached the camp just as her father struck his ax deep into the log where he meant to leave it for an hour, and Jake, her handsome elder brother, took off his cap, pushed the curls back from his heated brow, and shook out the hay and grain before old Rob, whose whinny had already proclaimed dinner-time.

"Why, if here is n't sis with a tin kettle, and

I 'll be bound some of ma'am's nut-cakes in it!" exclaimed Jake, who had rather mourned at the said cakes not being ready before he left home, and then he caught the little girl up in his arms, kissed her heartily, and put her on Rob's back, whence she slid down, saying gravely:

"Jake, Ma says I 'm getting too old for rough play. I 'll be twelve years old next June."

"All right, old lady; I 'll get you a pair of specs and a new cap or two for a birthday present," laughed Jake, uncovering the tin kettle, while his father said:

"We wont have you an old woman before you 're a young one, will we, Tib? Come, sit down by me and have some dinner. You 're good to bring us the nut-cakes and get here in such good season."

The three were very happy and merry over their dinner, although Roxie declined to eat anything except out of her own pocket, and the time passed swiftly until Mr. Beamish glanced up at the sun, rose, took his ax out of the cleft in the log, and, swinging it over his head, said:

"Come, Jake, nooning is over. Get to work."

"All right, sir. You can sit still as long as you like, sis, and by and by I'll take you home on Rob."

"I 'm going now, Jake," said Roxie, hesitating a little, and finally concluding not to mention the checkerberries, lest her father or brother should object to her going alone into the wilder part of the forest. "Ma said she 'd be lonesome," added she hurriedly, and then her cheeks began to burn as if she had really told a lie instead of suggesting one.

"Well, you 're a right down good girl to come so far and then to think of Ma instead of yourself, and next day we 're working about home I'll give you a good ride to pay for it."

And Jake kissed his little sister tenderly, her father nodded good-bye with some pleasant word of thanks, and Roxie with the empty tin pail in her hand set out upon her homeward journey, a little excitement in her heart as she thought of her contemplated excursion, a little sting in her conscience as she reflected that she had not been quite honest about any part of it.

Did you ever notice, when a little troubled and agitated, how quickly you seemed to pass over the ground, and how speedily you arrived at the point whither you had not fairly decided to go?

It was so with Roxie, and while she was still considering whether after all she would go straight home, she was already at the entrance of the sunny southern glade where lay the patch of bright red berries whose faint, wholesome perfume told of their vicinity even before they could be seen. Throwing herself upon her knees, the little girl pushed aside the glossy dark-green leaves, and with a low cry of delight stooped down and kissed the clusters of fragrant berries as they lay fresh and bright before her.

"O you dear, darling little things!" cried she, "how I love to see you again, and know that all the rest of the pretty things are coming right along!"

Then she began to pluck, and put them sometimes in her mouth, sometimes in her pail, and so long did she linger over her pleasant task that the sun was already in the tops of the pine-trees, when, returning from a little excursion into the woods to get a sprig from a "shad-bush," Roxie halted just within the border of the little glade, and stood for a moment transfixed with horror. Beside the pail she had left brim-full of berries, sat a bear-cub, scooping out the treasure with his paw, and greedily devouring it, apparently quite delighted that some one had saved him the trouble of gathering his favorite berries for himself.

One moment of dumb terror, and then a feeling of anger and reckless courage filled the heart of the woodsman's child, and, darting forward, she made a snatch at her pail, at the same time dealing the young robber a sharp blow over the face and eyes with the branch of shad-bush in her hand, and exclaiming:

"You great, horrid thing! Every single berry is gone now, for I wont eat them after you. So now!"

But, so far from being penitent or frightened, the bear took this interference, and especially the blow, in very bad part, and after a moment of blinking astonishment, he sat up on his haunches, growled a little, showed his teeth, and intimated very plainly that unless that pail of berries was restored at once, there would be trouble for some one. But this was not the first bear-cub that Roxie had seen, and her temper was up as well as the bear's. So, firmly grasping the pail, she began to retreat backward, at first slowly, but as the bear dropped on his feet and seemed inclined to follow her, or rather the pail of berries, she lost courage, and turning, began to run, not caring or noting in what direction, and still mechanically grasping the pail of berries.

Suddenly, through the close crowding pines which had so nearly shut out the daylight, appeared an open space, and Roxie hailed it with delight, for it was the river, and once across the river she felt as if she would be safe. Even in the brief glance she threw around as she burst from the edge of the wood, she saw that here was neither the bridge nor the ford which she had crossed in the morning; a point altogether strange and new to her, and, as she judged, further down the river, since the space from shore to shore was consider-

ably wider. But the bear was close behind, and neither time nor courage for deliberation was at hand, and Roxie, after her moment's pause, sprung forward upon the snowy ice, closely followed by the clumsy little beast.

At that very moment, a mile further up stream, Mr. Beamish and his son Jake were cautiously driving Rob across the frozen ford, and the old man was saying:

"I 'm afraid we 'll have to go round by the bridge after this, Jake. I should n't wonder if the river broke up this very night. See that crack."

forward across the ice until at its further edge she came upon a narrow, swiftly rolling tide, increasing in width at every moment—the current of the river suddenly set free from its winter's bondage, and rapidly dashing away its chains.

Roxie turned back, but the crack that she had stepped over was already far too wide for her to attempt to repass, and a gentle shaking movement under her feet told that the block on which she stood was already in motion, and that no escape was possible without more strength and courage than a little girl could be expected to possess. The



THE RESCUE.

"It would n't do for Roxie to come over here alone again," said Jake, probing the ice-crack with his stick.

And Roxie,—poor little Roxie,—whom Jake was so glad to think of as safe at home, was at that very moment stepping over a wide crack between two great masses of ice, and staring forlornly about her, for a little way in advance appeared another great gap, and the bear close behind was whimpering with terror as he clung to the edge of the floating mass upon which Roxie had only just leaped, and which he had failed to jump upon. Shaking with cold and fright, the little girl staggered

bear had climbed up, and now crouched timidly to the edge of the ice, moaning with fear, and seeming to take so little notice of Roxie that she forgot all her fear of him, and these two, crouching upon the rocking and slippery floor of their strange prison, went floating down the turbulent stream.

The twilight deepened into dark, the stars came out bright and cold, and so far away from human need and woe! Little Roxie ceased her useless tears, and kneeling upon the ice put her hands together and prayed, adding to the petition she had learned at her mother's knee some simple words of her own great need.

A yet more piteous whine from the bear showed his terror as the ice-block gave a sickening whirl, and crawling upon his stomach he crept close up to the little girl, his whole air saying as plainly as words could have spoken:

"Oh, I am so scared, little girl, are n't you? Let us protect each other somehow, or at least, you protect me."

And Roxie, with a strange, light-hearted sense of security and peace replacing her terror and doubt, let the shaggy creature creep close to her side, and nestling down into his thick fur, warmed her freezing fingers against his skin, and with a smile upon her lips went peacefully to sleep.

She was awakened by a tremendous shock, and a struggle, and a fall into the water, and before she could see or know what had happened to her, two strong arms were round her, and she was drawn again upon the ice-cake, and her brother was bending close above her, and he was saying:

"Oh, Roxie! are you hurt?"

"No, Jake, I—I believe not. Why, why, what is it all? Where is this, and—oh, I know. Oh, Jake, Jake, I was so frightened!" And, turning suddenly, she hid her face in her brother's coat and burst into a passion of tears. But Jake, with one hurried embrace and kiss, put her away, saying:

"Wait just a minute, sis, till we finish the bear; father will shoot him."

"No, no, no!" screamed Roxie, her tears dried as if by magic. "Don't kill the bear, father! Jake, don't you touch the bear; he 's my friend, and we were both so scared last night, and then I prayed that he would n't eat me, and he did n't, and you must n't hurt him."

"Well, I 'm beat now!" remarked Mr. Beamish, as with both hands buried in the coarse hair by which he had dragged the bear to the surface, for it had gone under when the ice-cake had been broken against the jam of logs which had stopped it, he looked up at his little daughter's pale face.

"You and the bear made friends, and said your prayers together, and he can't be hurt, you say?"

"Yes, father. Oh, please don't hurt him!"

"We might take him home and keep him chained up for a sort of a pet, if he will behave decent," suggested Jake, a little doubtfully.

"Well!—I suppose we could," replied the father, very slowly and reluctantly. "He seems peaceable enough now."

"And see how good he is to me," said Roxie, eagerly, as she patted the head of her strange new friend, who blinked amicably in reply. "Oh, Jake, do go and get Rob and the sled, and carry him home, wont you?"

"Why, yes, if father says so, and the critter will let me tie his legs."

The ox-sled was close at hand, for the father and brother had brought it to the river before they began their weary search up and down its banks, not knowing what mournful burden they might have to carry home to the almost frantic mother.

And Bruin, a most intelligent beast, seemed to understand so well that the handling, and ride, were all for his own good, that he bore the humiliation of having his legs tied with considerable equanimity, and in a short time developed so gentle and gentlemanly a character as to become a valued and honored member of the family, remaining with it for about a year, when, wishing, probably, to set up housekeeping on his own account, he quietly snapped his chain one day and walked off into the woods, where he was occasionally seen for several years, generally near the checkerberry patch.

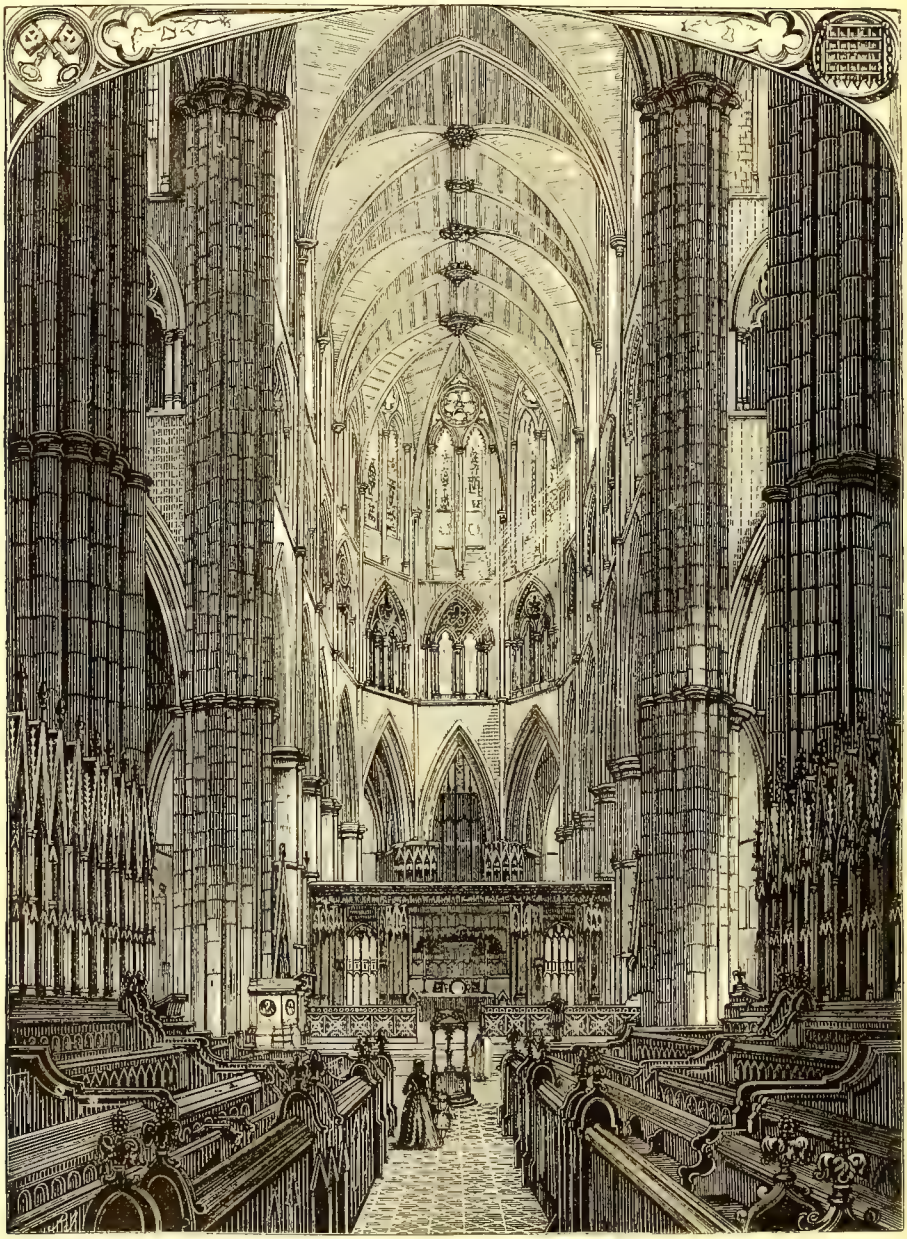
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By Charles W. Squires.

I have no doubt that most of the readers of St. Nicholas have heard of the grand old Abbey of Westminster, in London, and that they would be glad to visit this famous historical place. I had often been there in my thoughts and dreams, and had often wished that I might really walk through its quiet aisles and chapels, when, at last, I should make a trip to Europe. And my wish was granted.

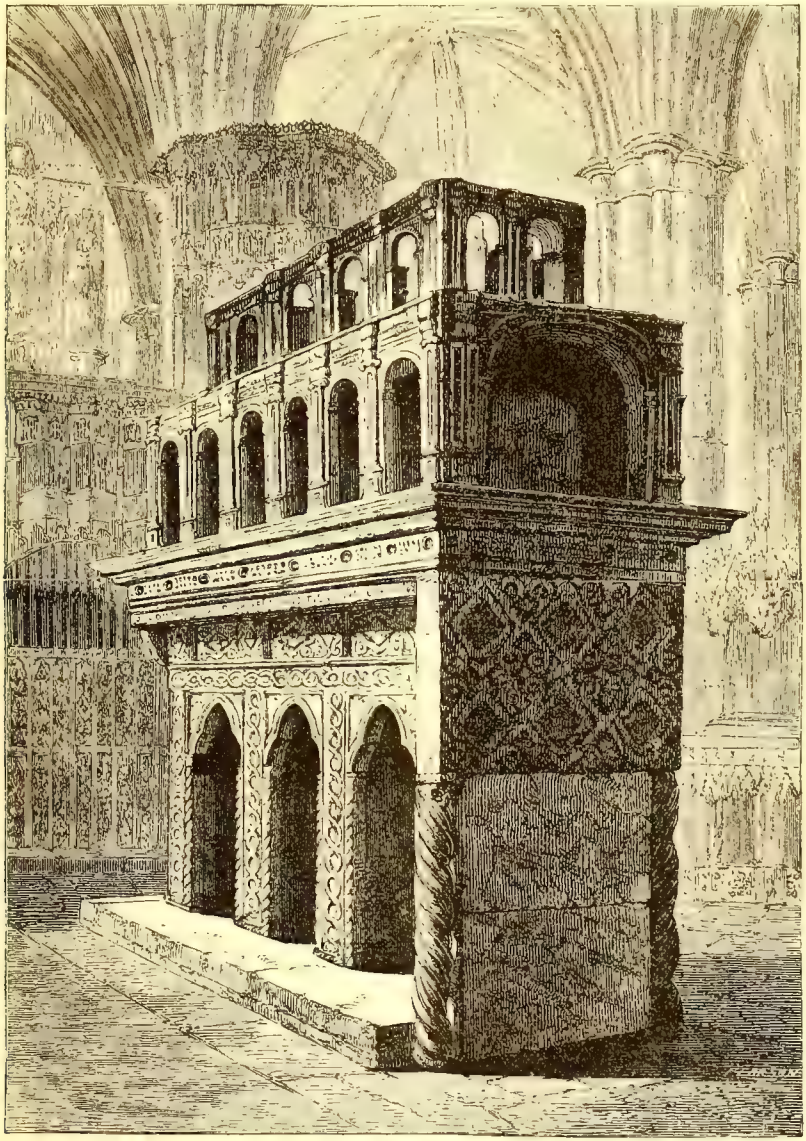
It was on a November morning—one of those dark, gloomy mornings, peculiar to London, that I started from my lodgings to walk to the Abbey. As I said before, I had often been there in my imagination, and, as I walked slowly along, I could hardly realize that I was actually about to visit it in person. After a while I came in sight of Westminster Bridge and the Houses of Parliament, and then, on my right, I noticed two tall towers, and without the help of my guide-book I knew that

they must belong to the Abbey; so I quickened my steps until I had gained the entrance door. What a change I experienced as I stepped from the busy, crowded streets, into this old sepulcher, so celebrated for its relics of the dead! It almost made me shudder, for the interior of the building was dark and gloomy, and I saw many cold, white figures towering high above me. The original Abbey was built many, many years ago, and has been restored from time to time by the succeeding kings and queens of England, until we find it in its present condition, safe and sound, and one of the greatest, if not the greatest object of interest in the city of London.



INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Westminster Abbey may certainly be called a tomb, for we could spend a whole day in simply counting its monuments. There were so many of these that I hardly knew which to look at first, but I thought it best to follow my own inclinations, and so, instead of procuring a guide (men with long gowns, who take visitors around and point out the objects of greatest interest), I roamed about at my will. The first monument that attracted my attention was the venerable shrine of Edward the Confessor, in the chapel of St. Edward, once the glory of the Abbey, but which has been much defaced by persons who were desirous of obtaining a bit of stone from this famous tomb. In this chapel I saw also the old coronation chairs, in which all the reigning sovereigns of England, since Edward I. have been crowned. They are queer, old-fashioned chairs, made of wood, and not very comfortable, I imagine. The older of the two chairs was built to inclose the stone (which they call Jacob's pillar) brought from Scotland by Edward, and placed in this chapel. Many other



SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

interesting tombs are to be seen here, and the floor of the chapel is six hundred and fourteen years old!

I next visited the chapel of Islip, built by the old Abbot of Islip, who dedicated it to St. John the Baptist. One very interesting monument there



TOMB OF HANDEL.

was to the memory of General Wolfe, who fell, you remember, at the battle of Quebec. His monument is a very beautiful piece of art. It represents him falling into the arms of one of his own soldiers, who is pointing to Glory, which comes in the shape of an angel from the clouds, holding a wreath with which to crown the hero. A Highland sergeant looks sorrowfully on the dying warrior, while two lions sleep at his feet. The inscription reads as follows: "To the memory of James Wolfe, Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the British land forces on an expedition against Quebec, who, after surmounting, by ability and valor, all obstacles of art and nature, was slain in the moment of victory, on the 13th of September, 1759, the King and Parliament of Great Britain dedicate this monument."

I now walked on to the north transept, and the first monument I noticed was one erected to Sir Robert Peel, the great orator and statesman. I

seated myself on an old stone bench to rest, and looking around, saw a magnificent statue of the great William Pitt, who, you may remember, was also a great statesman, and accomplished more for the glory and prosperity of England than any other statesman who ever lived. In this transept there is a beautiful window, which represents our Savior, the twelve apostles, and four evangelists. As I was sitting quietly in this secluded spot, looking up at the window, strains of solemn music reached my ear, which sounded as if they came from one of the gloomy vaults around me. I walked on to discover, if possible, whence this music came, and I saw, in the nave of the Abbey, the Dean of Westminster conducting a service, assisted by his choir boys. I seated myself until the ceremonies were over, and I thought it was a very odd place to hold church—among so many graves.

After the Dean and his choir boys had disappeared I commenced my walk again, and saw many fine old monuments. One of these was in memory of Sir Isaac Newton, and I am sure I need not tell you who he was. Prominent among the monuments in this part of the Abbey is that to Major André, the fine young officer who was executed during our Revolutionary War.

I next visited the south transept, better known as the "Poet's Corner," which I think is the most interesting part of Westminster. A hundred, and more, monuments to the memory of great men can be seen here; but I can only tell you of a few of the most important. The one I thought most of is erected to the memory of William Shakspeare, although his bones repose far away, in the little church at Stratford-on-Avon. Then I saw the tombs of David Garrick, the great actor and delineator of Shakspeare's characters; George Frederick Handel, the eminent composer, the author of that beautiful anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" the great Milton; rare old Ben Jonson; Edmund Spenser, author of the "Faëry Queene;" and those of Southey, Dryden, Addison, Gray, Campbell, and other well-known English poets.

Then, among the names of the dead of our own day, I saw those of Dickens, Bulwer, Macaulay, and Dr. Livingstone.

Kings, queens, statesmen, soldiers, clergymen, authors and poets here have equal station. Some may lie under richer tombs than others, but all rest beneath the vaulted roof of Westminster Abbey, the place of highest honor that England can offer her departed sons.

CRIP'S GARRET-DAY.

By Sarah J. Prichard.

Crip was having a dismal—a very dismal time of it. Crip was eleven, it was his birthday, and Crip was in disgrace—in a garret.

Was n't it dreadful?

It happened thus: Crip's father was a shoemaker. The bench where he worked and the little bit of a shop, about eight feet every way, in which he worked, stood on a street leading down to the town dock, and the name of the town we will say was Barkhampstead, on Cape Cod Bay.

Now and then—that is, once or twice in the year—a whaling vessel set sail from the dock, and sometimes, not always, the same vessels returned to the dock.

The going and the coming of a "whaler" made Crip's father, Mr. John Allen, glad. It was his busy season, for when the seamen went, they always wanted stout new boots and shoes, and, when they came, they always needed new coverings on their feet to go home in.

Two years before this dismal time that Crip was having, the ship "Sweet Home" went away, and it had not been spoken or signaled or heard from in any way, since four months from the time it left the dock at Barkhampstead.

The fathers and mothers and wives and little children of the men who went in the "Sweet Home" kept on hoping, and fearing, and feeling terribly bad about everybody on board whom they loved, when, without any warning whatever, right in the midst of a raging snow storm, the "Sweet Home," all covered in ice from mast-head to prow, sailed, stiff and cold, into Barkhampstead harbor.

Oh! was n't there a great gladness over all the old town then! They rang the meeting-house bell. It was a hoarse, creaking old bell, but there was music in it that time, as it throbbed against the falling snow, and made a most delicious concert of joy and gratitude in every house within a mile and more of the dock.

Mr. John Allen rushed down to the "Sweet Home," as soon as ever it came in. He had n't anybody on board to care very particularly about, but how he did rub his hands together as he went, letting the snow gather fast on his long beard, as he thought of the thirty or forty pairs of feet that *must* have shoes!

Crip, you know, was to be eleven the next day, and his mother, in the big red house next door to the little shop, had made him a cake for the day; and, beside, plum-pudding was to be for dinner.

Before Crip's father had gone down to the dock he had said to Crip: "Now, you must stay right here in the shop and not go near the dock, until I come back;" and Crip had said "Yes, sir," although every bit of his throbbing boy body wanted to take itself off to the "Sweet Home."

The snow kept on falling, and it began to grow dark in the little shop. Crip had just lighted a candle, when the shop door opened, and a boy, not much bigger than Crip himself, came in and shut the door behind him.

Crip jumped up from the bench and said:

"What ——?"

"You don't know me, Crip Allen," said the boy.

"Who be you?" questioned Crip.

"Don't wonder!" said the other, "for we 've all come right out of the jaws of ice and death. I 'm Jo Jay."

"Jo Jay,—looking so!" said Crip.

"Never mind! Only give me a pair of shoes—old ones will do—to get home in. It 's three miles to go, and it 's five months since I 've had shoes on my feet. Oh, Crip! we 've had a *bad* time on board, and no cargo to speak of to bring home."

"You wont pay for the shoes?" asked Crip.

"No money," said Jo, thrusting forth a tied-up foot, wrapped in sail-rags. "But, Crip, do hurry! I must get home to mother, if she 's alive."

"She 's alive—saw her to meeting," said Crip, fumbling in a wooden box to get forth a pair of half-worn shoes he remembered about.

He produced them. Jo Jay seized the shoes eagerly, and, taking off his wrappings, quickly thrust his feet, that had so long been shoeless, into them; and, with a "Bless you, Crip! I 'll make it all right some day," hobbled off, making tracks in the snow, just before Crip's father came up from the dock.

Mr. John Allen returned in a despondent mood. There was not oil enough on board the "Sweet Home" to buy shoes for the men.

"Who 's been here, Crip? Socks in and shoes out, I see."

"Jo Jay, father."

"Where 's the money, Crip?" and Mr. Allen turned his big, searching blue eyes on Crip, and held forth his hand.

"Why, father," said Crip, "he had n't any, and he wanted to go home. It 's three miles, you know, and snowing."

"Crip Allen! Do you know what you 've done? You 've *stolen* a pair of shoes."

"Oh, I have n't, father," cried Crip, "and 't was only the old, half-worn shoes that you mended for George Hine, that he could n't wear."

"Christopher!" thundered forth Mr. Allen, in a voice that made the lad shake in his boots, "go into the house and right upstairs to bed. You have stolen a pair of shoes from your own father. You *knew* they were not yours to give away."

Poor Crip! Now he could n't get a sight of the "Sweet Home" to-night, even through the darkness and the snow.

His upper lip began to tremble and give way, but he went into the big red house, up the front staircase to his own room, and, in the cold, crept under the blankets into a big feather bed, and thought of Jo plodding his way home.

About eight of the clock, when Crip was fast asleep, the door opened, somebody walked in, and a hand touched the boy, and left a bit of cake on his pillow; then the hand and the somebody went away, and Crip was left alone until morning. He went down to breakfast when called. His father's face was more stern than it had been the night before. Crip could scarcely swallow the needful food. When breakfast was over, Mr. Allen said:

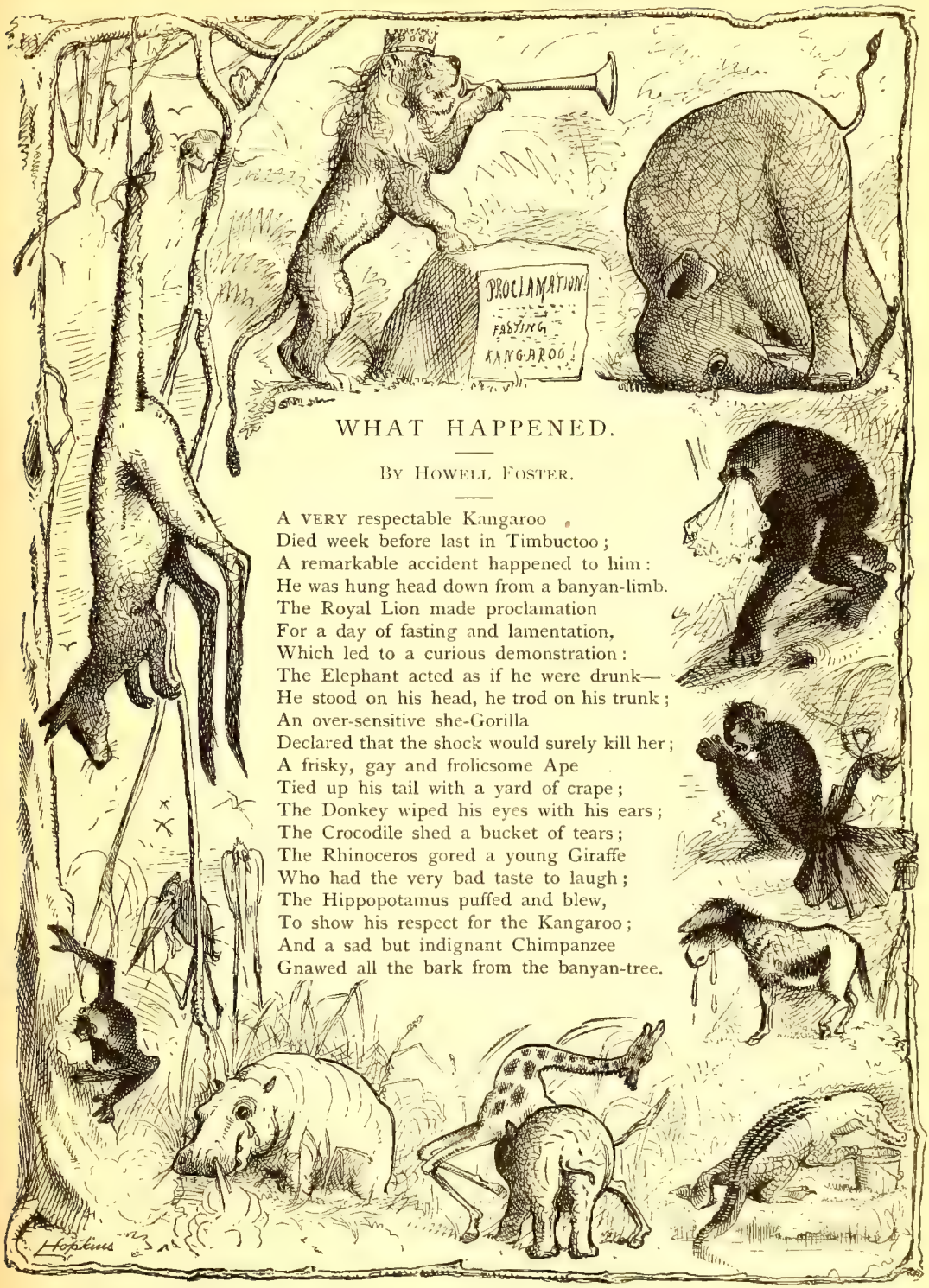
"Christopher. Go into the garret and stay till I call you. I 'll teach you not to take what does n't belong to you, even to give away."

"Father!" beseechingly said Crip's mother, "it is the boy's birthday."

"Go to the garret!" said Mr. Allen.

Crip went, and he was having the dismal time of it referred to in the beginning of this story. Poor little chap! He stayed up there all the morning, his mother's heart bleeding for him, and his sisters saying in their hearts, "Father 's awful cruel." It did seem so, but Mr. Christopher Allen, the nation-known shipping merchant, said, fifty years later, when relating the story to a party of friends on board one of his fine steamships:

"That severe punishment was the greatest kindness my father ever bestowed on my boyhood. Why, a hundred times in my life, when under the power of a great temptation to use money in my hands that did not belong to me, even for the best and highest uses, and when I *knew* that I could replace it, I have been saved by the power of the stern, hard words, the cold, flashing eyes, and the day in the garret. Yes, yes, father was right. I ought to have taken off *my own shoes, and gone without any*, to give to Jo Jay. That was his idea of giving."



WHAT HAPPENED.

By Howell Foster.

A very respectable Kangaroo
Died week before last in Timbuctoo;
A remarkable accident happened to him:
He was hung head down from a banyan-limb.
The Royal Lion made proclamation
For a day of fasting and lamentation,
Which led to a curious demonstration:
The Elephant acted as if he were drunk—
He stood on his head, he trod on his trunk;
An over-sensitive she-Gorilla
Declared that the shock would surely kill her;
A frisky, gay and frolicsome Ape
Tied up his tail with a yard of crape;
The Donkey wiped his eyes with his ears;
The Crocodile shed a bucket of tears;
The Rhinoceros gored a young Giraffe
Who had the very bad taste to laugh;
The Hippopotamus puffed and blew,
To show his respect for the Kangaroo;
And a sad but indignant Chimpanzee
Gnawed all the bark from the banyan-tree.

DRIFTED INTO PORT.

BY EDWIN HODDER.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOYS OF BLACKROCK SCHOOL.

DR. BRIER considered himself the principal of Blackrock School, but the boys in that establishment often used to say to each other that Mrs. Brier was really the master.

Not that she intruded into any sphere which did not belong to her, but she took such a deep interest in the school that she had the welfare of every boy at heart, and Dr. Brier was one of those amiable men who never act except in concert with their wives, and he had, moreover, good sense enough to see that oftentimes her judgment was better than his own.

At the time our story opens, the school was in a very flourishing condition. It contained about eighty boys, the tutors were men of unquestionable ability, and so successful had the Doctor been in turning out good scholars that he had applications from various parts of England, in which country our story is located, for the admission of many more boys than he could possibly receive.

Among the institutions of the school was a weekly reception in the Doctor's private drawing-room, when twenty boys at a time were invited to tea, and to spend the evening hours in social enjoyment.

It was a very good thing, for it gave Mrs. Brier an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the boys, and it enabled them to see the Doctor, not in his professional character of principal, but as a kind and gentle host.

At some schools, where a plan of this kind has been adopted, boys have been inclined to look upon it as a great bore, and have dreaded the return of the so-called social evening, when they would have to be, for some hours, in a state of nervous anxiety, lest they should be catechised in a corner, or be betrayed into something that they would be sorry for afterward.

But, with one exception, this was not the case with the Blackrock boys; the Tuesday reception was always a red-letter day with them, and if ever, through misbehavior, an invitation was withheld, it was regarded as one of the severest punishments inflicted in the school.

Several boys were one day standing in a group under the elms which inclosed the play-ground, putting on their jackets to return to the school-room, as the recreation hour was nearly over.

"Who 's going to the house on Tuesday?" asked Howard Pemberton.

"I am," said Martin Venables.

"And I," added Alick Fraser.

"And I too, worse luck," said Digby Morton.

"Why worse luck?" asked Martin.

"Oh, it would n't do for me to enter into particulars with you," replied Digby, rather testily. "You 're the Doctor's nephew, and we all know that we 've got to be careful of what we say about the house before you. The wind might carry it around."

Martin turned as red as a poppy, as he flashed up in honest anger that such paltry meanness should be charged on him.

"I tell you what it is, Digby," he said, trying to keep himself cool, "I can stand a joke as well as anybody, but there is no joking about your ill-natured speeches. I tell you now, once for all, that I never did and never shall blow upon any boy in this school. You know as well as I do that the Doctor treats me as a scholar here, and not as a spy or a relative, and if ever you charge me again with tale-bearing, I 'll answer you with my fists."

"Good!" cried several voices at once, while some of the small boys who had gathered round seemed delighted at the rebuke administered to Digby, who was by no means a favorite with them.

"And now let 's drop it," said Howard, the boy who had asked the question as to the invitations for Tuesday. "If Digby does n't like the receptions, it 's a pity he does n't stay away. I don't know another boy in the school who would think with him."

"Nor I, and I can 't make out why any one should," said Alick; "to my mind they are the jolliest evenings we have."

"Oh yes, I should think they would just suit *you*," answered Digby, with his accustomed sneer, "but they don't suit me. They are precious slow affairs, and I don't care much for the society of Mrs. B. She pries into the school affairs a sight too much as it is, and ——"

What other objections Digby might have advanced will forever remain unknown. He had committed high treason in speaking lightly of a name dear to the heart of every boy there, and a storm of hissing and hooting greeted his unfinished sentence.

He saw that he had trespassed on ground which was too dangerous for him to tread any further,

and so, with a defiant "Bah!" he threw his jacket over his shoulder and walked sullenly away.

Many of the boys in Blackrock school would have found a difficulty in stating the exact grounds of their regard for Mrs. Brier. To some of them she was a comparative stranger; they could not trace one direct act in which they were indebted to her. Perhaps the merest commonplaces in conversation had passed between them, and yet they felt there was a something in her presence which threw sunshine around them; they felt that they were thought about, cared for and loved, and in any little scrape into which, boy-like, they might get, they felt satisfied that if the matter only came to her knowledge they would get an impartial judgment on the case, and the best construction that could be put upon their conduct would be sure to be suggested by her. But out of eighty boys it would not be reasonable to suppose that all should share this feeling alike,—we have seen already one exception; yet the disaffected were in a very small minority, and the majority was so overwhelming, and had amongst it all the best acknowledged strength and power of the school, that no one dared to say above his breath one word against Mrs. Brier, if he cared for a whole skin.

While Digby was returning to the school by one road, Howard and Martin strolled leisurely along by another path under the trees.

"I can't understand Digby," said Martin; "he has altered so very much lately that he hardly seems the same fellow he was. Have you noticed that he cuts all his old chums now? What's happened to him?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Howard, "but he certainly has altered very much. I wish we could be as friendly as we used to be, but it is months since we have been on really good terms together."

"Two or three years ago we used to be the best of friends," said Martin.

"Yes, but all that has been gradually altering. He seems to have taken a dislike to me. I can't help thinking that Digby has some secret that worries him."

"I should n't be surprised if he has," answered Martin; "and it will get him into trouble, whatever it is. He has several times been 'out of bounds' for a long time at a stretch, and if it had n't been for Alick Fraser and one or two others who have screened him, he would have come to grief. Can you guess at all what is wrong with him?"

"No," replied Howard, hesitatingly; "the only thing I can think of is that his father has told him that when he leaves school in September he is to be articled to a lawyer, and I know he has made up his mind to go to sea. He is crazy about pirates, and whale-hunts, and desolate islands, and all that sort of stuff. And yet, sometimes, if you talk to him about them he shuts you up so very sharply that you feel as if you were prying into his secrets. Perhaps ——"

And here Howard stopped.

"Well, perhaps what?" asked Martin.

"I don't know that it is right to talk about a mere notion that may not have any truth in it at all, so let what I say be kept close between us; but I have noticed him bring things home after he has been out of bounds, and carefully put them in his big box, which he always keeps locked, and I have sometimes thought—but mind, it is only a passing thought, so don't let it go any further—that perhaps he has made up his mind to run away to sea!"

"Howard, I have had this same thought in my mind many a time," said Martin, "and I believe the reason why Digby dislikes me so much is because something occurred about a month ago, which I would rather not mention, but it led me to say to him that I hoped he would not be so foolish as to think of throwing up all his prospects in life for the sake of a mania about the sea, and he flashed up so angrily that I was convinced I had touched him on a sore point."

Just then the school-bell rang. There was no time for further talk, and it was not for many days that the subject was renewed.

Chapter II.

An Evening at Dr. Brier's.

Every expected day comes at last,—not always, however, to realize the expectations formed of it; but the evening of the reception in which we are interested bade fair to be a most satisfactory one. The weather was unusually fine, and the Doctor and Mrs. Brier were in such good spirits that some of the visitors made special note of the fact.

I hardly know where to begin in attempting to describe an evening in the House at Blackrock school.

As to stiffness and formality, there was not a vestige of it. The Doctor was a gentleman, every inch of him, and ease is an essential quality of gentlemanly behavior. It is not always an easy thing to be easy, and all the Doctor's pupils were not miniature doctors, but whatever else a boy might not have learned at Blackrock, he certainly had a chance to learn to be gentlemanly.

So conversation flowed freely; the boys were encouraged to indulge in hearty, unrestrained enjoyment, and no one could have heard the buzz of voices and the sounds of merry laughter, or seen the beaming faces, without feeling that all were perfectly at home.

The Doctor was wise in his generation, and he did not invite any of the tutors to meet the boys. He pretty shrewdly guessed that their meetings were quite as frequent as could be desired on either side, but he always invited a few lady friends to join the party.

The Doctor had often been heard to say that while he would not declare that either Greek or Hebrew was absolutely necessary for an ordinary education, he was prepared to assert that no boy was educated unless he knew how to feel at home and to behave with propriety in the society of ladies.

Moreover, the Doctor was a great lover of music. Many of the boys also loved it, and, when ladies were invited, those were generally selected who could contribute to the pleasure of the evening.

Among the guests was one who will meet us again in the course of this story. It was Madeleine Greenwood, the Doctor's niece, and Martin Venables' cousin. I should like to describe her, but I will only say that she was a young and very pretty sunshiny girl, and that everybody who knew her liked her.

After tea, there were portfolios to examine, and books to turn over; there was a bagatelle board in one corner of the room, a little group busy upon some game of guessing in another corner, and another group eagerly arranging specimens in a microscope, while the Doctor seemed to be at each group at once.

"Now, come here," said Mrs. Brier to a little knot of boys who could not find room by the Doctor and his microscope. "I will show you some of my curiosities."

And she produced a little case, containing a curious old watch, set in pearls; a snuff-box which had been in the possession of the family for ages, and a variety of similar treasures. Among them was a miniature painting, on ivory, of exquisite workmanship, and set in a gold frame, which was studded with precious stones. It was as beautiful as it was costly. The portrait was that of a young and lovely girl.

"What a sweet face," said Howard to Martin; "and how marvelously like your cousin, Miss Greenwood!" And with a boyish enthusiasm joined to boyish fun, he turned aside, so that Mrs. Brier should not see him, and pretended to clasp the image to his breast.

"Oh, I have caught you, have I?" said Digby Morton, with his disagreeable sneer, as, turning away from the Doctor's group, he came abruptly upon Howard.

If Alick Fraser, or Martin, or McDonald, or any one of half a dozen boys near him had made this observation, Howard would n't have minded the least in the world, but coming from Digby, it made him nervous and confused, especially as it was almost certain Mrs. Brier must have heard it.

"Please let me see it," said Alick, who had only caught a passing glimpse of it. "Surely it must be meant for Miss Greenwood?" he said, after he had duly admired it.

"You are not the first who has thought so," said Mrs. Brier, "but it is really a portrait of her grandmother, taken in her young days. But look at this; I think it will interest you all. It is a curious ivory carving, and is a puzzle which I should like to challenge any one to explain."

And so this uncomfortable episode, the only one that occurred during the evening, passed quietly away.

Music was soon called for, and Madeleine sang a beautiful song of the sea. Then there was a merry glee, and a duet on the piano and violoncello, and the time passed so cheerily that when the trays with refreshments came round, betokening that the time to go was fast approaching, everybody instinctively looked at the clock to make sure that there was not some mistake.

One or two of the boys, as they lay awake that night, trying to recall some of its pleasant hours, little thought that as long as life lasted the incidents of that reception evening would be stamped indelibly upon their memories.

"Now, aunt," said Madeleine, after all the guests had departed, "sit down and rest, and let me collect the things together."

Everybody knows how a drawing-room looks when the company has gone. Music here, drawings there, musical instruments somewhere else, and a certain amount of confusion not apparent before now apparent everywhere.

But Mrs. Brier was one of those who never could sit still while anything had to be done, and she began to arrange the cabinet which held her curiosities, while Madeleine collected the music. They were thus employed when Mrs. Brier suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! Madeleine!"

"What is the matter, aunt?" asked the young girl, running to her.

"Nothing, I hope, but I cannot find the miniature portrait or the old snuff-box which were here."

"Then they must be on one of the tables!" said Madeleine.

"I fear not; I laid everything back in the case myself—at least, I believe I did—before putting it in the cabinet."

A careful search in every probable and improbable place in the room was made, but the missing articles could not be found. The Doctor was hastily called, and inquiries were made of him.

"No, my dear, I have seen nothing of them," he said. "I was busy with the microscopes, and never even saw the things during the evening. Let us look about—we shall soon find them."

Search after search was made, but in vain, and there was but one conclusion at which to arrive,—the miniature and the snuff-box had been taken away.

But by whom? It could not have been by the servants, for they had only entered the room to bring the refreshments. It could not have been by any of the lady guests, for they had not been near the curiosities; being old friends, these had often been shown to them before.

It was, perhaps, the most trying hour that either the Doctor or Mrs. Brier had ever spent. They were not grieved simply because they had lost property, valuable as it was, but their deepest sorrow arose from the fear that honor had been lost in the school.



"HOWARD PRETENDED TO CLASP THE IMAGE TO HIS BREAST."

CHAPTER III.

THE LOST MINIATURE.

THE morning came, and the anxiety which the Doctor and Mrs. Brier had felt the night before was not removed but rather increased. What to do for the best was the question preying upon both minds. There was no escape from the conviction that one of the boys, either by accident or with evil intent, had taken the missing articles. If by accident, they would be returned the first thing in the morning, although there would be no excuse for not having returned them on the previous evening as soon as the discovery was made; and if with evil intent who was the culprit?

The Doctor was one of those men who could best bear anxiety out-of-doors. If anything unusual troubled him, no matter what the weather might be, he would pace the garden or wander through the fields, while he thought or prayed himself out of the difficulty.

He was a God-fearing man. I do not mean in the sense in which many apply this term, turning a good old phrase into a cant expression. He believed in God, he believed in the Bible, and he believed in prayer.

So, after he had paced the garden in the early morning, long before any others of the establishment were abroad, he turned into the summer-house, and there, quiet and alone, he prayed for guidance in his difficulty.

When breakfast was over the boys began to move away to their several rooms and occupations, but those who had been at the Doctor's on the previous evening were told separately that he wished to speak with them in his library. Each was rather startled on arriving to find others there, and a vague feeling of discomfort prevailed at first. Mrs. Brier was present, and this added to the mystery, as she was rarely seen in the library.

"Now, my boys," said the Doctor, when all had assembled, "I want to take you all into my confidence, and shall be glad, in the interest of all, if what is now said is kept as much as possible to ourselves. The matter about which I have called you together is one that has caused me much anxiety, and I shall be thankful if you can allay my uneasiness. You will remember that last night Mrs. Brier showed you a casket of trinkets and curiosities, amongst them a valuable miniature painting and an antique snuff-box. I am sorry to say that these are missing. Careful and diligent search has been made for them, but they cannot be found. Can any of you throw light on the subject? Is it possible that by accident one of you may have mislaid them, or inadvertently have carried them away?"

Anxious glances were exchanged from one to the other as each answered in the negative. An awkward pause followed.

"And now," said the Doctor, "it is my painful duty to ask you separately whether you know anything whatever about the matter. For the sake of each, and the honor of all, I charge you to tell me truth as in the sight of God. Herbert, do you know anything about it?"

"No, sir."

"Marsden, do you?"

"No, sir; nothing whatever. I saw the things and thought I saw Mrs. Brier put them back in the box."

"Do you know anything, McDonald?"

"I do not, sir."

"Do you, Pemberton?"

"No, sir."

"Do you, Morton?"

Digby stammered and hesitated. The Doctor repeated his question.

"I know nothing for certain, sir. But I—I think—" and he held to the back of a chair with a very determined clutch as he again hesitated, and began to speak.

"What do you think, man? Speak out," said the Doctor.

"I think I ought to mention a circumstance, but I shall prefer speaking to you alone."

"Does it relate to any one present?"

"It does."

"Then I must have it told here. But let me first continue my question to each one present."

The question went round, and the answer in each case was in the negative.

"Now, Morton, I must ask you to state what you know of this matter, or rather what you suspect, and I leave it to your good sense to say only that which you think it absolutely necessary for me to know."

There was a dead silence. Every eye was turned toward Digby with intense interest, while he fixed his gaze steadily upon the floor.

"I saw Howard Pemberton putting the miniature in his breast coat-pocket last evening, sir, when we were in your drawing-room. I said to him, 'I 've caught you, have I.' He made no reply to me, but turned away, very red in the face——"

"It is false—wickedly false," cried Howard, in a passionate burst of feeling.

"He states it is false," continued Digby, "but I will appeal to Fraser or McDonald, who saw it, or better still, to Martin Venables, who also saw it, and made some remark in apology for him!"

"Do you know of anything else, directly or indirectly, that you think should come to my knowledge?" asked the Doctor.

"Nothing more, sir, except that Pemberton, whose room adjoins mine, seemed to have something on his mind last night, for he was walking about in his room in the middle of the night, and I fancied he got out of the window. This is all I have to say, sir. I said I knew nothing for certain, and I hope I have not done wrong in telling you this much."

And now all eyes turned to Howard Pemberton. He stood speechless. He felt as in a horrible nightmare, and could neither move body nor mind to break the spell. If he could have known that there was not one in the room who believed him to be guilty, he would have easily recovered from the blow; but with his peculiarly nervous temperament, although conscious of perfect innocence in the matter, he felt that the terrible insinuations which had been made against him had separated him from those whom he loved and honored, and he was crushed beneath the weight of implied dishonor.

Happy is the man who has a friend, and Howard had many, but perhaps none greater than Martin Venables. Martin knew the peculiarities of Howard's character better than any one present, and seeing the position in which he was placed he came forward to vindicate him.

"Dr. Brier, there is not a boy in this school, except Digby, who does not love and respect Howard Pemberton. I hate to be a tale-bearer,

but I know that for many months he has cherished a great animosity to Howard, and has taken every opportunity of showing it. The story which he has now invented is as clumsy as it is false. It is the worst kind of falsehood, for it has just a shadow of truth in it as regards one part of the story. When Mrs. Brier showed the miniature, it pleased Howard, as it does everybody who sees it. He made a remark to me that it was very much like my cousin, Miss Greenwood, and perhaps you know, sir, that many boys in the school think her very lovely and amiable. Howard thought so too, and when he attempted to put the miniature in his pocket, as Digby untruthfully stated, he merely put it, in fun, to the place where they say the heart is. It was what any of us might have done, and, wise or not wise, we would certainly have meant no harm. But I am quite certain that afterward the portrait passed into the hands of Alick Fraser, and then into Digby's, and after that it was placed in the case by Mrs. Brier. I do not say, sir, that Digby Morton has willfully misrepresented facts for the purpose of getting one who was once his most intimate school friend into trouble, but I say that if Howard Pemberton is untruthful or dishonest, I do not believe an honest boy lives."

The boys were quite excited over Martin's speech—the first set speech he had ever made—and they greeted it with undisguised enthusiasm.

The Doctor seemed to think that somebody ought to say something equivalent to "silence in the court" at this display of sentiment, although in his heart of hearts he would have liked to step forward and pat Martin on the back for his manly defense of his friend. But an interruption was made to the proceedings by a tap at the door.

"Can I speak with Mrs. Brier?" said a servant, putting her head in at the door.

"No, Mrs. Brier is engaged," answered the Doctor, rather sharply for him.

Servants have a knack of knowing what is going on in a house, and this servant seemed to be in the secret which had called the little assembly together, for she would not take the rebuff, but said:

"If you please, sir, I *must* speak to Mrs. Brier."

So Mrs. Brier left the room for a moment, to return again in company with the servant.

"What is this all about?" asked the Doctor.

"If you please, sir, this morning, in making the bed Mr. Pemberton sleeps in, I noticed the ticking loose, and I put my hand in, as I felt something hard, and I found this snuff-box."

I have read in books about boys who, under some exciting necessity, have started in an instant from boyhood to manhood, just as I have read about people's hair in time of trouble turning from black to white in the course of a night. Howard Pemberton did not spring from boyhood to manhood at this strange discovery, nor did his hair turn white, but the words of the servant had a sudden and powerful influence upon him. In a moment he turned to his accuser and said:

"Digby, there is some vile secret underlying all this, and I don't know what it is. But I declare to you, solemnly, that I am innocent of this charge. If you have spoken against me to-day because you thought you ought to do it, I can't blame you, but if you have done it from any wrong motive, I hope you 'll confess it before evil is added to evil."

But Digby merely shrugged his shoulders, and turning to the Doctor, said: "Have you anything more you wish to ask me, sir?"

Dr. Brier was fairly nonplussed. The fog grew denser all around him. Addressing a few words of caution to those who had been summoned to this the strangest meeting that was ever held in Blackrock School, he dismissed the boys, ordering Howard and Digby to be kept in separate rooms until he should arrive at some judgment in the case.

Chapter IV.

THE VERDICT.

It was all very well for the Doctor to decide to keep the boys in two separate rooms until he should form some judgment on the case, but toward the close of the day, after the most searching inquiries had been instituted, he was no nearer to a final decision than when he started, and he feared they might have to remain where they were until Doomsday, unless he could find out something positive about the matter.

Howard and Digby were missed from their accustomed places in the school, and by the mid-day play-time the secret had oozed out, and great discussions were being held as to the merits of the case. There was not a boy in the school who in his heart believed that Howard was really guilty, although the evidence seemed clearly against him. There was not, on the other hand, one who felt justified in thinking that Digby had willfully accused his friend falsely, and yet there was an uncomfortable suspicion that it might be so.

All the next day inquiries went on, and nothing of importance was the result. The Doctor had seen the prisoners, and talked to each separately; he had taken counsel from those of the boys upon whose judgment he could rely, and in the evening all those who had constituted the preliminary meeting were again called together. The first count in the indictment, namely, that Howard had attempted to pocket the miniature, was discussed and dismissed as a misconstruction

of motive. The second charge as to his being about in his room during the night was not so easily got rid of. Howard pleaded that he had gone to sleep as usual, and slept soundly, but that he was aroused by hearing, as he thought, some one in his room. He went to sleep again, and was aroused a second time by the stumbling of some one over a box, as it seemed to him, which was followed by the sudden closing of a door. He got up, went into Digby's room, listened by his bedside, and found he was breathing hard, and then, noticing that his window was not fast, he opened it and looked out. The nightingales were singing, and he sat up for a long time listening to them. Then, as he grew chilly, he closed the window and turned into bed again, and slept till Digby called him. Beyond this he knew nothing.

The Doctor summed up. There was guilt in the heart of one boy at least, but which one there was no evidence at present to show. That the fact of the snuff-box being found in Howard's bed had at first sight looked like circumstantial evidence against him could not be denied, but as the links in the chain had been broken in several places, he considered that the whole had fallen to pieces, and he confessed that he did not believe for a moment, from the facts before him, that Howard was guilty. From his knowledge of Digby he must fully exonerate him from the charge of willfully implicating his friend in the matter, as it seemed evident that he was justified in expressing the suspicions he entertained, considering the circumstances of the case. For the present the matter must be dismissed, but he could not doubt that light would soon shine through the darkness, and the true facts of the case would yet be known. He would still urge that if anything should transpire in the knowledge of any one present that it was important he should know, no selfish motive should induce him to remain silent, while at the same time he would deprecate suspicions of each other, and would remind them that as the law judged those to be innocent who were not proved to be guilty, so it must be in this case. With this the Doctor dismissed the assembly.

So far in our story we have confined ourselves to the characters in whom we are immediately interested, without any reference to their previous history or family connections. But I must pause here to take a glance into two homesteads, a few days after the events just described.

In the breakfast-room at Ashley House Mr. Morton had laid aside his newspaper, and was reading a letter from Dr. Brier. It was the second or third time he had read it, and it seemed to disturb him. Mr. Morton hated to be disturbed in any way. He was a hard man, who walked straight through the world without hesitating or turning to the right hand or to the left. He was a strong-minded man—at least, everybody who got in his way had good reason to think so. But he had a rather weak-minded wife. Poor Mrs. Morton was a flimsy woman, without much stamina, mental or bodily. She stroked her cat, read her novel, lay upon the sofa, or lolled in her carriage, and interested herself in little that was really necessary to a true life. It was in such an atmosphere as this that Ethel Morton lived and Digby had been reared.

Their mother had died when Ethel was a very little baby, and when the new Mrs. Morton came home the children were old enough to feel that they could not hope to find in her what they had lost in their true mamma.

Ethel was a bright, pleasant girl, and, being left very much to herself, she seemed to live in a world of her own. As a child she peopled this world with dolls, and each doll had an individuality, a history, and a set of ideas attached to it, which gave her almost a human companionship in it. Then came the world of fairies and gnomes and elves, amongst whom she held sway as queen, and many a plant and shrub in the garden, and glade in the woodlands, was a part of her fairy-land. And, now that she was nearly seventeen, a new world was dawning upon her; human wants and human sympathies were demanding her thought and care, and every day brought her into contact with those in the villages round about, whose histories were educating her heart into the true ideal of womanhood.

As Mr. Morton finished reading the letter he passed it to his wife, merely remarking:

"You will see Digby has mixed himself up with some disagreeable piece of business in the school. It is time he came home. I shall see Mr. Vickers about him to-day, and write for him to return as soon as this affair has blown over, instead of in September, in order that he may commence his studies in the law at once."

Leaving Mrs. Morton to mourn that her anxieties and responsibilities were to be increased by Digby's return, and Ethel to rejoice in the fact that her brother was coming home to be again her companion, let us now take a glance into a home in the suburbs of London.

It is a humbler home than that we have just visited, and a happier one. The breakfast-room is elegantly furnished, but it is small; the garden is well stocked with flowers, but the whole extent of it is not greater than the lawn at Ashley House.

There are three people round the breakfast-table. Mrs. Pemberton, a handsome woman, dressed in the neatest of black and lavender dresses, and wearing a picturesque widow's-cap. Nellie, her

daughter, a girl about nine or ten years old, and Captain Arkwright, a retired naval officer, the brother of Mrs. Pemberton.

There is anxiety on each face, and traces of recent tears mark that of Mrs. Pemberton, as she nervously turns over and over in her hand a long letter from Dr. Brier, and a still longer and more closely written one from Howard.

"It is an extraordinary and distressing affair," she said, "and I am at a loss to know what to do. What would you advise, Charles?"

"I should advise Dr. Brier to choose a lunatic asylum to go to. What a wooden-headed old fellow he must be, to have got the affair into such a mess. Do? I should do nothing. You certainly don't suppose Howard is really concerned in the affair. Not he; that sort of thing is n't in his line. It 'll all come right enough by and by, so, don't fidget yourself, my dear," he continued. "There 's some vile plot laid against Howard, but if he does n't come clean out of it with flying colors, call me a simpleton."

That day was spent in letter-writing, and the same post that brought to Digby the intelligence that he was to leave school that term, and commence work with Mr. Vickers, conveyed to Howard the loving sympathy of true hearts, which clung to him through evil report and good report.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS-CARRIER.

By Catharine S. Boyd.



"OH NO! IT IS NOT I!"

"How do you know?" "Who told you so?"
These words you often hear;
And then it often happens, too,
This answer meets your ear:
"A little bird has told the tale,
And far it spreads o'er hill and dale."

Now let us see if this can be.
How can the birds find out so well,
And give the news to all?
Or, if they know, why need they tell?
And which among the feathered tribe
Must we to keep our secrets bribe?
The busy crow? As all well know,
He sometimes breaks the laws;
We shall regret it, when he does,
For he will give us cause.
Though slyest of the feathered tribe,
The crow would scorn to need a bribe;—

Not robin red; he holds his head
With such an honest air,
And whistles bravely at his work,
But has no time to spare.
"I mind my own concerns," says he;
"They 're most important, all may see;"—

Nor birdie blue, so leal and true;
He never heeds the weather,
But in the latest winter-days
His fellows flock together;
And then, indeed, glad news they bring
Of early buds and blossoming.

Might not each one beneath the sun
Of all the race reply,
If questioned who should wear the cap,
"Oh no! it is not I?"
For there are none who, every day,
Are busier at work than they.

They chatter too, as others do;
But what it is about,
The wisest sage in all the earth
Might puzzle to make out.
But I 'm as sure as I can be,
They never talk of you or me.

We hear "They say,"—oh, every day!
Are *they* the birds, I wonder,
That have such power with words to part
The dearest friends asunder?
Or must we search the wide world through
To bring the culprits full in view?

The birds, we see, though wild and free,
Have something else to do;
And, reader, don't you think the same
Might well be said of you?
It really seems to be a shame
That *they* should always bear the blame.

LIVING SILVER.

BY MARY H. SEYMOUR.

THE ground was covered with snow, and now it had begun raining. There was no prospect of a change in the weather, which made Fred's face rather gloomy as he looked out of the window. Harry was turning over the leaves of a story-book. You could see they were both disappointed that the morning was stormy; for when they came to grandpapa's in the winter, they expected bright days and plenty of fun.

"What shall we do?" said Fred.

"Let 's go into the garret!" exclaimed Harry.

This plan evidently suited both of them, for they made a rush toward the door; and the dog, awakening from his nap, entered into the idea, too.

At this moment, Aunt Carrie came into the room. They wished it had been grandmamma, for she never laid the least restriction on their sports, but smiled on every request and allowed them to do exactly as they pleased.

"Now, boys," said Aunt Carrie, "where are you going?"

"Only into the garret, auntie."

"Be sure to leave things exactly as you find them," she replied, with a laugh and a little groan.

"We always do, Aunt Carrie."

Away they went, with Gyp at their heels, and every footstep resounded through the old house until they reached the upper floor.

"It is no wonder that garret is never in order," said Aunt Carrie; "but the children must enjoy themselves."

"Of course, they must, Carrie," replied grandma from the depths of her heart.

First, the boys pulled out a box of old books and papers, and busied themselves reading the queer names and advertisements of old times. Soon they turned from these to a shelf of chemical instruments. Most of them were in perfect order, and they knew they must keep their hands off, for the bulbs and tubes of glass were too delicate to be touched by unskilled fingers.

"Here is an old broken forrometer," exclaimed Harry. "Let 's ask grandpa if we can have it."

"You mean *thermometer*, don't you?" said Fred. "What can we do with that?"

"Don't you see? There is a great deal of quicksilver in this glass ball, and we can play with it. I 'll show you how." And away they went downstairs to find their grandfather.

"Grandpa, can we have this?"

Mr. Lenox looked up from his newspaper.

"Let me see it a moment. What do you wish to do with it?"

"We will break it and take out the quicksilver, and then I will show you. Let me ask Ellen for a dish to catch the drops."

"Not quite so fast; wait a moment, Harry," replied Mr. Lenox. "I wish you to notice something about it first. The top of the tube is slightly broken, which makes it of no exact use, for to measure heat or cold the quicksilver must be entirely protected from the air. If you had noticed it when you first came in, you would see that the warmth of the room has caused it to rise in the tube. This is shown by the marks on the plate to which it is fastened. Now, if you hold it close to the stove, the quicksilver will rise still higher. Let it stand outside the window a moment, and it will sink."

By this time the boys were much interested.

"But what makes it do so, grandpa?" they asked.

"Quicksilver is very sensitive to heat and cold. If the weather is warm, or if the room it is in is warm, it expands—swells out—and so rises in the glass tube, as you have seen. The least coolness in the air will cause it to contract, or draw itself into a smaller space; then, of course, it sinks in the tube.

"The barometer is another instrument in which quicksilver is used. It is intended to measure the weight of the air, therefore the quicksilver in it must be exposed to the pressure of the air. Common barometers have it inclosed in a small leather bag at the back of the instrument. This we do not see, but only the tube which is connected with it. When the weather is pleasant, the air, contrary to the general idea, being heavier, presses against this little bag and the quicksilver rises in the tube. When the atmosphere is damp, the pressure being less, the metal sinks."

"Grandpa," said Harry, "when you think of it, is n't quicksilver a funny word?"

"Yes; it was so named by people who lived many hundreds of years ago. They called it *living silver* also. It is the only metal found in a liquid state; and so many strange changes did it pass through under their experiments, that it seemed to them really a living thing. If they tried to pick it up, it would slip out of their fingers. When thoroughly shaken, it became a fine powder. They boasted that it had the faculty of swallowing any other metal, while powerful heat caused it to disappear entirely. It is now known among metals as mercury. Can you tell me, Fred, some of the metals?"

"Oh yes, sir! There are gold, silver, iron, lead and copper."

"That is right. But, you know, all these are hard; some of them can be chipped with a knife, but they cannot be dipped up in pails, unless they have first been melted. Yet mercury can be frozen so hard that it may be hammered out like lead, and sometimes it takes the form of square crystals. Yet it can be made to boil, and then sends off a colorless vapor."

"Grandpa," said Fred, who had scarcely listened to the last words, "if mercury can be dipped up in pails, it must be very easy to get it. I read somewhere that gold and silver are so mixed in with the rock that it takes a great deal of time and money to separate them."

"That is true; but mercury is not always obtained easily. It forms part of a soft, red rock called cinnabar, composed of mercury and sulphur. The cinnabar is crushed and exposed to heat, when the metal, in the form of vapor, passes into a vessel suited to the purpose, where it is cooled. Then, being reduced to its liquid state, it is pure and fit for use. When men working in the mines heat the rocks, the quicksilver will sometimes roll out in drops as large as a pigeon's egg, and fall on the ground in millions of sparkling globules. Think how very beautiful it must be, the dark red rock glittering on every side with the living silver, while every crack and crevice is filled with it!

"Visitors to the mines of Idria are shown an experiment that I think would interest you boys. In large iron kettles filled with mercury are placed huge stones, and these stones do not sink."

"Why, grandpa! how can that be?"

"Did you ever see wood floating on water?"

"Yes, sir, but that is different."

"But the principle is the same; can you tell me why?"

Both the boys looked puzzled.

"It is only because the wood does not weigh so much as water; neither are the stones as heavy as mercury, therefore they cannot sink."

"I wish we could go into the mines. Can't you take us, sometime, grandpa?" said Harry.

"That is asking rather too much, my child, for quicksilver is not a common metal. There are in the world only four important localities from which it is obtained. These are California, Peru, Austria, and Almaden in Spain. The mines nearest us are in California. I think I shall never go as far as that, but I hope you both may before you reach my age.

"It is a curious story how the mines in Peru were discovered. Cinnabar, when ground very fine, will make a beautiful red paint. The Indians used this to ornament their bodies on grand occasions. This caused the country where they lived to be examined, and the cinnabar was found. The Romans used this paint hundreds of years ago in decorating their images and in painting pictures. It is very highly valued now, and we call it vermilion."

"Fred," continued Mr. Lenox, "you spoke of the

difficulty of separating gold and silver from the rock in which they are found. Did you know that our wonderful mercury renders valuable aid in this? The rock that contains the precious metal is crushed fine, sifted and washed until as much as possible of the gold or silver is removed; then it is placed in a vessel with the quicksilver, which seems immediately to absorb it, thus separating it entirely from every particle of sand or rock. If the metal to be cleansed is gold, you will see a pasty mass or amalgam, as it is called, of a yellowish tinge. This is heated, and the mercury flies away, leaving behind it the pure gold."

"How did people learn to do this?" asked Fred.

"They did not learn it all at once. It was only by years of patient effort and frequent failure that they finally succeeded.

"You know there are many gold and silver mines in California," continued grandpa. "Near some of them large mines of quicksilver have been discovered. You can imagine that this caused great rejoicing, for all the quicksilver previously used was sent in ships to this part of the world, which, of course, made it scarce and very expensive. Now, we can send away quantities to other countries after supplying our own wants.

"Notwithstanding that this strange metal renders such service to mankind—for I could tell you of many other useful things it does—it is a deadly poison. Its vapor is so dangerous that persons searching for it often die from breathing the air where it is found. About seventy years ago, the mines in Austria took fire, and thirteen hundred workmen were poisoned, and many of them died. The water that was used to quench the fire being pumped into the river Idria, all the fish died excepting the eels. Since that time, spiders and rats have deserted the mines.

"Mercury is carried in sheepskin bags and cast-iron bottles. It is so heavy that an ordinary cork would soon be forced out by it, therefore an iron stopper must be screwed in.

"Once, some bags of mercury were stored in the hold of a foreign vessel; unfortunately, a few of the bags were rotten and leaked. Every person on board was poisoned, and every piece of metal connected with the vessel received a silvery coating of mercury."

"It is dreadful! Fred, don't let us touch it," said Harry.

"Don't be frightened yet, Harry. Did you know that mercury is used as a medicine? It is given in very small doses."

"I am sure I shall never take it," exclaimed Fred.

"Perhaps you may have done so already," replied their grandfather, laughing. "Did you ever hear of blue-pill and calomel? They both are preparations of mercury."

Just then the sun shone into the room so brightly that every one turned to the windows. Such a sparkle! The evergreens were covered with shining ice-drops, and the tall trees pointed their glistening branches toward the few clouds that were hurrying over the blue sky.

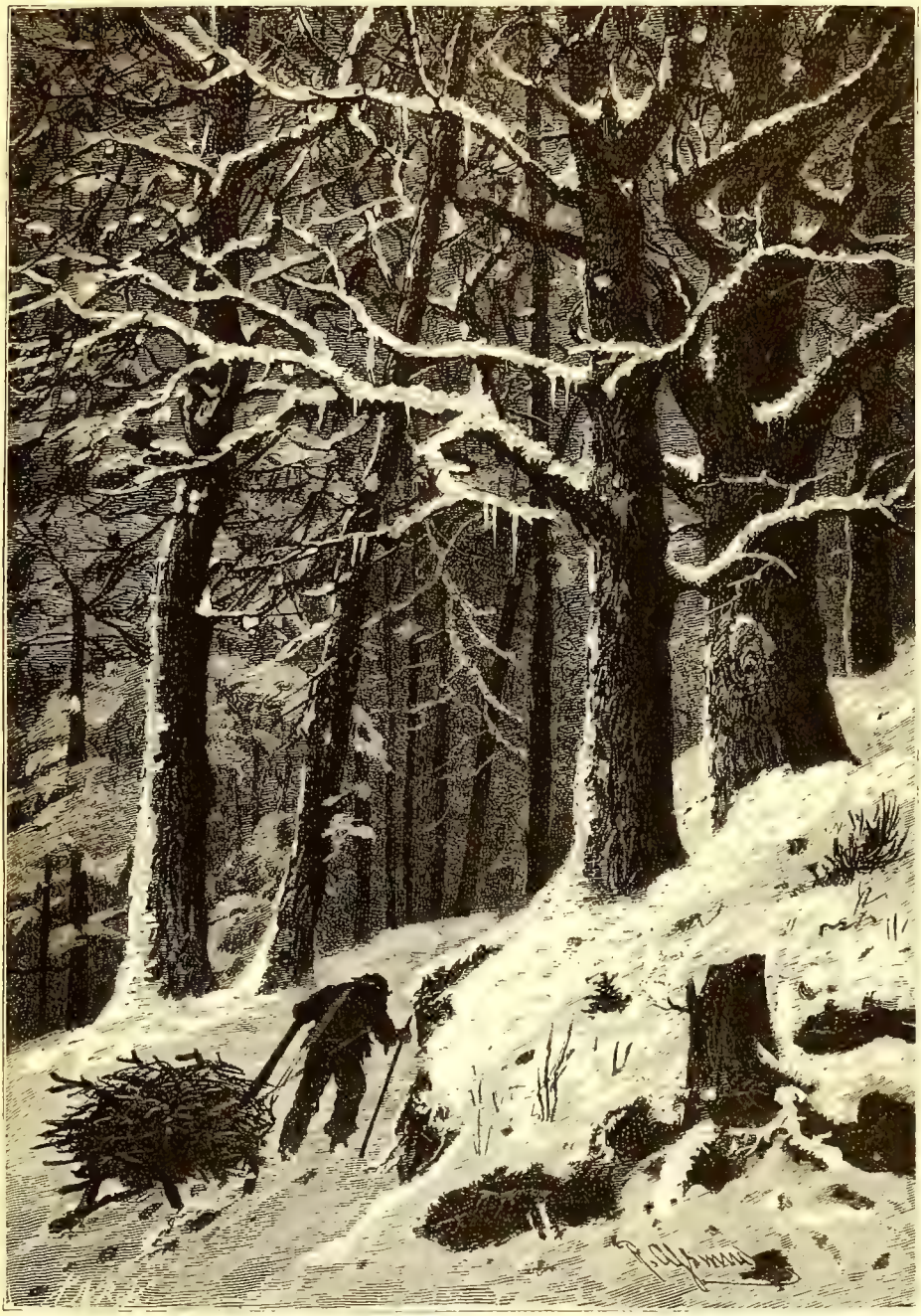
"I am not sorry it rained, after all," said Fred. "I have enjoyed the morning so much that I forgot the play we were going to have."

Two happy, tired boys went to sleep that night, and the next morning they started for home. They both agreed in thinking they had never enjoyed a more delightful visit at grandpapa's.

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

THERE is scarcely any place so lonely as the depths of the woods in winter. Everything is quiet, cold and solemn. Occasionally a rabbit may go jumping over the snow, and if the woods are really wild woods, we may sometimes get a sight of a deer. Now and then, too, some poor person who has been picking up bits of fallen branches for firewood may be met bending under his load, or pulling it along on a sled. In some parts of the country, wood-cutters and hunters are sometimes seen, but generally there are few persons who care to wander in the woods in winter. The open roads for sleighing, and the firm ice for skating, offer many more inducements to pleasure-seekers.

But young people who do not mind trudging through snow, and walking where they must make their own path-way, may find among the great black trunks of the forest trees, and under the naked branches stretching out overhead, many phases of nature that will be both new and interesting—especially to those whose lives have been spent in cities.



THE WOODS IN WINTER.

CRUMBS FROM OLDER READING.

II.

BY JULIA E. SARGENT.

IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING has so many things for us, and we have heard so much that is pleasant of him, that a good time with him may be expected; and you would not read far in Irving's books before learning that no one believed in "good times" more than he. The name of his home on the Hudson would tell you that. "Sunnyside" is not the name a gloomy man would choose.

Perhaps you will like best to hear that many of you often stand where Irving stood, and walk the streets he knew so well, for New York City was Irving's birthplace, and there many of the seventy-six years of his life were spent. One of his books is a funny description of his native town in the days of its old Dutch governors. He does not call it Irving's, but "Knickerbocker's History of New York." And as only Irving knew anything of Diedrich Knickerbocker outside this book, we will let him tell you that "the old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work." Of course, Irving can say what he chooses about Knickerbocker's book, so he gives it as his opinion that, "To tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be." But Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to a friend, says of these funny papers of Irving's: "I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing." All Irving's histories are not "make-believe," and some day you will read Irving's "Life of Columbus," and "Life of Washington," completed just before his death in 1859, without thinking of them as histories. He wrote the "Life of Columbus" in Spain. Can you tell me why that was the best place to write it?

Would you like to know where the boy Irving might often have been seen when he was not devouring the contents of some book of travels? "How wistfully," he wrote, "would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships, bound to distant climes!"

Not many years after, he wrote from England, "I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon." He was then in England, where he visited Westminster Abbey, Stratford-on-Avon, and many other grand and famous places. Of these, and much that is neither grand nor famous, he has written in the "Sketch-book," giving this reason for so naming word-paintings: "As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends." Is it not as good as a picture to hear this man, who had no little ones of his own, tell of "three fine, rosy-cheeked boys," who chanced to be his companions in a stage-coach? This is what he writes:

"They were returning home for the holidays in high glee and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues. * * * They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog, and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony." When he had heard what a remarkable animal this pony was said to be, Irving gave his attention to other things until he heard a shout from the little travelers. Let him tell the rest of the story.

"They had been looking out of the coach-windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy. 'There 's John! and there 's old Carlo! and there 's Bantam!' cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands. At the end of a lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him. Off they set at last, one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands, both talking at once. * * * We stopped a few moments afterward to water the horses, and on resuming our route a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades with Bantam, Carlo, and old John trooping along the carriage-road. I leaned out of the coach window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight."

"If ever love, as poets sing, delights to visit a

cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant," Irving thinks, and goes on to write in his own pleasant fashion of many pleasant things in English country life, saying: "Those who see the Englishman only in town are apt to form an unfavorable opinion of his social character. * * * Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment when he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while he is paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economize time so as to pay the other visits allotted in the morning."

The "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is a genuine ghost story. It is not very startling, but very, very funny, when you know what scared poor Ichabod Crane on his midnight ride that last time he went courting Governor Wouter Van Twiller's only daughter.

You must read for yourselves the famous story of Rip Van Winkle and the nap he took. It is too long for me to give in Irving's words, and "Rip Van Winkle" is just such a story as no one but Irving knows how to tell.

In another of his interesting stories in the "Sketch Book," told, he says, by a queer old traveler to as queer a company gathered in a great inn-kitchen, Irving describes the busy making-ready for a wedding. The bride's father, he says, "had in truth nothing exactly to do."

Do you suppose he was content to do nothing "when all the world was in a hurry?"

This is the way in which he helped: "He worried from top to bottom of the castle with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent, and buzzed about every hall and chamber as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly on a warm summer's day." The book of Irving's that some of you will like best of all is "The Alhambra." The Alhambra is the ancient and romantic palace of the Moors. When he was in Spain, Irving spent many dreamy days amid its ruined splendors, whence the last of the Moors was long since driven into exile. We have good reason to be glad that Irving saw the Alhambra, for this book is what came of it. We shall all want to go where Irving went, after reading what he says of the Alhambra by moonlight. "The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up, the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver, the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams, and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible. * * * The whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale."

These, you know, are only crumbs, and crumbs which show Irving's "warm heart" more, perhaps, than his "fine brain."

To learn of his literary talent and well-deserved fame, of his rich fancy and his wonderful ability for story-telling, you can better afford to wait than to miss knowing how healthy, happy, and truly lovable was this man's nature. Now, with only one of the many sober, earnest thoughts, we must lay aside his books.

"If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a friend and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory."



THE BOY IN THE BOX.

BY HELEN C. BARNARD.

"YOU have n't any more ambition than a snail, Joe Somerby!" said energetic Mrs. Somerby to her husband, as, with sleeves rolled to the elbow, she scoured the kitchen paint.

Joe, who was smoking behind the stove, slowly removed his pipe to reply:

"Wal, if I haint, I haint; and that 's the end on 't!"

"What would become of us if I was easy, too?" continued his spicy partner. "Why can't you have a little grit?"

Joe puffed away silently.

"Now, you pretend to carry on the rag business, you spend all your money a-buying and a-storing of 'em away; the back room 's full, the attic 's full, the barn 's full,—I can't stir hand or foot for them rags! Why on earth don't you sell 'em?"

"Waiting for 'em to rise, marm!"

"Always a-waiting!" retorted Mrs. Somerby, thrusting her scrubbing-brush and pail into a closet, and slamming the door upon her finger. "Before you get through, the chance goes by. Joe," in a coaxing tone, "I 've had a presentiment."

Joe evinced no interest, but removed his pipe to say:

"Now, wife, don't get uneasy. Let 's be comfortable."

"Yes, I feel a presentiment about those rags;" the little woman whisked into a chair beside her lord. "They say the paper manufacturers are giving a big price now, husband. Why can't you take a load to the city to-day? I 've been thinking of it all the morning."

"I 'll do my own thinking, marm," said Joe, with dignity. He rose, however, and laid his pipe away.

Mrs. Somerby said no more, sure that she had roused him from his torpid condition. She wound Joe up to the starting-point, just as she did her kitchen-clock, and he kept upon his course as steadily as that ancient time-piece. She was just the wife for ease-loving Joe, whom her brisk ways never wounded, for he knew her heart was full of tenderness for him.

An hour later Joe drove into the yard. Mrs. Somerby flew out with a lump of sugar for a jaded-looking horse, bought by Joe to speculate upon, and who ate everything he could get, including his bedding, and never grew fat.

"I 'll make a trotter of him in a month, and sell him to some of the grandees!" Joe said, but his system failed or the material was poor,—old Jack slouched along as if each step was likely to be his last. But despite this, Jack had become very dear to the childless couple, and they were as blind as doating parents to his defects.

"Bless his heart!" cried Mrs. Somerby, as Jack whinnied at her approach, and thrust his ugly nose into her hand.

Mr. Somerby felt of Jack's ribs with a professional air, and said:

"I 'm trying a new system with this 'ere beast; I think he 's picking up a grain."

"He 'll pick up the grain, no doubt," playfully retorted his wife. "Now then, I 'll help you off. Those paper men 'll have all they want if you 're not on hand. I 'm glad I put you up to sorting the stuff last week."

"You 'll 'put me up' till I 'm clean gone," said Joe, winking to himself, as he followed his lively wife. "Let them bags alone, marm. You can be putting me up a big lunch."

"It 's all ready, under the wagon-seat. By good rights, Joe, you 'd ought to have a boy to help you."

"It is n't a woman's work, I know," said he, kindly. "You just sit here and look on."

Joe swung her up on a bale as if she had been a child. Inspired by her bright eyes he worked with a will. The wagon was soon loaded. Mrs. Joe ran for his overcoat and best hat, gave him a wifely kiss, and watched him depart from the low brown door-way.

"She 's the best bargain I ever made," thought Joe, as he jogged toward the city. "I 'm not quite up to her time, I know," continued he, and there was a tender look in his sleepy eyes. "Howsomedever, I 'll make a lucky hit yet!"

The prospect was so cheering that Joe actually snapped the whip at the "trotter" who was meditating with his head between his knees. Jack, however, did not increase his gait, but plodded on. It was bitter cold, and Joe had to exercise himself to keep warm. It was afternoon when the laden cart entered the city. Hungry Jack had stopped twice, and gazed around at his master in dumb reproach. Joe was hungry, too; so he hurried into a square, in the business part of the city, covered his pet with an old quilt, and giving him his food, went to dispose of his cargo. But Joe's purchasers had gone to dinner, so he returned, mounted the cart, and began upon his own lunch.

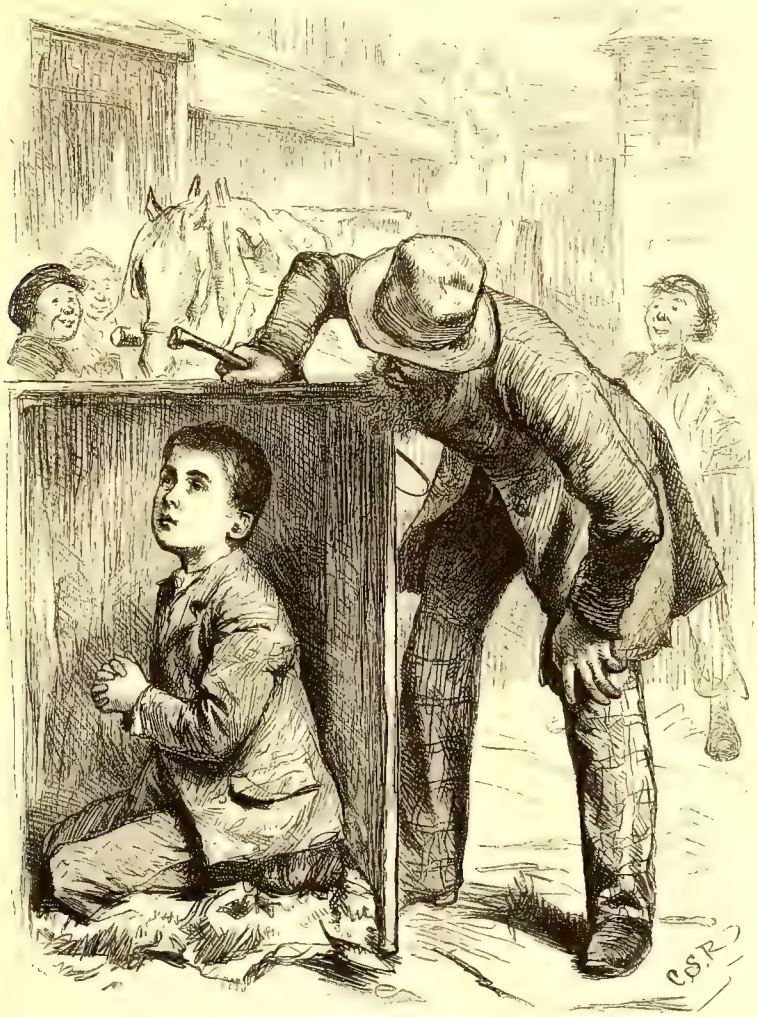
"Now, if they don't want my stuff, my wife's 'presentiment' 's gone up," said the elegant Joe, "and I 've had this cold trip for nothing."

Just here a remarkable event occurred. Jack suddenly threw up his meditative head, shied, and stood upon his hind-legs.

"It 's the hermit ails him!" cried one, pointing toward a huge box from one side of which somebody's head and shoulders protruded.

"Quit scaring my horse!" cried Joe.

The face was startlingly pale, and the eyes had a troubled, eager look—the look of anxious care;



"THE BOY WAS ON HIS KNEES."

"Hey there!" cried his master, delighted at this token of life. "Yer a trotter, after all?"

"Yer old nag scart, mister?" asked several small boys, who hovered about.

"He 's a leetle lively!" said Joe, proudly. "Keep clear of his heels, boys."

Jack subsided, but eyed a pile of boxes in a court on the left.

"What ails ye, Jack?"

but Joe knew their owner was a boy, although he quickly disappeared in the box. Mr. Somerby resumed his lunch, but kept the reins in case Jack should be startled when the boy came out. But he did not appear; there was no sign of life in the box. Joe thought he was either up to some more mischief or afraid; the latter seemed most likely, as he recalled the white, still face.

Joe got down from his cart and quietly peeped

in. He was somewhat astonished at first, for the boy was on his knees. The sight stirred his sympathies strangely. The pallid lips were moving; soon, low words came forth:

"I don't know how to speak to you, dear Lord; but please help me. Mother prayed to you, and you helped her. Oh! help me, I pray, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

The listener drew back to brush the tears from his eyes.

"'Minds me o' Parson Willoughby's sermon—'Help, Lord, or I perish!' I wish my wife was here. I declare I do. The little chap must be in trouble!"

Joe peeped in again. The boy did not see him as he was partly turned from the opening. He threaded a rusty needle, and proceeded to patch his coat. Joe could see the anxious puckers in his face as he bent over the task.

"I do wish she was here!" Joe cried, aloud.

The boy turned quickly.

"Why don't you go home, lad? You 'll freeze to death here."

"This is my home."

"Sho! Do you mean to say you *live* here?"

"Yes." The lad hesitated, then asked, "Are you from the country, sir?"

"Wal, yes, I be. Though folks don't generally mistrust it when I'm slicked up. But I don't stand no quizzing."

The boy appeared surprised at this sudden outburst, and said, with a frank, manly air that appeased Joe:

"I thought if you lived a long way off I would n't mind answering your questions. I 'm English, and my name 's John Harper. I don't mix with the street boys, so they call me the hermit!"

"Don't you 'mix' with your own folks, neither!"

"They were lost at sea in our passage to this country," was the low reply. "Sometimes I wish I 'd died with them, and not been saved for such a miserable life. Can't get work, though I 've tried hard enough, and I 'd rather starve than beg. I can't beg!" he cried, despairingly. "I 'm ordered off for a vagrant if I warm myself in the depots, and I don't suppose the city o' Boston 'll let me stay here long."

"Don't get down at the mouth—don't!" said honest Joe, in a choking voice, as the extent of this misery dawned upon him.

"There, you know all," said the boy, bitterly. "I scared your horse, or I would n't tell so much. Besides, you look kinder than the men I meet. Perhaps they 're not so hard on such as me where you live?"

But Joe had gone, his face twitching with suppressed emotion.

"I 'll take the hunger out o' them eyes, anyhow!" He grasped the six-quart lunch pail, and, hastening back, cried, as he brandished it about the lad's head, "Just you help a feller eat that, old chap. My wife 'ud rave at me if I brought any of it home. Help ye'self!"

Hunger got the better of John Harper's pride. He ate gladly. There was n't a crumb left when he returned the pail. The light of hope began to dawn in his sad eyes,—who could be brave while famishing!

Meantime, Joe had been puzzling his wits and wishing his wife was there to devise some plan for the wayfarer.

"I wonder if you 'd mind my horse a spell, while I go about my business?"

So the pale hermit crept out of his box, and mounted the wagon, well protected by an extra coat that comfort-loving Joe always carried.

"He 'll think he 's earned it, if I give him money," was Joe's kind thought. "He 's proud, and don't want no favors. I 'll give the lad a lift, and then ——"

After "the lift," what was before the homeless boy? Somehow he had crept into Joe's sympathies wonderfully. He could n't bear to look forward to the hour when Jack and he must leave him to his fate. A chance word from the paper manufacturer put a new idea into Joe's brain. He bought all the cargo at a good price, and engaged the stock at home.

"I 'll bring it in soon," said Joe, putting his purse in a safe place. "I don't keep no help to sort my stuff, or I 'd be on hand to-morrow."

"Ah," said the bland dealer, little thinking what a train of events he was starting. "You are doing a good business; why don't you keep a boy? I know one who is faithful and needy!"

"Yes, yes, he 's in my cart, done up in my coat!" cried Joe, suddenly. He beamed upon the bewildered dealer, and rushed for the door, almost crazy with the new idea.

"My wife said I 'd ought to have a boy, too," he thought, almost running toward the spot where he had left the cart, Jack, and the solitary figure in the great coat. Joe grasped the boy. "I 've got a plan for you, John Harper. I want a boy to help me; the dealer says so, my wife says so, and I say so. You must go home with me to-night. We 'll carry this load to the store-house; then pitch in your baggage and start for a better place than this, my lad!"

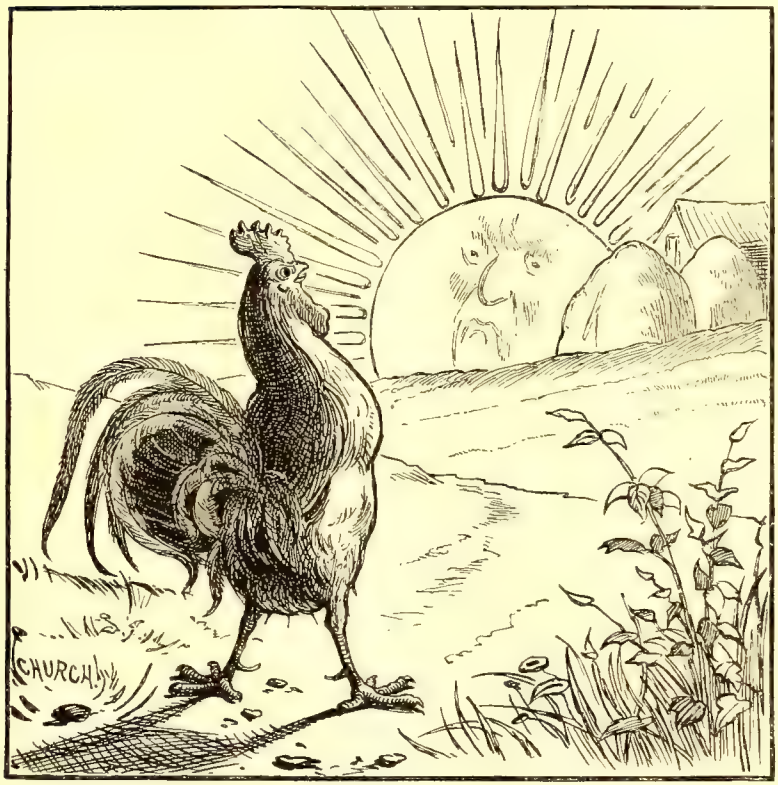
It was, indeed, "a better place" for "the boy in the box,"—a place where he found rest and food and shelter. After a little, he so grew into the hearts

of the childless couple that they called him their own. John went to school winters, and helped Mr. Somerby summers, and got ahead so fast in his happy surroundings that ambitious Mrs. Somerby had him educated. He is now a prosperous merchant, and a text for old Joe to enlarge upon when his wife gets too spicy.

"You wan't nowheres around when I found our John," he often says; "and he 's the best bargain I ever made, next to you!"

THE COCK AND THE SUN.

By J. P. B.



A COCK sees the sun as he climbs up the east;
"Good-morning, Sir Sun, it 's high time you appear;
I 've been calling you up for an hour at least;
I 'm ashamed of your slowness at this time of year!"

The sun, as he quietly rose into view,
Looked down on the cock with a show of fine scorn;
"You may not be aware, my young friend, but it 's true,
That I rose once or twice before you, sir, were born!"



"GRUN-SEL, GRUN-SEL, GRUN-SEL!"

THE LONDON CHICK-WEED MAN.

By Alexander Wainwright.

Birds and flowers do much to enliven the dusky house-windows of the London streets, and both are attended to with great care. The birds are treated to some luxuries which our American pets scarcely know of at all, in their domestic state, and among these are two small plants called chick-weed and groundsel, which grow abundantly along the hedges and in the fields on the outskirts of the smoky city. Both chick-weed and groundsel are insignificant little things, but the epicurean lark, canary, or goldfinch finds in it a most agreeable and beneficial article of diet, quite as much superior to other green stuff as—in the minds of some boys and girls—ice-cream and sponge-cake are superior to roast-beef and potatoes.

On Sunday afternoons and holidays, the lanes where the groundsel and chick-weed grow are frequented by the citizens of the laboring class, who, although the city is quite near and its smoke blackens the leaves, call this the country and enjoy it as such. It is a pretty sight to see them, when they are well behaved; and should one notice the boys and girls, many of them would be found hunting under the hawthorn hedge-rows for chick-weed and groundsel to be taken home for the pet birds.

But all the birds of London do not depend on the industry of their owners for these luxuries. Some men make a trade of gathering and selling the plants, and the picture which is opposite this page will give the reader a good idea of how they look. Their business has one decided advantage. It needs no capital or tools, and a strong pair of legs and a knife are all that its followers really want. Perhaps it is on this account that the groundsel and chick-weed sellers are all very poor, and the raggedness of some is pitiable in the extreme, as the picture shows. Their shoes are shockingly dilapidated, owing to their long daily marches into the country, and the rest of their clothes are nearly as bad.

The one that we have illustrated is a fair example, but despite his poverty-stricken appearance, his torn, loose sleeves and useless boots, he is not at all repulsive. His face tells of want and toil; he has slung a shabby old basket over his shoulders, in which he carries his load, and, with a bunch in his hand, he saunters along the street, proclaiming his trade, "Grun-sel, grun-sel, grun-sel!" Besides the groundsel and the chick-weed, he has small pieces of turf for sale, of which larks are very fond.

The birds in their cages at the open windows chirp and put their pretty little heads aside when they hear him coming; they know perfectly well who he is and what he brings, and their twitter shapes itself into a greeting. The old raven perched on the edge of the basket feels like a superior being, and wonders why other birds make such a fuss over a little green stuff, but that is only because he has coarser tastes.

JOHNNY.

By Sargent Flint.

Johnny was in disgrace. 'Drandma" had set him down uncomfortably hard in his little wooden chair by the fire-place, and told him not to move one inch right or left till she came back; she also told him to think over how naughty he had been all day; but some way it seemed easier just then to think of his grandma's short-comings.

He looked through his tears at the candle in the tall silver candlestick, and by half shutting his eyes he could make three candles, and by blinking a little he could see pretty colors; but amusement tends to dry tears, and Johnny wanted to cry.

He caught the old cat and watched his tears slide off her smooth fur, but when he held her head on one side and let a large round tear run into her ear, she left him in indignation. Then he looked out of the window. The snow was falling fast, as it had been all day.

"Drandma!" he called, but the old lady was busy in the next room, and could not, or would

not hear him, so he walked to the door and said: "Drandma, may I sweep a path for drandpa?"

This time "drandma" did hear and see him too. He was brought back and reseated, with marks of flour here and there on his little checked apron.

We must not blame grandma too much; it was a very long time since she was a child, and Johnny, to use her own words, "had almost worn her soul out of her."

When Johnny's mother died, his home was in New York, and while Johnny sat in his little chair by the fire-place, he was thinking of New York, wondering if he ever should see it again,—the great stores with their bright windows,—and, above all, hear the never-ending bustle and hum that would drown the noise of twenty great clocks like grandpa's. Then he thought how he had been deluded in coming to Plowfield; stories of bright green fields, butterflies, hay-carts piled high with hay, and 'way up on the top a little boy named Johnny.

A horse would be there, a cow (wrongly supposed by city people to mean always a plentiful supply of milk), and a blue checked apron; but no one mentioned the apron, and no one said that winter came in Plowfield; not that they meant to deceive Johnny—they could n't remember everything, but it came all the same, and the bright green fields were brown and bare; then Johnny did n't like them at all, and when the snow came, grandma said if he went out he 'd have the croup.

The butterflies forgot Johnny.

He did have *one* ride on the hay, but grandpa did n't have much hay.

The horse was not such a great comfort after all; he never drove except taking hold of what reins grandpa did n't use, and the cow—yes, Johnny did like the cow—she was a very good cow, but, if Johnny could have expressed himself, he would have said that she was a little *monotonous*.

Johnny could n't remember his mother, which was fortunate then, or he would have cried for her. He saw his father only once a month; he was making money very fast in the dingy little office away down town in New York, and spending it almost as fast in a house away up town for Johnny's new mamma, and, with Plowfield so far away, it was no wonder Johnny's father was always on the move. He ought to have been there that very day; the heavy snow perhaps had prevented; that was one reason why Johnny had been so naughty.

He sat quite still after he was brought back. He was too indignant to cry; he felt as if there was no such thing as justice or generosity in grandmothers.

After a while he felt that he had thought of something that would do justice to his feelings.

"Drandma," he cried, "I wish I 'd smashed the bowl to-day when I spilt the cream!"

Grandma did n't say anything for fear Johnny would know she was laughing.

He grew more and more indignant; he never in his life had felt so naughty. He thought of all the rebellious things he had ever heard of, and making a few choice selections, mentioned them to his grandmother, and she, laughing, stored them away, to tell grandpa, consoling herself with the idea that if he was bad he was n't stupid.

Suddenly, among other brilliant ideas, came the thought that sometimes boys ran away; Mike's boy Jerry ran away (Mike was the man who worked for grandpa), and he did n't have any money, and Johnny had fifteen cents; besides, when he got on the cars he could tell the conductor to charge it to his father; of course, he knew his father; he came from New York every month.

He listened till he heard grandma go to the shed for wood, and before she came back her small grandson was some distance from the house in the deep snow, putting on his coat and tying his comforter over his ears.

As he looked back and saw the shadow of grandma as she put down the wood, he said: "I guess I 'll make *her* cry pretty soon."

After the wood, grandma seemed to find quite a number of things either to take up or put down, so for a little while Johnny was forgotten. Did you ever notice that grandmothers, and mothers too, are always begging for a little quiet, yet, if they ever get a bit, nothing seems to make them more uneasy?

Grandma thought Johnny was unusually still—he never was still except when asleep, so grandma naturally supposed him asleep.

"Poor little fellow! he has left his chair," she thought, "and is asleep on the lounge." So she was not alarmed when she saw the little empty chair, but when no Johnny appeared on the lounge or anywhere in the room, she felt worried.

"Johnny!" she called all through the house and wood-shed. Then she missed the little coat, cap, and comforter.

"If he has gone to meet his grandpa, he 'll freeze to death. Oh, why did n't I amuse him till his grandpa came," she thought. She opened the door and tried to call, but a cloud of snow beat her back. Wrapping herself comfortably, she started down the white road she thought Johnny had taken.

She called and called his name, and in her excitement expected every moment to find him frozen. She promised the wind and snow that, if they would only spare her Johnny, her dead daughter's baby, that in place of his impatient old grandma there should be one as patient as Job!

She had nearly reached the depot. She heard the evening train, she saw the glare of the great lamp on the engine though the glass that covered it was half hidden by the blinding snow. She heard a sleigh coming toward her, and said to herself, "No matter who it is, I will stop him, and he shall help me." The bells came nearer and nearer, and the sleigh stopped. "Where are you going, my good woman? It is a rough night, is n't it, for a woman to be out?"

Any other time, how grandma would have laughed!—grandpa did n't know his own wife!

"Take her in, father," said another voice. Poor grandma! It was Johnny's father who spoke.



JOHNNY STARTS TO RUN AWAY.

"Oh, Johnny 's lost!" she cried, as she tottered into the sleigh. "He will freeze before we can find him."

The old lady was taken home, and grandpa and Johnny's father started off, quite naturally in the wrong direction, for Johnny.

For a while, Johnny went on manfully; but soon his little fingers and toes began to beg him to go back. He refused to notice their petition, and wished grandma could see him, as the wind whirled him round and round and almost buried him in the snow. He thought he had gone about ten miles, when he heard bells. He turned to one side for the sleigh to pass, when he heard a voice he knew.

"Oh, Jerry," he cried, "please take me in!"

Jerry stopped, and asked, "Who are ye?"

"I 'm Johnny," said our small hero, quite meekly.

"And where may ye be bound to, Johnny?" said Jerry.

"To the depot. I 'm going to New York," said Johnny, who thought this a mild way to tell Jerry he was running away.

"This road niver took any one to the depot, Jacky. If I had n't come this way, yer 'd been froze stiff in the mornin'."

Here Jerry rolled his eyes in a dreadful manner, and trembled like one terribly frightened. Johnny would have cried hard, but he remembered how brave Jerry was when he ran away, so he winked hard to keep back the tears, and said:

"Do you think I shall 'froze' now, Jerry?"

Jerry thought not, if he minded him. So he lifted him into the sleigh, and they drove on.

"Is this the depot?" asked Johnny, when they stopped.

"Ye be hard on the depot. This is my house," said Jerry.

As he opened the door, his mother said, "I 've looked afther yez since the dark, and what have ye there?" as she saw Johnny.

Mike, Jerry's father, sat by the stove, and there was a baby on the floor. Johnny thought he never had seen such a funny place.

He liked the baby best, although its yellow flannel night-dress was dirty; but it was n't quite his idea of a baby.

"What shall we do wid him, Mike?" said the lady of the house, as she saw Johnny's head bobbing and his eyes closing.

"I thought ye 'd kape him here till the next train for New York," said Jerry, laughing.

Mike laid down his pipe, and began to put on his coat.

"Is it to go out again that yez will, this arful night, Mike?" said Maggie.

"Lay him out on the bed; lave him to slape here to-night, Maggie. I 'll go and make it aisy wid the old folks," said Mike.

He found grandma sitting before the fireplace. Bottles of all sizes stood on the table, and blankets hung on chairs by the fire. The old lady's face was pale, and Mike afterward told Maggie, "The hands of her shook like a lafe, and she had the same look on her that she had when they tould her Johnny's mother was dead. And when I tould her the boy was safe wid yez here —— Ah, Maggie, she 's a leddy!" said Mike, lowering his voice.

"Well, what did she say?" said Maggie.

"She said I betther sit down an' ate some supper, to warm meself," said Mike.

Poor grandma! She declared afterward she did n't

know Mike was such a good-looking man, and so kind-hearted, too. But she did n't keep him long to praise him, but hurried him off to find grandpa.

Mike found the brilliant pair, going over and over the same ground. You need not laugh, little reader; that 's just what your father would do, if you were lost.

Five minutes after they had learned where Johnny was, they were standing over him in Mike's house—standing over him, and the baby in the yellow flannel night-dress, for they were both in one bed, and Johnny's father saw them about as clearly as Johnny had seen the candle.

The family were thanked individually and collectively, from Mike down to the baby, who, when Johnny left, was covered with sweetmeats and toys, brought from New York to Johnny.

The next morning, at breakfast, Johnny learned many things, among them that it was very wrong to run away, and he must be punished, and grandma should decide how severely.

"I will punish him myself," said grandma, "by removing all temptation to do so again."

Johnny is too young now to appreciate his pleasant sentence, but in after years, when his sins are heavier, he will miss his gentle judge.

He was to leave Plowfield the next day for New York; but he was to come back again with the summer, and many were the promises he made of good behavior.

When the time came for him to go, he clung so to his grandma that his father said:

"You need not go, Johnny, if you would rather stay."

"No," said Johnny, "I want to go; but why don't they have drandmas and fathers live in the same house?"

At last, he was all tucked in the sleigh, and grandpa had started.

"Stop! wait!" said Johnny, "I forgot something."

He jumped out of the sleigh, ran back to grandma, clasped his arms around her neck, and whispered in her ear:

"I 'm sorry, drandma, 'cause I spilt the cream, and I 'm awfil glad I did n't smash the bowl."

A MONUMENT WITH A STORY.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

MANY times have I heard English people say, as if they really pitied us: "Your country has no monuments yet; but then she is so young—only two hundred years old—and, of course, cannot be expected to have either monuments or a history." Yet we have some monuments, and a chapter or two of history, that the mother-country does not too fondly or frequently remember. But I am not going to write now of the Bunker Hill Monument, nor of the achievement at New Orleans, nor of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. I want to tell of another land nearer its infancy than ours, with a history scarcely three-quarters of a century old, but with one monument, at least, that is well worth seeing, and that cannot be thought of without emotions of loving admiration and reverence. The memorial is of bronze, and tells a story of privation and suffering, but of glorious heroism, and victory even in death.

Everybody knows something of the great island, Australia, the largest in the world, reckoned by some geographers as the fifth continent. I might almost have said its age is less than one-quarter of a century, instead of three. It was visited by the great adventurer, William Dampier, about the year 1690, and again, eighty years after, by Cook, on his first voyage around the world. It is only within the present generation that we have come to know it well. England's penal colony there, and Cook's stories of the marvelous beauty and fertility of the land, were never wholly forgotten; but almost nothing was done in the way of exploration, especially of the interior, and the world remained ignorant of both its extent and its resources until 1860, in August of which year two brave-hearted young men, by name Burke and Wills, determined to find out all that they could of the unknown central regions. It is in memory of these men that Australia's first monument has been erected. Let me tell you their story.

Burke was in the prime of life, a strong, brave man, who delighted in daring and even dangerous exploits. Wills, an astronomer, was younger, and not so ardent, but prudent, wise, sagacious, and thus well fitted to be the companion of the adventurous Burke. Their object was to trace a course

from south to north of Australia, and explore the interior, where hitherto no European had set foot.

Fifteen hardy adventurers were induced to form the little company; twenty-seven camels were imported from India, for carrying the tents, provisions and implements needed upon such a journey, a fifteen-months' supply of provisions was laid in, and large vessels were provided for holding ample stores of water, whenever the route should lie through arid regions.

Thus burdened with baggage and equipments, the explorers started out. Their progress was necessarily slow, but the greatest difficulty with which the leaders had to contend was a spirit of envy and discontent among their followers. This led to an entire change in Burke's plans, and perhaps also to the sad catastrophe which ended them.

Instead of keeping his men together, as at first intended, he divided the company into three squads. Assigning the command of two of these to Lieutenants Wright and Brahe, and leaving them behind at an early stage of the journey, together with most of the baggage and provisions, Burke took Wills, with two others of the most resolute of his company, and pushed boldly forward, determined to reach the northern coast if possible, but, at any rate, not to return unless the want of water and provisions should compel him.

A place called Cooper's Creek, about the center of the Australian continent, was to serve as a rendezvous for the entire company; one of the squads was directed to remain at this point for three months, and longer if practicable; another squad was told to rest a while at Menindie, and then join the first; while Burke, Wills, Gray and King were to prosecute their journey northward, do their utmost to accomplish the main object of the expedition, and return to Cooper's Creek. Had this plan been faithfully executed, all might have gone well. But hardly had Burke taken his departure when quarrels for pre-eminence broke out among the men he had left behind; then sickness and death thinned the ranks and disheartened the survivors, and they failed to carry out the programme Burke had laid down. Wright stayed at Menindie until the last of January before setting out for the rendezvous; while Brahe, who had charge of most of the provisions, instead of remaining for three months at Cooper's Creek, deserted that post long before the time arranged, and left behind neither water nor provisions.

In two months Burke and his companions reached the borders of the Gulf of Carpentaria, at the extreme north of the continent, having solved the problem, and found a pathway to the North Pacific. Then, worn and weary, they set out to return. Their forward march had been exhausting, as the frequent attacks of bands of savage natives and the many deadly serpents had made it dangerous to halt for rest either by day or night. The heat, too, was excessive, and sometimes for days together the travelers were almost without water, while but sparing use could be made of the few provisions they had been able to carry. Feeling sure of relief at Cooper's Creek, however, and jubilant at their success, the four almost starving men turned about and pressed bravely on, but they arrived only to find the post deserted, and neither water nor provisions left to fill their pressing need.

In utter dismay, they sat down to consider what could be done, when one of the party happened to see the word "dig" cut on the bark of a tree, and digging below it, they found a casket containing a letter from Brahe, which showed that he had left the post that very morning, and that our travelers had arrived just *seven hours too late!*

Imagine, if you can, how terribly tantalizing was this news, and how hard it must have seemed to these heroic men, after having suffered so much, braved so many dangers, and tasted the first sweets of success, to die of starvation just at the time when they had hoped relief would be at hand—to be so nearly saved, and to miss the certainty of rescue by only a few hours! Eagerly they searched in every direction for some trace of their comrades, and called loudly their names, but the echo of their own voices was the only answer. As a last effort for relief, they attempted to reach Mount Despair, a cattle station one hundred and fifty leagues away, but they finally gave up in complete discouragement, when one more day's march might have brought them to the summit and saved their lives.

For several weeks these brave fellows fought off their terrible fate, sometimes hoping, oftener despairing, and at last, one after another, they lay down far apart in the dreary solitude of the wilderness, to die of starvation.

All this and more was learned by Captain Howitt, who commanded an expedition of search sent out from Melbourne, some nine months after the departure of Burke and his company, not a word of news having been received concerning them, and many fears being felt for the safety of the little band. On Howitt's arrival at Cooper's Creek he, too, found the word "dig," where the four despairing men had seen it; and beneath the tree was buried, not only the paper left by Brahe, but Burke's journal, giving the details of the journey to the coast, discoveries made, and the terrible last scenes.

At every step of Burke's pathway new objects of interest had elicited his surprise and admiration.

Not only were there fertile plains and beautiful, flower-dotted prairies, but lagoons of salt water, hills of red sand, and vast mounds that seemed to tell of a time when the region was thickly populated, though now it was all but untrod by man. A range of lofty mountains, discovered by Burke in the north, he called the Standish Mountains, and a lovely valley outspread at their foot he named the Land of Promise.

But alas! Great portions of Burke's journey had to be made through rugged and barren regions, destitute of water, and with nothing that could serve as food for man or beast. Driven to extremities by hunger, the pioneers devoured the venomous reptiles they killed, and on one occasion Burke came near dying from the poison of a snake he had eaten. All their horses were killed for food, and all their camels but two. Perhaps these also went at a later day, for toward the last the records in the journal became short, and were written at long intervals.

Once the party was obliged to halt with poor Gray, and wait till he had breathed his last, when the three mourning survivors went on in silence without their comrade.

A letter from young Wills, addressed to his father, is dated June 29th. The words are few, but they are full of meaning.

"My death here, within a few hours, is certain, but my soul is calm," he wrote.

The next day he died, as was supposed by the last record; though the precise time could not be known, as he had gone forth alone to make one more search for relief, and had met his solitary fate calmly, as a hero should. Howitt, after long search, found the remains of his friend stretched on the sand, and nearly covered with leaves.

The closing sentence in Burke's journal is dated one day earlier than young Wills's letter. It runs:

"We have gained the shores of the ocean, but we have been aband——"

It is not, of course, known why the last word was never finished. It may have been that he felt too keenly the cruelty of his companions' desertion of him to bring himself to write the word; or perhaps the death agony overtook him before he could finish it. At any rate, it speaks a whole crushing world of reproach to those whose disregard of duty cost their noble leader's life. It has its lessons for us all.

Burke's skeleton also was found, covered with leaves and boughs that had been placed there, it is supposed, by the pitying natives, who found the dead hero where, in bitter loneliness, he heaved his dying sigh, unflinching to the last.

Howitt wrapped the remains in the flag of his country, and left them in their resting-place. Then he returned to Melbourne, and made preparations for their removal and subsequent burial. They rest now in that beautiful city near the sea, beneath the great bronze monument. There are two figures, rather larger than life, Burke standing, Wills in a sitting posture. On the pedestal are three bass-reliefs, one showing the return to Cooper's Creek, another the death of Burke, and the third the finding of his remains. This is a fitting tribute to the memory of the brave explorers, but a far nobler and more enduring memorial exists in the rapid growth and present prosperous condition of that vast island, results that are largely the fruit of their labors and devotion.

King survived, but he was wasted almost to a skeleton, and it was months before he could tell the story of suffering he alone knew.

TWO WAYS.

By Mary C. Bartlett.

"If I had a fortune," quoth bright little Win,
"I'd spend it in Sunday-schools. Then, don't you see,
Wicked boys would be taught that to steal is a sin,
And would leave all our apples for you and for me."

"If *I* had a fortune," quoth twin-brother Will,
"I'd spend it in fruit-orchards. Then, don't you see,
Wicked boys should all pick till they'd eaten their fill,
And they would n't *want* apples from you or from me."

A HORSE AT SEA.

[See Frontispiece.]

His name is Charley. A common name for a horse, and yet he was a most uncommon horse, of a sweet and cheerful disposition, and celebrated for his travels over the sea. This is his portrait, taken the day before he left America, for the benefit of sorrowing friends. He looks as if he thought he was going abroad. There is something in his eye and the expressive flirt of his tail that seems to suggest strange doings. Charley is going to Scotland, over the sea, and he is having his feet cared for by the Doctor. He stands very steady now, even on three legs. When he afterward went aboard the good steamship "California" it was as much as he could do to keep steady on all four.



Poor Charley! He was dreadfully sick on the voyage. He had a fine state-room, but the motion of the ship was too much for his nerves, and he was very ill. So they had to bring him, bed and all, on deck. The steamer was rolling from side to side, for the waves ran high, and the tall masts swayed this way and that with a slow and solemn motion. Poor Charley did n't appreciate the beauty of the sea, and thought the whole voyage a most unhappy experience. Then he had to be hoisted out of the hatchway in a most undignified manner. The frontispiece shows you how this was done. They put him in his box and put a rope round it and fastened the rope to the donkey engine, a little steam-engine which is used for hoisting and such purposes. How humiliating for a horse to be dragged aloft by a donkey engine! The captain stood near to give the signal when the steamer rested for a moment on a level keel. The donkey engine puffed, and the sailors stood ready to steer the patient upward, just as you see in the picture.

Charley grew very serious as he rose higher and higher, but a man held him by the head and whispered comfort in his ear. At last, he reached the deck in safety, and they gave him a place in a breezy nook beside some other four-footed passengers, and he immediately recovered.

TIDY AND VIOLET; OR, THE TWO DONKEYS.

THERE was once a little boy who was not very strong, and it was thought right that he should be a great deal in the open air, and therefore it was also thought right that he should have a donkey.

The plan was for this little boy to take long rides, and for his mamma to ride on another donkey, and for his papa to walk by the side of both.

The two donkeys that were procured for this purpose had belonged to poor people, and had lived hard lives lately, out upon the common, because the poor people had no employment for them, and so could get no money to give the donkeys better food. They were glad, therefore, when the gentleman said that he wanted to buy a donkey for his little boy, and that he would try these two for a time, and then take the one he liked best.

So the gentleman and the lady and the boy took their excursion day after day with the two donkeys.

Now, one of these was a thin-looking white donkey, and the other was a stout black donkey; and one was called "Violet" and the other "Tidy."

The little boy liked the black donkey best, because he was bigger and handsomer. "I like Tidy," he said; "dear papa, I like Tidy."

"Stop!" said his papa. "Let us wait a bit; let us try them a little longer."

The party did not go out every day; sometimes the gentleman and lady were engaged, and the donkeys remained idly in the gentleman's field.

And then, when they had done eating, they used sometimes to talk.

"Is not this happiness?" said the meek white donkey. "Instead of the dry grass of the common, to have this rich, green, juicy grass, and this clear stream of water, and these shady trees; and then, instead of doing hard work and being beaten, to go out only now and then with a kind lady and gentleman, and a dear little boy, for a quiet walk:—is it not a happy change, Tidy?"

"Yes," said Tidy, flinging his hind-legs high in the air.

"Oh!" said Violet, "I hope you will not do that when the young gentleman is on your back."

"Why not?" said Tidy.

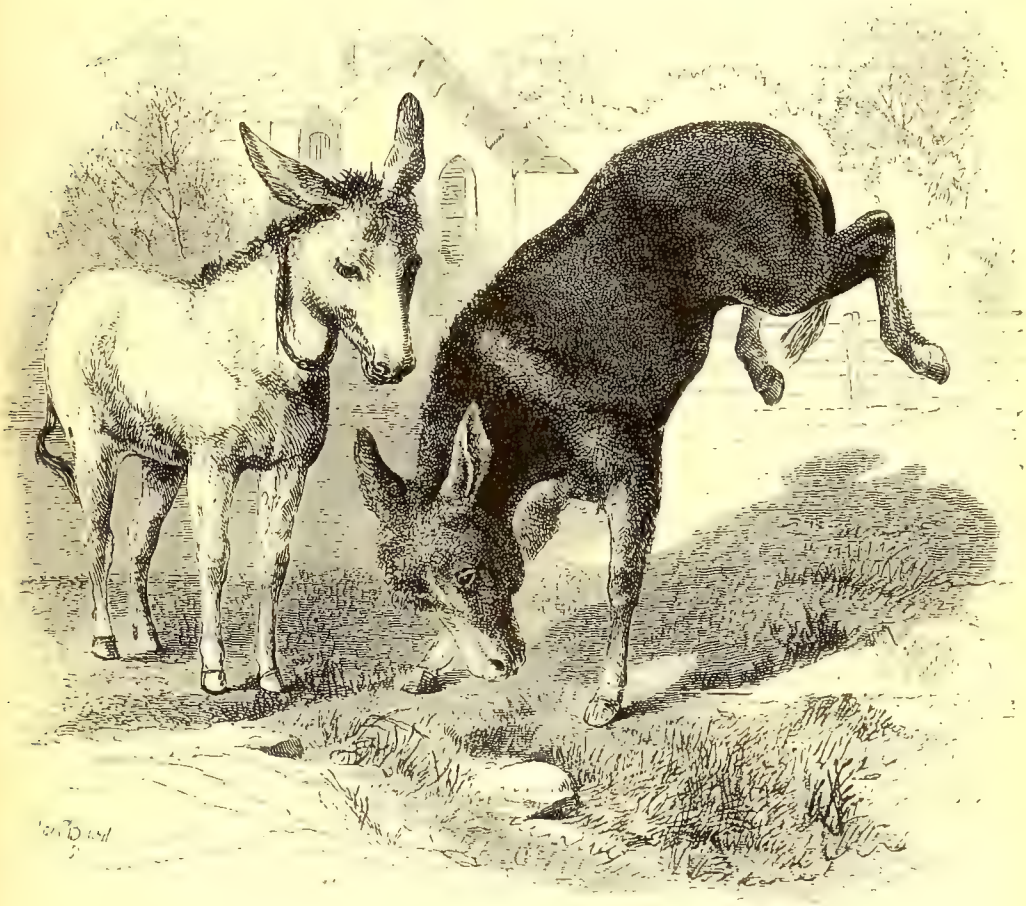
"Because," said Violet, "you may throw him off, and perhaps kill him; and consider how cruel that would be, after all his kindness to us."

"Oh," said Tidy, "people always call us donkeys stupid and lazy and slow, and they praise the horse for being spirited and lively; and so the horses get corn and hay and everything that is good, and we get nothing but grass. But I intend to be lively and spirited and get corn."

"Take care what you do, Tidy," said Violet. "The gentleman wishes to buy a quiet donkey, to carry his little boy gently. If we do not behave ourselves well, he surely will send us back to the common."

But Tidy was foolish and proud, and, the next time he went out, he began to frisk about very gayly.

"I fear," said the gentleman, "that the good grass has spoiled Tidy."



Tidy heard this, but, like other young and foolish things, he would not learn. Soon, the little dog Grip passed by, and Tidy laid his ears back on his neck and rushed at Grip to bite him.

'Really," said the gentleman, "Tidy is getting quite vicious. When we get home, we will send Tidy away, and we will keep Violet."

Tidy, as you may believe, was sorry enough then. But it was too late. He was sent away to the bare common. But Violet still lives in the gentleman's field, eats nice grass, goes easy journeys, and is plump and happy.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

POETS have a great deal to answer for, and they should be careful what they say, for they 've no idea what an influence they have. Now, I 'm told that about one hundred and fifty years ago, one by the name of Thomson (Thomson without a *p*) sang:

"Hail, gentle Spring! Ethereal mildness, hail!"

and made no end of trouble, of course. March being the first spring month, was the first to hear the command, and so, ever since, she has been trying her best to hail. Failing in this, as she nearly always does, her only recourse is to blow; and blow she does, with a will. So don't blame her, my chicks, if she deals roughly with you this year, blows your hair into your eyes, and nearly takes you off your feet. It 's all the fault of that poet Thomson.

I suppose if he had sung to our great American cataract, he would have told it to trickle, or drip, or something of that sort; and then what would have become of all the wedding tours? Mrs. Sigourney, my birds tell me, was a poet of the right sort. She sang, "Roll on, Niagara!"—and it has rolled on ever since.

Talking of fluids, here 's a letter telling

HOW CHERRY PLAYED WITH WATER.

A GOOD friend sends Jack this true horse-story:

At my summer home, the very coolest and pleasantest spot to be found on a hot day is a grassy knoll, shaded by a great tree. Close by is the horse-trough, which is supplied with water from the well a few rods off. One sultry day, my little boy and I went to play under the shade of this tree. The trough was full of clean, sparkling water, and I lingered there even after the two horses, "Cherry" and "Dash," had been brought out and tied to the tree; for they, too, had found their house uncomfortable, and had begged with their expressive eyes to be taken out-of-doors.

Now, the water in the trough looked very tempting, and soon my boy Willy put his little hand in, and then rolling up his sleeve, plunged in his arm and began to splash the water, throwing it around, wetting us all, horses included. We left the tree, and were going into the house, when we heard a loud thumping, and splashing; turning round, we saw Cherry, with his fore-leg in the trough, knocking his great iron shoe against the side of it, sending the water flying in all directions, and making the water in the trough all black and muddy. Now, these horses had drunk from this trough three times a day for two months, and spent many a morning under that very tree, and it had never occurred to either of them to play such a trick until they had seen Willy do it.

Willy was so much pleased that he gave Cherry several lumps of sugar to reward him for his naughtiness; but James, the coachman, took a different view, and gave him a sound scolding, and I am afraid whipped him; although I protested that Willy was more to blame than poor Cherry, who had only imitated his little master.

C. C. B.

THREE SPIDERS.

ANOTHER enemy to my friends the birds! This time it 's a spider. He lives near the Amazon River, they tell me, builds a strong web across a deep hole in a tree, and waits at the back of the hole until a bird or a lizard is caught in the meshes. Then out he pounces, and kills his prey by poison. And yet this dreadful creature has a body only an inch and a half in length!

Then there 's a spider named Kara-Kurt, who lives in Turkestan; and, though he is no bigger than a finger-nail, he can jump several feet. He hides in the grass, and his bite is poisonous; but I 'm glad to say he does n't kill birds.

In the same country is a long-legged spider, who has long hair and a body as big as a hen's egg. When he walks he seems as large as a man's double fists. What a fellow to meet on a narrow pathway! I think most people would be polite enough to let him have the whole of the walk. Little Miss Muffett would have been scared out of her senses if such a huge spider had "sat down beside her."

SPECIAL DISPATCH.

THE Little Schoolma'am says Thomson did n't say "*Hail*, gentle Spring!" He said, "Come, gentle Spring!" Dear, dear! I beg his pardon. But, like as not, some other poet said it, if Thomson did n't. Or perhaps they 've sung so much about Spring that March, taking it all to herself, thinks she may as well blow her own trumpet, too.

Poor March! In old times she used to be the first month of the year,—and now she is only the third. May be, that is what troubles her. Nobody likes to be put back in that way.

ABOUT PARROTS.

DEACON GREEN was talking about parrots the other day. He said he once knew a parrot that was not as polite as "Pippity," the one mentioned in a story called "Tower-Mountain." The parrot that he knew would swear whenever he opened his bill. It had been taught by the sailors on board the ship in which it had come from South America. When the deacon knew it, it belonged to the widow of a very strict minister. It had been brought to her by her nephew, a midshipman, as a Christmas present. It was lucky for him, just then, that the old lady was stone deaf. She was very cross with the neighbors when they told her what wicked words the bird used. It was a great pet, and she would not believe anything bad about it. But at last it swore at a visitor who was a bishop, and, soon after, it was no more.

Since the Deacon told that story I have had a paragram about another parrot; one that lived in Edinburgh, Scotland, five years ago. This one could laugh, weep, sing songs, make a noise like "smacking the lips," and talk. His talking was not merely by rote; he would speak at the right times, and say what was just right to be said then and there. He spoke the words plainly, bowed, nodded, shook his head, winked, rolled from side to side, or made other motions suited to the sense of what he was saying. His voice was full and clear, and he could pitch it high or low, and make it seem joyful or sad. Many curious tales are told of him, but the most remarkable thing about him is that he actually lived and really did the things named.

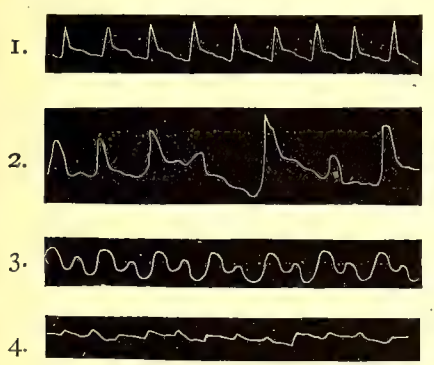
That 's what the paragram says. Stop—let me think a moment. May be that parrot himself sent it? But no; he was n't smart enough for *that;* I remember, now, the signature was "Chambers."

THE WRITING OF THE PULSE.

DID you ever hear of a sphygmograph? Of course not. Well, in its present improved state, it is something new and very wonderful. It takes its name from two Greek words, *sphugmos*, the pulse, and *grapho*, I describe. It is an implement to be used by physicians, and forces the patient's pulse to tell its own story, or, in other words, make a full confession of all its ups and downs and irregularities. Not only make a confession, my beloveds, but actually *write* it down in plain black and white!

So you see that a man's pulse in Maine may write a letter to a physician in Mexico, telling him just what it 's about, and precisely in what manner its owner's heart beats—how fast or slow, and, in fact, ever so much more.

Now, is n't that queer? Should you like to see some specimens of pulse-writing? Here they are:



No. 1, according to the doctors, writes that he is the pulse of a strong, healthy boy, and that his owner is getting on admirably. No. 2 writes that his proprietor has trouble with his heart. No. 3 tells a sad story of typhoid fever; and No. 4 says that his owner is dying.

I am only a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, you know, quite dependent upon what the birds and other bipeds tell me, so you cannot expect a full description and explanation of the sphygmograph here. Ask your papas and friends about it.

There 's a great deal going on in the world that you and I know very little about; but such things as the sphygmograph give us a hint of the achievements of science in its efforts to help God's children out of their many ills and pains.

The deacon says that, wonderful as the sphygmograph is, the pulse itself is more wonderful still —a fact which no good ST. NICHOLAS child will deny.

A PERUVIAN BONANZA.

YOU 'VE heard, I suppose, that they expect soon to open up a new and wonderfully rich deposit of silver in the mines of Peru? No! Well, then, it 's high time you were warned about it. Take your Jack's advice, my youngsters, and be very careful about things. Why, if they go on finding big bonanzas in this reckless way, silver will be too cheap for use as money! And then what will they do? They 'll have to use something in place of it, of course; but there 's no telling what it will be. Only think, they might choose double-almonds, or something of that kind!

But don't allow yourselves to be cast down about it, my dears. Try to keep up your spirits, and remember that, if the worst comes to the worst, good children will never be so plenty that people will cease to appreciate a good child. That 's a bit of solid comfort for you, any way.

LUMBER AND TIMBER.

WHICH of you can state the exact distinction, if there is any, between lumber and timber, without consulting the dictionary?

QUEER NAMES FOR TOWNS.

NOW, what am I to do with this? If the Little Schoolma'am sees it, she may want to give the boys and girls of the Red School-house a new sort of geography lesson, or perhaps a spelling task to her dictation. That would be a little hard on them; so perhaps I 'd better turn over the letter to you just as it is, my chicks.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Here are the names of some towns in the United States. They are so funny that I send them to you, and I hope you will like it. Do you think the Little Schoolma'am would know where all these places are?

Toby Guzzle, Ouray, Kickapoo, T. B., Ono, O. Z., Doe Gully Run, Omio, Nippenose, Eau Gallie, Need More, Kandiyohi, Nobob, Cob Moo Sa, We Wo Ka, Ty Ty, Osakis, Why Not, Happy Jack, U Bet, Choptack, Fussville, Good Thunder's Ford, Apopka, Burnt Ordinary, Crum Elbow, Busti, Cheektowaga, Yuba Dam, Dycusburgh, Chuckatuck, Ni Wot, Buck Snort, What Cheer, Forks of Little Sandy, Towash, Sopchoppy, Thiry Daems, Vicar's Switch, Omph Ghent, Peculiar.

I have found a great many more, but these are the queerest I could pick out.—Yours truly, WILLIAM B.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

HERE are two answers, out of the three, to the riddles I gave you last month: TOBACCO, and CARES (Caress). The archbishop's puzzle has been too much for you, I 'm afraid, my dears. I 'll give you until next month. Then we 'll see.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago I read in your delightful magazine a poem, entitled "Red Riding Hood," by John G. Whittier. It recalled to me some visits which I made to the great and good poet, my friend of many years.

My acquaintance with him began when I was a school-girl in Salem. Then he lived in Amesbury, on the "shining Merrimack," as he calls it, with his sister, a most beautiful and lovable person.

I remember distinctly my first visit to them. The little white house, with green blinds, on Friend street, looked very quiet and home-like, and when I received the warm welcome of the poet and his sister I felt that peace dwelt there. At one side of the house there was a little vine-wreathed porch, upon which opened the glass-door of the "garden room," the poet's favorite sitting room, the windows of which looked out upon a pleasant, old-fashioned garden. Against the walls were books and some pictures, among which were "Whittier's Birthplace in Haverhill," and "The Barefoot Boy," the latter illustrating the sweet little poem of that name.

In the parlor hung a picture of the loved and cherished mother, who had died some years before, a lovely, aged face, full of strength and sweet repose. In a case were some specimens of the bird referred to in "The Cry of a Lost Soul," a poem which so pleased the Emperor of Brazil that he sent these birds to the poet.

At the head of the staircase hung a pictured cluster of pansies, painted by a lady, a friend of the poet. He called my attention to their wonderful resemblance to human faces. In the chamber assigned to me hung a large portrait of Whittier, painted in his youth. It was just as I had heard him described in my childhood. There were the clustering curls, the smooth brow, the brilliant dark eyes, the firm, resolute mouth.

We spent a very pleasant evening in the little garden room, in quiet, cheerful conversation. The poet and his sister talked of their life on the old farm, which Whittier has described in "Snow Bound," and he showed me a quaint old book written by Thomas Elwood, a friend of Milton. It was the only book of poetry that Whittier had been able to get to read when a boy.

Like all distinguished writers, Whittier has a large number of letters from persons whom he does not know, and many strangers go to see him. Miss Whittier said that one evening the bell rang, and Whittier went to the door. A young man in officer's uniform stood there. "Is this Mr. Whittier?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer. "I only wanted to shake hands with you, sir," and grasping the poet's hand he shook it warmly, and hastened away.

Some years after my first visit a great sorrow befell Whittier in the loss of his sister. After that, a niece kept house for him. She is now married, and he spends most of his time with some cousins at "Oak Knoll," a delightful place near Danvers. It was there that I last had the pleasure of seeing him, one golden day in October. The house is situated on an eminence, surrounded by fine trees, which were then clad in their richest robes of crimson and bronze and gold. Through the glowing leaves we caught glimpses of the deep blue sky and the distant hills. We had a pleasant walk through the orchard, in which lay heaps of rosy apples, and across fields and meadows, where we gathered grasses and wild flowers. And we saw the pigs and cows and horses, and had the company of three splendid dogs, great favorites of the host. We had also for a companion a dear, bright little girl, a cousin of the poet. She is the "little lass," the "Red Riding Hood" of his poem.

After a most enjoyable day I came away reluctantly, but happy at leaving my friend in such a pleasant home, and among the charming and refreshing country scenes that he loves so well.—Yours truly,

C. L. F.

AGNES'S MOTHER, whose letter was printed in the "Letter-Box" for January last, will oblige the Editors by sending them Agnes's address.

Uxbridge, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, we stayed a week on Prudence Island, in Narragansett Bay, where the blackberries sprinkle thickly the ground, and mosquitoes, in some parts of the island, sprinkle thickly the air. Prudence, Patience, Hope, and Despair are four islands near together; they were named by the owner after his daughters. Prudence has some twelve or fifteen houses; but in Revolutionary times there were, it is said, seventy families on the island. The British set fire to everything, and the island was devastated. One old hornbeam-tree is pointed out as the only tree that escaped destruction. The wood of this kind of tree is so hard that it does not burn easily. This tree is sometimes called "iron wood," and "lever wood," as the wood is used to make levers. This old tree has all its branches at the top, umbrella-wise, as if the lower branches had been destroyed in some way, for it is not the nature of the tree to grow in this fashion. I could barely reach one little twig of pale, discolored leaves, to bring home as a memento. Prudence is the largest of the four islands. Patience, next in size, lies a little north of it. Hope, on the west side, is a picturesque mass of rock; and Despair lies just north of Hope, a solid rock, nearly or quite covered at high tide.

ADDY L. FARNUM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a question to ask you, and if you will answer it you will greatly oblige me. This is the question: May leaves be of any size to make a folio or quarto?—Yours truly, K.

A sheet of paper of any size, folded in two equal parts, makes two leaves of folio size; folded evenly once more, four leaves of quarto size. But book-publishers use these words arbitrarily. With them a sheet about 19 by 24 inches is supposed to be the proper size, unless otherwise specified. A folio leaf is, consequently, about 12 by 19 inches; a quarto leaf, about 9 by 12 inches: an octavo leaf, about 6 by 9 inches.

Fordham, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a Polish rooster. I wonder if you have ever seen one? If not, I will describe it. It has a very large top-knot, very much larger than a duck's, although it is not at all like it.

WILLIE A. RICHARDSON.

HERE is a letter that was sent to Santa Claus, last Christmas:

MR. SANTA CLAUSES,
NEW YORK CITY.

I don't know your number, but I gest you will get it.

MY DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUSES: I know you are awful poor for Mama sed so but I do want so Many things and when I Commence to Writting to you I feel like crying Cause you know my papa is dead and mama is auful poor to but I do want a Dolly so bad not like they give of the Christmas tree but a real Dolly that open and shut it eyes but O I want so many other things but I wont ask for them for you will Think I am auful selfage and want to Take evythink from others little Girls but when you ben all around if you have one picture Book left pleas send it to me Dear Santa Clauses plese don't forget me because I live in Perth Amboy From GRACE L. T.

New York City.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am reading a history of the late Civil War, and often come across names of different parts of an army. I would like to ask you two questions:

1. How many men usually are there in a corps, division, brigade, and company?

2. How many guns are there in a field-battery?

If you will answer these, you will greatly oblige your friend and reader,

GRANT SQUIRES.

In the United States service, the "company," in time of war, contains 98 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 3 officers; total, 101. The regiment consists of ten companies. A brigade usually consists of four regiments, and, if the ranks are full, should contain about 4,000 men. It sometimes happens that five or six regiments may be comprised in one brigade. A division contains usually three, sometimes four, brigades, and with full ranks would number from 12,000 to 15,000 men. A corps contains three divisions, and should number, say, 45,000 men. In actual conflict, these figures will, of course, widely vary; regiments being reduced by losses to, perhaps, an average of 300 men each, and the brigades, divisions, etc., to numbers correspondingly smaller. A field-battery has either four or six guns, in the United States service usually the latter number, and from 150 to 250 men. The English and French armies are not very dissimilar from our own in the matter of organization; but in the German army the company contains 250 men, and the regiment 3,000, and they have but two regiments in a brigade.

Pittsburg, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you what a nice time I had in vacation. I enjoyed the holidays so much that it makes me happy to tell everybody. Our Sunday-school gave a treat on Christmas night, and the church was very handsomely decorated. Above the center, in amongst the evergreen wreaths, was a shining star made by jets of gas. The pastor, Mr. Vincent, said this was to represent

the Star of Bethlehem. Then the large Christmas-tree was loaded with gifts, and when lighted up I pretty near thought I was going to see Aladdin's wonderful lamp and Cinderella from fairy-land. I am sure every one felt happy, and we sang the Christmas carols louder than ever, so loudly that the church trembled. But may be it was the organ made it tremble. LILLIE S.

MR. EDWIN HODDER, the author of the new serial, "Drifted into Port," which begins in this number, is an English gentleman, and he wrote this story, not only to tell the adventures of his heroes and his heroines, but to give American boys and girls an idea of life at an English school. We think that the doings of Howard, Digby, Madelaine, and the rest, will be greatly interesting to our readers, especially as these young people leave the school after a while, and have adventures of a novel kind in some romantic, sea-girt islands.

BESSIE G.—Your letter is not such a one as we are apt to answer in the "Letter-Box." But the best possible message we can send you, and one that you will understand, and apply to your own case, is a beautiful little poem which will interest all readers. We shall give it to you entire. We take it from a treasured old newspaper slip, and regret that we do not know the author's name,

THE SINGING-LESSON.

A nightingale made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune,
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
  But was far too proud to speak.
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
  Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
  Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,
  She FELT them snicker and sneer,
She thought this life was too long,
  And wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale!" cooed a dove,
  "O nightingale, what 's the use,
You bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
  Like a common, contemptible fowl:
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done;
  Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun,
  From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
  Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best
  You need only SPEAK."

The nightingale shyly took
  Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
  Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
  The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
  To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
  She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
  And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
  She knew but little about;
And this story 's a moral, I know,
  If you 'll try to find it out!

Northern Vermont.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Little Joanna" is only three years and a half old, but her father and mother take the ST. NICHOLAS for her; and although she is so very young, she enjoys it as much as the older ones. She liked the little poem called "Cricket on the Hearth," and has learned to repeat some of it. In the December number she liked the poem about the tea-kettle; she cries every time she hears about poor "Little Tweet," and laughs at the "Magician and his Bee," and at Polly's stopping the horses with the big green umbrella. But she laughs the hardest at the picture of the little girl who was so afraid of the turtle, and Edna, the kitchen-girl, told her if the turtle should get hold of the little girl's toe, he would n't let go till it thundered. After "Little Joanna" has seen the pictures and heard the stories she can understand, her mamma sends the ST. NICHOLAS to some little cousins in Massachusetts, who in their turn forward it to some more cousins in far away Iowa. So we all feel the ST. NICHOLAS merits the heartiest welcome of any magazine.—Yours,

"LITTLE JOANNA'S" AUNTIE.

Dayton, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your "Letter-Box" so much, and I always read it first. My brother and I fight which shall read ST. NICHOLAS first. He always speaks for it the month before. Then sister reads it out loud to keep us quiet. I wish we had had more of the Pattŭkins. I liked them real well

The biggest thing in Dayton is the Soldiers' Home, three miles from town. It is the largest of all the Homes, though they have a small one at Milwaukee, Wis., and several others. They have three thousand disabled soldiers here, and a big hospital, a church built of stone, barracks, stores, dining-room, library, and everything just like a little town. Then lovely lawns, gardens, lakes, fountains, rustic bridges, etc. Lots of people say it is much prettier than Central Park, and I think so, too. The soldiers have most all of them lost their legs or arms, and some both. Lots of blind ones lost their sight in battle, from the powder. They get tipsy, too,—I guess because they get tired and feel sick. Nobody cares, only they get locked up and fined. Papa says he don't believe blue ribbon will keep them sober. Everybody wears blue ribbon here, but I don't, because I don't want to get tipsy anyhow.

General Butler is the big boss of the Home. He comes every fall, and walks around. They always have an arch for him. Colonel Brown is Governor. He only has one arm, and was in Libby Prison. I wish the boys and girls could all come and spend the day here. They have a big deer-park, and lots of animals of all kinds, as good as a show, and a splendid band that gives concerts, and they have dress parades by the Brown Guards. I asked Papa how much it cost to run it a year, and he wrote down for me, so I would not forget, $360,740.81, last year. Hope you will find room to publish this. Harry says you wont. Harry is my brother.—Your friend, CLARENCE SNYDER.

Trenton, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read a great many letters in your ST. NICHOLAS, and I always like to read them, for they are so funny. So I thought I would write you a letter and tell you about my poor little cat. It was given me when two weeks old, and I only had it a month before it died—and, do you believe, I saw it die! It was taken sick, and I cried awful. I don't know what was the matter with it, but I think it had the colic, for it lay as quiet as a mouse; and then it died. Oh, how sorry I was! My friend got a little box and buried it right under my window, so I could often think of it. So I hope you will all wish me better luck with my cats. Be sure and give my love to Jack.—From your little friend, JENNIE H.

San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often read in the "Letter-Box" some other little stories which boys and girls have written.

I will now write about the wire-cable railroads of this city. The first one constructed was on Clay street, between Kearney street and Leavenworth street. The road has now been continued out to Van Ness avenue.

The second was constructed by the Sutter Street R. R. Company from Sansom street to Larkin street, a distance of one mile.

The best of all the railroads in the city is on California street, between Kearney and Fillmore streets, a distance of two miles. It is considered the best built wire-cable road in the United States, and is owned by the great railroad king of California, Leland Stanford.

I have a little railroad track seven and a half feet long, with fifteen feet of string, which I call a cable. The invention of the gripping attachment is my own. R. H. BASFORD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please, for a few moments, imagine yourself blind, deaf and dumb, so that you may have a fair idea of the boy about whom I want to tell you?

His name is James Caton. He is fifteen years old and lives in the Deaf Mute Institution, on the Hudson River, near New York. He was born deaf and dumb, and two years ago a severe sickness left him blind. Before this he had learned to read and write, and talk with his fingers. He uses a pencil and his fingers to ask for what he wants, and tell you how he feels. People can talk to him by spelling words with their fingers against the palm of his hand, and he is so bright and quick that they cannot spell too fast for him. He is fond of his lessons, but sometimes, in adding a long column of figures, he makes mistakes that vex him sadly. Only think how hard it must be

to add twenty or thirty large numbers that you cannot see! But when James finds his temper rising he puts it right down, calls back his patience, and goes to work more strenuously than ever. One day, his teacher, a lady, told him the Bible story of Cain, who killed his brother and became a wanderer. Some time after, she asked him "Who was Cain?" and he answered, "Cain was a tramp!" She takes pains to tell him about the great events of the day, such as the dreadful war between Russia and Turkey, and he understands this so well that he can describe it with wonderful effect. He stands out on the floor like an orator, and with the most graceful, animated and expressive signs and gestures, gives the positions of the armies, their meeting, the beating of the drums, the waving of the flags, and the firing of the cannon. Watching him, one can see the battle-field and all its pomp and horror.

James was in the country during the summer, and there he lay on the soft grass, smelled the sweet flowers, and tried to remember their forms and colors. He leaned against the strong tree trunks and measured them with his arms, and the sweet, cool breezes from the river came to refresh and strengthen him.

James has a chum, Charles McCormick, who is almost as badly off as himself—perhaps you will think him worse off. He was born deaf and dumb, and when three years old he fell on the railroad track and the cars cut off both his arms! These two boys love each other dearly. They go into the woods together to gather flowers. Charles goes first because he has the eyes, and when he finds the flowers he stoops down and touches them with the stump of his arm, while James passes his hand down his friend's shoulder and picks them! So they do together what neither could do alone, and both are as happy as birds!—Your friend, E. S. MILLER.

Hampstead, England.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and this is the first time I have ever written to you, so I am going to tell you about my dear little squirrel, "Bob." He is beautifully soft, and his back and head are gray, but his legs and tail are red; he has four long teeth, and he bites very much, if we vex him. He eats nuts and fruit, and he is very fond of bread and milk. When we had him first, he used to run up the curtains and bite them all into holes. Every Sunday he would be brought downstairs while we were at dinner, and papa would give him nuts; but he got so cross that papa would not let him come down again. In the summer, we brought out his cage into the garden; but one Sunday papa opened the cage door, and out jumped Bob. He ran to the wall (which was all covered with ivy), and began to climb it; but papa caught him by his hind-leg and stopped him, and he gave papa such a bite on his hand. So I would not let him go out again. Last summer, mamma took us all down to Wales; but it was too far to take Bob, so we left him to my governess, who took him home with her. But one unlucky day she let him out in the conservatory, and did not shut the window; so he got a chance and ran away out into the road, and he did not come back. She offered a reward, and two days afterward he was found outside the window of an empty house. Soon after that we all came home, and I was very glad to see Bob again, naughty as he was. There is a very funny thing which I ought to have told about first; it is that my Bob was brought up by a cat, and not in the woods at all. I do not think there is anything more to tell you about him.—I am your little reader, LAURA B. LEWIS.

HOW TO MAKE A FAIRY FOREST.

IN the first place, you must live in the country, where you can find that early spring flower, the blood-root or *sanguinaria*. Wherever it grows it generally is seen in great abundance—flowering in the Middle States about the first of April. The roots are tuberous, resembling Madeira vines, and they do not penetrate very deeply into the earth. Therefore, when the ground is not frozen on its surface, these tubers can be quite easily procured. In the latter part of March, after removing a layer of dead leaves, or a light covering of leaf mold, the plants may be found, and, at that time will have large brown or greenish brown buds in great abundance, all very neatly wrapped up in conical rolls. A basket should be carefully filled with these tubers, without shaking all the earth from them, and some of the flakiest and greenest pieces of moss that can be found adhering to the rocks must also be put into the basket.

When you reach home, take a large dish or pan and dispose these tubers upon it, first having sprinkled it ever so lightly with the earth found in the bottom of the basket. Place the roots quite close together, taking care to keep the large, pointed, live-looking buds on the top, pack them closely, side by side, until the dish is full, then lay your bits of moss daintily over them, or between them when the beds are large, set them in the sweet spring sunshine, in a south or east window, sprinkle them daily with slightly tepid water, and on some fine morning you will find a little bed of pure white flowers, that will tell you a tale of the woods which will charm your young souls.

Sanguinaria treated in this way will generally so far anticipate its natural time of flowering as to present you the smiling, perfumed faces of its blossoms while the fields may yet be covered with snow.

But this is not the end. After these snowy blossoms have performed their mission of beauty, they will drop off upon the carpet of moss, and, in a short time, will be succeeded by the leaves of the plant, which are large and irregular, but very beautiful, and each leaf is supported by a stem which comes directly from the ground, giving the impression of a miniature tree. A large dish of these little trees springing from the moss makes the Fairy Forest, and an imaginative girl, or possibly boy, well steeped in fairy lore, may imagine many wonderful things to happen herein.

If you have little friends or relatives who live in the city and cannot go into the woods to look for the sanguinaria, you can easily pack a pasteboard box full of the roots and moss, and send it to them by express, or, if it is not too heavy, by mail.

GRANDMOTHER GREY.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

A COMMON ADAGE.

WEL TS

LITERARY ENIGMA.

1. My 26 39 66 55 40 48 44 11 12 is a poet of ancient Greece.
2. My 25 24 33 8 42 is a poet of ancient Italy.
3. My 69 36 14 51 18 3 41 is a poet of England.
4. My 22 58 65 37 9 by 59 21 53 23 47 28 is a German poem.
5. My 47 62 64 38 is a historian of England.
6. My 30 46 54 48 15 32 is a popular American writer.
7. My 34 7 46 57 41 50 70 is a Scottish writer.
8. My 6 13 67 16 1 17 68 63 5 52 is an English poet.
9. My 47 24 2 23 10 68 63 43 4 is an American writer of fiction.
10. My 49 41 19 56 35 is an eminent geologist.
11. My 16 24 27 41 is a scientist of England.
12. My 45 61 60 67 37 13 31 is one of America's living writers.
13. My 61 7 20 29 is another American writer.

The whole is an extract of two lines (seventy letters) from a noted English poem. F. H. R.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

IN each of the following sentences fill the blank or blanks in the first part with words whose letters, when transposed, will suitably fill the remaining blank or blanks.

1. —— —— —— words with a man in a ——. 2. Did you see the tiger —— on me with his —— eyes? 3. McDonald said: "—— —— ragged —— remind you of Scotland." 4. The knots may be —— more easily than ——. 5. —— —— told me an —— which amused all in his tent. 6. I hung the —— on the —— round of the rack. 7. The witness is of small value if he can —— —— information that is more —— than this. 8. The —— —— as they look over the precipices in their steep ——. B.

EASY REVERSALS.

1. REVERSE a color, and give a poet. 2. Reverse a musical pipe, and give an animal. 3. Reverse an entrance, and give a measure of surface. 4. Reverse an inclosure, and give a vehicle. 5. Reverse part of a ship, and give an edible plant. 6. Reverse a noose, and give a small pond. 7. Reverse a kind of rail, and give a place of public sale. 8. Reverse sentence passed, and give temper of mind. 9. Reverse a portion, and give an igneous rock. 10. Reverse an apartment, and give an upland. ISOLA.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

THE first and ninth words, together, make vegetables that grow in the second upon the third in the fourth; the eighth, a girl, after performing the fifth upon the first and ninth in the fourth, pulling the second the while, did the sixth to get them into the house; here the eighth soon had them upon the seventh, cooking for dinner.

Perpendicular, heavy; horizontal, picking. G. L. C.

CURTAILMENTS AND BEHEADINGS.

To the name of a gifted man,
Affix a letter, if you can,
And find his avocation.

Curtail a piece of work he did,
You 'll find a word that now is hid,—
A madman's occupation.

Behead another, you will find
Measures of a certain kind
Used by the English nation. G. L. C.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE whole, composed of fourteen letters, names the hero of a well-known book. The 1 7 3 4 8 is a singing-bird of America. The 9 10 2 6 12 is a religious emblem. The 13 11 5 9 14 is an Oriental animal. ISOLA.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM PROVERB-PUZZLE.



THE answer is a proverb of five words. Each numeral beneath the pictures represents a letter in the word of the proverb indicated by that numeral,—4 showing that the letter it designates belongs to the fourth word of the proverb, 3 to the third word, and so on.

Find a word that describes each picture and contains as many letters as there are numerals beneath the picture itself. This is the first process.

Then put down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, to correspond with the words of the proverb. Group beneath figure 4 all the letters designated by the numeral 4 in the numbering beneath the pictures (since, as already stated, all the letters there designated by the numeral 4 belong to the fourth word of the proverb). You will thus have in a group all the letters that the fourth word contains, and you then will have only to transpose those letters in order to form the word itself. Follow the same process of grouping and transposition in forming each of the remaining words of the proverb. Of course, the transposition need not be begun until all the letters are set apart in their proper groups. J. B.

AN OLD MAXIM,

BEHEADED AND CURTAILED.

—IGH— —are— —pea—, —rea— —ne— —r— —um—. C. D.

EASY UNIONS.

1. JOIN ease and an ornament, by a vowel, and make recovering—thus: rest-o-ring (restoring). 2. Join pleasant to the taste to a boy's nickname, by a vowel, and make honeyed. 3. Join to bury to a bite of an insect, by a vowel, and make what pleasant stories are. C. D.

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. Portion of an ode. 2. A musical drama. 3. Soon. 4. Marked. 5. Flowers.

DOWN: 1. In a cave. 2. A river. 3. To unclose. 4. The second dignitary of a diocese. 5. A mistake. 6. High. 7. An affirmative. 8. A prefix. 9. In a shop. CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ACROSTIC.

THE WHOLE.

BROTHERS are we, alike in form and mien,
Sometimes apart, but oft together seen.
One labors on, and toils beneath his load;
The other idly follows on the road.
One parts the sleeping infant's rosy lips;
The other veils the sun in dark eclipse.
One rises on the breath of morn, with scent
Of leaf and flower in fragrant incense blent;
The other's wavering aspiration dies
And falls where still the murky shadow lies.
At hospitable boards my first attends,
And greets well pleased the social group of friends;
But if my second his grim face shall show,
How dire the maledictions sent below!
Yet there are those who deem his presence blest,
A fitting joy to crown the social feast,
And make for him a quiet, calm retreat,
Where friends with friends in loving concourse meet.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. Two brothers ever keeping side by side,
The closer they are pressed the more do they divide.

2. Brothers again unite their ponderous strength,
Toiling all day throughout its tedious length.

3. I never met my sister; while she flies
I can but follow, calling out replies.

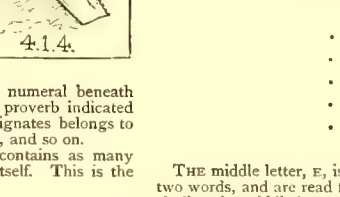
4. A casket fair, whose closely covered lid
A mother's hope, a nation's promise, hid.

5. A plant once used to drive sharp pain away,
Not valued greatly in this later day,
Except by those who fly when they are ill
To test the virtues of a patent pill. S. A. B.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

IN fruit, but not in flower; a period of time; a fresh-water fish; a sea-bird; in strength, but not in power. ISOLA.

MALTESE-CROSS PUZZLE.

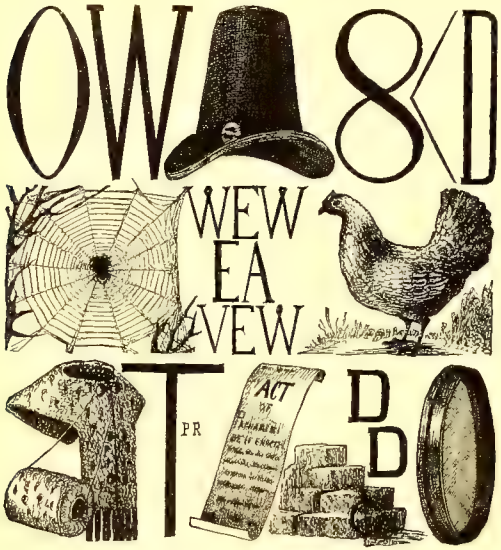


THE middle letter, E, is given in the diagram. The centrals form two words, and are read from top to bottom and from side to side, including the middle letter. The words that form the limbs of the cross are read from the outside toward the center, those forming the top and bottom limbs being read horizontally, and those that form the arms, downward.

CENTRAL PERPENDICULAR: Perfume.
CENTRAL HORIZONTAL: Strained.
TOP LIMB: 1. New. 2. A boy's name. 3. A consonant.
BOTTOM LIMB: 1. Plain. 2. A deed. 3. A consonant.
LEFT ARM: 1. Existence. 2. A tavern. 3. A consonant.
RIGHT ARM: 1. Unready. 2. A tree. 3. A consonant
A. C. CRETT.

POETICAL REBUS.

THE answer is a couplet in Sir Walter Scott's poem "Marmion."



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE whole, eleven letters, is a songster. The 1 2 3 4 is adjacent. The 5 6 7 is a metal. The 8 9 10 11 is a current of air. ISOLA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. WHAT wood is sometimes called. 2. A character in "Hamlet." 3. Customary. 4. An underling of Satan's. 5. A common shrub. 6. A boy's name meaning "manly." 7. An animal. 8. A place of security. 9. A body of water. 10. A large bird of the vulture family. 11. The home of the gods in Greek mythology. 12. A preposition. 13. A spelled number.

The initials name a female author, and the finals a male author.

S. M. P.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

1. TAKE a bird from a saint's name, and leave something ladies wear. 2. Take the present from understanding, and leave a chief. 3. Take part of a fish from explained, and leave a will. 4. Take a forfeit from cultivated, and leave a color. 5. Take an insect from needed, and leave joined. 6. Take a vessel from to supply, and leave to angle. CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

My first may be made of my last,
And carries mechanical force.
My last both lives and dyes for man,
May often be seen as a horse,
And serves him by day and by night
In ways very widely apart.
My whole is the name, well renowned,
Of a chief in the potter's art. L. W. H.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE and curtail a greenish mineral, and leave a Turkish officer. 2. Syncopate and curtail a royal ornament, and leave a domestic animal. 3. Syncopate and curtail a fabled spirit, and leave a coniferous tree. 4. Syncopate and curtail a small fruit, and leave an opening. 5. Syncopate and curtail a motive power, and leave a body of water. 6. Syncopate and curtail colorless, and leave a humorous man. 7. Syncopate and curtail stops, and leave a head-covering. 8. Syncopate and curtail a sweet substance, and leave an agricultural implement. 9. Syncopate and curtail a carpenter's tool, and leave an insect. 10. Syncopate and curtail coins, and leave an inclosure. I.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ACROSTIC.—Initials, Birch; finals, Maple; horizontals, BeaM, IdA, RomP, CorraL. HousE.

SQUARE-WORD.—Ruler, Unite, Lithe, Ethel, Reels.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—Vivid.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.—Minnehaha.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.—1. Foil, oil. 2. Spear, pear. 3. Feel, eel. 4. Sledge, ledge. 5. Stag, tag. 6. Mace, ace. 7. Goats, oats. 8. Draw, raw. 9. Galley, alley.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Subtle, bustle. 2. Shah, hash. 3. Shearer, hearers. 4. Sharper, harpers. 5. Resorted, restored. 6. Negus, genus.

CHARADE.—Manhattan (Man-hat-tan).

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Queen Charlotte (1) went to Cork (2) to attend a ball. She there met Three Sisters (3), named as follows: Alexandria (4), Augusta (5), and Adelaide (6), in whom she was much interested. Her dress was Cashmere (7), and though elegantly trimmed with Brussels (8), it was, unfortunately, Toulon and Toulouse [too long and too loose] (9). As she felt chilly [Chili] (10), she wore around her shoulders a Paisley (11) shawl. Her jewelry was exclusively a Diamond (12). Her shoes were of Morocco (13), and her handkerchief was perfumed with Cologne (14). Being a Superior (15) dancer, she had distinguished partners, whose names were Washington (16), Columbus (17), Madison (18), Montgomery (19), Jackson (20), and Raleigh (21). Having boldly said that she was hungry [Hungary] (22), she was escorted by La Fayette (23) to a Table (24), where she freely partook of Salmon (25), some Sandwich[es] (26), Orange (27), Champagne (28), and some Madeira (29). After passing a Pleasant (30) evening, she bade Farewell (31) to her hostess and was escorted home by Prince Edward (32).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Chinamen (chin-amen).

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.—1. Hare (hair). 2. Beholder (bee-holder, the hive). 3. Ear. 4. Clause (claws). 5. Wings. 6. Comb (honey-comb on the ground). 7. Branch. 8. Leaves. 9 and 10. B I (bee-eye). 11. Tongue. 12. Pause (paws).

CURTAILMENTS.—1. Teasel, tease, teas. 2. Planet, plane, plan. 3. Marsh, Mars, mar, ma. 4. Panel, pane, pan, pa.

COMPLETE DIAGONAL.—Diagonals from left to right downward: 1. L. 2. Ed. 3. Sir. 4. Aver. 5. Eager. 6. Dale. 7. Law. 8. Po. 9. L.

Horizontals:

E A S E L
D A V I D
L A G E R
P A L E R
L O W E R

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Helen's Babies.

SQUARE-WORD.—Czar, Zero, Arms, Rose.

ANAGRAM DOUBLE-DIAMOND AND CONCEALED DOUBLE-SQUARE.

Double Diamond:

```
    S
  A T E
S P A R E
  E R A
    E
```

Concealed Square:

```
A T E
P A R
E R A
```

PICTORIAL PROVERB PUZZLE.—"Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES in the January number were received, before January 18, from Jas. J. Ormsbee, Fred M. Pease, Morris H. Turk, Susie Hermance, M. W. Collet, Eddie Vultee, A. B. C., "M'sieur B. M.", Alice and Mamie Taylor, Constance Grandpierre and Sadie Duffield, Winnie Brookline, Charlie and Carrie Moyses, O. A. D., Baron P. Smith, F. U., Mary B. Smith, Milly E. Adams and Perry Adams, W. H. C., Anita O. Ball, "Bessie and her Cousin," Georgie Law, K. L. McD., Mary Wharton Wadsworth, Nessie E. Stevens, Inez Okey, Nellie Baker, E. Farnham Todd, Daisy Breaux, Lillie B. Dear, Mary C. Warren, Georgietta N. Congdon, "King Wompster," Nellie Emerson; 255 Indiana street, Chicago; Bessie Cary, Henry D. Todd, Jr., Finda Lippen, Jennie Beach, Mary Todd, Anna E. Mathewson, Nellie Kellogg, Lucy E. Johnson, Charles Behrens, Clara H. Hollis, Nellie Dennis, E. S. P., Bessie and Houghton Gilman, May C. Woodruff, George Herbert White, H. Howell, Lizzie B. Clark; Bessie T. B. Benedict, of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, England; B. M., and Jennie Wilson.

"Oriole" answered all the puzzles in the January number.



KITTY AND THE TURKISH MERCHANT.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. APRIL, 1878. NO. 6.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

HOW KITTY WAS LOST IN A TURKISH BAZAAR.

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

KITTY was a pretty little girl, with gray, laughing eyes, and a dimple in each cheek; but from the time when she first commenced to toddle alone she began to be dangerously fond of running away from home. Let a door be ajar ever so little and out pattered the tiny feet into the streets of the crowded city and all sorts of dangers. Papa and mamma had long consultations of what should be done to correct this fault, while Aunt Martha, looking over her spectacles, timidly suggested a little birch tea; but mamma would not listen to that. Kitty was too small for any such bitter dose yet, and papa, who rather admired Aunt Martha's suggestion, declared finally that his wife must settle the matter herself—he "did n't know how to train a girl."

So Kitty, left to an indulgent mother, went on her way, and hardly a day passed but the cry went from cellar to attic, "Kitty is gone!" Nurses without number came and went; they could never "stand Miss Kitty's strange ways."

The little one had reached her fifth year without any serious injury, notwithstanding her unfortunate habit, when there came a time of great anxiety in their home, for her mamma was ill, growing paler and weaker every day. The physicians suggested a winter in Egypt, and a trip up the Nile; so, one bright October day, the family, consisting of the father and mother, with Kitty and her nurse, sailed away from New York in a steamer bound for Liverpool. Kitty was delighted with the novelty of everything she saw on this grand trip. She did not once attempt to run away during the whole of the long journey to Egypt, though all the time, and especially in Liverpool, Maggie never failed to keep her "under her eye."

On a bright, warm November afternoon they sailed into the harbor of Alexandria, and Kitty held tightly to Maggie's hand in open-mouthed astonishment at the novelty of the scene. Vessels of all sizes and descriptions thronged the harbor, carrying crews from many strange nations—Arabs with long flowing robes and swarthy skins, black Nubians and portly Turks, all screaming, apparently at the top of their voices. Kitty's mamma had read to her little girl some stories from the "Arabian Nights," and now, as they approached this eastern land, they mingled curiously in her little brain. They were not long in landing, and as they drove to the hotel on the Grand Square, Kitty fairly gave herself up to staring about the streets. Here came a file of tall camels laden with merchandise, stalking along with silent tread; there rode a fat Turk on a very small donkey; then followed several ladies riding upon donkeys, and each wearing the invariable street costume of Egyptian ladies—a black silk mantle, with a white muslin face-veil which conceals all the features except the eyes. Kitty admired the Syce men running before the carriages to clear the way, and as she looked at their spangled vests and white, long sleeves waving backward while they ran, she inwardly wished it

had been her position in life to be a Syce. What could be more delightful and exciting!

Then there were the palm-trees and the water-carriers, with their goat-skins of water slung over their shoulders, and the bazaars—all most interesting to our travelers. But Kitty was too young to feel more than a dim surprise at the objects around her. She knew nothing, of course, of the history of Alexandria, once the first city in the world, where Euclid presided over the school in mathematics, and Aristotle studied and gave instruction. Here stood those vast libraries founded by Ptolemy Soter, which were subsequently destroyed, and here St. Mark presided over the church of Africa. Yet all this was unknown to Kitty, who was much more interested in the good dinner set before her at the hotel, with its dessert of fresh dates and great luscious grapes, and the comfortable bed which received her tired little form that night.

"Maggie," said the invalid mother the next morning, "don't let Kitty go out of your sight. I 'm so nervous about her."

"Oh no, mum!" replied Maggie, re-assuringly. "Shure and I 'll watch her like a cat does a mouse," and the good Irish girl kept her word, so that the two days spent in Alexandria were disturbed by no frights concerning Kitty. At last they were off again, this time in the cars for Cairo. On, on they went, villages on either hand, and such funny houses, such as Kitty had never seen before, and mud hovels with domed roofs, but without windows and often without doors.

"Shure," said Maggie, eyeing these rude dwelling-places with great disdain, "it 's glad I am that me mother was not an Egyptian, to bring me up in a poor hoot loike thim."

For a time Kitty gazed wonderingly on the swiftly passing scenes, but by and by the little head drooped, the eyelids closed, and Maggie took the sleeping child into her lap, and let her sleep there until they reached the railroad station at Cairo and stepped out into the din and confusion of the motley crowd. With a bewildered look Kitty leaned back in the carriage which conveyed them to the New Hotel, opposite the Esbekiyah Gardens; then, as they approached the entrance, she looked up at the great building with its many balconies and columns, and exclaimed: "It looks just like a big church organ, mamma."

Many exciting days followed before they left for their trip up the Nile. The bright sunshine of that cloudless sky appeared to revive the invalid. It seemed, she said, as if she could feel it warm in her lungs and heart, and she brightened so in the change that they all gathered hope and courage, and went about on merry little trips to the many objects of interest around Cairo, before their floating home was ready for their departure. Kitty made friends of everybody, and had funny pantomime conversations with the Arab waiter who took charge of their rooms, examining curiously the long blue robe which he wore, and the red fez with its black tassel on his head. "It 's awful funny," she said, "to see people calling the waiters by clapping their hands instead of ringing a bell; I think it 's a very strange country!" So saying she would walk up and down the long rooms with her hands folded behind her as she had seen her papa do.

Such donkey rides as Kitty and her papa had over the hard, smooth road leading to the pyramids, with the long shadows of the acacias before them! And then, how she teased him to buy a donkey for her to take to America! But he only smiled in reply, saying, in true Arab fashion, "Bookrer" (to-morrow).

They spent one day in the bazaars buying all sorts of beautiful sashes, in brilliant colors, of Turkish embroidery. One bore the Sultan's name in the Turkish language, worked with gold threads, and another had the motto, "God is good," worked in blue and silver. Then there were shawls "perfectly lovely," said the little New York girl, boxes of sandal-wood that she longed to be smelling of continually, a pair of slippers and a gold-embroidered smoking cap to be taken home to Uncle Harry, and a beautiful cloak and table-cover for Aunt Martha.

But, alas! this visit awoke Kitty's long-slumbering propensity, and she determined to watch for a good opportunity and go alone to that wonderful bazaar. The opportunity soon came. It was just after breakfast. Maggie had gone to the laundry with some of Kitty's white dresses. Papa was talking with a French gentleman about New York, while mamma was yet sleeping. "What a splendid chance!" whispered Kitty, and catching up her sailor hat she sped away through a side entrance and down the Mouski, which is the Broadway of Cairo. It is a narrow, crowded street, with tall houses, every story projecting a little over the one under it, so that if you should lean from a window of the upper floor you might shake hands with your opposite neighbor. Kitty's bump of locality was pretty well developed, and she found the way to the bazaar without any trouble. In her chubby hand was clasped a little gold five-franc piece, which had been given her the previous day, and visions of glittering treasures which should be bought with that tiny gold piece floated before her eyes. She hurried on by the quaint fountains which are placed at the corners of the bazaars, to cheer those water-worshiping people, and soon found herself amid the charms and mysteries of the

bazaar, and in front of the little shops like bow-windows, with their owners sitting cross-legged in the midst of their goods, smoking and waiting indifferently for a customer. Walking toward one of these turbaned merchants, Kitty said, with a queer attempt at dignity, "Please show me some shawls."

But this clearly spoken sentence was all lost on the foreign merchant, to whom English was an unknown language.

"Anni mush ariff," said the man, puffing away at his pipe, and deliberately settling himself among his cozy cushions, as if for a long and dreamy nap.

Kitty, of course, did not understand Arabic, and the words, which really signified, "I don't understand," sounded to her unpracticed ears like "I am a *sheriff!*" a word which was always associated in the little runaway's mind with policemen, a class of persons who were to Kitty objects of tyranny and terror.

"Oh, dear," whispered Kitty, "if he is a sheriff, may be he 'll arrest me and lock me up." So saying she fled from the presence of the astonished merchant, and darted round a corner through a motley crowd of donkeys, camels, and beggars blind and maimed. And now, her momentary fright over, she entered a still more narrow way, where were stalls of glittering diamonds set in every imaginable form, and gems of all sorts and sizes, arranged in brilliant order. Kitty forgot everything in her admiration. "I mean to buy a diamond pin. I just do!" she exclaimed, and, accosting the man, asked the price of a huge crescent of gems.

"Allah!" cried the man, rousing from his languor. And then, in his own language, he said to Kitty: "Little lady, where are you going? Are your papa and mamma gone?"

Kitty looked silently and wonderingly at the kind-hearted merchant a moment, and then her little mind began to realize that she was among a strange people who could not understand a word that she might say. The tears began to come in the gray eyes, and turning, she said, "I will go home." But which way? Her little head grew bewildered, and, to crown all, an immense camel stalking along with silent tread nearly stepped on her little foot. She cried in earnest now, and the merchant kindly lifted her up beside him on a soft, Turkish rug, right in the midst of the flashing gems.

Quite a crowd had gathered now, listening eagerly while the man pictured in earnest language the position of the lost child. But none knew little Kitty; not a soul could speak to her in all that motley crowd of camel drivers, donkey boys, beggars, milkmen with their goats, merchants and dark-eyed women wrapped in their mantles and veils. There was none to help her. Suddenly, out from the crowd came a young Arab boy, one of those little fellows who carry about with them a vest full of snakes, exhibiting them for a living in front of hotels and other public places.

"Me know she!" he cried, as his eyes fell on the little girl sitting there on the rich Turkish carpet, her soft, golden hair floating around her, more beautiful than all the merchant's gold and jewels.

The boy rapidly addressed the merchant, Kitty catching at the words, and trying in vain to understand them. They seemed to satisfy the merchant, however, and then the boy, pushing down a restless snake into its retreat, advanced to the troubled child.

"You Americano," he said. "Me see you in New Hotel. You want see papa? Me tek you."

Kitty started up delighted; but at the sight of that inquisitive snake making its re-appearance from the boy's pocket, she retreated and sat down again amid the jewels. The merchant laughed. "She likes my diamonds, Mahomet, better than your ugly reptiles." Then, taking a little gold ring set with a small blue turquoise, he placed it on Kitty's first finger and lifted her off the carpet, calling as he did so to a passing donkey boy, and giving him some hurried instructions. Kitty smiled her thanks for her pretty ring, and seeing the snake boy looking fiercely at the donkey boy, who had lifted her into the saddle, "Come, too," she said, "you can talk, and this boy can't." So the two boys ran alongside of the donkey, watching carefully lest the little rider should fall; and very soon they emerged from the bazaar and were galloping along the Mouski.

Meantime, Kitty's absence had been discovered at the hotel, and great excitement followed. Her mamma fainted, and Maggie wrung her hands in anxiety and despair. Her papa alone was cool and collected.

"She has run away so many times," said he, quietly, "that I have no doubt she will come home safely, as always before."

Nevertheless, he dispatched messengers without number here and there, and looked anxiously out into the streets for that dear little yellow head he so loved. It was nearly noon when he saw it—the bright sun glaring down on the tired little face under the sailor hat. He was going to be very stern as he lifted his naughty child from the saddle, but she looked so repentant, putting up her quivering lips for a forgiving kiss, that somehow his anger fled away and he gave her the pardoning caress. The two boys were sent away happy, with a generous baksheesh or present, and the next day

Kitty's father sought out the kind-hearted jewel merchant and bought many a gem from his choice collection. Among them was a locket for Kitty, in which he then placed his own and her mother's picture.

"Kitty," he said, gravely, as he hung the pretty thing about her neck, "when you are tempted to do wrong, open this locket, and think how it will pain two hearts that love you."

"Papa," said the repentant Kitty, "I never will run away again."

And she kept her word. So it came to pass that our little heroine lost her evil propensity in the Turkish bazaar at Cairo.

"I'M A LITTLE STORY."

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



YOU'D never guess what 't was I found
One morning in my basket;
Oh! such a precious, precious gem
For such a funny casket.

Gem, did I say? A wealth of gems:
Sweet eyes of sapphire brightness,
And, 'twixt two lips of coral red,
Pearls dazzling in their whiteness.

And gold was there on waving hair,
And lilies too, and roses
On rounded cheeks, and dimpled chin
And cunningest of noses.

"In here, mamma," the darling cried.
"Look! I'm a little story;
The one you did n't like, you know—
'Prince Bee and Morning Glory.'

"And Rover, he 's a jingle, torn
'Cause he went wrong—poor Rover!
But *I* 'm real pretty. Wont you take
Me out and write me over?"

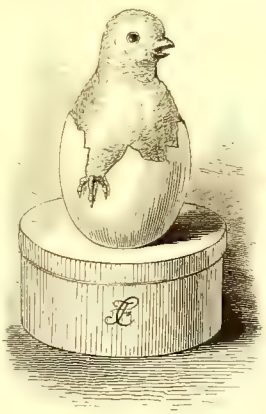
I kissed the laughing eyes and mouth.
"My pet, you need not ask it;
No story sweet as you must stay
In mamma's old waste-basket!"

EASTER IN GERMANY.

By F. E. Corne.

"Oh, look! look! all those pretty little Easter things in the window already!" exclaimed my little sister one day, as we passed one of the largest confectionery stores in Stuttgart; and, true enough, though Lent was but half over, there they were, a pretty show. Eggs, of course, in quantities and of all sizes, from that of an ostrich to a humming bird's, made of chocolate or of sugar, and gayly decorated with little ribbons and pictures. Then there were fat little unfledged chickens, some just emerging from their shells, some not an inch long, and others large as life; pure white lambs, with ribbons and bells round their necks; paste-eggs, with holes at the ends, and, looking through, behold, a panorama inside! and eggs with roses on one side, which, when blown upon, emit a musical sound.

But odder than all these were the goats playing on guitars, or dragging behind them fairy-like egg-shaped carriages, with little hares gravely driving; and in others of these carriages were reclining one or two (generally two) baby hares, or a hare mother rocking her little one in an egg cradle; there were sugar balloons, in the baskets of which hares watched over their nests full of eggs; wheelbarrows full of eggs, and trundled by a hare; and dainty baskets of flowers, with birds perched upon each handle, peering down into nests of eggs half hidden amidst the blossoms. When one knows that each nest comes out, and forms the cover to a box of *bonbons* neatly concealed underneath, this pretty structure certainly loses none of its attractiveness.



AN EASTER FANCY.

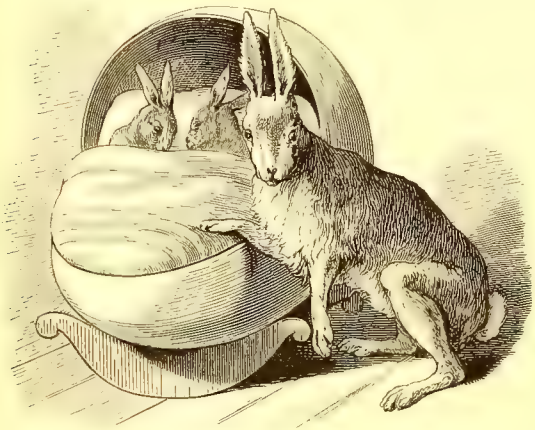
In all directions signs of the approaching season begin to appear. Every old woman in the market-place offers for sale a store of hard-boiled eggs, smeared over with some highly colored varnish, besides candy chickens, hares, etc., in abundance. All the various shop windows display pretty emblematic articles. Besides the sugar and chocolate eggs, there are eggs of soap and of glass; egg-shaped baskets and reticules; leather eggs, which really are ladies' companions, and filled with sewing implements; wooden eggs and porcelain eggs, and even egg-shaped lockets made of solid gold.

It would be difficult to explain why these things appear at Easter, and what they all mean. The eggs, as every one knows, we have at home, and where they are in such abundance chickens will not be very far away. For the lamb and the goat we can find scriptural interpretations, but the rabbit and the hare—what can they have to do with Easter? Nine persons out of ten can only answer, "The hares lay the Easter eggs." Queer hares they must be, indeed, but the children here believe it as devoutly as they do that the "Christ-kind" brings their Christmas presents, or as our



AN EASTER CARRIAGE.

own little ones do in Santa Claus. No one knows exactly whence came this myth. Many think it a relic of heathen worship; but a writer named



AN EASTER CRADLE.

Christoph von Schmid, in an interesting story for children, suggests this much prettier origin:

Many hundred years ago, a good and noble lady, Duchess Rosilinda von Lindenburg, at a time when a cruel war was devastating the land, was obliged to fly from her beautiful home accompanied only by her two little children and one old man-servant.

They found refuge in a small mining village in the mountains, where the simple but contented and happy inhabitants did what they could for their comfort, and placed the best of all they had at the disposal of the wanderers. Nevertheless, their fare was miserable; no meat was ever to be found, seldom fish, and not even an egg; this last for the very good reason that there was not a single hen in the village! These useful domestic fowls, now so common everywhere, were originally brought from the East, and had not yet found their way to this secluded place. The people had not even heard of such "strange birds." This troubled the kind duchess, who well knew the great help they are in housekeeping, and she determined that the women who had been so kind to her should no longer be without them.

Accordingly, the next time she sent forth her faithful old servant to try and gather news of his master and of the progress of the war, she commissioned him to bring back with him a coop full of fowls. This he did, to the great surprise of the simple natives, and the village children were greatly excited a few weeks later at the appearance of a brood of young chickens. They were so pretty and bright, were covered with such a soft down, were so open-eyed, and could run about after their mother to pick up food the very first day, and were altogether such a contrast to the blind, bald, unfledged, helpless, ugly little birds they sometimes saw in nests in the hedges, that they could not find words enough to express their admiration.

The good lady now saved up eggs for some time, then invited all the housewives of the village to a feast, when she set before them eggs cooked in a variety of ways. She then taught them how to prepare them for themselves, and, distributing a number of fowls among them, sent the dames home grateful and happy.

When Easter approached, she was anxious to arrange some pleasure for the village children, but had nothing to give them, "not even an apple or a nut," only some eggs; but that, she concluded, was, after all, an appropriate offering, "as an egg is the first gift of the reviving spring." And then it occurred to her to boil them with mosses and roots that would give them a variety of brilliant colors, "as the earth," said she, "has just laid aside her white mantle, and decorated herself with many colors; for the dear God makes the fruit and berries not only good to eat, but also pleasant to look upon," and the children's pleasure would be all the greater.

Accordingly, on Easter Sunday, after the church service, all the little ones of about the age of her own met together in a garden; and, when their kind hostess had talked to them a while, she led them into a small neighboring wood. There she told them to make nests of moss, and advised each to mark well his or her own. All then returned to the garden, where a feast of milk-soup with eggs and egg-cakes had been prepared. Afterward



AN EASTER LOAD.

they went back to the wood, and found to their great joy in each nest five beautiful colored eggs, and on one of these a short rhyme was written.

The surprise and delight of the little ones when they discovered a nest of the gayly colored treasures, was very great, and one of them exclaimed:

"How wonderful the hens must be that can lay such pretty eggs! How I should like to see them!"

"Oh! no hens could lay such beautiful eggs," answered a little girl. "I think it must have been back to their own palace; but, before leaving, the Duchess set apart a sum of money to be expended in giving the village children every Easter a feast of eggs. She instituted the custom also in her own duchy, and by degrees it spread over the whole country, the eggs being considered a symbol of redemption or deliverance from sin. The custom has found its way even to America, but



THE OLD SERVANT BRINGS A COOP FULL OF CHICKENS.

the little hare that sprang out of the juniper bush when I wanted to build my nest there."

Then all the children laughed together, and said, "The hares lay the colored eggs. Yes, yes! the dear little hares lay the beautiful eggs!" And they kept repeating it till they began really to believe it.

Not long afterward the war ended, and Duke Arno von Lindenburg took his wife and children nowhere out of the *Vaterland* are the eggs laid by the timid hare.

To this day children living in the country go to the woods just before Easter, and return with their arms full of twigs and moss, out of which they build nests and houses, each child carefully marking his own with his name. They are then hidden behind stones and bushes in the garden, or, if the weather be cold, in corners, or under furniture in

the house. And on Easter morning what an excitement there is to see what the good little hare has brought! Not only real eggs boiled and



"THE HARES LAY THE COLORED EGGS."

colored, but sugar ones too, and often wooden ones that open like boxes, disclosing, perhaps, a pair of new gloves or a bright ribbon. He even sometimes brings hoops and skipping-ropes, and generally his own effigy in dough or candy is found trying to scamper away behind the nest.

Then what fun they have playing with the eggs, throwing them in the air and catching them again, rolling them on the floor, exchanging with each other, and *knocking* them! This game is played by two, each child holding an egg firmly in his hand, so that only the small end appears between the thumb and forefinger, or under the little finger. The two eggs then are knocked smartly against each other until one cracks, when it becomes the property of the victorious party, who adds it to his stock. Those who have never tried to break an egg in this way will be astonished to find how many hard taps it is able to stand. But, as the game called "picking eggs" is played in some parts of the United States during the Easter holidays, it may be that many of our readers know all about this matter, and understand very well how to select the eggs that shall prove strong and victorious.

In Germany, presents are frequently bestowed upon servants at this season, and exchanged between friends; and on Easter morning the churches are crowded by many who scarcely ever think of entering at any other time. On Good Friday only, considered here the holiest day in the whole year, are they still more largely attended. The music is usually fine, but one misses the beautiful flowers which adorn our home altars.

Easter Monday is looked upon as a grand holiday by the peasantry in many parts of the country. Weddings are often deferred to this day, and many village games are reserved for this season. The lads and lassies all appear in their gala costumes; the girls with short, dark skirts, braided with gold or silver, snowy aprons and full white sleeves, bright colored bodices and odd little caps; the boys with knee-breeches, white stockings, low shoes, and scarlet or yellow vests, the solid gold or



THE THROWER.

silver buttons on which are often their whole inheritance. But when they are dancing gayly together on the green, they look a good deal happier than if they were little kings and queens.

Games vary in different villages throughout the country, but one example will give some idea of what they are like.

Two of the leading young men of the place take entire charge of the day's amusements, selecting for the purpose as the scene of festivities some inn or *Wirthschaft*, to which is attached a large garden or meadow.

For several preceding evenings, when work is over, they go about from house to house, dressed in their best, and carrying large baskets on their arms. Everywhere they are kindly received, and bread with wine or cider is placed before them. While they eat and drink, the baskets are quietly slipped away by some member of the family, a generous donation of eggs is placed within them, and they are secretly returned to their places. The eggs are not asked for, neither are they alluded to in any way; but the object of the visit is well understood and prepared for long beforehand.

When Monday morning dawns, the inn is found to have been gayly decorated with garlands of green and flowers, and fluttering ribbons of many colors. The tree nearest the house is ornamented in like manner, and on it the prize to be contended for, conspicuously hangs. On the smooth grass hard by, a strip, a few feet wide and perhaps a hundred long, has been roped in, and at either end of this narrow plot a large, shallow, round-bottomed basket, called a *Wanne*, is placed, one filled with



THE CATCHER.

chaff and the other with eggs, dozens upon dozens, cooked and raw, white and colored.

The plan of the peculiar game which follows is that one player is pitted to run a given distance, while another safely throws the eggs from one basket to the other, he who first completes his task being, of course, the winner. Accordingly, when



"HAPPIER THAN LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS."

the young men and maidens have arrived, two leaders draw lots to determine who shall run and who shall throw. That decided, the contestants are gayly decked with ribbons, a band strikes up a lively air, a capering clown clears the way, and the game begins. He who throws takes the eggs, and one after another swiftly whirls them the length of the course, and into the chaff-filled basket, which is held in the hands of an assistant. Occasionally he makes a diversion by pitching a hard one to be scrambled for by the crowds of children who have assembled to see the sport. Meantime (while wagers are laid as to who will likely win) the other contestant speeds the distance of a mile or two to an appointed goal, marks it as proof of his having touched it, and if he succeeds in returning before all the eggs are thrown, the victory and the prize are his, otherwise they belong to his opponent. The game finished, the prize is presented to the victor with due ceremony and amid the cheers of the crowd; the hard eggs are distributed among the company, and the raw ones carried uproariously into the neighboring inn, there to be cooked in various ways and eaten.

The remainder of the day is spent in dancing and merry-making, and if a wedding can possibly be arranged to take place on that afternoon the fun is wilder than ever.

DICK HARDIN AWAY AT SCHOOL.

BY LUCY J. RIDER.

September 9th, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER: I don't feel very well. I want to come home. I am very sick. I could not eat any supper. My throat aches pretty bad. I think I had better come home. The boy that sleeps with me says most all boys feels so at first; but may be I shall die. I want to come home. I will study good at home. So good-by.—Your son,

P. S.—I want to come home. DICK.

October 26, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER: Me and the boy that sleeps with me put a peace of paper on the door, and that made me feel better. I got the ten cents and your letter. I had to buy some pop-corn. All the boys buy pop-corn. A man has pop-corn to sell. Jim gave me some pop-corn that time my throat had a lump in it, and it felt better. It was red, and all sticky together. I think that was why.

It's a buster of a house here, and it's got a bell on top of it. A boy rings it. It comes right down in his closet. It comes through a little round hole, and he pulls it, and he let me pull it once, and that makes it ring. There's lots of boys here, and some girls. There is doves living up where the bell is. I went up there. They kind of groan, and that is coon, when they coo. I like the doves, but I don't like their coon. Every boy writes their names up there. Sometimes they cuts their names, but Mr. Wiseman says you must n't any more. Mr. Wiseman is the Principle, and he has got whiskers, and every boy has to mind him.

He points and he says, "Go to your rooms!" and we go. Some boy sent him a paper, and it made him hoppin' mad. It was about a clock. It said:

> "Half way up the stairs he stands,
> And points and beckons with his hands."

Jimmy has a room, and he sweeps it sometimes. I sleep with Jimmy. There is n't any woman to make up the bedclothes. We fix 'em. It is n't very hard. You just pull them up and tuck them down. There is a gong, and that makes you get up and eat breakfast. The breakfast is good. It is a round thing, and a girl pounds it. You put five tea-spoons of sugar in your tea-cup. A girl sits on the other side. There is lots of tables, and they make a noise. By and by, one gets through and walks out. There is a lock on the door, and that makes you hurry up or you can't have any breakfast. You can't get in. The ten cents is 'most gone. I hope you will write me again pretty soon.—Your son, DICKERSON H.

P. S.—The peace of paper has got the days on it, and we scratch them off every night. There is sixty-one more to scratch off, and that will make it vacation. D. H.

November 3, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER: There is 'bout ten pianos here, and folks play on them all the while. It sounds pretty. You can't tell what tune they play 'most always. Mr. Wiseman has an noffice, and that's where you have to go when you want to do things. Sometimes you have to go when you don't want to do things. He sits in a chair and his legs go under the table. There's a square hole where his legs go. It has a slate on it, and he writes your name on it. It don't feel good. You ought to have seen Jim one day. He fell into the river, but he got out. There is a river. He had the cookies in his pocket. They were just as good, except the soap. He had some soap too, and that was n't very good. Jim did n't get dry pretty soon, and he had the neuraligy or the toothache. The side of his cheek swelled out as big as a foot-ball. He went to the office. He was sicker. I made up the bed for a week, and he felt better. We went in swimming five times yesterday. We have to treat. All men have to treat. It's molasses-candy and it's pop-corn. To treat is to pay for what a nother feller eats. The button come off of my shirt. I lost it, but I sewed on one of the black ones like the ones on my jacket. The place to sew it on came out too, but I sewed it one side. It made my thumb bleed.—Your son, DICKERSON HARDIN.

November 17, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER: Jim has got a box. His mother sent it to him. The other boys have boxes. We have to have boxes, 'cause they have hash that is made out of boots. It is not good to eat. The soup tastes like a tooth-pick. The butter is a thousand years old. A girl said so. If I should have a box, I think it would be good for me. Put in some cookies and some apples and cake and cheese and chicken-pie and a neck-tie and apple-pie and fruit-cake and that other kind of jelly-cake and some cookies and stockings and cans of fruit and fish-hooks and pop-corn and molasses and cookies. Jim found a half a dollar in his box,

down to the bottom. It was for his neuraligy. My throat is not quite well yet.

I take drawing. There is a nice lady to teach it. She wears a white sack with red pockets, and a blue bow. She pulls her hair down over her head. She says we must draw things, when we look at them. I drew a dog, but it came out a lamb. I can make a very nice bird. Jim put the feathers on to the tail.

Mr. Wiseman has got some snakes in some bottles, and a frog and a toad. He has got some grasshoppers with a pin stuck through them, and a spider and some potato-bugs. It is the museum. He thinks a great deal of them.

There is a foot-ball, and we play it. It is as big as a pumpkin, but you kick it. Then you get kicked and knocked down and your leg hurt; but you don't cry. You never cry except when Jim 's asleep in the night, and your throat aches pretty bad.

There is twenty-four more days on the peace of paper.

Give my love to Tooty. How is the baby?—Your son, D. HARDIN.

December 2, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER: It is not a very big town. There is one store where you treat. It is Jerry's. You walk right in. Jerry has molasses-candy and pop-corn and pea-nuts and string and oranges and canes and brooms and raisins and ginger-snaps and apples and fish-hooks and pise. Jim bought a pie once. It was wet, and you had to bite hard to bite it. He got it for the lock-jaw. A lock-jaw is a supper, but Mr. Wiseman don't catch us. It is at night. We had a chicken, but I promised I would not tell where it came from. I will die before I will tell. All the boys will die before they will tell. It was the big boys, and they put a blanket up to the window and made a fire and roasted it. We had some salt and a jack-knife. John Simms roasted it. He 's a big boy. He knows how. He always roasts things. You just stick a sharp stick through it and roast it. It is good, but it makes your stummuck feel funny in the morning. There is a nother store, where the girls get things, and there is a place to get your shoes mended, and a depot, and a place for horse-shoes, and a church.

The box was very good. So good-by. D.

P. S.—Mr. Wiseman said you 'd feel bad about these three demerits in my report, but you need n't. Jim has got about ten demerits. All the boys gets demerits. One was a old bottle I threw in the hall, 'cause I did n't want it on the table, and one was some water I threw out the window, and a boy was walking under. I had just washed me, and he got wet, and one was a noise. You make it with a tin tomato-can and a string. I 'll fix one for you when I get home. The bottom has come out of my bank. And my trousers, the gray ones. How is the baby? HARDIN.

P. S.—All the boys say Hardin.



A FULL STOP.

UNDER THE LILACS.

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XI.

SUNDAY.

MRS. MOSS woke Ben with a kiss next morning, for her heart yearned over the fatherless lad as if he had been her own, and she had no other way of showing her sympathy. Ben had forgotten his troubles in sleep, but the memory of them returned as soon as he opened his eyes, heavy with the tears they had shed. He did not cry any more, but felt strange and lonely till he called Sancho and told him all about it, for he was shy even with kind Mrs. Moss, and glad when she went away.

Sancho seemed to understand that his master was in trouble, and listened to the sad little story with gurgles of interest, whines of condolence, and intelligent barks whenever the word "Daddy" was uttered. He was only a brute, but his dumb affection comforted the boy more than any words, for Sanch had known and loved "father" almost as long and well as his son, and that seemed to draw them closely together now they were left alone.

"We must put on mourning, old feller. It 's the proper thing, and there 's nobody else to do it now," said Ben, as he dressed, remembering how all the company wore bits of crape somewhere about them at Melia's funeral.

It was a real sacrifice of boyish vanity to take the blue ribbon with its silver anchors off the new hat and replace it with the dingy black band from the old one, but Ben was quite sincere in doing this, though doubtless his theatrical life made him think of the effect more than other lads would have done. He could find nothing in his limited wardrobe with which to decorate Sanch except a black cambric pocket. It was already half torn out of his trousers with the weight of nails, pebbles and other light trifles, so he gave it a final wrench and tied it into the dog's collar, saying to himself, as he put away his treasures, with a sigh:

"One pocket is enough; I sha'n't want anything but a han'k'chi'f to-day."

Fortunately, that article of dress was clean, for he had but one, and with this somewhat ostentatiously drooping from the solitary pocket, the serious hat upon his head, the new shoes creaking mournfully, and Sanch gravely following, much impressed with his black bow, the chief mourner descended, feeling that he had done his best to show respect to the dead.

Mrs. Moss's eyes filled as she saw the rusty band, and guessed why it was there; but she found it difficult to repress a smile when she beheld the cambric symbol of woe on the dog's neck. Not a word was said to disturb the boy's comfort in these poor attempts, however, and he went out to do his chores conscious that he was an object of interest to his friends, especially so to Bab and Betty, who, having been told of Ben's loss, now regarded him with a sort of pitying awe very grateful to his feelings.

"I want you to drive me to church by and by. It is going to be pretty warm, and Thorny is hardly strong enough to venture yet," said Miss Celia, when Ben ran over after breakfast to see if she had anything for him to do, for he considered her his mistress now, though he was not to take possession of his new quarters till the morrow.

"Yes 'm, I 'd like to, if I look well enough," answered Ben, pleased to be asked, but impressed with the idea that people had to be very fine on such occasions.

"You will do very well when I have given you a touch. God does n't mind our clothes, Ben, and the poor are as welcome as the rich to Him. You have not been much, have you?" asked Miss Celia, anxious to help the boy, and not quite sure how to begin.

"No 'm; our folks did n't hardly ever go, and father was so tired he used to rest Sundays, or go off in the woods with me."

A little quaver came into Ben's voice as he spoke, and a sudden motion made his hat-brim hide his eyes, for the thought of the happy times that would never come any more was almost too much for him.

"That was a pleasant way to rest. I often do so, and we will go to the grove this afternoon and try it. But I love to go to church in the morning; it seems to start me right for the week, and if one has a sorrow, that is the place where one can always find comfort. Will you come and try it, Ben, dear?"

"I 'd do anything to please you," muttered Ben, without looking up, for, though he felt her kindness to the bottom of his heart, he did wish that no one would talk about father for a little while, it was so hard to keep from crying, and he hated to be a baby.

Miss Celia seemed to understand, for the next thing she said, in a very cheerful tone, was, "See what a pretty thing that is. When I was a little

girl I used to think spiders spun cloth for the fairies, and spread it on the grass to bleach."

Ben stopped digging a hole in the ground with his toe, and looked up, to see a lovely cobweb like a wheel, circle within circle, spun across a corner of the arch over the gate. Tiny drops glittered on every thread as the light shone through the gossamer curtain, and a soft breath of air made it tremble as if about to blow it away.

"It's mighty pretty, but it will fly off, just as the others did. I never saw such a chap as that spider is. He keeps on spinning a new one every day, for they always get broke, and he don't seem to be discouraged a mite," said Ben, glad to change the subject, as she knew he would be.

"That is the way he gets his living. He spins his web and waits for his daily bread, or fly, rather, and it always comes, I fancy. By and by you will see that pretty trap full of insects, and Mr. Spider will lay up his provisions for the day. After that he does n't care how soon his fine web blows away."

"I know him; he 's a handsome feller, all black and yellow, and lives up in that corner where the shiny sort of hole is. He dives down the minute I touch the gate, but comes up after I 've kept still a minute. I like to watch him. But he must hate me, for I took away a nice green fly and some little millers one day."

"Did you ever hear the story of Bruce and his spider? Most children know and like that," said Miss Celia, seeing that he seemed interested.

"No 'm; I don't know ever so many things most children do," answered Ben, soberly, for since he had been among his new friends he had often felt his own deficiencies.

"Ah, but you also know many things which they do not. Half the boys in town would give a great deal to be able to ride and run and leap as you do, and even the oldest are not as capable of taking care of themselves as you are. Your active life has done much in some ways to make a man of you, but in other ways it was bad, as I think you begin to see. Now, suppose you try to forget the harmful past, and remember only the good, while learning to be more like our boys, who go to school and church, and fit themselves to become industrious, honest men."

Ben had been looking straight up in Miss Celia's face as she spoke, feeling that every word was true, though he could not have expressed it if he had tried, and when she paused, with her bright eyes inquiringly fixed on his, he answered heartily:

"I 'd like to stay here and be respectable, for, since I came, I 've found out that folks don't think much of circus riders, though they like to go and see 'em. I did n't use to care about school and such things, but I do now, and I guess *he 'd* like it better than to have me knockin' round that way without him to look after me."

"I know he would; so we will try, Benny. I dare say it will seem dull and hard at first, after the gay sort of life you have led, and you will miss the excitement. But it was not good for you, and we will do our best to find something safer. Don't be discouraged, and, when things trouble you, come to me as Thorny does, and I 'll try to straighten them out for you. I 've got two boys now, and I want to do my duty by both."

Before Ben had time for more than a grateful look, a tumbled head appeared at an upper window, and a sleepy voice drawled out:

"Celia! I can't find a bit of a shoe-string, and I wish you 'd come and do my neck-tie."

"Lazy boy, come down here, and bring one of your black ties with you. Shoe-strings are in the little brown bag on my bureau," called back Miss Celia, adding, with a laugh, as the tumbled head disappeared mumbling something about "bothering old bags":

"Thorny has been half spoiled since he was ill. You must n't mind his fidgets and dawdling ways. He 'll get over them soon, and then I know you two will be good friends."

Ben had his doubts about that, but resolved to do his best for her sake; so, when Master Thorny presently appeared, with a careless "How are you, Ben," that young person answered respectfully,

"Very well, thank you," though his nod was as condescending as his new master's; because he felt that a boy who could ride bareback and turn a double somersault in the air ought not to "knuckle under" to a fellow who had not the strength of a pussy-cat.

"Sailor's knot, please; keeps better so," said Thorny, holding up his chin to have a blue silk scarf tied to suit him, for he was already beginning to be something of a dandy.

"You ought to wear red till you get more color, dear," and his sister rubbed her blooming cheek against his pale one as if to lend him some of her own roses.

"Men don't care how they look," said Thorny, squirming out of her hold, for he hated to be "cuddled" before people.

"Oh, don't they; here 's a vain boy who brushes his hair a dozen times a day, and quiddles over his collar till he is so tired he can hardly stand," laughed Miss Celia, with a little tweak of the ear.

"I should like to know what this is for?" demanded Thorny, in a dignified tone, presenting a black tie.

"For my other boy. He is going to church

with me," and Miss Celia tied a second knot for this young gentleman, with a smile that seemed to brighten up even the rusty hat-band.

"Well, I like that ——" began Thorny, in a tone that contradicted his words.

A look from his sister reminded him of what she had told him half an hour ago, and he stopped short, understanding now why she was "extra good to the little tramp."

"So do I, for you are of no use as a driver yet, and I don't like to fasten Lita when I have my best gloves on," said Miss Celia, in a tone that rather nettled Master Thorny.

"Is Ben going to black my boots before he goes?" with a glance at the new shoes which caused them to creak uneasily.

"No, he is going to black *mine*, if he will. You wont need boots for a week yet, so we wont waste any time over them. You will find everything in the shed, Ben, and at ten you may go for Lita."

With that, Miss Celia walked her brother off to the dining-room, and Ben retired to vent his ire in such energetic demonstrations with the blacking-brush that the little boots shone splendidly.

He thought he had never seen anything as pretty as his mistress when, an hour later, she came out of the house in her white shawl and bonnet, holding a book and a late lily-of-the-valley in the pearl-colored gloves, which he hardly dared to touch as he helped her into the carriage. He had seen a good many fine ladies in his life, and those he had known had been very gay in the colors of their hats and gowns, very fond of cheap jewelry, and much given to feathers, lace and furbelows, so it rather puzzled him to discover why Miss Celia looked so sweet and elegant in such a simple suit. He did not know then that the charm was in the woman, not the clothes, or that merely living near such a person would do more to give him gentle manners, good principles and pure thoughts, than almost any other training he could have had. But he *was* conscious that it was pleasant to be there, neatly dressed, in good company, and going to church like a respectable boy. Somehow, the lonely feeling got better as he rolled along between green fields, with the June sunshine brightening everything, a restful quiet in the air, and a friend beside him who sat silently looking out at the lovely world with what he afterward learned to call her "Sunday face." A soft, happy look, as if all the work and weariness of the past week were forgotten, and she was ready to begin afresh when this blessed day was over.

"Well, child, what is it?" she asked, catching his eye as he stole a shy glance at her, one of many which she had not seen.

"I was only thinking you looked as if ——"

"As if what? Don't be afraid," she said, for Ben paused and fumbled at the reins, feeling half ashamed to tell his fancy.

"You was saying prayers," he added, wishing she had not caught him.

"So I was. Don't you, when you are happy?"

"No 'm. I 'm glad, but I don't say anything."

"Words are not needed, but they help, sometimes, if they are sincere and sweet. Did you never learn any prayers, Ben?"

"Only 'Now I lay me.' Grandma taught me that when I was a little mite of a boy."

"I will teach you another, the best that was ever made, because it says all we need ask."

"Our folks was n't very pious; they did n't have time, I s'pose."

"I wonder if you know just what it means to be pious?"

"Goin' to church, and readin' the Bible, and sayin' prayers and hymns, aint it?"

"Those things are a part of it, but, being kind and cheerful, doing one's duty, helping others and loving God, is the best way to show that we are pious in the true sense of the word."

"Then you are!" and Ben looked as if her acts had been a better definition than her words.

"I try to be, but I very often fail, so every Sunday I make new resolutions, and work hard to keep them through the week. That is a great help, as you will find when you begin to try it."

"Do you think, if I said in meetin', 'I wont ever swear any more,' that I would n't do it again?" asked Ben, soberly, for that was his besetting sin just now.

"I 'm afraid we can't get rid of our faults quite so easily; I wish we could; but I do believe that if you keep saying that, and trying to stop, you will cure the habit sooner than you think."

"I never did swear very bad, and I did n't mind much till I came here, but Bab and Betty looked so scared when I said 'damn,' and Mrs. Moss scolded me so, I tried to leave off. It 's dreadful hard, though, when I get mad. 'Hang it,' don't seem half so good if I want to let off steam."

"Thorny used to 'confound!' everything, so I proposed that he should whistle instead, and now he sometimes pipes up so suddenly and shrilly that it makes me jump. How would that do, instead of swearing?" proposed Miss Celia, not the least surprised at the habit of profanity which the boy could hardly help learning among his former associates.

Ben laughed, and promised to try it, feeling a mischievous satisfaction at the prospect of outwhistling Master Thorny, as he knew he should, for the objectionable words rose to his lips a dozen times a day.

The bell was ringing as they drove into town,

and by the time Lita was comfortably settled in her shed, people were coming up from all quarters to cluster around the steps of the old meeting-house like bees about a hive. Accustomed to a tent where people kept their hats on, Ben forgot all about his, and was going down the aisle covered when a gentle hand took it off, and Miss Celia whispered, as she gave it to him:

"This is a holy place; remember that, and uncover at the door."

Much abashed, Ben followed to the pew, where the Squire and his wife soon joined them.

"Glad to see him here," said the old gentleman with an approving nod, as he recognized the boy and remembered his loss.

"Hope he wont nestle round in meeting-time," whispered Mrs. Allen, composing herself in the corner with much rustling of black silk.

"I'll take care that he does n't disturb you," answered Miss Celia, pushing a stool under the short legs and drawing a palm-leaf fan within reach.

Ben gave an inward sigh at the prospect before him, for an hour's captivity to an active lad is hard to bear, and he really did want to behave well. So he folded his arms and sat like a statue, with nothing moving but his eyes. They rolled to and fro, up and down, from the high red pulpit to the worn hymn-books in the rack, recognizing two little faces under blue-ribboned hats in a distant pew, and finding it impossible to restrain a momentary twinkle in return for the solemn wink Billy Barton bestowed upon him across the aisle. Ten minutes of this decorous demeanor made it absolutely necessary for him to stir; so he unfolded his arms and crossed his legs as cautiously as a mouse moves in the presence of a cat, for Mrs. Allen's eye was on him, and he knew by experience that it was a very sharp one.

The music which presently began was a great relief to him, for under cover of it he could wag his foot and no one heard the creak thereof; and when they stood up to sing, he was so sure that all the boys were looking at him, he was glad to sit down again. The good old minister read the sixteenth chapter of Samuel, and then proceeded to preach a long and somewhat dull sermon. Ben listened with all his ears, for he was interested in the young shepherd, "ruddy and of a beautiful countenance," who was chosen to be Saul's armor-bearer. He wanted to hear more about him, and how he got on, and whether the evil spirits troubled Saul again after David had harped them out. But nothing more came, and the old gentleman droned on about other things till poor Ben felt that he must either go to sleep like the Squire, or tip the stool over by accident, since "nestling" was forbidden, and relief of some sort he *must* have.

Mrs. Allen gave him a peppermint, and he dutifully ate it, though it was so hot it made his eyes water. Then she fanned him, to his great annoyance, for it blew his hair about, and the pride of his life was to have his head as smooth and shiny as black satin. An irrepressible sigh of weariness attracted Miss Celia's attention at last, for, though she seemed to be listening devoutly, her thoughts had flown over the sea with tender prayers for one whom she loved even more than David did his Jonathan. She guessed the trouble in a minute, and had provided for it, knowing by experience that few small boys can keep quiet through sermon-time. Finding a certain place in the little book she had brought, she put it into his hands, with the whisper, "Read if you are tired."

Ben clutched the book and gladly obeyed, though the title, "Scripture Narratives," did not look very inviting. Then his eye fell on the picture of a slender youth cutting a large man's head off, while many people stood looking on.

"Jack, the giant-killer," thought Ben, and turned the page to see the words "David and Goliath," which was enough to set him to reading the story with great interest, for here was the shepherd-boy turned into a hero. No more fidgets now; the sermon was no longer heard, the fan flapped unfelt, and Billy Barton's spirited sketches in the hymn-book were vainly held up for admiration. Ben was quite absorbed in the stirring history of King David, told in a way that fitted it for children's reading, and illustrated with fine pictures which charmed the boy's eye.

Sermon and story ended at the same time; and while he listened to the prayer, Ben felt as if he understood now what Miss Celia meant by saying that words helped when they were well chosen and sincere. Several petitions seemed as if especially intended for him, and he repeated them to himself that he might remember them, they sounded so sweet and comfortable, heard for the first time just when he most needed comfort. Miss Celia saw a new expression in the boy's face as she glanced down at him, and heard a little humming at her side when all stood up to sing the cheerful hymn with which they were dismissed.

"How do you like church?" asked the young lady as they drove away.

"First-rate," answered Ben, heartily.

"Especially the sermon?"

Ben laughed and said, with an affectionate glance at the little book in her lap:

"I could n't understand it, but that story was just elegant. There 's more, and I 'd admire to read 'em, if I could."

"I 'm glad you like them, and we will keep the rest for another sermon-time. Thorny used to do

so, and always called this his 'pew book.' I don't expect you to understand much that you hear yet awhile; but it is good to be there, and after reading these stories you will be more interested when you hear the names of the people mentioned here."

"Yes 'm. Was n't David a fine feller? I liked all about the kid and the corn and the ten cheeses, and killin' the lion and bear, and slingin' old Goliath dead first shot. I want to know about Joseph next time, for I saw a gang of robbers puttin' him in a hole, and it looked real interesting."

Miss Celia could not help smiling at Ben's way of telling things; but she was pleased to see that he was attracted by the music and the stories, and resolved to make church-going so pleasant that he would learn to love it for its own sake.

"Now, you have tried my way this morning, and we will try yours this afternoon. Come over about four and help me roll Thorny down to the grove. I am going to put one of the hammocks there, because the smell of the pines is good for him, and you can talk or read or amuse yourselves in any quiet way you like."

"Can I take Sanch along? He does n't like to be left, and felt real bad because I shut him up for fear he 'd follow and come walkin' into meetin' to find me."

"Yes, indeed; let the clever Bow-wow have a good time and enjoy Sunday as much as I want my boys to."

Quite content with this arrangement, Ben went home to dinner, which he made very lively by recounting Billy Barton's ingenious devices to beguile the tedium of sermon-time. He said nothing of his conversation with Miss Celia, because he had not quite made up his mind whether he liked it or not; it was so new and serious, he felt as if he would better lay it by, to think over a good deal before he could understand all about it. But he had time to get dismal again and long for four o'clock, because he had nothing to do except whittle. Mrs. Moss went to take a nap; Bab and Betty sat demurely on their bench reading Sunday books; no boys were allowed to come and play; even the hens retired under the currant-bushes, and the cock stood among them, clucking drowsily, as if reading them a sermon.

"Dreadful slow day," thought Ben, and, retiring to the recesses of his own room, he read over the two letters which seemed already old to him. Now that the first shock was over, he could not make it true that his father was dead, and he gave up trying, for he was an honest boy and felt that it was foolish to pretend to be more unhappy than he really was. So he put away his letters, took the black pocket off Sanch's neck, and allowed himself to whistle softly as he packed up his possessions ready to move next day, with few regrets and many bright anticipations for the future.

"Thorny, I want you to be good to Ben and amuse him in some quiet way this afternoon. I must stay and see the Allens who are coming over, but you can go to the grove and have a pleasant time," said Miss Celia to her brother.

"Not much fun in talking to that horsey fellow. I 'm sorry for him, but *I* can't do anything to amuse him," objected Thorny, pulling himself up from the sofa with a great yawn.

"You can be very agreeable when you like, and Ben has had enough of me for this time. To-morrow he will have his work and do very well, but we must try to help him through to-day, because he does n't know what to do with himself. Besides, it is just the time to make a good impression on him, while grief for his father softens him and gives us a chance. I like him, and I 'm sure he wants to do well; so it is our duty to help him, as there seems to be no one else."

"Here goes, then. Where is he?" and Thorny stood up, won by his sister's sweet earnestness, but very doubtful of his own success with the "horsey fellow."

"Waiting with the chair. Randa has gone on with the hammock. Be a dear boy, and I 'll do as much for you some day."

"Don't see how *you* can be a dear boy. You 're the best sister that ever was, so I 'll love all the scallywags you ask me to."

With a laugh and a kiss, Thorny shambled off to ascend his chariot, good-humoredly saluting his pusher, whom he found sitting on the high rail behind, with his feet on Sanch.

"Drive on, Benjamin. I don't know the way, so I can't direct. Don't spill me out,—that 's all I 've got to say."

"All right, sir,"—and away Ben trundled down the long walk that led through the orchard to a little grove of seven pines.

A pleasant spot, for a soft rustle filled the air, a brown carpet of pine-needles, with fallen cones for a pattern, lay under foot, and over the tops of the tall brakes that fringed the knoll one had glimpses of hill and valley, farm-houses and winding river like a silver ribbon through the low green meadows.

"A regular summer house!" said Thorny, surveying it with approval. "What 's the matter, Randa? Wont it go?" he asked, as the stout maid dropped her arms with a puff, after vainly trying to throw the hammock rope over a branch.

"That end went up beautiful, but this one wont; the branches is so high I can't reach 'em, and I 'm no hand at flinging ropes round."

"I 'll fix it," and Ben went up the pine like a

squirrel, tied a stout knot, and swung himself down again before Thorny could get out of the chair.

"My patience! what a spry boy!" exclaimed Randa, admiringly.

"That's nothing; you ought to see me shin up a smooth tent-pole," said Ben, rubbing the pitch off his hands, with a boastful wag of the head.

"You can go, Randa. Just hand me my cushion and books, Ben; then you can sit in the chair while I talk to you," commanded Thorny, tumbling into the hammock.

"What 's he goin' to say to me?" wondered Ben to himself, as he sat down with Sanch sprawling among the wheels.



BEN AND THORNY IN THE GROVE.

"Now, Ben, I think you 'd better learn a hymn; I always used to when I was a little chap, and it is a good thing to do Sundays," began the new teacher with a patronizing air, which ruffled his pupil as much as the opprobrious term "little chap."

"I'll be—whew—if I do!" whistled Ben, stopping an oath just in time.

"It is not polite to whistle in company," said Thorny, with great dignity.

"Miss Celia told me to. I'll say 'Confound it,' if you like that better," answered Ben, as a sly smile twinkled in his eyes.

"Oh, I see! She 's told you about it? Well, then, if you want to please *her*, you 'll learn a hymn right off. Come now, she wants me to be clever to you, and I 'd like to do it; but if you get peppery, how can I?"

Thorny spoke in a hearty, blunt way, which suited Ben much better than the other, and he responded pleasantly:

"If you wont be grand I wont be peppery. Nobody is going to boss me but Miss Celia, so I 'll learn hymns if she wants me to."

"'In the soft season of thy youth' is a good one to begin with. I learned it when I was six. Nice thing; better have it." And Thorny offered the book like a patriarch addressing an infant.

Ben surveyed the yellow page with small favor, for the long *s* in the old-fashioned printing bewildered him, and when he came to the last two lines he could not resist reading them wrong:

"The earth affords no lovelier *fight*
Than a religious youth."

"I don't believe I could ever get that into my head straight. Have n't you got a plain one anywhere round?" he asked, turning over the leaves with some anxiety.

"Look at the end and see if there is n't a piece of poetry pasted in? You learn that, and see how funny Celia will look when you say it to her. She wrote it when she was a girl, and somebody had it printed for other children. *I* like it best, myself."

Pleased by the prospect of a little fun to cheer his virtuous task, Ben whisked over the leaves and read with interest the lines Miss Celia had written in her girlhood:

"My Kingdom.

"A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

"How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

"Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear!
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near;
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.

"I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor seek to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in *myself*,
And dare to take command."

"I like that!" said Ben, emphatically, when he had read the little hymn. "I understand it, and I 'll learn it right away. Don't see how she could make it all come out so nice and pretty."

"Celia can do anything," and Thorny gave an all-embracing wave of the hand, which forcibly expressed his firm belief in his sister's boundless powers.

"I made some poetry once. Bab and Betty thought it was first-rate. *I* did n't," said Ben, moved to confidence by the discovery of Miss Celia's poetic skill.

"Say it," commanded Thorny, adding with tact, "*I* can't make any to save my life—never could; but I 'm fond of it."

"Chevalita,
Pretty creter,
I do love her
Like a brother;
Just to ride
Is my delight,
For she does not
Kick or bite,"

recited Ben, with modest pride, for his first attempt had been inspired by sincere affection and pronounced "lovely" by the admiring girls.

"Very good! You must say them to Celia, too. She likes to hear Lita praised. You and she and that little Barlow boy ought to try for a prize, as the poets did in Athens. I 'll tell you all about it some time. Now, you peg away at your hymn."

Cheered by Thorny's commendation, Ben fell to work at his new task, squirming about in the chair as if the process of getting words into his memory was a very painful one. But he had quick wits, and had often learned comic songs; so he soon was able to repeat the four verses without mistake, much to his own and Thorny's satisfaction.

"Now we 'll talk," said the well-pleased preceptor, and talk they did, one swinging in the hammock, the other rolling about on the pine-needles, as they related their experiences boy-fashion. Ben's were the most exciting, but Thorny's were not without interest, for he had lived abroad for several years, and could tell all sorts of droll stories of the countries he had seen.

Busied with friends, Miss Celia could not help wondering how the lads got on, and, when the tea-bell rang, waited a little anxiously for their return, knowing that she could tell at a glance if they had enjoyed themselves.

"All goes well so far," she thought, as she watched their approach with a smile, for Sancho sat bolt upright in the chair which Ben pushed, while Thorny strolled beside him leaning on a stout cane newly cut. Both boys were talking busily, and Thorny laughed from time to time, as if his comrade's chat was very amusing.

"See what a jolly cane Ben cut for me. He 's great fun if you don't stroke him the wrong way," said the elder lad, flourishing his staff as they came up.

"What have you been doing down there? You look so merry, I suspect mischief," asked Miss Celia, surveying them from the steps.

"We 've been as good as gold. I talked, and Ben learned a hymn to please you. Come, young man, say your piece," said Thorny, with an expression of virtuous content.

Taking off his hat, Ben soberly obeyed, much enjoying the quick color that came up in Miss Celia's face as she listened, and feeling as if well repaid for the labor of learning by the pleased look with which she said, as he ended with a bow:

"I feel very proud to think you chose that, and to hear you say it as if it meant something to you. I was only thirteen when I wrote it, but it came right out of my heart, and did me good. I hope it may help you a little."

Ben murmured that he guessed it would, but felt too shy to talk about such things before Thorny, so hastily retired to put the chair away, and the others went in to tea. But later in the evening,

when Miss Celia was singing like a nightingale, the boy slipped away from sleepy Bab and Betty to stand by the syringa-bush and listen, with his heart full of new thoughts and happy feelings, for never before had he spent a Sunday like this. And when he went to bed, instead of saying "Now I lay me," he repeated the third verse of Miss Celia's hymn, for that was his favorite, because his longing for the father whom he had seen made it seem sweet and natural now to love and lean, without fear, upon the Father whom he had not seen.

(To be continued.)

THE SWALLOW.

By Nathan Haskell Dole.



Of all the birds that swim the air
I 'd rather be the swallow;
And, summer days, when days were fair,
I 'd follow, follow, follow
The hurrying clouds across the sky,
And with the singing winds I 'd fly.

My eager wings would need no rest
If I were but a swallow;
I 'd scale the highest mountain crest
And sound the deepest hollow.
No forest could my path-way hide;
No ocean plain should be too wide.

I 'd find the sources of the Nile,
I 'd see the Sandwich Islands,
And Chimborazo's granite pile,
And Scotland's rugged Highlands:
I 'd skim the sands of Timbuctoo;
Constantinople's mosques I 'd view.

I 'd fly among the isles of Greece,
The pride of great Apollo,
And circle round the bay of Nice,
If I were but a swallow,
And view the sunny fields of France,
The vineyards merry with the dance.

I 'd see my shadow in the Rhine
Dart swiftly like an arrow,
And catch the breath of eglantine
Along the banks of Yarrow;
I 'd roam the world and never tire,
If I could have my heart's desire!

THE WILD MUSTANG.

By Charles Barnard.

All the horses we see in the streets, or along the country roads, are tame. Such a thing as a real wild horse is hardly to be found anywhere, save in certain places in Texas, California, and parts of South America. Elsewhere, the horse is tame enough, and no one can remember, neither is it told in any history or story book, when or where men first tamed him and put a bit in his mouth. A long, long time ago, all the horses were wild, but no one knows when that could have been, for, as long as men can remember, they have had tame horses, dogs, cats, elephants, camels and cattle.

Now, the curious part of this is that there are wild horses both in North and South America at this day. They do not belong to any one in particular, and run wild, without saddle or bridle, all the year round. Yet they are not descendants of the original wild horses, for there was a time when their fathers were good cavalry horses, and belonged to the Spanish armies that invaded Mexico and Peru. When Europeans discovered the two continents on this side of the world, such a thing as a horse was totally unknown to the people living here, and, when they saw the Spanish cavalry, they thought the horses and riders some new kind of animal. Seeing the horses champ their brass bits, the people thought they were eating gold. So they brought lumps of gold to see them eat it. The soldiers slyly put the gold in their pockets, and said the horses had eaten it up, and the natives were simple enough to believe this wonderful story.

Many of the Spanish soldiers were killed in the wars with the Mexicans, and their horses broke loose and ran away. Some of them may have been caught again by the Mexicans, but many others escaped and were never captured again, and ran wild through the country. The descendants of these horses grew and multiplied and spread over parts of North and South America, going south into the great plains or pampas, and north into the prairie lands of Texas and the valleys of California. These horses still run wild, and are the only really wild horses in the world. At the same time, they may not precisely resemble the first real wild horses, for their fathers were tame, and, perhaps, they still remember something of this, and have strange legends among themselves of the old days when their ancestors were good Spanish cavalry horses.

The early settlers that landed in other parts of the country, at New Amsterdam, at Jamestown and Plymouth Bay, also brought tame horses with them, and these, in turn, spread over North America, as the settlers moved out toward the west. These horses are now called "American horses," to distinguish them from the wild horses of Texas and California. The American horses, in time, met the wild horses, and then men noticed that they were very different animals. The wild horse is smaller and more muscular, he has stronger and stouter limbs, a larger head, and a more bushy mane and tail. His ears are longer and more inclined to lie back on his head, his feet are smaller and more pointed in front, and his hair is rougher and thicker. His color is often curiously mixed in black and white dots and flecks, like some circus horses that you may have seen; and, if his color is uniform, it is generally dark red or deep gray or mouse color. These mustangs are quite wild, and have no fixed feeding-ground. They scamper in droves over the rolling prairies and pampas, and sleep at night in such dry places as they can find. They keep in companies for protection against bears or other wild animals, and if they are attacked, they put their noses together and form a circle with their heels out, as if they had been told of the old Spanish fighting days, and of the soldiers forming with their pikes solid squares to resist attacks of cavalry.

They can defend themselves against the bears in this way, but against the lightning and men they have no protection, except to run away as fast as they can. A thunder storm, or a very high wind, fills them with terror, and away they go at furious speed through the grass, and, at last, disappear in a cloud of dust on the horizon.

The wild horse can run away from a man; but this protection fails at times. The horse-catchers —or "vaqueros," as they are called—are famous riders, and to see them capture a wild mustang is better than to go to a circus. The vaquero puts a Spanish saddle on a tame horse, and starts out to see what he can find. In front, on the high pommel of the saddle, he hangs in large coils a leather rope, about a hundred feet long, and called a lasso. It is made of strips of raw hide, braided by hand into a smooth, hard and very pretty rope. One end is secured to the saddle, and the other end has a slip-knot making a sliding noose.

The vaquero has not long to wait, for there are droves of horses cantering or walking about over



CAPTURING A WILD MUSTANG.

the swells and hollows of the prairie, with here and there a smaller group looking on, or watching a battle between two horses who wish to be captains of their bands or companies. Presently, there is a strange sound of tramping hoofs, like the sound of a squadron of cavalry, except that it has a grand, wild rush and swing such as no cavalry ever had, and a cloud of dark heads rises over a swell of the land. The leader sees the vaquero, and he halts suddenly, and the others pull up in a confused crowd, and toss their heads, and sniff the air, as if they scented danger near. The leader does not like the looks of things, and turns and slowly canters away, followed by all the rest, tramping in confusion through the yellow grass and wild barley. Presently they become frightened, and away they fly in a dusty throng.

The vaquero's horse seems to think his chance has come, and he pricks up his ears, and is eager for the glorious fun of a dash after the mustangs. Away they go pell-mell, in a panic, and the tame horse galloping swiftly after them. Down they tumble—some knocked over in the confusion, snorting and flinging great flecks of foam from their dilated nostrils, trampling over each other in mad haste, each for himself, and the American horse sweeping after them. Now the vaquero stands up in his saddle, and the lasso swings round and round in a circle over his head. Swish! It sings through the air with a whirring sound, and opens out in great rings, while the loop spreads wider and wider, and at last drops plump over the head of a mustang. The vaquero's horse pulls up with a sudden halt, and sinks back on his haunches, and braces his fore feet out in front. Ah! How the dust flies! The mustang is fast, held by the slip-knot, and he rears up and plunges in wild and frantic terror. The rope strains terribly, but the vaquero watches his chances, and takes in the rope every time it slackens. It is of no use! The poor mustang is hard and fast. Perhaps another rider comes up and flings another lasso over his head. Then they ride round him, and the mustang is twisted and tangled in the ropes till he can hardly move. He falls, and rolls, and kicks furiously, and all in vain. Panting, exhausted and conquered, he at last submits to his fate. His free days are over, and he seems to know it. A few more struggles, and he recognizes that man is his master, and, perhaps, in one or two days he submits to a bit in his mouth, and becomes a tame horse for the rest of his life. If, by any chance, he escapes before he is broken in, and runs away to join his wild companions, he seems never to forget that terrible lasso, and if he sees the vaquero again, he will stand, trembling and frightened, too much terrified to even run away.

The wild mustangs of the far West are rapidly disappearing. As the settlers come in, they capture them and tame them, so that in places where once the wild horses roamed in great droves, hardly one is now to be seen, and the much better American horse has taken his place. This picture shows two vaqueros in South America just making a capture. They came out from the plantation under the palm-trees, and the powerful white mustang has just felt the pull of the lasso round his splendid neck. Poor fellow! It is hard, but it will soon be over, and then he will one day enjoy chasing others quite as much as the splendid black horse has enjoyed the exciting chase after him.

APRIL'S SUNBEAM.

By Joy Allison.

"Here's a warm sunbeam, Daisy, Daisy;
April sent it to wake you, dear!
How can you be so lazy, lazy?
Have n't you heard that Spring is here?"

Daisy murmured, sleepy and surly:
"Spring 's too young yet—the air is cool;
I don't believe in a sun so early,—
He 's just playing at April fool!"



EASTER LILIES.

OLD NICOLAI.

By Paul Fort.

One fine summer morning, many years ago, there sat upon a log, in a garden in Russia, an old man, who was mending a rake. The rake was a wooden one, and he was cutting a tooth to take the place of one that was broken. He was a stout, healthy old fellow, dressed in a coarse blue blouse and trousers; and as he sat on the log, whittling away at the piece of wood which was to become a rake-tooth, he sang, in a voice that was somewhat the worse for wear, but still quite as good a voice as you could expect an old gardener to have, a little song. He sang it in Russian, of course, and this was the way it ran:

"Zvœri raboti ne znaiut
Pûtzi zhivut bes truda
Liudi ne zvœri ne pûtzi
Liudi rabotoi zhivut."

Expressed in English, this ditty simply set forth the fact that the beasts and the birds do not labor, but Man, who is neither a beast nor a bird, is obliged to work.

The old fellow seemed to like the lines, for he sang them over several times, as he went on with his whittling. Just as he was about to make a new start on his "Zvœri raboti," a boy, about fifteen years old, came out of the house which stood by the side of the garden, and walked toward him.

"Nicolai Petrovitch," said the boy, sitting down on a wheelbarrow, which was turned over in front of the gardener, "why is it that you are so fond of singing that song? One might suppose you are lazy, but we know very well you are not. And then, too, there is no sense in it. Birds don't work, to be sure, but what have you to say about horses and oxen? I'm sure they work hard enough—at least, some of them."

"Martin Ivanovitch," said the old man, as he took up the rake and tried the new tooth, to see if it would fit in the hole, "this stick will have to be cut down a good deal more; it is hard wood. What you say about the beasts is very true. But I like that song. It may not be altogether true, but it is poetry, and it pleases me."

"You like poetry, don't you?" said Martin.

"Yes, indeed, little Martin, I like poetry. If it had been possible, I should have been a poet myself. I often think very good poetry, but as I cannot read or write, there is no sense in my trying to make use of any of it."

"But how did you learn to like poetry, as you cannot read?" asked Martin.

"Oh! I heard a great deal of very good poetry when I was a young man, and then I learned to like it. And I remembered almost all I heard. Now, my daughter Axinia reads poetry to me every Sunday, but I do not remember it so well."

"What kind of poetry suits you best?" asked the boy, who seemed to be tired of studying, or working, or perhaps playing, and therefore glad to have a quiet talk with the old man.

"I like all kinds, Martin Ivanovitch. I used to

sing a great deal, and then I liked songs best. I think you have heard me sing some of my good songs."

"Oh yes!" said Martin, "I remember that song about the young shepherdess, who wanted to give her sweetheart something; and she could not give him her dog, because she needed him, nor her crook, because her father had given it to her, nor one of her lambs, because they all belonged to her mother, who counted them every day, and so she gave him her heart."

"Yes, yes," said old Nicolai, smiling; "I like that song best of all. I should be proud to have written such poetry as that. He must have been a great poet who wrote that. But I do not hear many songs now. My little Axinia is reading me a long poem. It is called the 'Dushenka.' Perhaps you have heard of it?"

"Oh yes!" said Martin.

"Well, she is reading that to me. She likes it herself. I do not understand it all; but what I do understand, I like very much. It is good poetry. It must have been a grand thing to write such poetry as that," and the old man laid down his knife and his stick, and took off his cap, as if in involuntary homage to the author of "Dushenka," which is one of the standard poems in Russian literature.

"You were not a gardener when you were a young man, were you, Nicolai Petrovitch?" asked Martin.

"O no! But long before you were born I became a gardener. When I was a young man I had a good many different employments. Being a serf, I paid a yearly sum to my master, and then I went where I pleased. Sometimes I was well off, and sometimes I was badly off. I have been out on the lonely steppes in winter, often only three or four of us together, with our horses and carts, when the snow came down so fast, and the wind blew so fiercely, that we could scarcely make our way through the storm; and even the colts that were following us could hardly keep their feet in the deep drifts. Sometimes, we would lose our way in these storms,—when we could see nothing a hundred feet from us,—and then we should have wandered about until we died, if we had not given up everything to the horses. They could always find their way home, even in the worst storms. And then," said old Nicolai, knocking from the rake a tooth that was cracked (for the new one was finished and hammered in), "I used to drive a sledge on a post-road. That was harder, perhaps, than plunging through the snow-storms on the steppes, for I used to have to drive sometimes by day and sometimes by night, in the coldest weather; and a wind that is cold enough when you are standing still, or going along the same road that it is taking, is fifty times worse when you are driving, as fast as you can, right into the teeth of it. I used to be glad enough when we reached a post-house and I could crowd myself up against the great brick stove and try and get some little feeling into my stiffened fingers. The winter that I drove a sledge was the worst winter I have ever known. I did not care to try this hard life another season, so I went to Moscow, and there I became servant to a young fellow who was the greatest fool I ever knew."

"What did he do?" asked Martin. "Why was he a fool?"

"Oh! he was a boy without sense—the only Russian boy I ever knew who had no sense at all. If he had belonged to some other nation, I should not have wondered so much. This fellow was about fifteen or sixteen, and ought to have known something of the world, but he knew nothing. He was going to the university when I was with him, but you might have thought he was a pupil at a mad-house. Whatever came into his cracked brain, came out of his mouth; and whatever he wanted to do, he did, without waiting to think whether it would be proper or not. The biggest fool could cheat him; and when anybody did cheat him, and his friends found it out and wanted to punish the rascal, this little fool of mine would come, with tears in his eyes, to beg for the poor wretch, who must feel already such remorse and such shame at being found out! Bah! I can hardly bear to think of him. Why, there was once a house afire, in a neighborhood where one of his friends lived, and what does this young fool do but jump out of his bed, in the middle of a stormy night, and run to this fire, with nothing but his night-clothes on!"

"This is very curious," said Martin, laughing. "Nicolai Petrovitch, do you know ——"

"Well, as I was going on to tell you," said the old man, who seemed thoroughly wrapped up in his subject, "I could n't stand any such folly as that, and so I soon left him and went to live with Colonel Rasteryaieff. I stayed there a long, long time. There I became a gardener, and there I learned almost all the poetry that I know. The colonel had a daughter, who was a little child when I went there; but when she grew old enough, she became a girl of great sense, and she liked poetry, and used to come and read to me, out of the books she had. I always tried to get at some work which would let me listen to her, during the hour that she would come to me in the afternoon. She read better than my little Axinia. I used to wish I was a poet, so that I could hear her read some of my songs."

"But, Nicolai Petrovitch," cried Martin, his eyes fairly sparkling with a discovery he had made, "do

you know that I believe that that fool of a boy you lived with was the poet who wrote the songs and the poetry that you like best—that he wrote the 'Dushenka,' which Axinia Nicolaievna is reading to you?"

"What!" said the old gardener, laying down his knife and the piece of wood he was cutting.

"I mean what I say," said Martin. "Was n't his name Bogdanovitch?"

shepherdess, and he wrote the 'Dushenka.' He might have acted very simply when he was young, but he certainly became a great poet."

"So he wrote the shepherdess song, did he?" said Nicolai.

"Yes, he wrote that, and many other good things, and he became quite a famous man. Queen Catharine thought a great deal of him, and the people at court paid him many honors. They did



A STORM ON THE STEPPES.

"Bog-dan-ovitch!" repeated Nicolai, his eyes wide open in surprise. "Yes—that was his name. How did you know him? It was nearly fifty years ago since I lived with him."

"Oh yes!" said Martin, still laughing, "it must have been that long ago. I read his life only a short time since, in the edition of 'Dushenka' which we have. It was surely Bogdanovitch whom you lived with. Why, Nicolai Petrovitch, you ought to be proud of having had such a master! He was one of our great poets. He wrote the song of the not consider him a fool, as you did. If you would like to know all about what happened to this young boy who was such a simpleton, I will lend you the book with his life in it, and Axinia Nicolaievna can read it to you."

"My little Martin Ivanovitch," said the old man, picking up his knife and the yet unfinished rake, "I do not believe that I ever could have become a poet, even if I had known how to read and write. It would have been impossible for me to have gone to a fire in my night-clothes!"

THE PROFESSOR.

By Clarence Cook.

THE Professor seated himself at the luncheon-table with an air of importance. He was twelve years old, but he might have been taken for six, or even for three, he looked so wise. The children's nurse poured herself out a cup of tea. The tea-pot was too full, and a large drop fell upon the shining mahogany table. The Professor looked at the drop with evident pleasure.

"Stop, nurse!" he cried, as she was about to wipe it up with her napkin. "Let's see who can take up that tea without touching it, and leave the table dry!"

"Thuck it up," said Pip.

"Mamma does n't like you to drink tea," said nurse.

"Besides, that would be touching it," said Tom.

"Take it up with a thpoon," said Pip.

"You could n't do it; it would spread all over," said the Professor.

"And that would be touching it just as much," said Bob.

"Don't fink it can be done!" said Pip, shaking her head.

"All shut your eyes," said the Professor. "You, nurse, shut yours, too. Don't any of you look."

Nurse shut both her eyes, hard. Pip put her two fat little fists into her eyes, and listened. Tom laid his head down sideways on the table, and curled his arms round it. Bob declared that he would n't shut his eyes; he was going to see that the Professor acted fair.

"Now open your eyes," said the Professor.

They all looked up, and there stood the sage, who had covered the drop with a little blue bowl. He lifted the bowl, and, on the spot where had been the drop of tea, stood a lump of loaf-sugar holding up the tea in its paws, or pores, whichever you please.

Nurse picked up the lump of sugar and ate it. The table was as dry as a bone.

"Oh, my!" said Pip.

The Professor walked over to the window.

"Oh, nurse!" said he, "why don't you make Bridget wash this paint off the glass?"

"She has tried to get it off," said nurse, "but she can't do it."

"What loths of little thpots!" said Pip.

"What careless fellows those painters were!" said Tom.

"Who knows how to get it off?" said the Professor.

"Take a thpunge and thum thope," said Pip.

"'T wont do," said nurse; "Bridget has tried."

"Oh, I know!" said Bob. "Kerosene!"

"Thath dangeruth," said Pip, "and thmells bad, bethides."

"Nurse," said the Professor, "what will you give me if I will show you how to take it off?"

"I 'll give you a cent," said nurse.

"Give me a cent and I 'll do it," said the Professor. "But I must be paid in advance." He took the cent. "Now look, all of you," he said; and, laying it flat on the glass, he held it with the tips of the first and second fingers, and rubbed it briskly over the pane. Off went the spots like buckwheat cakes of a cold winter-morning!

"Oh, how nithe!" said Pip.

"Any feller could do that," said Bob.

"Yeth," said Pip, "if they 'd theen anybody do it before."

"Why, Tom!" cried nurse, "where did you get that paint on your sleeve?"

"There! I told Fred Mason he 'd get me all over paint, if he did n't stop fooling," said Tom.

"It 'th a wewy big thpot," said Pip.

"It 'll never come off," said Tom; "and it 's my new jacket, too! Mason pushed me against the door."

"Well," said the Professor, "there 's no use crying over spilt milk."

"Oh," said Pip, "is it milk in the paint that makth it so white?"

"Nonsense, Pip! The thing to do now is to get the paint off Tom's coat. Who knows how to do it?"

"Don't fink anybody duth," said Pip.

"Hold out your arm," said the Professor. And, with the sleeve of his own coat, he briskly rubbed the sleeve of Tom's; and away went the spot of paint in a jiffy.

"He 's wubbed it onto his own thleeve," said Pip.

But no; the Professor's sleeve was as clean as Tom's.

"Where ith it went to?" said Pip. "Oh, nurse! Ith n't that thingler?"

"I say," said Bob, "you could n't have got it off if it had dried on your coat."

"Perhaps not," said the Professor.

It was again luncheon-time, and Pip, Tom, and Bob were in the dining-room, where nurse Charlotte, seated at the head of the table, was already pouring herself out a cup of tea. She had cut bread and butter for the children, filled their tumblers with milk, and was ready, when they should be ready, to help them to the apple-and-sago pudding—"just the nithest pudding in the world," as merry little Pip used to say every time it came on table.

All the children were there but the Professor; the others did not know where he was. Pip was the first one to see him coming across the lawn.

"How queer!" said Pip. "He 'th all mud, and what hath he got in hith hand?"

"It 's a turtle," says Tom.

"It 'th a bird," says Pip.

"Perhaps it 's a turtle-dove," says nurse.

"Should say 't was a mud-turtle by the looks of his legs," said Bob.

"Nurth, do turtle-doves live in the mud?" said Pip.

"Nonsense," said Bob, "as if birds ever lived in the mud!"

"Well," said Pip, "thum thwallows, I *know*, make their neths of mud, and then they live in their neths, and that 's living in mud. But here comth the Profethor; let 's see what heeth found. It 's thumthin in a glath."

The Professor came up, walking very slowly across the grass; then stepped carefully up upon the piazza, and, as he passed the window, he called for some one to come and open the front door.

All the children ran together, and opened the door with such a flourish, the Professor was obliged to call out, "Stand off! Hands off!"

"Will it splode?" said Pip.

"Will it bite?" said Bob.

"Will it fly away?" said Tom.

"It will splode," said the Professor, "and it will fly away; but it wont bite."

"Oh my!" said Pip, "what can it be? I never heard of any creature splodin!"

The Professor looked pleased; his face was red, his hair was tumbled, his coat was torn, and his boots and trousers were muddy.

"You look as if you had had a hard time catching the creature, whatever it is," said nurse. "You 'd better leave it out-of-doors now, and clean yourself, and come and eat your luncheon."

"Oh, please, nurse, let 's see it now!" said all the children; and nurse, who wanted to see it herself, agreed.

"You can't see it," said the Professor; "it 's invisible! You can't see it till it disappears!"

"Oh dear," said Pip, "I just ache to know about it."

"Well," said the Professor, "light mamma's wax-taper."

"I don't see what good lighting a taper will do, if the creature 's invisible," said Bob.

The Professor set his burden down on the table. It was a saucer filled with water, and in the water stood a tumbler upside down. There was nothing to be seen in the tumbler.

The Professor struck an attitude.

"What I have in this tumbler, nurse and children, was obtained with great difficulty. I 've been about it ever since lesson-time."

"Where did you find it?" says Pip.

"How came you to know about it?" says Tom.

"I should think it would be hard to catch nothing," says Bob.

"I found it in the water, in the little pool in our woods. I saw it first the other night in the dark, and I caught it to-day when it was hiding. I took a long stick and gently stirred up the dead leaves that lie rotting on the bottom, and he began to come up—first one, then another—now here, and now there."

"Ho! ho!" says Bob. "How could that be? How could *he* come up in pieces, and in different places?"

"Poor thing!" said Pip. "He wath dead!"

"Oh, if he 's dead I don't care about him," says Bob.

"He 's far from dead," said the Professor; "and though he was in pieces, he 's all together now, and

safe in this tumbler." And then, seizing the lighted taper, he turned up the tumbler, held the taper quickly to its mouth, and—Pop! went something, with a quick flash.

"Oh, fire-works!" says Bob.

"Oh, tell us truly about it!" says Tom. "Where did you buy it? Let 's have some for the Fourth!"

"Children," said the Professor, "I have told you the truth about it. It 's gas. It 's carbureted hydrogen. I found it in the pond. 'Carbureted hydrogen' is its science name. Its poetry name is 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' and there 's another name besides."

"I should think two names were enough for nothing," says Bob.

"What 'th the other name?" said Pip.

"*Ignis fatuus*," said the Professor. "It means 'Cheating-fire.' Sometimes this gas, rising to the top of the water in bubbles, takes fire (by what they call spontaneous combustion, or by mixing with some other gas, or in some other way), and then, as one bubble after another takes fire and goes flickering along, it looks as if some one were walking through the woods with a lantern."

"And thath how it cheat-th, is n't it?" said Pip. "But I don't thee how it is thet afire. Perhapth, now—perhapth it 's the fire-flyth!"

"Oh, good for you!" said the Professor; and he chased her round the table, and caught her, and kissed her.

"Well, how did you ever get it with that tumbler?" said Tom.

"Well, easy enough. First, I filled the tumbler with water. Then I laid the saucer over the top. Then I plunged the whole under the water, holding tumbler and saucer with both hands firm, and turned them over in the water, and drew them out. The saucer, as well as the tumbler, was then full of water, and though the tumbler was upside down the water could n't fall out."

"What hindered it, I 'd like to know?" said Bob.

"Atmospheric pressure," said the Professor, pushing the words out slowly. "The whole atmosphere weighs down on the water in the saucer and balances the water in the tumbler and keeps it in."

"It had all leaked out before you reached home, anyway," said Bob.

"The gas pushed it out," said the Professor. "I told you how I stirred up the bottom of the pool. It was all covered with dead leaves. These as they rot give out gas, but it cannot easily escape from the bottom, and stays down among the leaves and slime till it is stirred up. Then the little bubbles of gas come popping up, and as they mount I am ready with my tumbler and saucer. I slip them both softly into the water a little way off, draw out the saucer, slide the inverted tumbler over the bubbles before they break; and the gas mounts into the tumbler, each bubble of gas displacing a little water; then over more bubbles, and more and more, until all the water in the tumbler is out and the gas is in its place; then I fill the saucer with water again, slide it under the tumbler, and bring it home."

"Come to your luncheon, children," cried nurse. "The pudding will be cold."

"Oh, wait a minute," said Tom. "You said the gas drove out the water in the tumbler. Why don't it drive out the water in the saucer?"

The Professor looked puzzled.

"Well, it would in time, I suppose. But you see, its nature is to push upward, because it 's light ——"

"Oh, now, it pushes the same every way," said Tom.

"There 's something we don't know," said Bob.

"Oh, yeth, I am afwaid we don't know it all," said Pip.

"Well," drawled the Professor, "I don't know, only I guess it 's because the water is too dense—too close together, for one thing; and the same atmospheric pressure that kept the water in keeps the gas in, for another."

"There, I do believe that 's it," said Pip. "Oh, how nice it did pop off! Like a vewy small fwier-cracker a great way off. Now let 's have some pudding. Apple and sago! Just the nithest pudding in the world!"

ONE day an ant went to visit her neighbor;
She found her quite busy with all sorts of labor;
So she did n't go in, but stopped at the sill,
Left her respects, and went back to her hill.



MOUSIE'S ADVENTURES FROM GARRET TO CELLAR

FOUR CHARADES.*

BY C. P. CRANCH.

I.

WHEN swiftly in my first you glide along,
Naught ruffles up the temper of your mind;
All goes as smoothly as a summer song,
All objects flit beside you like the wind.

But if you should be stopped in your career,
And forced to linger when you fain would fly,
You 'll leave my first, and, very much I fear,
Will fall into my second speedily.

Till in some snug and comfortable room
Your friends receive you as a welcome guest,
You 'll own that Winter 's robbed of half his gloom,
When on my whole your feet in slippers rest.

II.

MY FIRST.

I SUNDER friends, yet give to laws
A place to stand and plead their cause.
Though justice and sobriety
Still find their safest ground in me,
I spread temptation in man's way,
And rob and ruin every day.

MY SECOND.

Success and power are in my name,
Men strive for me far more than fame.
One thing I am unto the wise,
But quite another in fools' eyes,
Through me the world is rich and strong,
Yet too much love of me is wrong.

MY WHOLE.

My first and second when they meet,
As lawyers' fees, my whole complete.
And yet my first too oft enjoyed,
Is sure to make my second void.
My whole is good and bad by turns,
As every merchant daily learns.

III.

MY first the stout Hibernian wields
On banks and streets and stubborn fields,
To earn the bread that labor yields.

My second is a name for one
Whose youth and age together run,
A leader all good people shun.

My whole in summer-time is sweet,
When youths and maids together meet
Beneath some shady grove's retreat.

(So simple is this short charade,
That I am very much afraid
You 'll guess at once, without my aid.)

IV.

WHEN I was a little boy, how welcome was my first;
When tired of play I went to bed, my lessons all rehearsed.
How soundly all the night I slept, without a care or sorrow,
And waked when sunshine lit the room, and robins sang good-morrow.

When I was a little boy, what joy it was to see
My second waiting at the door for Willy and for me;
And how we trotted off to bring ripe apples from the farm,
And piled our bags on Nellie's back, nor felt the least alarm.

But when I was a little boy, I had an ugly dream,
A huge black bear was in my bed, I gave a dreadful scream,
And roused the house; they brought in lights, and put my whole to flight,
Since then I made a vow to eat no supper late at night.

* The answers will be given in the "Letter-Box" for May, 1878.

WISE CATHERINE AND THE KABOUTERMANNEKEN.

By Howard Pyle.

In old times, there was once a quaint little dwarf, who was known as the Kaboutermanneken of Kaboutermannekensburg.

In the very ancient times of good King Broderic and Frederic Barbarossa, he constantly lived above ground, and many times was seen trudging along through the moonlit forest with a bag over his shoulder. What was in the bag nobody exactly knew, but most people supposed it to be gold.

The Kaboutermanneken was a peppery little fellow, and at the slightest word his rage would fire up hotly. Since he was quite able, small as he was, to thrash the strongest man, he was very generally avoided.

It is a well-assured fact that, as churches increase, dwarfs and elfin-folk diminish; so, at last, when the town of Kaboutermannekensburg was founded, and a church built, the Kaboutermanneken was fairly driven to the wall, or, rather, into the ground, where he lived in the bowels of the earth, and only appeared at intervals of a hundred years. But, upon the last day that terminated each of these series of a hundred years, he would re-appear in his old haunts, and, I believe, continues the practice to the present day, in spite of railroads, steam-engines, and all the paraphernalia of progress, so destructive to fairy lore.

I.—The Golden Cup.

Once upon a time, after the Kaboutermanneken's visits had become events of such rarity, there lived a worthy wood-chopper, who had a daughter named Catherine; a pretty little maiden of sixteen, and yet the wisest woman in the kingdom of Kaboutermannekensburg. Shrewd as she was, she had yet the best, the kindest, and the most guileless heart in the world; and many a sick man, troubled woman, and grieved child had cause to bless her and her wisdom. One winter, when labor was cheap and bread expensive, the wood-chopper, whose name was Peter Kurtz, chopped his hand instead of the stump he was aiming a blow at, and, in consequence, rendered himself unfit for work for many a day. During his sickness, the whole care of the family devolved upon Kate; for Peter's wife had died nearly two years before; so it was Kate who tended the baby, dressed Johann, mended Wilhelm's small-clothes, and attended to the wants of her father; for in those days a sick man was more complaining than a child two years old. Beside these acts of labor, she had to cook the meals, wash the dishes, sweep the house, run of errands, chop the wood, make the fire, and many other little odd duties of the kind; so that, upon the whole, her time was pretty well occupied.

There seemed a probability now, however, that one of these duties would be dispensed with, namely, cooking the meals; not that there was any indolence upon Catherine's part, but because the necessary materials were not forthcoming. Indeed, the extent of the larder at present consisted of half a bowl of cold gravy, and about a quarter of a loaf of bread.

When Catherine, that cold morning, inspected the woeful emptiness of the cupboard, she wrung her cold blue hands in despair; but, wring her poor little hands ever so much, she could not squeeze good bread and meat out of them; something must be done, and that immediately, if she would save the children from starving. At length she bethought herself that many rich people of Kaboutermannekensburg were fond of burning pine-cones instead of rough logs, not only on account of the bright, warm and crackling fire they produced, but also because of the sweet resinous odor that they threw out, filling the house with a perfume like that which arose from the censers in the cathedral.

It was woeful weather for Catherine to go hunting for pine-cones. The snow lay a good foot deep over the glossy brown treasures, and she herself was but thinly clad; yet the children must have bread. Not having eaten any breakfast that morning, she slipped the remnant of the loaf into the basket to serve as lunch, and then started to face the wind toward the forest.

Bitterly cold blew the wind from the bleak north; tearing through the moaning pine forest, that tossed and swayed before the tempest, gnawing Catherine's nose and fingers, and snatching up, as it were, handfuls of snow, and hurling them in a rage through the air. Poor Catherine was nearly frozen, yet she struggled bravely on through the drifting snow. Suddenly she caught sight of a quaint little cottage that she had never seen before, much as she had traveled this portion of the forest; but a more welcome sight still was the gleam of a cheery fire within, that illuminated the frost-covered panes with a ruddy glow.

Catherine, stumbling, sliding, struggling through the drifts, reached the cottage at last, raised the latch, and entered a door-way so low that even she,

small as she was, had to stoop her head in passing.

"Shut the door!" shrieked a shrill voice, with startling abruptness; and, for the first time, Kate perceived a very little old man seated in a very large chair, and smoking a very long pipe. A great beard reached below his dangling feet and touched the floor.

"May I warm myself at your fire, kind gentleman?" said Kate, dropping a courtesy. The little old man grunted without looking at her.

"May I warm myself at your fire, sir?" repeated Kate, in a louder voice, supposing he must be deaf.



"A VERY LITTLE OLD MAN SEATED IN A VERY LARGE CHAIR."

"I heard you!" growled the old dwarf, with sudden rage. "You don't suppose I'm deaf, do you? I said yes. You don't want to argue, do you?"

Kate murmured her thanks, feeling much astonished and very uncomfortable at the old gentleman's conduct. Thus they sat in silence for a long while, the little old man smoking like a volcano. At length:

"Are you hungry?" said he, abruptly.

"Yes, sir," said Kate, bethinking herself of her bread.

"So am I!" said the old man, shortly, at the same time resuming his smoking. Removing his pipe after another pause, "I have n't had anything to eat for one hundred years; I feel kind of empty," said he.

"I should think so," thought Kate to herself; then, after regarding him in silence for a few minutes, she said, timidly, "I—I have a—a piece of bread in my basket, sir, if you would like to have it?"

"Like to have it? You speak as though you had no sense. Of course, I should like to have it! Why did n't you offer it to me sooner?"

Kate, in spite of her hunger, that had recommenced gnawing her, now that she was warm, handed him the piece of bread. The old man seized it ravenously, opened his mouth to an astonishing extent, bolted the large morsel as one does a pill, and then resumed his smoking as though nothing of any note had occurred. Kate regarded him with silent astonishment.

"What are you doing out in this kind of weather?" said the old man, suddenly.

"I came to gather pine-cones to sell in the town," said Kate.

"You 're a fool!" snapped the old man. "How do you suppose you can gather pine-cones in twelve inches of snow, not to mention the drifts?"

"Nevertheless, sir, I have to get the children something to eat, and father——"

"Oh! don't bother me with that story!" said the old man, impatiently. "I know all about it. Your father 's Peter Kurtz, is n't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Umph!" grunted the dwarf. Then, after another pause, "go to the closet yonder, and take one of the cups there, in return for the bread you gave me."

"Indeed, sir," said Kate, earnestly, "I do not care for any return for ——"

"Do as I tell you!" bellowed the dwarf, in a fury.

Kate crossed the room, opened the cupboard, and—what a sight met her eyes! All the dishes, bowls, cups and saucers were of pure gold.

"Take one of the cups?" said Kate, in breathless doubt.

"That 's what I said, was n't it?" snarled the dwarf. "You are just like all women, never contented with what you receive."

Catherine was far too wise to answer foolish abuse with useless excuse; she silently took one of the beautiful cups and put it in her basket. She was so overcome that she did not think of any word of thanks until she had reached the door; then, turning: "May heaven bless you, sir, for ——"

"Shut the door!" screamed the dwarf.

Kate hurried home, but before reaching the town she wisely covered the cup with snow, that no gossiping neighbor might catch sight of it; for she well knew that gossip was like the snow-ball that the little boys start rolling from the top of a hill—small in the commencement, but sure to grow before it ends its course.

"Where have you been all this time?" whined Peter.

When Kate recounted her adventure, her father could hardly believe her, and when she had carefully removed the snow from the cup, he could hardly believe his eyes. He placed it upon the table, and then, sitting down in front of it, he examined it with breathless astonishment and delight.

The cup was of solid gold, heavy and massive; carved upon it in bold relief was a group of figures representing a host of little elves at a banquet. So exquisitely were they engraved that they appeared actually to move, and it seemed as though one could almost hear their laughter and talk. A glittering, carved golden snake, curled around the brim of the cup, served as a handle; its eyes were two diamonds. After Peter Kurtz had feasted his eyes upon this treasure for a long time, he arose suddenly, and, without saying a word, wrapped up the cup in a napkin, drew his cowl more closely around his face, and, taking his staff, prepared to leave the house.

"Where are you going, father?" said Kate.

"I am going," said Peter, "to take this cup to our master, the Baron von Dunderhead; that will be far more to our advantage than selling it to some petty goldsmith or other?"

"Take care what you do, father!" said Kate, quickly. "I foresee that danger will come of it, if you fulfill your intention."

"Bah!" said Peter, and, without deigning another word, he marched out of the house; for Peter, like a great many men in those days, had a very poor opinion of the feminine intellect, and a very good opinion of his own. So off he marched boldly toward castle Dunderhead.

When Peter presented the golden cup to the baron, with a low bow, that nobleman could not find sufficient words to express his admiration. He sighed with rapture, and examined the cup from every side with the utmost minuteness.

"Give this worthy man," said he, "four bags of guilders; money is nothing to the acquisition of such a treasure of beauty."

Here Peter secretly hugged himself, and chuckled at his daughter's warning. Meanwhile, the baron examined the cup with huge satisfaction. Suddenly turning to Peter, "Where is the saucer?" said he.

"The saucer?" repeated Peter, blankly. "Please you, my lord, it never had a saucer!"

"Never had a saucer?" repeated the baron. "You don't mean to tell me that such a cup as that was ever made without a saucer to go with it!"



"HE EXAMINED WITH ASTONISHMENT AND DELIGHT."

"Nevertheless, my lord, *I* have no saucer," said Peter, humbly.

"You are deceiving me," said the baron, sternly. Then, fixing his eye upon poor Peter, "Where did you get that cup?" said he, abruptly. "Methinks you are rather a poor man to possess such a treasure."

"Oh, good my lord!" cried poor Peter, "I will tell you the whole truth. An old man in the forest gave it to my daughter Kate."

"Do you expect me to believe such a story as that?" exclaimed the baron. "You stole it, you

thief!" he roared, at the same time seizing Peter by the collar. "Ho! guards! Arrest this man, and throw him into the dungeon," cried he to his attendants.

"Mercy! mercy, my lord!" cried poor Peter, falling on his knees. But the guards dragged him off in spite of his cries, and popped him into a dungeon, where he was left to meditate over his folly in not heeding his daughter's advice.

II.—The Goose that was to lay the Golden Egg.

Catherine waited anxiously for her father's return, but her fears told her all when night came and he came not.

After she had put the children to bed, having given them each a piece of bread, which she had borrowed from a kind neighbor, she threw a shawl around her head and started off in the direction of Castle Dunderhead, where her fears told her only too plainly her father was. The bars of the dungeon windows came upon a level with the ground, like those of a cellar.

"Father!" murmured Catherine.

"Oh, Kate!" was the response, followed immediately by the sound of violent crying, and Catherine knew her father was there. "Oh, Kate! if I —I had but l-listened to you!" sobbed the poor fellow; for, now that the discovery was too late to avail him, he felt perfectly sure of his daughter's superior intelligence. Then, with much sobbing, he recounted all the particulars of his interview with the baron. "Can't you do something to get your poor old father out?" continued he.

Kate was thoughtful for a moment. "I 'll try, father," said she, at length; and, bidding him a hasty adieu, she hurried off. She ran, without stopping, to where the little cottage stood in the forest; but, as you have already probably guessed, the old man was the Kaboutermanneken, his day's visit was over, and he had descended once more into the obscurity of the earth; consequently Catherine, much to her perplexity, could not discover the little cottage. After vainly seeking for some time, she at length saw the hopelessness of her task, and wended her way sorrowfully homeward. She lay awake nearly all night, vainly cudgeling her brains for some plan by which to deliver her father from his confinement. At length an idea occurred to her, and, smiling to herself, she turned on her pillow and fell asleep until the sun shining in her eyes awakened her. Then, arising, she donned her best frock and neatest cap, and proceeded to the Castle Dunderhead. She was directly presented to the baron.

"My lord!" said she, falling upon her knees.

"Well, my pretty damsel," said he; for Kate looked very sweet in her saucy cap.

"My lord," continued she, and the tears rose to her eyes as she spoke; "you have my father in custody."

"Ha!" exclaimed the baron, frowning,—"Peter Kurtz?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring forth Peter Kurtz!" cried the baron to the guard, and soon Peter made his appearance, crying like a good fellow. "Now that I have you confronted with each other," continued the baron "where did your father get that cup?"

"*He* did not get it, my lord; an old man in the forest gave it to me," answered Catherine.

"Humph!" grunted the baron. "Your father has taught you prettily."

"My lord," resumed Catherine, "I came to buy my father's liberty."

"Ha!" cried the baron, eagerly, "have you brought the saucer?"

"No, my lord." The baron's countenance fell. "But, if you release my father, we have a goose at home that I will give you, and every egg it will lay for you shall be of pure gold." The baron's countenance lifted again. "This, my lord, I offer you."

Peter's eyes had been opening in wide astonishment as Kate proceeded.

"Why, Kate," exclaimed he, "*I* don't know about ——"

"Be quiet, father!" said Catherine.

The baron thought Peter's exclamation arose from his regret at parting with such a treasure; so his eagerness arose in proportion.

"Can you swear to the truth of this?" asked the baron.

"I can!" said Kate, firmly.

Peter could contain himself no longer.

"Why, Kate! how can you ——"

"Be quiet, father!" interrupted Catherine again.

"He shall have his freedom," cried the baron eagerly, "and the cup to boot."

"We do not want the cup, my lord," answered wise Catherine.

"Yes, but we do!" cried Peter; for, as the prospect of his pardon increased, respect for his daughter's wisdom diminished in direct ratio.

"You shall have it!" cried the baron; "release him, guards!"

"One thing, more," said Catherine; "a proclamation must be issued stating that you will never arrest my father again in connection with this affair."

"It shall be done!" said the baron; upon which he dismissed them both with the golden cup, which

Peter had accepted in spite of his daughter's protestations.

That same afternoon the proclamation was issued, and Catherine carried a large gray goose to Castle Dunderhead.

"Father," said she, when she returned, "since you have accepted the golden cup, you must leave this place, for the baron will always look enviously upon you. Had you left it with him he would have paid no more attention to you, but now it is different."

"Why so?" said Peter; "has n't the baron given his promise that he will never arrest me or mine again? And about that goose ——"

"Never mind the goose, father," interrupted



"A PAGE WAS APPOINTED TO ESCORT IT."

Kate. "I say again that every egg the goose lays *shall* be of pure gold."

"Well, I'm sure I don't understand it," said Peter, testily; "and, moreover, I am *not* going to leave Kaboutermannekensburg. The idea of *your* trying to teach *me* wisdom!"

"No, I could never do that," murmured Kate, with a sigh.

"No, I should think not, indeed!" said Peter, pompously.

The baron could not make enough of his goose. He had a splendid pen made for it, of ebony inlaid with silver, the nest was of purest eider-down, and a special page was appointed to escort it every morning to the water and back. It was fed upon sweet herbs and sponge-cake; it grew enormously fat; and, as time went on, its voice, its appetite, and its healthy condition increased to an astonishing extent. Only one thing troubled the baron, and that was it did not lay. Every day he himself went to the nest expecting to find the much-looked-for golden egg, and every day he did *not* find it. So matters continued for a long time.

One morning, as Kate and her father were at breakfast, a squad of soldiers, headed by the high-sheriff, marched into the house.

"Peter Kurtz and Catherine Kurtz, you are to consider yourselves under arrest," said the sheriff.

"But the baron has issued a proclamation that he will never arrest me again," said poor Peter.

"You are arrested," continued the sheriff, without paying the slightest attention to Peter, "in the king's name, upon suit of the Baron von Dunderhead, for obtaining goods under false pretense."

Catherine said never a word—not even "I told you so"—but submitted, whilst poor Peter cried like a very child.

They were thrown into separate dungeons, in default of bail. Not many days elapsed, however, before they were brought forth to be tried by the grand tribunal.

The king sat upon a chair of state, with a learned judge at each side, to decide the extraordinary cases that were brought before him.

Peter and Catherine were led up to the bar, the latter calm and collected, the former weeping bitterly, and continually crying, "if I had but minded her! if I had but minded her!"

This doleful cry, which was continued in spite of the violent vociferations of "order in the court!" at length aroused the king's curiosity, and he inquired what he meant. Amid many sobs, Peter contrived to tell the king the whole story. "Had I minded," said he, in conclusion, "when she advised me not to take the cup to the baron; had I minded when she advised me not to receive it back again; or, had I minded when she advised me to leave Kaboutermannekensburg, I had never gotten myself into this trouble—miserable wretch that I am!" Here he commenced sobbing afresh with great vehemence.

The king put on his spectacles and looked at Catherine. "Faith!" said he, "thou art much wiser than most girls of thy age, and—ahem! very pretty, too, I vow!" Then, turning to the baron, "Prefer your charge, baron," said he. Hereupon the baron told how Catherine had given him the goose for her father's freedom and the golden cup, and how she had sworn that every egg it should lay would be of pure gold.

"Well," said the king, "did she forswear herself?"

"N–no, not exactly," hesitated the baron.

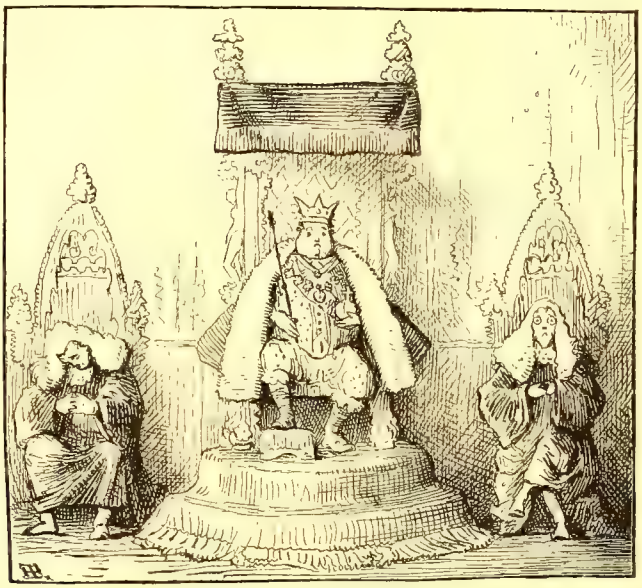
"I said that every egg it laid for you should be of pure gold, did I not?" said Kate to the baron.

"Yes, you did," snarled the baron, whose anger was commencing to boil.

"And I say again," said Kate, calmly, "that every egg it lays for you *shall* be of pure gold."

"Well, then, what *is* the matter?" said the king, scratching his nose in great perplexity.

Catherine had made a great impression upon the king, both on account of her shrewdness and beauty; so, being a jolly monarch, he conceived the notion of marrying her to the heir apparent. The heir apparent had no objection, and so the ceremony was consummated with great state.



"THE KING SAT UPON A CHAIR OF STATE, WITH A LEARNED JUDGE AT EACH SIDE."

"Why, your majesty," bellowed the baron, losing all control of himself, "*it is a gander!*"

The king burst into a roar of laughter.

"Faith!" said he, turning to Kate, "thou art the shrewdest maiden in the world." Then, to the baron: "The maid was right, and every egg the goose lays shall be of pure gold." And so Baron Von Dunderhead and his case were dismissed.

Even to this day the good folk of the kingdom of Kaboutermannekensburg look back with longing to the time when Catherine the Wise was queen, and ruled not only her husband, but his kingdom also.

As for Peter, he was appointed lord chief justice, for one did not have to be very wise to be a judge in those days.

OPEN the snowy little bed,
  And put the baby in it;
Lay down her pretty curly head,
  She 'll go to sleep in a minute.

Tuck the sheet down round her neck,
  And cover the dimples over,
Till she looks like a rose-bud peeping out
  From a bed of sweet white clover.

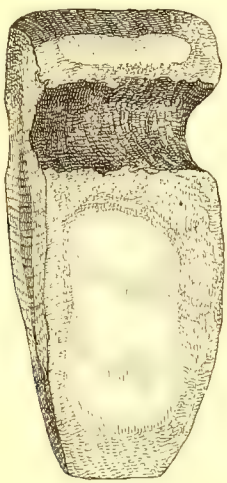
HOW THE STONE-AGE CHILDREN PLAYED.

By Charles C. Abbott.

Not long since I wandered along a pretty brook that rippled through a narrow valley. I was on the lookout for whatever birds might be wandering that way, but saw nothing of special interest. So, to while away the time, I commenced geologizing; and, as I plodded along my lonely way, I saw everywhere traces of an older time, when the sparkling rivulet that now only harbors pretty salamanders was a deep creek, tenanted by many of our larger fishes.

How fast the earth from the valley's slopes may have been loosened by frost and washed by freshet, and carried down to fill up the old bed of the stream, we will not stop to inquire; for other traces of this older time were also met with here. As I turned over the loose earth by the brook-side, and gathered here and there a pretty pebble, I chanced upon a little arrow-point.

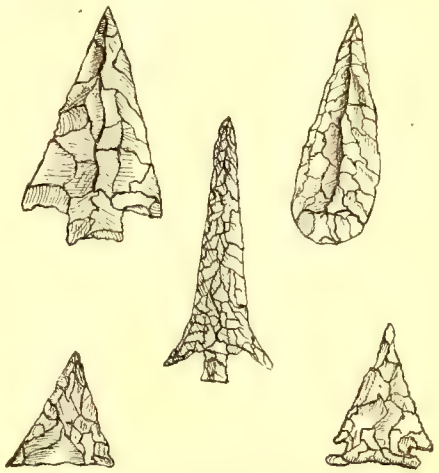
Whoever has made a collection, be it of postage stamps or birds' eggs, knows full well how securing one coveted specimen but increases eagerness for others; and so was it with me, that pleasant afternoon. Just one pretty arrow-point cured me of my laziness, banished every trace of fatigue, and filled me with the interest of eager search; and I dug and sifted and washed the sandy soil for



THE HATCHET.

yards along the brook-side, until I had gathered at least a score of curious relics of the long-departed red men, or rather of the games and sports and pastimes of the red men's hardy and active children.

For centuries before Columbus discovered San Salvador, the red men (or Indians, as they are usually called) roamed over all the great continent of



ARROW-HEADS.

North America, and, having no knowledge of iron as a metal, they were forced to make of stone or bone all their weapons, hunting and household implements. From this fact they are called, when referring to those early times, a stone-age people, and so, of course, the boys and girls of that time were stone-age children.

But it is not to be supposed that because the children of savages they were altogether unlike the youngsters of to-day. In one respect, at least, they were quite the same—they were very fond of play.

Their play, however, was not like the games of to-day, as you may see by the pictures of their toys. We might, perhaps, call the principal game of the boys "Playing Man," for the little stone implements, here pictured, are only miniatures of the great stone axes and long spear-points of their fathers.

In one particular these old-time children were really in advance of the youngsters of to-day; they not only did, in play, what their parents did in earnest, but they realized, in part, the results of their playful labor. A good old Moravian missionary, who labored hard to convert these Indians to Christianity, says: "Little boys are frequently seen wading in shallow brooks, shooting

small fishes with their bows and arrows." Going a-fishing, then, as now, was good fun; but to shoot fishes with a bow and arrow is not an easy thing to do, and this is one way these stone-age children played, and played to better advantage than most of my young readers can.

Among the stone-age children's toys that I gathered that afternoon, were those of which we have pictures. The first is a very pretty stone hatchet, very carefully shaped, and still quite sharp. It has been worked out from a porphyry pebble, and in every way, except size, is the same as hundreds that still are to be found lying about the fields.

No red man would ever deign to use such an insignificant-looking ax, and so we must suppose it to have been a toy hatchet for some little fellow that chopped away at saplings, or, perhaps, knocked over some poor squirrel or rabbit; for our good old Moravian friend, the missionary, also tells us that "the boys learn to climb trees when very young, both to catch birds and to exercise their sight, which, by this method, is rendered so quick that in hunting they see objects at an amazing distance." Their play, then, became an excellent schooling for them; and if they did nothing but play it was not a loss of time.

The five little arrow-points figured in the second picture are among those I found in the valley. The ax was not far away, and both it and they may have belonged to the same bold and active young hunter. All of these arrow-points are very neatly made.

The same missionary tells us that these young red men of the forest "exercise themselves very early with bows and arrows, and in shooting at a mark. As they grow up, they acquire a remarkable dexterity in shooting birds, squirrels, and small game."

Every boy remembers his first pen-knife, and, whether it had one or three blades, was proud enough of it; but how different the fortune of the stone-age children, in this matter of a pocket-knife.



FLINT KNIFE.

In the third picture is shown a piece of flint that was doubtless chipped into this shape that it might be used as a knife.

I have found scores of such knives in the fields that extend along the little valley, and a few came to light in my search that afternoon in the brook-side sands and gravel. So, if this chipped flint is a knife, then, as in modern times, the children were whittlers.

Of course, our boys nowadays would be puzzled



FISH-HOOKS.

to cut a willow whistle or mend the baby's go-cart with such a knife as this; but still, it will not do to despise stone cutlery. Remember the big canoe at the Centennial, that took up so much room in the Government building. That boat, sixty feet long, was made in quite recent times, and only stone knives and hatchets were used in the process.

I found, too, in that afternoon walk, some curiously shaped splinters of jasper, which at first did not seem very well adapted to any purpose; and yet, although mere fragments, they had every appearance of having been purposely shaped, and not of accidental resemblances to a hook or sickle blade. When I got home, I read that perfect specimens, mine being certainly pieces of the same form, had been found away off in Norway; and Professor Nilsson, who has carefully studied the whole subject, says they are fish-hooks.

Instead of my broken ones, we have in the fourth illustration some uninjured specimens of these fish-hooks from Norway. Two are made of flint, the largest one being bone; and hooks of exactly the same patterns really have been found within half a mile of the little valley I worked in that afternoon.

The fish-hooks shown in our picture have been thought to be best adapted for, and really used in, capturing cod-fish in salt water, and perch and pike in inland lakes. The broken hooks I found were fully as large; and so the little brook that now ripples down the valley, when a large stream, must have had a good many big fishes in it, or the stone-age fishermen would not have brought their fishing-hooks, and have lost them, along this remnant of a larger stream.

But it must not be supposed that only children

in this by-gone era, did the fishing for their tribe. Just as the men captured the larger game, so they took the bigger fishes; but it is scarcely probable that the boys who waded the little brooks with bows and arrows would remain content with that, and, long before they were men, doubtless they were adepts in catching the more valuable fishes that abounded, in Indian times, in all our rivers.

So, fishing, I think, was another way in which the stone-age children played.

THE MAN WHO DID N'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP.

By M. M. D.



A VERY fair singer was Mynheer Schwop,
Except that he never knew when to stop;
He would sing, and sing, and sing away,
And sing half the night and all of the day—
This "pretty bit" and that "sweet air,"
This "little thing from Tootovère."
Ah! it was fearful the number he knew,
And fearful his way of singing them through.
At first, the people would kindly say:
"Ah, sing it again, Mynheer, we pray"—
[This "pretty bit," or that "sweet air,"
This "little thing from Tootovère"].
They listened a while, but wearied soon,
And, like the professor, they changed their tune.
Vainly they coughed and a-hemmed and stirred;
Only the harder he trilled and slurred,
Until, in despair, and rather than grieve
The willing professor, they took their leave,
And left him singing this "sweet air,"
And that "pretty bit from Tootovère;"
And then the hostess, in sorry plight,
While yet he sang with all his might,
Let down the blinds, put out the light,
With "Thanks, Mynheer! Good-night! good-night!"

My moral, dear singers, lies plainly a-top:
Be always obliging, and willing—to stop.
The same will apply, my dear children, to you;
Whenever you 've any performing to do,
Your friends to divert (which is quite proper, too),
Do the best that you can—*and stop when you 're through.*

PUCK PARKER.

By Lizzie W. Champney.

"Boom-er-oom, a boom-er-oom, a boom, boom, boom!
Zim-er-oom, a zim-er-oom, a zim, zim, zim!"

It was a familiar sound, that of the great bass-drum. Puck Parker and Snarlyou and Kiyi had all heard it, time and time again. These little friends lived in Paris during the late war between Germany and France, when the German army was besieging the city, and soldiers were always marching about to the sound of the drum. This morning all three of them were at the kitchen door that opened into the corridor, which led into the court where you had a view of the street. Snarlyou was a little white Angora cat, and she puffed out her tail and waved it angrily over her back as she snarled fiercely at Kiyi, who was a little Prussian pup. Unlike the army he represented, he was getting the worst of the fray, and stood yelping in a cowardly way behind the scraper. Puck was doing all he could to encourage the dog by waving his porridge spoon at him, but it was of no use.



"PUCK WAS LEANING OVER THE LITTLE GATE IN THE KITCHEN DOOR."

Puck Parker was a fat-faced little boy, who was leaning over the little gate in the kitchen door. He had been very naughty this morning, having run away with Kiyi, giving his nurse, Augustine, a regular hunt for him. She found him at last, wandering quite independently in beautiful Park Monceaux, a favorite resort for nurses and babies, where she had often gone with him before; and she could have forgiven him easily enough for running away, had he not sprawled himself upon the walk and kicked and screamed so that she could scarcely get him home.

This Augustine was a peasant woman, and when a little girl she had tended the sheep in the mountains of Auvergne, wearing the picturesque peasant costume and carrying her distaff with her. She now had two children of her own, and every morning early before they were up she would kiss them good-bye, leaving them in her sister's charge while she went to take care of the little American boy, of whom she became very fond. She would often tell stories to him and sing funny songs.

As we have said, Puck was leaning against the little gate which had been placed across the door to keep him from running away, though it was of no use now, for he was big enough to climb over it. Augustine, to punish him for his naughtiness, as well as to guard against such a thing happening again that morning, had undressed him, knowing that he would not be likely to run away with nothing on but his little shirt.

At first, Puck was at a loss for amusement, and so wandered disconsolately upstairs into his mamma's room. She was seated at his papa's writing-desk, while in front of her lay lots of little cards, like this, "Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Parker, P. P. C."

Some of these she put into small envelopes, directed to people that she knew, and the rest she shut up in her card-case.

"What are those?" asked Puck.

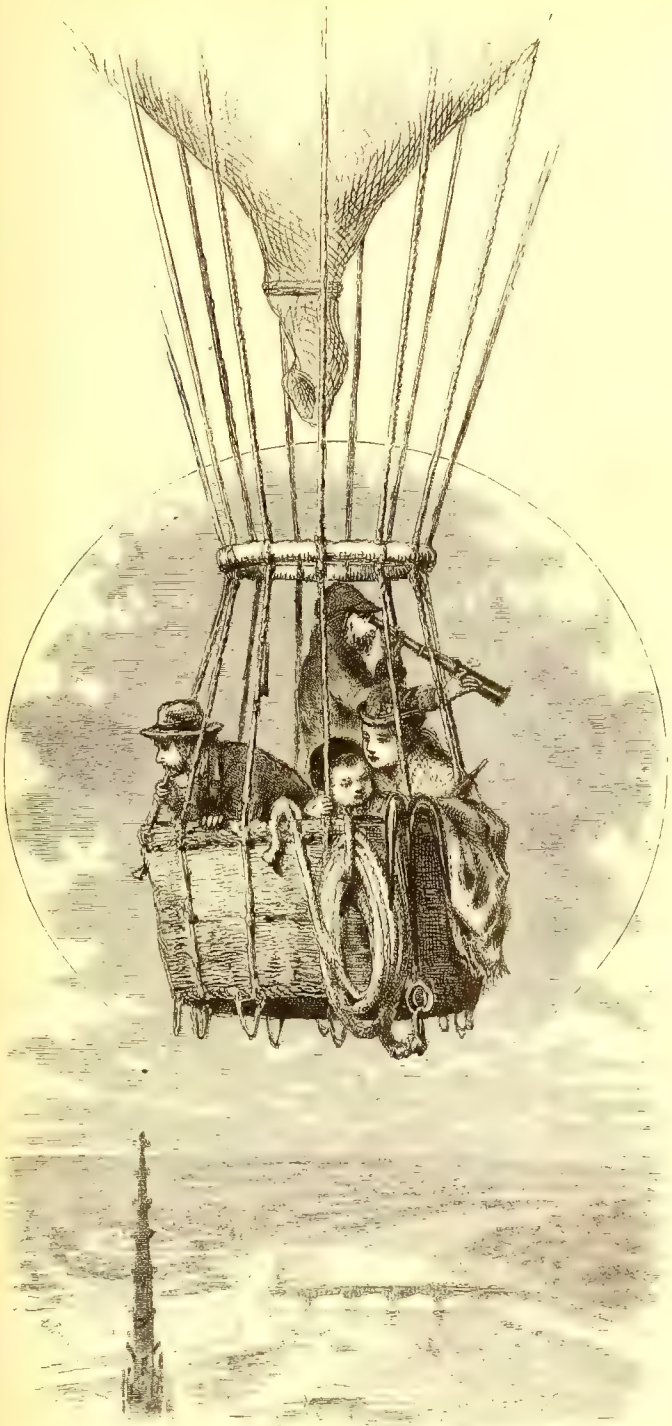
"These are cards," said his mother, "which your papa and I are sending to our friends, to let them know that we are going away from the city. The letters 'P. P. C.' in the corner stand for '*Pour prendre congé*,' which is French for 'To take leave.'"

"Is oo doin away," asked Puck, "an' me too?"

"Yes, you are going with us," replied his mother.

"Den me wants some tards, too," said the little fellow; and Mrs. Parker, taking a number of blank cards, wrote upon them, "Puck Parker, P. P. C."

Cramming his mother's work-basket upon his comical little head, he seized his cards and trudged



"UP IN A BALLOON."

away to distribute them among his friends. If he could only have gone out-of-doors, he could have found friends enough to have given them to; but he knew that Augustine would not relent so soon, and so contented himself with carrying them down to Snarlyou and Kiyi. But they were both out in the court, and would not come to him, even when he dropped porridge on the steps to tempt them.

Puck did not have many opportunities to distribute his cards, for the next day, while he was at dinner with his father and mother, they all heard a sound which went

"Boom-er-oom, a boom-er-oom!
A boom! boom! boom!"

It sounded as if some one was playing an immense bass-drum, a long way off, and playing very slowly.

"Listen!" Puck's father explained. "It is time we were off; there are the cannon again, outside of the city."

And so that very afternoon they left Paris. Can you guess how? Not by the railway, or by boat, or by omnibus, or by any ordinary means of travel. Guess again—something queer this time. Not perched on the back of a dromedary, or sent by express labeled "This side up with care, C. O. D.," or telegraphed, or shot through the air in a bomb-shell, though the last is something like it. Yes, you are right now; they *did* go by balloon.

There were Puck and his father and his mamma, and an accomplished aëronaut to guide the balloon, which was one of the best kind, and, as the professor said, perfectly easy to manage. You know, perhaps, that during the siege of Paris it was almost impossible for any one to leave the city unless he went up in a balloon, and floated off above

the besieging army. A great many persons escaped from Paris in this way.

Poor Augustine was very sorry to lose little Puck, who gave her one of his cards when he bade her good-bye; and Kiyi set up a doleful howl when they all left the court, as though he knew he should never see them again.

When everything was ready, the balloon rose into the air, and Puck nestled down in his mother's arms and watched the ground and the roofs of the houses sink away beneath him. That is, he looked over the side of the car once, and saw them falling; but it made him dizzy, and he did not try it again. His mother saw the sick look about her little boy's mouth, and said, pleasantly:

"Is n't it nice? It 's better than having wings. And then you can make believe you are in a big ship; see all those ropes stretching away up there; they look just like rigging."

Puck gave a quick, frightened glance up, then shuddered and said, faintly:

"Yes, it 's awful nice; but me 's 'fraid, and *so* cold."

The cold was, indeed, intense; and his mamma wrapped Puck as warmly as she could in a shawl, and held him tightly, and very soon he was fast asleep. When he awoke, he found that his mother was also asleep, and his father was holding him. He had forgotten all about the balloon while he was asleep, and so looked dazed and startled when he opened his eyes; and his father, to keep up his failing courage, sang cheerily:

"Up in a balloon, boys,
Up in a balloon,
All among the little stars
That twinkle round the moon."

"Don't see any stars crinkle," said Puck; "nuffin but ugly gray fog."

His mother awoke just then, and she caught her breath with a gasp as she looked up, for all the rigging of the imaginary ship had disappeared, and a dense fog was folded close around them. The balloon seemed, too, to have met with a new current of wind, for it was rushing along with fearful velocity, whither,—even the professor himself could not guess. Looking downward, they saw the same impenetrable fog, and the professor concluded to let the balloon drift on in its course for a while.

Presently, Puck exclaimed: "Mamma, don't oo hear ze bears g'owl?" For some time, the others had heard a low menacing grumble. It sounded like the roar of machinery, with the falling of a heavy trip-hammer at regular intervals, and it seemed possible that they were in the vicinity of a manufacturing town. There was a little light in the eastern horizon, and Puck suddenly exclaimed, "T'ere 's anoder b'loon!" It was the full moon, instead, that rose majestically, and the fog seemed to be disappearing. Looking down, the professor thought he could see the land, and he allowed the balloon to slowly descend. By and by, they could all see that the ground was marked with white streaks and spots, which they supposed to be snow.

Lower and lower sank the balloon, and still Puck's bears continued to "g'owl."

Suddenly, the professor uttered an exclamation of horror—only two words, "The sea!" But they sounded like a sentence of doom to the travelers. They were floating over a wide and angry sea!

The professor threw overboard a bag of ballast, and the balloon darted upward again into space. Where were they? Was it the Bay of Biscay, the North Sea, the English Channel, or the open Atlantic?

Very soon, the balloon began to descend again. The roar of the waves was louder than ever, and they beat the same tune that the great bass-drum and the cannon had played:

"Boom–er–oom, a boom–er–oom!
A boom! boom! boom!"—

for they were striking against a rocky wall, and the white cliffs of Dover rose ghostly in the moonlight before them.

The professor threw overboard his last bag of ballast; Puck hid his face in his mother's dress, while she, in the presence of that mighty danger, sang a hymn. Mrs. Parker was one of the singers in the choir of a church at Paris, and her voice had been much admired; but she had never sung before as she sang now. Her voice was sustained instead of drowned by the roar of the sea, and was re-echoed back from the rocky cliff marvelously clear and pure, as she sang "Save me, O God, from waves that roll."

Slowly the balloon seemed to climb that sheer, chalky precipice, frightening the sleepy sea-gulls from their nests, but never grazing against the wall, as it seemed as if it inevitably must. Slowly it reached the summit, paused a moment poised over the edge, then swept landward a little way, when the guide-rope (which had been dragging in the water) caught on the rocks, and it stopped. The professor opened the escape-valve, and they alighted from the car, and then walked to the brink of the abyss and, silently and solemnly, looked down.

This was the last of aërial navigation that any of the party ever indulged in. The professor packed up his balloon and went to the United States to exhibit it. Puck Parker left one of his "P. P. C." cards in the car of the balloon, and his parents were glad enough to get to a land where they did not forever hear the "Boom–er–oom, a boom–er–oom, a boom, boom, boom," and the "Zim–er–oom, a zim–er–oom, a zim, zim, zim."

EASTER EGGS.

By Clara W. Raymond.

Dear Grandpa Lee, with little Grace,
Followed the path-way to the mill;
Bright daisies starred the shady lane,
And now and then a bird would trill.

Once, when a birdling spread its wings,
She said, "All things are fair and gay,—
The sky so blue where birdie sings!"
Said grandpa, "This is Easter Day."

Thus happily they onward went,
Till Grace cried, "There is little Kate,
And Frank and Nellie, too—and oh!
Nell's swinging on the garden gate!"

As Grace and grandpa came in sight,
The little ones to meet them sped,—
Their eager, prattling lips apart,
Eyes flashing bright and cheeks rose-red.

"Oh, grandpa! in the hedge we 've found
Four Easter eggs, all colored blue;
They 're in the sweetest little nest;
We want to show our prize to you!"

Said grandpa, "Touch them not, my dears;
Those eggs God dyed with colors rare;
The mother-bird will soon come back,
And guard her nest with loving care.

'These Easter eggs, in leaf-hid nests,
Imprison countless song-birds bright,
That soon will break the tinted shell
And rise and sing in joyous flight."



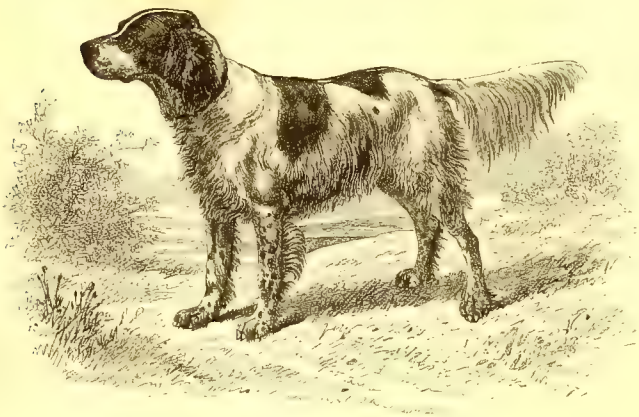
A VISIT TO A LONDON DOG-SHOW.

BY LAURA SKEEL POMEROY.

SOME years ago I went to see a great dog-show at the Alexandra Palace, in the north of London.

My friend Charley, a bright boy who knows the way all over this part of the city, was my escort. We concluded to go to the show by the underground railroad, and at half-past one o'clock we were at the station called South Kensington. We bought our tickets there, and passed through gateways where men in uniform examined our tickets, allowing but one person to pass at a time, then descended two long flights of stone steps, and went down, down, into the subterranean station.

Although it is nearly forty feet below the surface, daylight is let in from above at this station, as in many of the others on the line.



A BLACK AND WHITE SETTER.

Before and behind us we could see the great black-mouthed tunnels, through which the trains were constantly passing.

When our train arrived we quickly found seats in a car, or carriage, as they call them here, and were soon rushing along underground.

Now and again we came out into the open air for a while; soon we were at Bayswater, then at King's Cross, at which station we got out of the car and climbed up the iron stairs to the earth's surface again.

From King's Cross to Alexandra Palace was a ride of about twenty minutes more, this time on a railroad which ran, for some distance, *above* the surface of the earth. We sped above the tops of smoky houses, by sooty walls, through egg-shaped tunnels, beyond all these to the open country, where were smooth green grass, groups of picturesque trees, and tangled hedges.

The train stopped at the station called Muswell Hill, on which is built the new Alexandra Palace—a large red-brick building at the top of the hill. It is not so extensive as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, but, like it, is covered over with glass, and contains tropical plants, many palm-trees, several theaters and lecture-rooms, and a large bazaar with gay booths, at which you can buy almost anything you wish for.

As we approached the central part of the hall, a deafening chorus of dogs, yelping, barking, growling and howling, assailed our ears. The stalls in which the dogs were chained were arranged to form several aisles. They faced each other, with a wide passage-way between, for the crowd of spectators. The stalls were open, and each one had from one to five animals chained in it.

The persons who exhibited dogs numbered one

thousand and thirty-nine, and, as each exhibitor sent several of his animals, you can roughly estimate the immense number of dogs brought together.

It made my heart ache at first to see the poor creatures jumping and pulling at their chains. Some looked worried and excited, and some of them seemed bored to death, surly and contemptuous, as if saying, "Go away, or I will bite you if you stare at me a moment longer;" and some were sulky and turned their backs, hiding their noses in the straw.

The little puppies slept unconsciously through it all, while the mother dogs struggled with their chains and barked furiously.

There were greyhounds,—great, tall, slender creatures, that looked as if they could run a mile a minute,—deer-hounds, beautiful pointers, setters, retrievers, and otter-hounds. These last were dangerous, and were kept in wire cages. There were bull-terriers, fox-terriers, spaniels, white and black Newfoundlands, shepherd dogs, mastiffs, and fierce bull-dogs that looked as if they would be glad to eat you without ceremony.

There was every variety of lap-dog, and among them the tiniest little Italian greyhound,—not more than eight inches long. This last was like a porcelain toy dog, and looked brittle, as if its thin legs would snap if much handled. I did not think it a pretty pet; it seemed too fragile to play with.

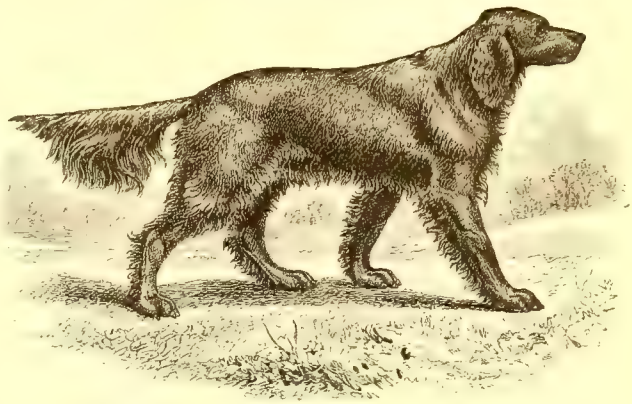
A very different creature was a Siberian grey-



A BLACK AND WHITE POINTER.

hound, about four feet and a half tall, with a long, wolf-shaped nose, and covered with bluish, short, curly hair

The pet dogs called "pugs" had short, black noses, turned up in about as much of a curl as their tails. Their faces were sooty-black, and shone as if polished with a brush. They curled up their black lips, showing two small, very white



AN IRISH SETTER.

teeth, with the tip of a pink tongue hanging out of the mouth, the most comical, and at the same time, the ugliest little beasts one ever saw.

They were straddled upon showy velvet cushions, with their fore-paws wide apart, and their round, black eyes looking straight at you, snarling all the time, but not changing their position, being too fat and lazy to move.

All the black-and-tan terriers had their ears so cut as to make them very sharp and pointed.

There were beautiful spaniels of all shades, and little Maltese terriers. One of these was a perfect beauty. Its hair was like spun glass, of a bluish, pinkish gray, snow-white in the partings. When it trotted about, it looked like an opal, or a piece of live Venetian glass. Its name ought to have been "Jewel," for it looked like one.

The King Charles spaniels were very like lovely English blondes, with their golden-brown ears hanging like long curls on each side of their innocent, milk-white faces. They had soft, hazel eyes, of melting tenderness, like those of the prettiest little girl-baby.

Most of these lay upon handsomely embroidered cushions, with the dog's name neatly worked in front. One fairy-like specimen had the name "Pixie" worked in silver letters on a sky-blue velvet ground. Another tiny creature looked like a snow-white ball of floss silk, rolled up in a basket of quilted blue satin.

Ladies' maids were seated in chairs beside these dainty pets, with ivory-handled brushes and tortoise-shell combs, to arrange their curls; for many of them wore each a little top-knot curl, tied with a scarlet, pink, or blue ribbon, as best became the wearer's complexion.

I could think of nothing but a dancing-school exhibition or a children's ball, where nurse-maids sit by their charges, to keep their pretty finery in order. So choice were some of these doggies that they were covered with glass cases, open at the top.

The grandest of all the dogs—the one I would have liked best to have—was a fine St. Bernard, not bitten, for every little while you would see a sudden falling back of the crowd, and hear a sharp growl from some angry animal who was being teased, or was impatient to go home.

The bloodhounds were the fiercest and most sullen-looking of all. They did not join in the general barking and uproar, but kept their heads buried in the straw. Once, as we were watching them, away off in a remote end of the building, an acrobat began his performance of walking on a rope and jumping through rings, high up in the air. Then these hounds suddenly lifted themselves erect, and, fixing their sharp eyes on that little



HEAD OF BLOODHOUND.

of a tawny color, with white spots, and a grand, noble head. He sat up on his haunches and allowed every one to come and pet him, lifting his big, honest paw, as if to shake hands with the little children, and wagging his tail slowly back and forth in a very dignified manner. What deep brown eyes he had, and what a soft, warm breast!

The Prince of Wales sent two black and brown Thibet mastiffs from the north of India. They had long, black lips, and wore a very stern, dark expression. The Princess of Wales, also, sent a snow-white Russian wolf-hound.

Some of the dog-stalls were labeled "dangerous," and I wondered that many of the persons who poked at the inmates with their canes were

red and blue speck of a man suspended in the air, set up a loud, long, unearthly howl, which all the other dogs took up, and for a few minutes the sounds shook the whole palace, like the roar of all the wild beasts of the forest.

By and by four o'clock came, and the owners of the dogs came in to take them home. How glad they were to see them! They jumped up, rolled about, licked their keepers' hands and faces, whining and yelping for joy. One dog, who had not been sent for, was jealous to see his neighbor petted. He growled at every loving caress, and sat snarling in his corner, discontented and sour, till he saw his own master, when he broke into a howl of intense delight and tugged furiously at his chain.



A PAIR OF SPANIELS.

When the big hampers were brought to confine the dangerous ones, and the collars and chains were being unfastened, what a rollicking, rushing time it was! The glad creatures jumped and galloped all the way to the station.

The train was full of dogs—they were everywhere. Eager to be off, they were hurrying up and down the platform, dancing about the ticket offices, racing over trunks, for all the world like boys let out of boarding-school going home for the holidays.

We saw their impatient faces pushing out of every car-window, their tails wagging out of every door.

A gentleman in our carriage had two little mites of terriers in his overcoat pockets. One, he said, was a Skye, and the other a Yorkshire, terrier. Little Skye was tired and sleepy, and showed just the tip of his nose and one ear above the pocket; but little Yorkshire was perfectly wild with fun. He had on a small brown blanket, bound with scarlet braid, which his master said was his new Ulster coat.

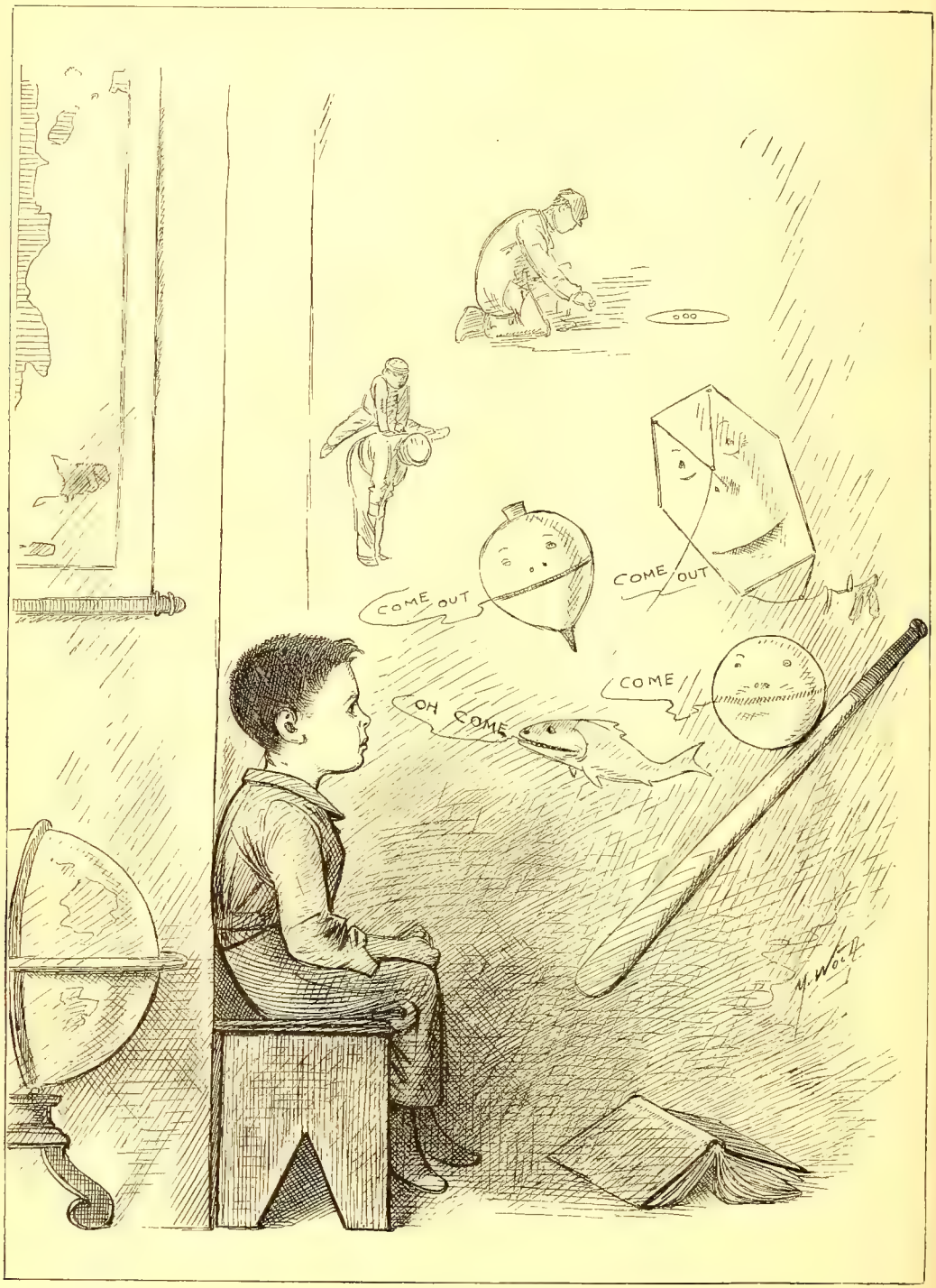
He began his pranks by putting his nose in Charley's pockets, looking for a shilling. Not finding one, the gentleman sent him into his own coat pocket, whence, after burrowing and tugging for a while, out he came, with a coin between his teeth, which he held tight and would not give up. His master said that when the dog found a piece of money he went alone to the cake shop, and the baker would give him a cake, which he would run home with and eat up immediately, being particularly fond of sweets. He was two years and a half old, ten inches long, with yellowish hair, which hung in a fringe over his mischievous black eyes. He was elastic as a ball of wool, and looked very much like one.

But we had to part company with him at King's Cross Station, where his owner put him in his pocket again, and bade us good-bye. We could see the tip of the little tail wagging till we lost sight of him in the distant crowd.

It would take a long time to even mention all the handsome dogs, and many of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS will not need to be told more about them, as there have been several dog-shows in America since the time when Charley and I saw the one in the Alexandra Palace at London. The boys and girls who visited any one of the dog-shows held recently in New York, Boston, and other American cities, will no doubt remember many interesting and curious sights. But they did not have a greater treat than Charley and I had, all for the small price of one English shilling.



SKYE TERRIER.



KEPT IN.

MERRY RAIN.

By Fleta Forrester.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, comes the rain,
Tapping on the window-pane;
Trickling, coursing,
Crowding, forcing
Tiny rills
To the dripping window-sills.

Laughing rain-drops, light and swift,
Through the air they fall and sift;
Dancing, tripping,
Bounding, skipping
Thro' the street,
With their thousand merry feet.

Every blade of grass around
Is a ladder to the ground;
Clinging, striding,
Slipping, sliding,
On they come
With their busy zip and hum.

In the woods, by twig and spray,
To the roots they find their way;
Pushing, creeping,
Doubling, leaping,
Down they go
To the waiting life below.

Oh, the brisk and merry rain,
Bringing gladness in its train!
Falling, glancing,
Tinkling, dancing
All around,—
Listen to its cheery sound!

DRIFTED INTO PORT.

By Edwin Hodder.

Chapter V.

A CATASTROPHE.

Blackrock School could never be the same again to Howard. Although he had "the answer of a good conscience" in regard to the matters implied against him, he could not but feel that, whereas he once could challenge all the world against holding a suspicion of his integrity, now there might be many who were in a state of doubt as to whether he were trustworthy or not.

He grew dull and somber, and, although he had the satisfaction of knowing that no cloud of distrust hovered over his home circle, he could not shake off that uneasy feeling which haunted him, and which none know how to appreciate save those who have been wrongfully suspected.

It was the early summer season, and the time was coming round for those school sports which usually sink everything else into forgetfulness. The cricket matches were planned, the bathing and boating season had commenced, the woods were green with summer verdure. In former years Howard and Digby always had thrown themselves heart and soul into all the sports, as leaders of the school. But now neither took much interest in things of the kind. Digby was morose and sullen, while Howard was sad, and unusually depressed.

I have said that the bathing season had commenced at the school, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was so changeable as to be one night as cold as October, and the next morning as hot as July. But I have not yet described the bathing-place, and, perhaps, I should have done so at the commencement of the story, as it accounts for the somewhat singular name of the school.

The river ran just at the end of the school grounds, within a stone's throw of the favorite lounging-place of the boys, under the elms. The river bank at that part was very steep, and just

under the clump of trees a huge black rock, fern-grown and slippery, stretched out into the river. At one side of this rock the bank shelved down, gradually and evenly, into a large basin or hole, partially overhung by the trees, and quite out of the rapid current of the river.

This was the bathing-place, and it was one of the best I have ever seen. The boat-houses were about half a mile down the river, and bathing and boating were two of the special features of Blackrock sports. The Doctor maintained (as every sensible person ought), that while cricket and foot-ball are desirable, swimming is essential, and he laid it down as a rule that everybody should learn to swim, and that on no account should a boy be allowed to enter a boat until he was a sufficiently good swimmer to get safely to shore, should his boat be upset.

Monday morning was as bright and warm as the previous evening had been cold and miserable. Lessons were studied in the grounds instead of in the class-rooms, and when the breakfast bell rang, there were not a few who were talking about the forthcoming bath and the evening row.

At prayers, Digby was absent. Not for the first time, within the recollection of many; but as he had not sent in any excuse for non-attendance, Howard and McDonald, who occupied the rooms next to his, were asked if they knew what had become of him. Neither of them did, but McDonald remarked that he was up earlier than usual, which was not considered at all remarkable, as the morning was deliciously warm and bright.

The Doctor looked displeased, but no further notice was taken before the boys, although he had made up his mind to administer a serious caution to Master Digby for irregularities, which latterly were becoming so frequent as to call for special notice.

The time for bathing was fixed for an hour after breakfast, the doctor holding that while the weather was unsettled, and the water cold, bathing was more beneficial a little while after a light meal than before.

A rush was made to the clump of trees, and a pell-mell scamper down the steep bank. When Mr. Featherstone, one of the masters, came up two minutes after with some of the older boys, amongst whom were Martin and Howard, he was surprised to hear his name called loudly by several of the boys.

"What 's wrong?" he asked.

"Digby Morton's clothes are on the bank," cried Aleck Fraser, excitedly, "but we can't see him anywhere."

Mr. Featherstone had all his wits about him. He knew the rough stepping-places up to the head of the Blackrock, from which he could scan the river up and down. In a moment he was standing on the rock, carefully taking within his view every yard of ground within range; but he could see nothing of Digby.

"Martin Venables," he shouted from the rock, "run to the house, and ask the Doctor to come here at once. Howard and Aleck hurry down to the boat-house, and inquire about Morton. Send the boatman up at once with boats and men. McDonald and Marsden, go up to the meadow-dell and search. Look sharp, all of you!"

Swiftly sped the boys on their exciting errands, while Mr. Featherstone remained upon the rock, and the other boys with hushed whispers talked together in little groups, or looked into the water-holes with half-averted eyes.

Howard and Martin were the first to return, both flushed with anxious excitement. Then came the Doctor, sadly out of breath, and much distressed.

"But Digby is a good swimmer, is he not?" asked the Doctor.

"Few better in the school," answered Mr. Featherstone. "I don't like to think of the worst, but there are strong eddies in the pool this morning, and the river runs at a furious rate after the heavy rain. My fear is that he left the pool, and was caught by an eddy, and swung upon the rocks. In that case he may have been rendered insensible, and so have been drowned."

The boys returned one after another, and each unsuccessful. The boatmen soon arrived.

"Have you heard or seen anything this morning of Mr. Digby?" asked the Doctor of Mason, the manager of all the boating arrangements of the school.

"No, sir; but my man, who was agoing out to see after his lines, about six this morning, said as how he see something dark floating down the river, but he did n't pay much heed to it, till he called it to mind when the young gentlemen came down just now, and said as how Mr. Digby were missing."

"Then, should we not commence the search low down the river?" asked the Doctor.

"'T aint no manner of use," answered Mason; "with the current runnin' like this, he 'd be ten mile away and more, by this time, if it was him, or more likely out at sea, as the tide would have met the river by this time. But you see, sir, it might n't have been him after all, for there 's lots o' snags and things floating down this morning after last night's rain."

But Dr. Brier would leave no stone unturned. Messengers were sent on horseback to every town and village on either side of the river, for twenty miles down; the river was dragged; boatmen were sent out to search; everything that could be done

was done. But the afternoon came and no tidings. Messengers were sent early to Mr. Morton. All the towns and villages around were in excitement, but nothing came of it, and by evening the conviction was borne home to every heart, too clearly for hope to set aside, that Digby Morton was dead.

CHAPTER VI.

A BREAK-UP.

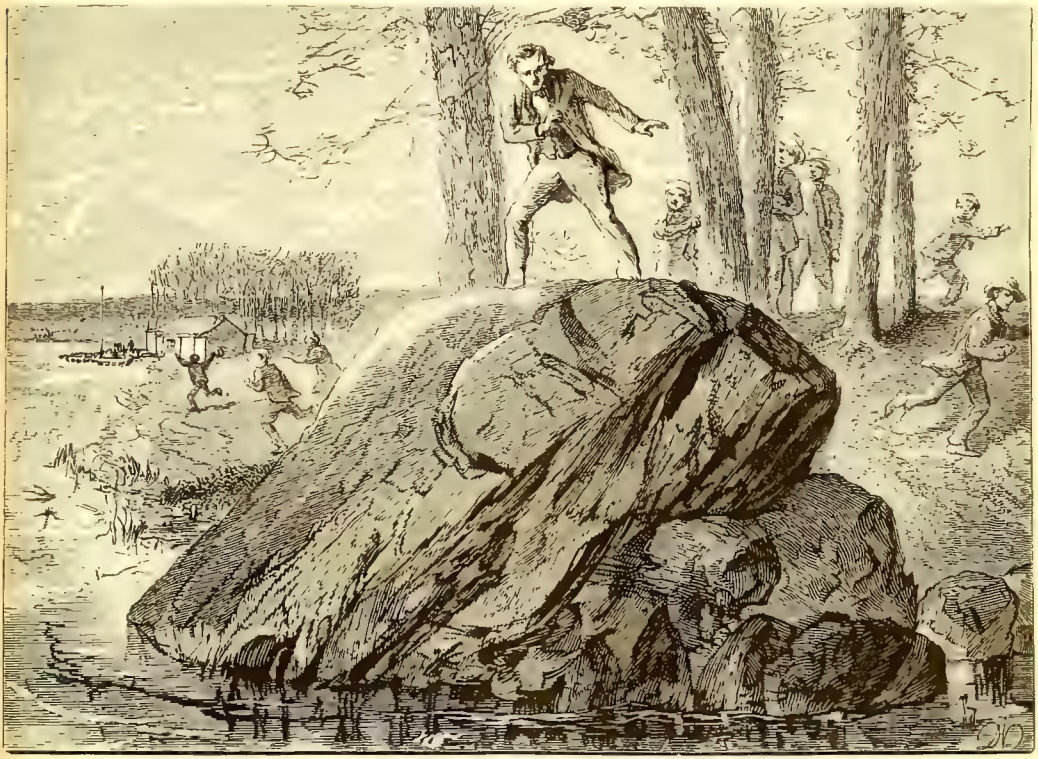
PACING up and down the river bank in a terrible excitement, or sitting in some solitary place with his eyes staring vacantly, or with head buried in his trembling hands, through which the tears would trickle, a man might have been seen haunting the neighborhood of Blackrock. It was Mr. Morton, so altered that those who knew him best almost failed to recognize in him the same man.

Let us not inquire too narrowly into the causes of this remarkable change.

It was not until all hope with regard to the recovery of Digby's body was abandoned, that it was so strikingly apparent. At first there was the rebellious cry from his heart, "It cannot be true; it shall not be true," and then a gentler and more subdued frame of mind ensued, as he prayed, "Oh that it may not be true," until at length it was useless to hope against hope, and the strong man bowed down his broken heart, as he said, "O God! it is true."

And what of Ethel?

It was her first loss, poor child, and her first contact with a great appalling sorrow. She was perplexed and stunned with the dreadful blow. She seemed utterly alone now; whether or not she really could have relied on Digby in the past for advice and guidance, does not matter—she felt she could, and now this source of reliance had gone.



"IN A MOMENT, MR. FEATHERSTONE WAS STANDING ON THE ROCK."

Her father was changed, so changed that he seemed almost a stranger, and now in this crisis of her need she felt that he could yield neither help nor sympathy to her, while she was impotent to minister to him.

It was well for Ethel that at the time of her sad visit to Blackrock, Madeleine Greenwood was there, for in her she found a companion of her own age, and a comforter as well as friend.

As the time drew near for Mr. Morton to return to Ashley House, the attachment which had sprung up between the two girls became closer and more intimate, and when Ethel returned to Ashley House, it was a very great satisfaction to her to have

Madeleine with her for a lengthened visit, a concession which Mr. Morton could not deny to her earnest entreaties.

The clothes of poor Digby, his books and school treasures, were packed up and sent away. The Doctor held a funeral service with the boys on the Sunday after the catastrophe, and addressed them briefly, but with great earnestness and emotion, on the loss they had sustained, and the awful suddenness of death, urging upon all the necessity of preparation, as none knew the day nor hour when the change would come.

A week later a marble column was raised upon the spot where the clothes were found, bearing this simple inscription: "In loving memory of D. M., who was drowned while bathing, June 18, 18—, aged 17 years."

On the evening of the day when the stone was raised, Martin and Howard sat together beside it.

Howard was very pale, and looked as if he had gone through a severe illness. He sat for some time gazing at the monument, until a tear dimmed his eye.

"My good fellow," said Martin, "why do you give way to so much useless regret? You are so morbidly sensitive that you seem to blame yourself as though you had been guilty of poor Digby's death."

Howard made no reply to his friend's remark, and for some moments remained quite silent. Then he said: "Martin, I shall never forgive myself about poor Digby. I fear I have wronged him."

"You wronged him? What do you mean?"

"I mean that in that miserable affair about the miniature, I reflected the blame in some degree upon him; I could not at the time help thinking that he knew something about it, and I fear I caused a wrong suspicion to rest on him. It is useless to give way to regret, but I do so wish I could speak to him just once again, to say that I now feel that I wronged him by my suspicions."

"Are you quite satisfied in your own mind, that you did wrong him?" asked Martin.

"Yes; something has happened which I have not mentioned to a soul, and shall not, except to you. Since poor Digby's death, I have lost my overcoat. I wore it on that cold Sunday night, and afterward hung it up in my room. I should not have missed it, but that I had left in the pocket my Bible—you remember the one, it was given to me by my father when I first left home for school. I have searched everywhere for the coat, and cannot find it. It is a great loss to me, for I would have parted with anything else in the world rather than lose that Bible."

"Have you not mentioned it to my uncle?" asked Martin, his face taking on a sharper look.

"No; he is worried and sad as it is, and I hate the idea of reflecting upon fellows in the school. It will turn up in time, perhaps, but I can't help thinking that there must be some thief in the school, and that the coat has gone where the miniature went."

"I really think it would be well to tell the Doctor," said Martin.

"Well, I may do so yet; but we break up next week, and if the truth should not be discovered, every boy will leave with a suspicion resting upon him,—for this is not confined to the twenty,—and it will do the school a great injury. But I tell it to you, Martin, because as I shall not return after this term, you know, you can keep your eyes open in case anything should turn up about it."

"What a wretched break-up we are having, altogether!" said Martin, after a little pause, in which he was thinking whether to take Howard's view of the case, or to still persuade him to make the matter known. "A break-up of Mr. Morton's home; a break-up of the Doctor's health, I fear, for all this anxiety has distressed him sadly; and a break-up of our little fraternity here, for now that you are going, and Digby gone, and Aleck Fraser is on the move, our 'set' will never be made up again. I hope, though, that our friendship will not be broken up."

"It never shall, if I can help it," said Howard; "and now while we are talking about it, will you promise to write to me, and tell me all about the school, as long as you stay in it, and about the Doctor, and Mrs. Brier, and especially all about yourself?"

The promise was duly made, and unlike many promises of a similar nature, was faithfully fulfilled.

The day before the breaking up, Dr. Brier asked Howard to speak with him in the library.

"My dear Howard," said the Doctor, putting his hand on his shoulder, "I cannot let you leave the school without telling you how deeply I regret parting with you. Your conduct has always been exemplary, and your influence beneficial in the school. I am sorry that the clouds have gathered round us so darkly lately, but some day we shall see through them, if we cannot at present. I want you to know that throughout, I consider you to have held a manly and a Christian course, and you have my unqualified approval of your conduct, as you have my sincere belief in the uprightness and integrity of your character. God bless you, my dear lad, wherever you go, and make those principles which have distinguished you in your school-life, useful to the world, in whatever part of it your lot may be cast! And now I wish to give you this little present, as a token of friendship, and let it serve as a reminder to you, that as long

as I live, I shall be glad and thankful to serve you."

It was a handsome set of books the Doctor gave him, and more than all his other treasures of prizes and friendly presents, was this one preserved, for it assured him that the Doctor, who never said what he did not believe, regarded him with the same trust as ever.

Chapter VII.

A LETTER, AND A FATAL CHASE.

THREE months had passed since the break-up at Blackrock school, and Martin had faithfully fulfilled his promise to keep up a brisk correspondence with his old friend. But no letter gave Howard a keener pleasure, than the one from which the following extracts are taken, and which will connect the history of events:

TO HOWARD PEMBERTON.

MY DEAR OLD CHUM: Every day I seem to miss you more and more, and I only wish the time had come for me to throw off school and take my plunge, as you have done, into the great stream of life. I don't take an interest in anything now; even cricket is a bore, and the talks about forming for foot-ball fail to start me up. The Doctor evidently misses you, and very often inquires after your welfare. He is not himself at all. I think the end of last term shook him a great deal. Mrs. Brier is as she always was. I don't know what some of us would do without her.

Is not my cousin spending a very long time at Ashley House? I think I told you I was invited to go and see her there, and I could write you a dozen pages or more about the visit, if time allowed—but it does n't. Madeleine and Ethel are as thick as thieves. I can quite believe that my cousin has cheered and helped them all very much in this time of their great trial, and I don't wonder at any girl loving her, for she is a first rate companion, and as good as she is beautiful.

I had a long chat with Mr. Morton, and he appeared to be much interested in hearing me talk of poor Digby's ways and doings amongst us. But you hardly know sometimes whether he is awake or asleep when you are talking to him, for he keeps his head buried in his hands. He seems regularly smitten down, poor man! He is talking of going abroad for some months, and I think it will do him good. If he goes, it will only be upon the condition that Madeleine stays with Ethel. I should n't be surprised if she were to become a permanent resident there.

I don't know if you ever heard Madeleine's history. It is a singular one, like my own. Her father and my father were partners in business. A fire ruined them both; and, as you know, an accident on the railway occurred which proved fatal to both. My poor mother I never knew, and she knew nothing of these troubles; but Madeleine's mother had to bear them all, and the weight was too heavy; she died broken-hearted, the life crushed out of her by misfortune upon misfortune. So, up to the present time, Madeleine and I have been, to a very great extent, dependent upon others; and as our circumstances in life have been so strangely similar, we are more like brother and sister than cousins. I shall be very glad, for her sake, if she finds in the Mortons more than is ordinarily found in chance friends. And I shall be glad, for my own sake, when I can release the dear old Doctor from the burden with which he willingly shackled himself when he took me under his care.

I wish I could have a good long talk with you, my dear old boy, on this and a hundred other subjects; but I can't. And now I must knock off for to-night, as the Doctor has just sent for me.

MARTIN VENABLES.

P. S.—I write in a violent hurry. The Doctor has read some extraordinary news in the paper just in from London. It is about the missing miniature, found on a prisoner. He will leave here for London by the 7.45 train in the morning. I want this to catch the post, so cannot write more, except that the Doctor wishes me to say he will be sure to see you before he has been long in London.

M. V.

This postscript threw the little household at Rose Cottage into a great flutter at the breakfast table the next morning.

"What can it mean?" asked Howard. "Have you seen anything in the paper, uncle, to which it refers? I have not seen the paper for a week."

"'Pon my word, I don't know," said Captain Arkwright. "It can't be—yes, it may, though. Just wait a minute."

The Captain jumped up, snatched the paper of the day before from a side-table, and began to search for a particular heading, which, of course, was not on the pages he had first opened.

"Here it is!" he cried at length. "It is headed, 'A Fatal Chase.'"

"Let me see it," said Howard, almost trembling with anxiety, as he ran his eye hastily over the report.

It ran on this wise:

A robbery was committed a few days ago on the firm of Robinson & Co., of this city, a report of which appeared in our columns. From information received by the police, a person who had taken a passage on board the "Ariadne," for New York, was suspected, and warrants were issued for his apprehension. The arrest was made, but as the police were bringing the prisoner from the vessel to the quay, a violent struggle ensued. Police-constable Janson was hurled by the prisoner over the edge of the quay into the water, while he, quick as lightning, made a rush to escape. He fled as far as the end of the quay, and was making for the draw-bridge, where he would soon have gained the open road, when his foot caught in a rope, which threw him with fearful violence over the wharf into the pool. In falling, he appears to have come into collision with a boat, and when his body was recovered he was found to be quite dead. The deceased was a young man of powerful build, and had taken his passage under the name of James Williams; but no clue has been obtained at present as to his antecedents. Upon his person was found a bundle of bank-notes, a sovereign, and some silver, and in a side-pocket was a miniature portrait of a young lady, of very beautiful workmanship, set in gold and studded with precious stones. The police are making searching inquiries, and as it is thought that this valuable portrait must have been stolen, it is believed that it will lead to further discoveries.

How Howard got through his work at the office that day, he was at a loss to know, for nothing remained on his mind for a moment at a time, except the vague and curious report about the Fatal Chase, and the anticipated visit of the Doctor with further particulars. No sooner had the clock struck six, than he sped away from the office, trusting to his legs to carry him more quickly than the omnibus or car.

Before he had time to ask, "Any news of the Doctor?" a well-known voice was heard, and the outstretched hand of his old friend grasped his.

"Well, my dear boy, how are you? You see, I need no introductions. Here I am, quite at home in your family circle."

"And what news, Doctor Brier?"

"A great deal, satisfactory and unsatisfactory.

But come and sit down, and I will tell you the whole story."

The whole story took a long time to tell, but it may be summed up in a few words.

The unfortunate man, who met his death so violently, was identified as a person who had once been in the employment of Messrs. Robinson & Co., ship-owners. The notes found upon him were traced as notes he had received in payment of a cheque forged in their name. But no information could be obtained as to his antecedents, nor the series of events that had brought his career to so pitiful a close. The greatest mystery hung about the fact of the miniature portrait; no clue of the faintest kind could be obtained as to how it came into his possession, but the Doctor had identified it, beyond the least shadow of a doubt, as the one stolen from Blackrock House.

It was necessary for the Doctor to remain in town for some days, and Mrs. Pemberton would not hear of his making a home anywhere else than at Rose Cottage. To this he was nothing loth; and to Howard, the presence of his old friend and master in the house, was a source of unqualified satisfaction.

Many a time they speculated about the strange secrets which lay locked up in that little miniature, and wished they could devise some means to extort them.

"But we must watch and wait," said the Doctor. "I seem to feel satisfied that we shall clear up the mystery some day."

The "some day" was very far ahead. Meantime, a verdict of "accidental death" was returned upon Williams. The miniature was formally made over to the Doctor, and when he had completed all the inquiries which could be instituted, and was nearly worn out with visits to and from the police and inquisitors generally, he bade adieu to the little circle of friends, and once more the veil, of which only a corner had been lifted, fell over the circumstances.

Chapter VIII.

Like seeks like.

Howard Pemberton had thought often of his future, even in early school-boy days, and many a time he and Martin had talked together about the great battle of life, and how to fight it.

They both were indebted to dear old Doctor Brier for one thing; he had always insisted that the basis of all achievement worth achieving was in character, and that the basis of character must be a disciplined and educated sense of honor; the utter despising from the heart of everything mean.

Howard was certainly one of those of whom it might be predicted, that he was sure to succeed. And he accepted the responsibilities of success, and determined to make the best he could of his life. From his first start, he had thrown his heart into his business, and common figures, and dull routine, were to his mind invested with a power which could help him in his pursuit,—not the mere pursuit of making money, but of being something. Before a twelvemonth had passed, he had made himself master of every detail in his business; at the end of his second year, he was so invaluable that he was intrusted with duties which the firm had never before placed in the hands of any clerk; and, at the end of his third year, the period of which I now write, he had been told that on the retirement of the senior partner he would be taken into the concern.

I must, for the purposes of my story, relate some of the principal incidents, which in the three years that have elapsed, have helped to make up the true life of Howard.

In the first place, his friend, Martin Venables, has been his constant companion. Growing weary of school-life, and longing to plunge, as he had said, into the great stream of life, he had happened to mention his wish, on his visit to Mr. Morton, and that gentleman, having taken a great interest in Martin, had been successful in procuring for him a good government appointment, in an office where he found scope for honest labor, with vistas of future promotion, dependent upon his own exertions, and he was as happy as the day was long in his new sphere of work.

He took up his abode near to Howard, and scarcely an evening passed, except when he was at the Mortons, which they did not spend together. Madeleine was still at Ashley House "on a visit," but with a few intervals, it had lasted for three years, and Martin was a frequent visitor there, especially after Mr. Morton's return from Italy. A strong friendship had sprung up between the two, and Mr. Morton certainly looked forward as eagerly to the visits as did Martin.

And Howard, too, was a visitor at Ashley House.

At first, there was a great prejudice against Howard in the Morton family. Ethel could not bear to hear his name, for it was painfully associated in her mind with poor Digby's death.

But after a time, through the quiet influence of Madeleine's conversations about Howard and Martin's evident affection for him, this prejudice died away, and Martin was invited to bring his friend to Ashley House.

Acquaintance ripened into a true and earnest friendship, and, under the influence of the young people, Mr. Morton found sources of happiness which he never had dreamed life could yield to him;

and even Mrs. Morton had so far thrown off her listlessness, as to be able to take an interest in their plans and purposes.

It was a lovely summer evening, toward the end of July, that the party of friends were all together upon the lawn; they had drawn the garden chairs up, and, after the game of croquet in which Madeleine and Howard had succeeded in beating Ethel and Martin, were prepared to devote the remainder of the evening to chat. Seeing this, Mr. Morton had put away his book, and drawn up his chair beside them, while Mrs. Morton, regardless of falling dews and rising damp, had followed the example of her husband.

"Now," said Mr. Morton, "short holidays, like this Saturday afternoon, are good; but are not long holidays better? And now that everybody is thinking of taking a trip somewhere or other, should not we 'do as Rome does,' and think of the same thing?"

"I suppose, sir, we all have been thinking of it, more or less, for the past year," said Martin; "and I for one must think of it seriously, for my holidays are fixed by official rules, and begin very soon."

"And yours, Howard?" inquired Mr. Morton.

"I can take a holiday now, or later," he answered. "But I do not generally get a month straight off, as these government officials do. However, I shall try for a longer holiday this year than I had last."

"Well, now," said Mr. Morton, drawing up his chair more closely to the group, "don't you think we might make up a party, and all go somewhere together?"

A burst of assents went up like a flight of rockets. It was just the very thing that all the young people wanted. And then began such a storm of questions; such a variety of wild and improbable suggestions; such a catalogue of countries as would take years to explore, and such merry banter and repartee, that even Mrs. Morton caught the enthusiasm, and threw herself into the proposal with a vigor that caused her husband to open his eyes wide in a gratified astonishment.

After discussing places, from Siberia to the Sandwich Islands, the votes were unanimous in favor of a tour to the North of Scotland, including Skye and the Shetland Isles.

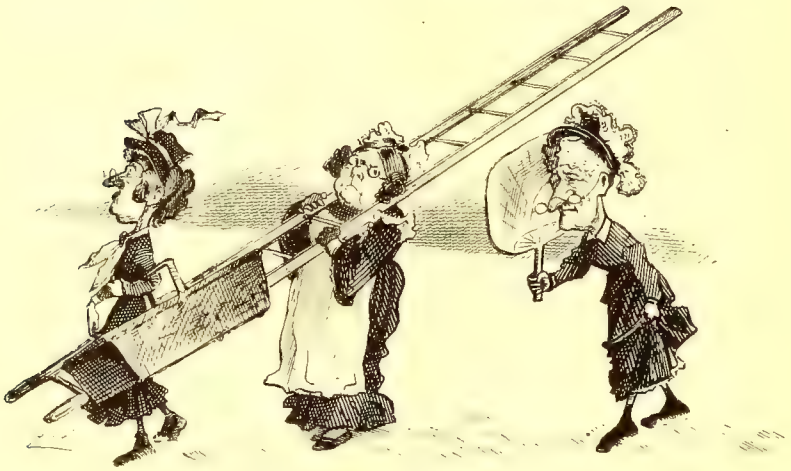
(To be continued.)



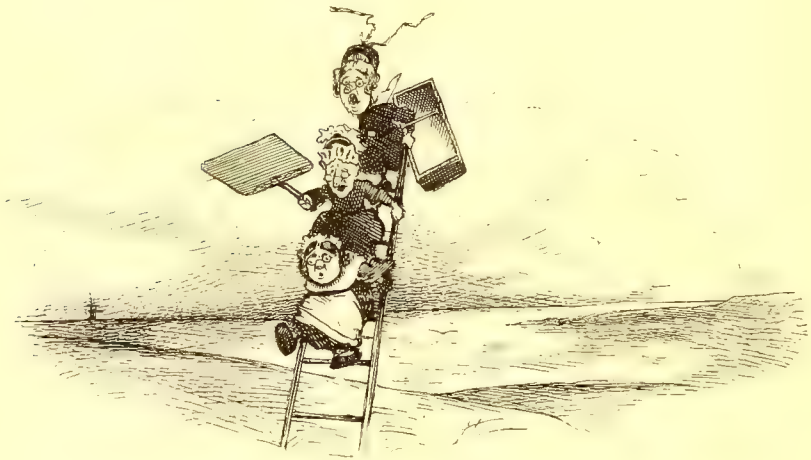
SEEING HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM.

THE THREE WISE WOMEN.

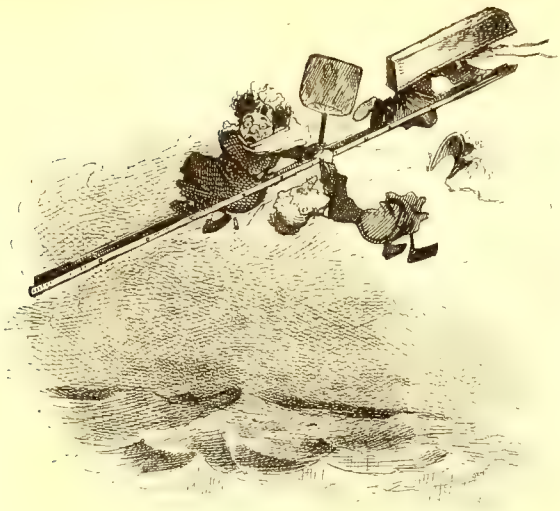
BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.



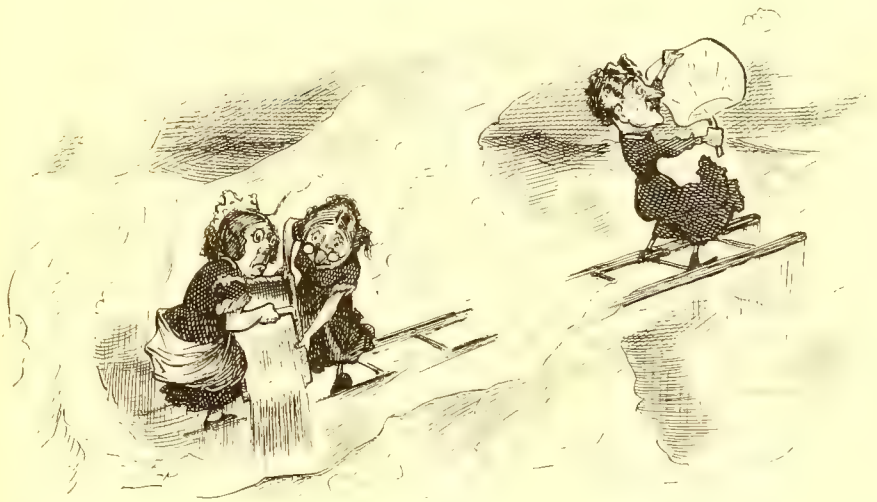
THREE wise old women were they, were they,
Who went to walk on a winter day.
One carried a basket, to hold some berries;
One carried a ladder, to climb for cherries;
The third, and she was the wisest one,
Carried a fan to keep off the sun!



"Dear, dear!" said one. "A bear I see!
I think we'd better all climb a tree!"
But there was n't a tree for miles around.
They were too frightened to stay on the ground;
So they climbed their ladder up to the top,
And sat there screaming, "We'll drop! we'll drop!"



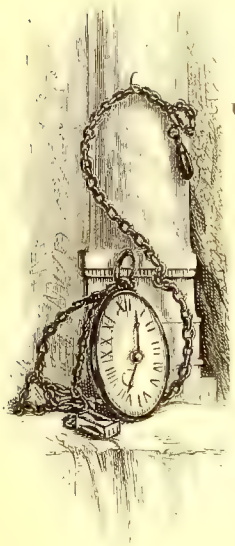
But the wind was strong as wind could be,
And blew their ladder right out to sea!
Soon the three wise women were all afloat
In a leaky ladder, instead of a boat!
And every time the waves rolled in,
Of course the poor things were wet to the skin.



Then they took their basket, the water to bail;
They put up their fan, to make a sail;
But what became of the wise women then,—
Whether they ever got home again,
Whether they saw any bears or no,—
You must find out, for *I* don't know.

ALWAYS BEHINDHAND.

By M. D. K.



UPPER was ready and waiting. Our guest had not arrived, but there was another train an hour later. Should the family wait for my friend, or should I alone, who was the personage especially to be visited? My father paced the floor nervously, as was his wont when he felt disturbed. He had the evening papers to read, and he never opened them until after tea. This was a habit of his. He was very fixed —or, as some express it, "set"—in his little ways. It was Bridget's evening out, and she had begun to show a darkened visage. Bridget was no friend to "company," and it was policy to conciliate her. So the family seated themselves at the table, and I sat near, waiting until brother John should be ready to accompany me a second time to the station.

"What about this young lady friend of yours, Nelly?" asked my father. "Is she one of the unreliable sort—a little addicted to tardiness, that is?"

"I am obliged to confess, papa, that at boarding-school, where I longest knew Jeannette, she was inclined to be dilatory; but that was years ago. It is to be hoped that she has changed since then."

"I should wish to have very little to do with a behindhand person," said my father, shaking his head very gravely.

"Oh, papa!" I remonstrated, "you will not condemn a dear friend for one single fault. Jeannette is beautiful and accomplished, sensible and good-tempered. Everybody thinks she is splendid."

"She may have very pleasant qualities, but I tell you, girls," he added with sudden emphasis, "that a want of punctuality vitiates the whole character. No one is good for much who cannot be depended upon; and what dependence is to be placed on a man who is not up to his engagements? In business, such a man is nowhere; and in social life a dawdling, dilatory man or woman is simply a pest. But mind, my child, I am not characterizing your friend; we cannot tell about her till we see."

The later train brought my friend. She was profuse in her regrets; she had been belated by a mistake in the time; her watch was slow. As she was pouring forth a torrent of regrets and apologies, I observed my father bestowing glances of evident admiration at the fair speaker, while the rich color came and went in her cheeks and her eyes kindled with animation. Truly, beauty covers a multitude of faults. Sister Bell, who was as punctual as my father, was appeased, and promised to take care of the tea-things and let Bridget go out. My father good-naturedly offered to regulate the halting watch by the true time.

To her chamber we went together, to talk as girls do talk when they meet in this way, after a long separation. Folding me in her arms, she told me all about her recent engagement to George Allibone; showed me her engagement ring, and her lover's photograph. It was a noble head finely posed, and a most engaging face, and my ready and cordial admiration was a new bond of sympathy. It took until nearly midnight to say all that we girls, aged twenty, had to say to each other; and this, in addition to the fatigues of travel, was accepted as an excuse for Jenny's tardiness at breakfast. She really had meant to be early.

But this was only the beginning. Throughout the whole three weeks of her visit, she was scarcely punctual in a single case where time was definitely appointed. She was late in rising, late at meals, late at church and for excursions, and, to our profound mortification, late for dinner appointments, even when parties were made especially on her account. She seemed sorry and mortified, but on each occasion she would do the same thing over again.

"What *can* she be doing?" my mother sometimes asked in perplexity, when my sister and I were ready and waiting.

"Doing her hair, mother," we answered, "and she will do it over until it suits her, be it early or late."

"Oh, these hair-works!" sighed my mother. "How much tardiness at church and elsewhere is due to over-fastidious hair-dressing! What is that line of good George Herbert's? 'Stay not for the other pin.' I think he must have meant hair-pins."

My sister and I sometimes agreed between ourselves to compel her to readiness by standing by, to help her in her preparations; but in vain. She must write a letter or finish a story before making her toilet. Why not accomplish the toilet first, to be sure of it—any time remaining, for the other purposes? She did n't *like* to do so. No philosopher could tell why. It is an unaccountable, mysterious something, rooted deep in some people's

natures—this aversion to being beforehand. I have seen it in other people since the time when it so puzzled and troubled me in Jenny. It marred the pleasure of the visit most miserably. I was continually fearing the displeasure of my father and the discomfort of my mother. The whole household were disturbed by what seemed to them downright rudeness.

"Now, Jenny," I would plead, "do be early, dear, when papa comes with the carriage. It annoys him dreadfully to wait."

She would promise to "try."

"But pray, Jenny, why need you have to try. It is easy enough. For my part, I never will make any one wait for me. I go without being ready, if need be, or I stay behind."

I had come to talk very plainly to her, out of love and good-will, as well as, sometimes, from vexation of spirit. For the twentieth time she would tell me how truly she had meant to be punctual in some given case, and that she should have been so but that she was hindered when nearly ready by some unforeseen occurrence.

"But, my dear, unforeseen hindrances will often occur, and you must lay your account with them, and give yourself extra time. You will run the risk of meeting some great calamity by trusting, as you do, to the last minute."

And the calamity did befall her. Mr. Allibone spent a day with us. We were anticipating with great pleasure a second visit, when a telegram arrived requesting Jenny to meet him in Boston on the succeeding morning. A business emergency had summoned him abroad very suddenly, and he was to embark for Liverpool in the evening.

We all sympathized with Jenny in the startling effect of this sudden announcement, and offered her every sort of help when the hour for her departure was at hand. She had only to compose herself and prepare for the journey. Sister Bell would arrange her hair and bring her dress, and she would be spared all effort. She seemed grateful, but was sure she could be ready without troubling any one. She dreamed not how much she was, even then, troubling us, for we were beginning to tremble lest she should somehow manage to be late for this, her only train.

She kissed us all twice over when the hackman arrived at the door; but, suddenly glancing in the mirror and observing how ashen was her usually brilliant complexion, she declared against wearing the gray cashmere in which she was dressed, of a hue so like her face. George must not meet her thus. She seized her black silk, with which, in spite of remonstrances, she proceeded to array herself. There was time enough; the carriage must surely be too early. Alas! for the ripping out of gathers, in the violence of her haste, and for the loopings of her skirt, not to be dispensed with! Horses could not be made to do the work of five minutes in three.

She saw the cars move off without her!

No words were called for. My mother carried a glass of elderberry wine to the poor girl, and left her alone to her tears. They would do her good.

We ourselves needed rest, after the troubled scene of hurry and excitement, and we sat down, feeling as if a whirlwind had passed.

"It is beyond my comprehension," said my father, when he came home to dinner. "I can understand tardiness," he continued, categorically, "as the result of indolence. Lazy people dread effort and postpone it. There is a man in my employ who continues to work sometimes after hours. The men tell me that he is actually too lazy to leave off work and put away his tools. But Miss Jeannette seems active and energetic."

"She miscalculates, papa," I said. "She always imagines there is plenty of time until the last minute."

"But herein is the mystery," persisted my father. "Whence this *uniformity* of dereliction? Why not sometimes too early and sometimes just in the right time, instead of always and everywhere late, and making others late?"

"Poor girl!" said my mother, whose compassion was uppermost. "I pity her with all my heart; yet it is not a case of life and death. This trial may be attended with beneficial results. We will hope so."

I am sorry that this hope was apparently not to be realized. The lesson failed to be read aright. Jeannette recovered her serenity, and resumed her tardy ways. A yet severer lesson was needed, and it came.

The steamer in which, after an absence of ten or twelve weeks, George Allibone was to embark for home, was lost, and not a passenger saved.

My father took me at once to my poor stricken friend, in her distant home. Pale and dumb with grief, yet with tearless eyes, she let us take her almost lifeless hand. From her bloodless lips came only the low, anguished cry, "If only I had said farewell!"

What comfort in words? We offered none. My father's eyes brimmed over, and my heart was breaking for my poor Jeannette.

But relief came speedily. The joyful news was received that George was safe, having made a necessary change in his plans, and would arrive in a fortnight. Jeannette came up from the depths. What should her thank-offering be? She made the resolution to become at once faithful to her appointments, prompt and reliable. It was not

that she would *try*—she would speak the commanding words "I will."

She has kept her resolution. Writing to me, after a lapse of years, she said: "You will hardly know your dilatory friend. I remember and practice your advice of former years, to be first ready for my appointments, and to reserve other work for the interval of waiting after I am ready. It is surprising how often I find not a moment left for waiting. Still, I feel the old tendency to procrastinate, and I am obliged steadfastly to resist it. 'Delays are dangerous,' as our old writing-copies used to run; the sentiment is hackneyed, but oh, how true! George says he owes you ten thousand thanks for your faithful counsel, and we shall speak them when you make us the visit of which we feel so sure, because your promises, as I well know, are faithfully kept."

THE THREE HORSE-SHOES; OR, MARSHAL DE SAXE AND THE DUTCH BLACKSMITH.

By David Ker.

Maurice de Saxe was a son of the King of Saxony, and a fine lad he was—tall and strong and handsome, and as brave as a lion. But the king, like a certain old woman of whom you may have heard, had so many children that he did n't know what to do; and so, as Maurice had such a lot of elder brothers as to have not much chance of inheriting the crown, or anything else that would keep him in bread and butter, his father sent him out to seek his fortune, like many another prince in those days. So he went over to France, and entered the army of King Louis XV.

Now, at that time there was always a war going on somewhere or other, and the French armies were fighting in every part of Europe; and the king cared very little who his officers were, or where they came from, if they were only brave men and clever fighters, and ready to go wherever he liked to send them. So, as you may think, it was not long before our friend Maurice, who was quite as brave as any of them, and a good deal cleverer than most, began to make his way. First, he got to be a lieutenant, then a captain, then a major, then a colonel, and at last, while he was still quite a young man, he came out as Count de Saxe, and Field-Marshal of the Army of Flanders, with fifty thousand men under him! That was pretty good promotion, was n't it?

But, although he had got on so fast, no one could say that it was more than he deserved; for he was by far the best general that France had had for many a day. He beat the Germans, and he beat the Flemings, and he beat the English, though they fought against him as stoutly as men could; and, at last, his soldiers got to have such faith in him, that wherever he appeared the battle seemed to turn at once, as if the very sight of him brought good fortune along with it. And a gallant sight it was to see him prancing along on his fine black horse in front of the line of battle, with his plumed hat and laced coat glittering in the sunshine, and his sword gleaming in his hand, and his dark handsome face and large black eyes kindling like fire the moment the first gun was heard. Every picture-shop in Paris had his likeness in the window; and King Louis himself had the marshal's portrait hung up in his cabinet, and liked nothing better than to invite him to dinner, and hear him tell of all the battles that he had won. Indeed, such a favorite did he become at court, that at last nothing would serve the king but he must go to the war too, and see how his friend Monsieur de Saxe disposed of the enemy. Saxe gained the victory, as usual; and after all was over, there was a great supper on the battle-field, and the king himself hung the Cross of St. Louis around the marshal's neck, and the marshal sat at his right hand in triumph, and thought himself the finest fellow in the whole world.

But, curiously enough, the one thing that this great general specially prided himself upon was neither his skill in warfare nor his favor at court, but simply his strength. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as showing off the power of his muscles, and astonishing the people about him by bending an iron bar, or felling a horse with one blow of his fist; and he was fond of saying that he would give his purse and all the money in it to any man who was stronger than himself, if he could ever fall in with him.

Now, it happened that, one day, while the French and German armies were lying pretty close to each other, Marshal de Saxe sent a message to the enemy's camp, asking some of the German officers

to dine with him; and after the meal he began to boast of his strength, as usual, till at last an old German general, who sat at his left, said that he would like to see a specimen of what his Excellency could do. Saxe made no answer, but took up a large silver dish, which was standing before him, in his strong white fingers (for, big and powerful as his hands were, they were white and smooth as any lady's, and he was very proud of them), and, without more ado, rolled it up like a sheet of paper!

"Can your Honor unroll that dish again?" asked he, handing it to the German; and, although the general was a strong man, and tried his best, he found the task too hard for him, and was forced to own himself beaten.

"Your Excellency's strength is very great," said he, "but, nevertheless, I venture to think that there is one man in Flanders who can match it."

"And who may he be?" asked Saxe, frowning.

"A blacksmith in the village of Scheveningen, Dirk Hogan by name. All the country around knows of his exploits; and when I met with him myself, I saw such things as I should have thought impossible, had my own eyes not witnessed them."

When the marshal heard this, he looked blacker than ever; and the first thing he did next morning was to send off messengers in every direction to inquire for a village called Scheveningen, and a man named Dirk Hogan. And, sure enough, some of them came back with news that there was such a village, and that Dirk Hogan, the smith, had been living there till quite lately; but that now he had sold his forge and gone away, and nobody knew what had become of him.

This was a decided disappointment for our friend Saxe, but he had something else to think of just then. The enemy's army had lately received strong re-enforcements, and seemed inclined to attack him; and he was riding out one morning to reconnoiter their position, when suddenly his horse stumbled and cast a shoe.

"There's a village just ahead of us, your Excellency," said one of his officers. "Shall I ride on and see if I can find a blacksmith?"

"Do so," answered Saxe; and the officer came back presently to say that he had found what he wanted. So the horse was led up to the door of the smithy, and the smith himself came out to have a look at it.

The moment he appeared, the marshal fastened his eyes upon him as if he would look him right through. And well he might; for this smith was such a man as one does not see every day—very nearly as tall as Saxe himself, and even broader across the shoulders, while upon his bare arms the huge muscles stood out under the tanned skin like coils of rope. The marshal felt at once that he could never be comfortable till he had had a trial of strength with this sturdy-looking fellow; so he bade him bring out one of his best horse-shoes.

The smith did so; and Saxe, looking at it, said quietly: "This ware of yours is but poor stuff, my friend; it will not stand work. Look here!"

He took it in his strong hands, and with one twist broke the iron like a biscuit.

The smith looked at him for a moment, and then, without seeming at all taken aback, brought out a second horse-shoe, and a third; but Saxe broke them as easily as he had broken the first.

"Come," said he, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot; give me the first shoe that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The smith produced a fourth shoe, and fitted it on; and Saxe tossed him a French crown—a coin about the size of a silver dollar. The Dutchman held it up to the light, and shook his head.

"This coin of yours is but poor metal, mynheer," said he, saying the words just as the marshal had spoken his. "It wont stand work. Look here!"

He took the coin between his finger and thumb, and with one pinch cracked it in two like a wafer.*

It was now the marshal's turn to stare; and the officers exchanged winks behind his back, as much as to say that their champion had met his match at last. Saxe brought out another crown, and then a third; but the smith served them in like manner.

"Come," said he, imitating the marshal's voice to perfection, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot. Give me the first crown that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The Frenchman looked at the Dutchman—the Dutchman looked at the Frenchman—and then both burst into a roar of laughter, so loud and hearty that the officers who stood by could not help joining in.

"Fairly caught!" cried the marshal, suddenly, and added, "What's your name, my fine fellow?"

"Dirk Hogan, from Scheveningen."

"Dirk Hogan!" cried Saxe. "The very man I've been looking for! But I've found him in a way I did n't expect!"

"So it seems," said the smith, grinning. "I need n't ask who *you* are—you're the Count de Saxe, who was always wanting to meet with a stronger man than himself. Does it seem to you as if you had met with him now?"

"Well, I rather think it does," quoth Saxe, shrugging his shoulders; "and as I promised to give him my purse whenever I *did* meet with him, here it is. And now, if you'll come along with me, and serve as farrier to my head-quarters' staff, I promise you that you shall never have cause to repent of having met with Maurice de Saxe."

And the marshal was as good as his word.

* John Ridd, the "Devonshire Hercules," is said to have achieved a similar feat more than once.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

IT is beginning to feel something like spring. However, we must n't be too certain, for April is the month for little tricks of all kinds. Let us be careful and not be caught by make-believe spring weather.

HAIR-BRAIDS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

I 'M told that, eight centuries ago, girls and women wore their hair in braids. Each woman had two braids, which she slipped separately into long, narrow cases of silk, or some other material, and wound with ribbon. They hung like base-ball bats. On the statue of a queen of those times, the braids, cased in this style, reached lower than the knees.

Years ago, every British sailor dressed his hair in a pigtail at the back, so that it hung

"Long and bushy and thick,
Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick."

I heard of one sailor whose mates did his hair so tightly that he could n't shut his eyes, and he nearly got punished for staring at his commanding officer,—a hair-breadth escape, as somebody called it.

KNOTS AND THE NORTH POLE.

MY feathered friends tell me of a bird called the knot, something like a snipe in shape, whose color is ashen gray in winter and bright Indian red in summer. They say he is very particular about the weather, and likes best fine bracing days with sunshine and a moderate breeze; so, in winter he flies south, but in summer he goes farther north than man has yet been able to go.

Now, I've been told that the farther north you go, the colder is the climate; but this bird, who likes pleasant weather so much, goes beyond the coldest places known! Perhaps he has found a cheerful and comfortable summer home, bright and bracing, somewhere near the North Pole, on which somebody will find him, may be, one of these days, quietly perched, preening himself, and looking at a distance like a bit of red cloth on a broomstick. If he *has* found a cozy spot away up there, he 's smarter than any Arctic explorer I ever heard of.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Johnstown, Pa., March, 1878.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Some of your other chicks may like to hear what my uncle has just told me about the mayflower, or trailing arbutus, so as to know where to hunt for it as soon as spring comes. It grows chiefly in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, and is always to be found among mountains, hills, and high lands. Late in March or early in April, under the brown and withered leaves of last year, you will find it—cool, shiny, fragrant, with clusters of star-like blossoms, the color being of all shades of pink from very deep to a pinkish white. Yet farther under the leaves you will find the trailing stems. I hope many will join in the search for this first sweet flower of spring.—Your true friend, AMANDA S. K.

MIRA IN CYGNUS.

ON clear nights, during the first half of this month, my dears, the star called Mira, in the constellation Cygnus (or "The Swan"), can be seen in full luster. This is what the owl tells me; and he adds that it is one of those strange stars which vary in brightness. It shines for about a fortnight very brightly indeed; then by degrees it fades away, until, at the end of three months, it cannot be seen. After remaining five months out of sight, it gradually brightens up again. May be you 've heard all about this before; but now is your time to see Mira twinkle her bright eye at you. I 'll take a peep at her from my pulpit, myself, if I can manage to catch sight of her.

A RARE SPECIMEN.

Brookline, Mass.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you ever hear this story about Agassiz? If not, please show it to the other boys and girls.—Yours truly, NELLIE CHASE.

One day, a man put together parts of various insects and submitted them to Agassiz as a rare specimen. He also pretended not to know to what species it belonged, and asked the professor to tell him. It was April Fools' Day. Agassiz gave a single glance at the object and, looking up, said "Hum-bug."

A SARDONIC GRIN.

HERE 'S a bit of advice which Deacon Green once gave to the boys of the red school-house. It came back to me all at once the other day as I was watching a plump little darkey eating a sour pickle, and making very wry faces.

The Deacon said: "Whenever you come across a word that you don't understand thoroughly, don't rest until you have found out all you can about it."

Sometimes words grow out of queer things and in very odd ways. There 's "sardonic," for instance. As applied to a grin, it means one that a man makes if he is forced to laugh when he does n't want to, or tries to smile when he really is ready to cry out with pain.

Now, the birds tell me that in the island called Sardinia there used to grow a plant with a very disagreeable taste; and whenever a piece of it was put into anybody's mouth, it made his face pucker

up into a broad, unwilling smile—made him "laugh the wrong side of his mouth," as I've heard boys say. Well, in course of time, the name of the island was given to the plant, and then, with a slight change, it was used to describe the wry face the taster made.

So you see, my dears, some words are like puzzles. By the way, I 'd like to know what you yourselves can find out about this same word "sardonic," for it may be that those chattering little friends of mine, the birds, have been trying to make an April fool of your Jack,—perhaps, just to see if I can smile a "sardonic" smile when I find out what they 've done.

A POSER FROM THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

THIS letter, and the picture I give you with it, have just come to me. Now let 's see what your wits are worth, my dears.

The Red School-house.

MY DEAR JACK: I have a favor to ask of you Will you please show to your chicks a copy of the picture which I now send to you,



and ask them to give you the one word which will express the meaning of it. You can tell them, as a clue, if you like, that by means of what the picture means they can find out what it means.—Truly your friend, THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

GREENLAND.

LETTERS have come from Andrew A. Bateman, Frank Polley, M. E. Andrews, Edward Liddon Patterson, Bessie B. Roelafson, and Horatio Warren, all telling much the same story—that a man named Eric sailed from Iceland in the year 983, and, reaching the west coast of Greenland, saw there large herds of reindeer browsing on the meadows. This pleased him, and he called the country "Greenland."

The Little Schoolma'am says that this is correct, and adds that in some parts Greenland is much colder than it used to be. She wants to know if you can give any reason why.

THE FEAST OF KITES.

IN Japan, the 23d of April is a splendid day for boys, I should think. I'm told that the Feast of Kites is held on that day, with kite-fights and kite-dances, and all sorts of good fun. Who knows anything more about this?

ANSWERS to the "Tobacco" and "Cares" riddles were sent by W. P., N. E., W. L. and F. H. Amerman, Nellie J. Towle, A. B. Easton, "Ned," L. C. L., E. E. B., Nessie E. Stevens, "Mione," Mary H. Barnett, "Bessie," "Lucy and Annie," A. R. S., and Wm. V. F. Several sent amended versions of both riddles, but no one has given a satisfactory answer to Archbishop Whately's rhymed puzzle. "Lucy and Annie" send this verse as the solution:

> "To him who cons the matter o'er,
> A little thought reveals,—
> He heard it first who went before
> Two pair of *soles* and *'eels*."

I 'm afraid it is not the right answer, and I 'm beginning to think that the archbishop made the riddle on the First of April!

TABBY'S RIDE.

TABBY was a great traveler. She knew every spot about the house—from attic to cellar—and just where everything that she liked was kept. There was hardly a rat or a mouse on the place that could hide from her. She crawled into every dark corner of the barn; could tell the number of eggs in each hen's nest; and often she took long walks through the fields, creeping through every hole in the fence that was as big as her body.

Besides all this, she rode about the farm-yard a great many times. She had merry rides with little Harry in his baby-carriage, with Johnny and Fred as horses; she had lain curled up on the great load of hay when Mr. Dorr and the men drove in from the fields; and she had traveled ever so many miles in the empty wagon, when the boys played it was a train of cars. She liked this railroad journey best; but Fred always waked her up at every station by his loud Too–oo–oo–t! At other times, she did not know that they were moving, even when Fred said they were dashing along at a terrible rate!

But such a ride as the one I shall tell about, she never had had before in all her life! Indeed, she would never have taken it—but she could not help it. Ponto made her go. You see, Ponto and Tabby were good friends. They lived and ate together; they ran races and played all sorts of nice games; and they liked each other very much. Sometimes they had little quarrels; but they soon forgot their anger and were friends again.

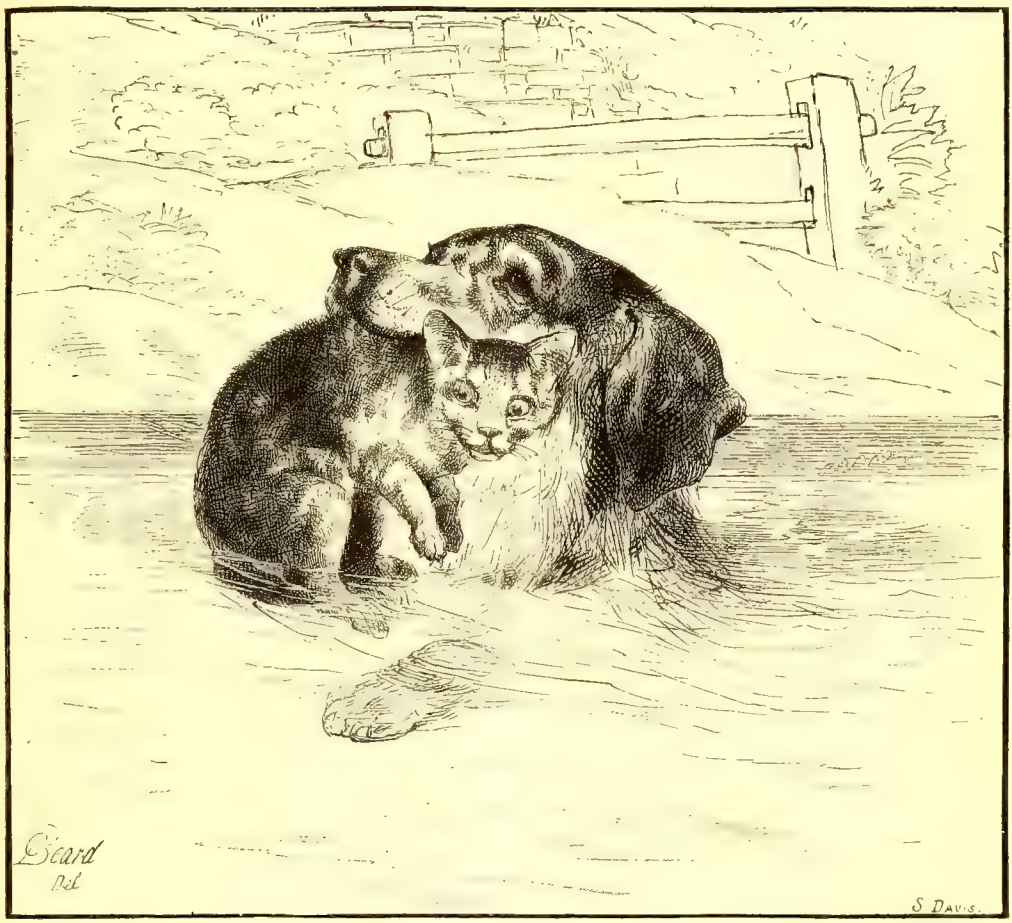
Every evening, when Ponto came into the yard, the two friends would run down one little hill from the house and up another little hill to the barn where Mary was milking. Ponto would keep the pigs out of the yard, and Tabby would watch every hole in the barn floor for a rat or a mouse. Then, when Mary was done milking, she would pour some fresh milk into a pan for Tabby to drink.

But, after a while, there came a long rain-storm. Ponto had to stay in the yard for two or three days. Tabby did nothing but doze! It seemed as if it never would stop raining! But it did at last; and when Ponto and Tabby ran down the hill again, they saw at the bottom—a pond deep enough to drown them both!

Tabby did not know what to do. In all her travels she had never crossed a pond of water. She was frightened, and would have gone back to the house, but she looked toward the barn, and saw Mary and the pan of milk waiting for her beside the door.

Ponto did not care for the water, for he could swim. So when they came to the edge of the pond, he plunged in and was soon across. Then he looked back to see what had become of Tabby. He thought she would be at his heels.

But no! There she was on the bank where he had left her. Her back was curled up till it looked as if it were broken, and her tail was



waving over it! What in the world was the matter? She never looked so except when she was angry.

Now, Ponto thought Tabby was a wonderful cat. He had seen her catch rats, and he knew that she could do some things that even he could not. "Surely she can cross that pond," thought he. He did not know what to make of it.

He called to her, with a bark, to "Jump in and swim across." But she

only replied with a cross "Meouw," which he did not hear. Then he said again, "It's easy to swim across—come on!"

"As easy as for you to climb a tree," said Tabby, in an angry way.

This was too much for Ponto! He could not climb a tree, and Tabby knew it. When he was too rough in his play, she would run up into the apple-tree, and there she was safe. So this reply made him angry. Tabby should not have said it—but then, she wanted the milk!

"It is so easy that I can swim across and carry you, too," thought Ponto, and then he plunged into the water again. When he reached the shore, he seized Tabby by the back of the neck with his teeth, and rushed back into the water. Poor Tabby! She thought she certainly would be drowned.

But Ponto knew better. He held his head so high that the water hardly touched her pretty little paws. So she kept quiet and did not struggle. It was not so bad after all! And besides, there was the milk!

When they landed, Tabby had a stiff neck for a while, and Ponto had to shake his great shaggy sides until they were dry. Then they ran up the hill as fast as they could go, and into the barn,—and almost into the milk-pail before they could stop.

Tabby was very thankful to Ponto for this ride. She said to herself that she would help him to climb a tree the next time that he tried. But as she drank her milk, she was glad that they both could follow Mary home by the long path through the orchard.

Tabby did not forget her strange ride. But she has never taught Ponto how to climb a tree! She has not even helped him up to the lowest limb. Do you think she ever will?

LULLABY.

Little boy John is sleepy,
Little boy John can rest,
Now that the sun all its labor has done,
And gone to its bed in the west.

Rattle goes into the closet,
Letter-blocks go there too;
Wait till the morn for the cow in the corn,
And the horn of the Little Boy Blue

Into the crib with Johnny,
As soon as his prayers are said;
Tuck him all in from the toes to the chin,
Alone in his soft, downy bed.

Then in the morning early,
Soon as the sun shall rise,
Little boy John, with the coming of dawn,
Will open his pretty blue eyes.

Butterflies in the garden,
Roses, and lilies fair,
Birds in the trees, and the big bumble-bees,
Shall welcome our little one there.

Yet if the day be rainy,
Dreary and dark the sky,
Still there is fun for our own little one,
In the nursery cozy and dry.

Beat a big drum all morning,
Build a card-house till noon,
Play after that with the dog and the cat,
Will keep little Johnny in tune.

Little boy John is sleepy,
Winks with his two little eyes,
Nods with his head—so we put him to bed,
And under the cover he lies.



THE LETTER-BOX.

THE readers of ST. NICHOLAS are so familiar, by this time, with the new cover of the magazine, that they can understand, better perhaps than at first, how much this cover, which Mr. Walter Crane has so carefully and thoughtfully drawn, is meant to express. The girl or boy who will take the trouble to study the meaning of the many distinct parts of which the design is composed, will see that pretty much every subject that ST. NICHOLAS thinks it well to talk about, is, in some way, symbolized in the smaller pictures.

The department "For Very Little Folks" is represented by a baby in a cradle, with a youthful nurse reading to it. Below this scene, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" is holding forth to his hearers; and, in the next picture, the poetry of the magazine is personified by a boy mounted on Pegasus, the fabled winged horse that poets ride. A young hunter, who shakes hands with a friendly gorilla, indicates that stories of travel, in strange and distant countries, are to be found within.

In the upper picture, on the other side, two youngsters with telescope and globe show that scientific subjects may be treated of in such a way as to interest boys and girls; and a young artist, hard at work, illustrates how industriously and earnestly our artists work to make good pictures for the magazine. Sports and games are represented by the little fellow playing cricket, which, as well as baseball, is an excellent game, and often played in this country, though not to so great an extent as in England, where Walter Crane lives. The young sailor in his canoe, starting out on the wide ocean in search of adventure, gives a good idea of how the readers of ST. NICHOLAS go all over the world and see strange sights, in company with the writers of our stories of fun and adventure.

There are still other things to be noticed on this cover. At the very top, you will see a figure of young Time, probably the son of old Tempus, who holds out a tablet to let us know what month the number is for; and, at the bottom, are two round faces, like young worlds, which show that children, in both the eastern and western hemispheres, are always on the lookout for the coming of ST. NICHOLAS.

At the top are the muses of Literature and Art, who see to it that we have plenty of good articles and pictures; while at the bottom are the two griffins, who keep out everything that is bad.

In the center is St. Nicholas himself, the good old patron of girls and boys.

Down at the bottom of this central picture, in the left-hand corner, just behind the girl's foot, there is a curious little design. That is the artist's distinctive mark, which he often puts on his pictures. INV. stands for invented, or designed, and under this are two V's. In Old-English, V is the same letter as U, and these two V's stand for double-u, or W—for Walter. Then there is a little picture of a crane. And so we can easily see that the meaning of the sign is, "Designed by Walter Crane."

Thus we have shown that this cover tells quite a story, and, if we study it longer, we may see more in it than is mentioned here.

Roxbury, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have formed a club for playing battledoor and shuttlecock. Our highest scores are 5084, 4556, 3545, and 3496. Will you ask your subscribers, through the "Letter-Box," if they know of any higher scores?—Yours truly,

THE BROTHERS OF THE BATTLEDOOR.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very busy now putting pictures on Easter eggs, the insides of which have been blown out and replaced by very fine caraway-seed candy, put in through a little hole at one end and then covered by a picture. The money I get for these eggs is for my Easter offering. Duck-eggs are the prettiest to use, because they are of such a lovely greenish-blue tint. May be some of your other readers may like to make some of these Easter eggs. Mamma says she could scarcely keep house without the ST. NICHOLAS now, and I think so too.—Your friend,

GEORGE M. A.

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you be so kind as to tell a little Scottish girl where to find the date when England claimed Scotland, as Mrs. Weiss says, in her story about the "Arms of Great Britain," in the January number of your magazine? I cannot find any such date. King Edward I., I know, claimed it, but Robert the Bruce disputed it so successfully that none have ever claimed it since.—Yours respectfully,

AGGIE NICOL.

William the Conqueror, in A. D. 1072, subdued Malcolm III. of Scotland, and received his homage. This was the first time England claimed, and exercised, sovereignty over Scotland.

STELLA C.—Homer is the "Blind Man of Smyrna."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please print this poem? It was written for my brother Bertie, by a well-known authoress, within five minutes, by my father's watch, and with the alteration of but one word. I must tell you we gave her the subject. Hoping you will print this poem, I remain yours truly,

CHARLES H. M.

BERT'S FUTURE WIFE.

Do you wish to see her—
Bertie's future wife,
The maid who 'll share his fortune,
Brighten all his life?

This is how I see her,
In my fancy's eye:
Tall and fair and slender,
Cheerful, good and spry,

Eyes as deep as pansies,
Lips like cherries red,
And a wealth of sunshine
Growing on her head.

Kind her voice, and gentle,
Sweet her merry laugh,—
There, I 've told you wonders,
Yet not told you half.

Nothing could be better
Than this lovely maid.
Now let 's see him get her;—
Hard work, I 'm afraid.

Monroeville, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have for some time been anxious to take the ST. NICHOLAS, but did not have the money. I was told that if I would gather hickory-nuts enough to amount to the sum, I might take it. I gathered three bushels, sold them, sent for the magazine, and, last evening, received two numbers, with which I was very much pleased.—Your faithful reader,

CLARA LINDSLEY.

Danbury, Ct.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A party of us boys read about "Hare and Hounds" in the October number, and we tried the game the Saturday after. We all spent the day at my cousin's; he lives on a farm where there is plenty of room for us to run. Our "hare" got a good start, and though we ran hard and followed up the "scent" well, we did not catch him. We caught our next "hare" though. We treat to apples instead of candy. We think the game is great fun.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for two years and I think it is splendid. I liked the "Bass Cove Sketches," and mamma laughed heartily when I read them to her. I am ten years old, and I hope to take you till I am twenty.—Your constant reader,

WILLIE H. ALLEN.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following account of some incidents of the great flood in Virginia last November:

After several days of rain, the James and other rivers rose very suddenly, and caused great destruction of life and property, carrying away houses, bridges, crops, and cattle, and covering large sections of the country with water.

There were no lives lost where the flood came during daylight, though many families lost food, clothing, and their homes; but where the sudden rage of the waters burst forth at night, many people were swept away and drowned

Some one saw among the poor animals struggling with the waters, a poor, frightened little rabbit, on a plank, running from side to side, as it tossed and pitched up and down on the waves.

A queer instance of characteristic nature in an animal is worth

recording, although the creature could scarcely be considered a sufferer from the flood. One man, whose house was swept away and lodged on an embankment lower down, had a pet hog, whose dwelling had been under the house. Of course the man imagined him drowned, as no one had thought of him in the haste of the flight. The day after, when the fury of the waters was somewhat spent, the man and his son paddled out to the house to see if anything had escaped. On going in through the upstairs window, they found that the hog had coolly walked in and up the stairs, and, selecting a feather-bed, was now reclining very comfortably in the very middle of it, entirely unhurt!

But only this gentleman of ease and the wreckers profited by the great flood. To others it came like a cruel and stealthy foe, sweeping all before its merciless rush. One little girl, two years old, snatched from her bed and barely saved, said the next day, with a little face still sunshiny, as she pointed to their roof, just seen, with the upper windows above the waters: "Dess see! The flood came, and it dess took everysing—dollies and all!" M.

Several correspondents write kindly correcting an error in the February "Letter-Box," page 301, in the item about "King Alfred and the Cakes." It was "Prince William, son of Henry I.," not "of Henry II.," who was drowned.

Athens, Ohio.

Dear St. Nicholas: Reading what Jack said in February about the little birds being killed by flying against the telegraph wires, I thought I would write and say that we often pick them up. They look soft and pretty, as if they were asleep, as they are not cut and their feathers are not rumpled. I also want to tell you about my canary-birds. My little Toppie hatched three little singers, which I named Tom, Dick, and Harry. I sold Harry to pay for my St. Nicholas. We sent Dick to a little girl who had been praying for a bird. She was so glad to get it that she said she must be a good little girl. We still have the other one, who is singing nearly all the time. I was twelve on Washington's birthday. I have one sister and three brothers, and we all love the St. Nicholas.—Your affectionate reader, Hattie F. Nourse.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have a dolly twenty-five years old. I am going to take her to Saratoga this summer. I think it will do her good. I am seven years old. I like St. Nicholas ever so much.

Mattie Wyckoff.

Providence, R. I.

Dear St. Nicholas: In the December number of St. Nicholas, in "A Chat About Pottery," I find on page 105 the question, "Who ever saw a blue dog?" and the answer, "In life, no one, my dear." During the past month I have seen, several times, a dog as blue as the sky on a summer's day. He is of the "Spitz" breed, and, as his master keeps a dye-house, we think he is used as an advertisement.

He attracts a good deal of attention when on the street.—Yours truly, Edwin S. T.

Shawangunk, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: My uncles have taken the St. Nicholas for me for three years, and I like it very much.

I see in your "Letter-Box" a letter from Alma Aylesworth asking how apples were made to grow sweet on one side and sour on the other.

They take a sprout of the sweet and another of sour, just as near the same size as possible, split each in two at the middle, press one-half of each to a half of the other, put grafting-wax up the cracks, and set it in like any other graft.

For a few years, this limb will bear apples sweet on one side and sour on the other; but when the tree gets old, the apples will be of one flavor throughout.—I remain your faithful reader,

Mamie C. Cocks.

Franklin, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: I would like to have you tell me what Cleopatra's needle is. I read about its voyage in the papers.—Yours truly, B. L. F.

The obelisk known as Cleopatra's needle, presented by the Khedive to England, is a great stone that was cut out in one piece from the quarries of Syene, Egypt, it is supposed in the time of Thothmes III. (about 1600 years B. C.), when, also, it was set up in the temple of Karnak, at Thebes. It is a tall, rectangular pillar, tapering from the base to near the top, where it is pointed like a flattened pyramid; its sides are inscribed with hieroglyphics. The obelisk was taken to Alexandria by Queen Cleopatra, and was named after her. Some think that Cleopatra's Needle was another stone, quarried by order of Ramesis II., and set up in Heliopolis, the City of the Sun; but several obelisks have borne the name, and this may have caused uncertainty about them. The former account is believed to be correct.

Ashland, Wis.

Dear St. Nicholas: I saw, in your January number, two ways pictured for carrying the mails. Here, where I live, on the shore of Lake Superior, we see both ways at the present time. The mail from Bayfield comes on the backs of packers, and on the railroad the mails come from Milwaukie and other points south of us.

We have a jolly fire-place. It is large enough for Santa Claus to come right down without any trouble; and he filled our stockings full last year.—From your constant reader, Estelle Wilmarth.

We have received the following letters in answer to Alice Clinton's question, in the February "Letter-Box," asking for a list of books pleasant to read:

Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: Will you please tell Alice Clinton, if she wants some interesting and instructive books, to read Dickens's "Child's History of England" and Higginson's "History of the United States."—Truly yours, Lulie James.

Brooklyn.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have taken you ever since you were born, and I like you better all the while.

I think Alice Clinton would enjoy "About Old Story-tellers," by Ik Marvel; "America Illustrated," edited by J. David Williams: and Parley's "Universal History," as they are all very nice.—Your friend, Cora Eugenia Alwyn.

Dear St. Nicholas: Inclosed you will find a short story which my little brother wrote, as he said he wanted to write something for good St. Nicholas.—Yours truly, J. S. H.

The Fisher.

Once there was a boy who did not obey his mother and went fishing and fell into the water how frighten was the mother when she found out that her boy was drowned and the father and mother began to cry and one day a man came to comfort them. But he could not and they never found that boy.

We have received the following lines as an answer to the geographical puzzle in the February number:

Queen Charlotte the fair
To a ball did repair
In the city of *Aire*,
And met all the *Adams* carousing there,
Sweet *Alexandria*, *Sydney* the swell,
And noble young *Ellsworth*, who pleased her right well.
They praised her fine *Cashmere*, with *Brussels* to trim it,
But found it *Toulon*(g) and *Toulouse* the next minute.
Her shoulders were *Chili*, she thought she should freeze,
But a warm *Paisley* shawl put her quite at her ease.
Her rich *Diamond* jewelry sparkled and shone;
Her shoes were *Morocco*, of smallness unknown;
And her kerchief diffused a sweet smell of *Cologne*.
A *Superior* dancer, she floated around,
With *Washington* great or *Columbus* was found.
With *Madison* flirting or dancing a jig,
Montgomery, *Raleigh*, she cared not a fig
For them, or for *Jackson*, who stared in surprise
When she said she was *Hungary*, coolly did rise,
And was borne off by *Quincy* from under his eyes.
At *Table*, *Elk*, *Sandwich*, and *Orange* she ate,
Sat drinking *Moselle* and *Madeira* till late;
Then, after an evening quite *Pleasant*, she said
Farewell to her hostess, and went home, they said,
With gallant *Prince Edward*, a gentleman bred.

Lizzie E. T.

Dear St. Nicholas: I saw in the January number a recipe for "chocolate creams." I have a very good recipe for chocolate caramels. It is: Half a pint of rich milk, a square and a half (or an ounce and a half) of Baker's unsweetened chocolate, softened on the fire. Let the milk boil; then stir in the chocolate very hard; add half a pint of best white sugar, and three table-spoonfuls of molasses. Boil until very thick, taking care not to burn it. Pour on buttered tins, and, when nearly cold, cut in squares.

If you think this is a good recipe (which I am sure you will, as I

have tried it many times, and have never known it to fail), please put it in the "Letter-Box," and oblige, your interested reader,

MARY WHARTON WADSWORTH.

Butte Creek, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and live in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and my papa belongs to a mining company—mining for gold. I have a hydraulic mine of my own, but I don't get any gold out of it. I have a dog whose name is Flora, and a wooden sword and dagger, and I play soldier with her and get cleaned out sometimes.

We have no school here, but I study my lessons every day, and papa hears me recite at night. I study arithmetic, geography, spelling, U. S. history, and writing. I may write to you again some time.—Yours truly,

SCOTTIE HANKINS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a girl we had. She was a German girl, and she asked my father, who is a druggist, for a label. She wanted to send it to Germany, so her friends could direct the letters. On the label was printed, "Dr. Siddall, Mantua Drug-store, Tinct. of Myrrh, No. 3526 Haverford St., W. Phila." She sent this label, and when the answer came, the direction read, "Care Dr. Siddall, Mantua Drug-store, Tinct. of Myrrh, No. 3526 Haverford St., W. Phila."

We had a good laugh over it, to think that anybody would put "Tinct. of Myrrh" on the direction of a letter.

I thought I would send you this to put in the ST. NICHOLAS, so that everybody who reads this could have a laugh over it.—Very respectfully,

J. R. SIDDALL.

DORA'S HOUSEKEEPING, by the anthor of "Six Little Cooks," is a handy little book that tells about the troubles and triumphs of a girl fifteen years old, who is left unexpectedly to take charge of a house and provide daily meals for its six inmates. The story itself is pleasant, and it introduces useful hints about household duties—such as bed-making, sweeping, care of lamps, etc. The book is adapted to beginners, for its recipes contain fuller detailed directions than cook-books usually give. Solids and sweets are treated of in common-sense proportion, and waste is guarded against with tasty dishes prepared from remnants. The book is illustrated, and is published by Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

CHILD MARIAN ABROAD, by William M. F. Round, is a little book with eight full-page pictures. It gives a lively and interesting account of a bright little girl's adventures during a tour in Europe with her uncle and aunt. She sees many great people and grand sights, plays with a princess, gets into comical scrapes,—some with the help of a little American boy named Harry,—and, altogether, has a delightful trip, very pleasant to read about.

A CORRESPONDENT, having read in the November number the poem "My Girl," by Mr. Adams, sends us this clever imitation:

MY BOY.

A little crib in "mother's room,"
A little face with baby bloom,
A little head with curly hair,
A little woolly dog, a chair.

A little while for bumps and cries,
A little while to make "mud pies,"
A little doubting wonder when
A little pair of hands is clean.

A little ball, a top to spin,
A little "Ulster" belted in,
A little pair of pants, some string,
A little bit of everything.

A little blustering, boisterous air,
A little spirit of "don't care,"
A little tramping off to school,
A little shrug at woman's rule.

A little odor of cigar,
A little twilight talk with Ma,
A little earnest study, then—
A little council grave again.

A little talk about "my girl,"
A little soft mustache to twirl,
A little time of jealous fear,
A little hope the way to clear.

A little knowledge of the world,
A little self-conceit down hurled,
A little manly purpose new,
A little woman, waiting, true.

A little wedding gay at eve,
A little pang the home to leave,
A little mother lone at dawn,
A little sigh—my boy was gone!

L R I

E. I. S.—We believe that some consider it not quite certain whether "thumbs up" or "thumbs down" was the sign of mercy. But Appleton's "American Cyclopædia" says that, when, in a Roman amphitheater, a gladiator was overcome in fight, he was allowed to appeal to the spectators; and, if they pointed downward with their thumbs, his life was spared,—but if upward, his opponent dispatched him on the spot.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirteen letters in two words that form the name of a king lately dead

My 6 5 8 7 is the capital of his realm.
My 4 11 6 2 10 is the city of his birth.
My 1 7 10 2 3 12 is a noted port in his kingdom.
My 8 2 13 9 10 is a cathedral city in his dominions.

L. H., V. H., +.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A wager. 3. A city in Italy. 4. A part of the body. 5. A vowel.

N. B. S.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

REMOVE one word from another, and leave a complete word.

1. Take a crime from a clergyman's house, and leave an attendant. 2. Take a summer luxury from worthy of observation, and leave remarkable. 3. Take savage from to puzzle, and leave a drink. 4. Take suffrage from a bigot, and leave a river in Great Britain. 5. Take to lean from a glass vessel, and leave an animal.

CYRIL DEANE.

ANAGRAMS.

EACH anagram is formed from a single word, and a clue to the meaning of that word is given, between brackets, after its anagram.

1. Any one can (trouble). 2. I anoint combs (joinings). 3. Cover no sin (change). 4. A rude song (perilous). 5. I 'm no cereal (rite). 6. A mad girl (song). 7. Real blue ant (fixed). 8. An egg dies (liberate).

W.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

EVERY other letter is omitted.

H– D–T– M–C– W–O –O–H –E–L –H–T –E –A–H –O –O.

C. D.

EASY RHOMBOID PUZZLE.

. . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . .

ACROSS: 1. Oversight. 2. Clean. 3. To fall. 4. To jump.

DOWN: 1. One hundred. 2. An article. 3. A color. 4. A title. 5. A part of the body. 6. A pet name for a parent. 7. A vegetable.

H. H. D.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM PUZZLE.



FROM the letters of the word which describes the central picture, form words describing the remaining ten pictures. H. S. S.

SEXTUPLE WORD-CROSS.

THE central letter, O, is given in the diagram, and is used for both
e Full Perpendicular and the Full Horizontal; but the central letter
rms no part of the words that make the limbs and arms of the cross.
FULL PERPENDICULAR, eight letters: An American singing-bird.
FULL HORIZONTAL, seven letters: An instrument of war.
TOP LIMB, three letters: A short, jerking action.
BOTTOM LIMB, four letters: Part of a chain.
LEFT ARM, three letters: A small gulf.
RIGHT ARM, three letters: An instrument for catching fish. E.

PRESIDENTIAL DISCOVERIES.

IN the full names of the nineteen presidents of the United States, find the following hidden words, each of which is selected entire from the name of some single president, although in one or two cases the spelling merely gives the sound of the word that is to be found:

1. An insect. 2. A household task. 3. Two birds. 4. A faithful woman 5. A forest tree, familiar to school-boys. 6. Two Old Testament men. 7. Four New Testament men. 8. A product of the mine. 9. Two products of the pig. 10. The thousandth part of a dollar. 11. A heavy weight. 12. An inhabitant of the western part of Europe. 13. A famous spy, executed during the Revolutionary war. 14. A line of soldiers. 15. One of the supports of a bridge. 16. Dexterity. 17. A river crossing and river obstructions. 18. Fish eggs. 19. Affirmative votes. 20. A noted Philadelphia philosopher and statesman. 21. An old-time Grecian hero. 22. A useful timber. 23. An English statesman whose head was cut off. 24. A title-deed to lands or estates. 25. Three musical syllables. 26. A title of the Deity, mentioned in the Bible. 27. A delicious sweetmeat. 28. A domestic fowl. 29. A girl's name. 30. Something added. 31. One of the members of a family. C. MARVIN.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. PLEASING. 2. The ocean. 3. "A little house full of meat, with no door to go in and eat." 4 A bar of wood. 5. A thought. 6. A tribe. 7. Pleased.

The initials and finals, read downward, spell the names of two powerful countries. DEL.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

1 2
3 4 5
6 7

My 3 4 5 is to obstruct. My 1 4 7 is to bend under weight. My 2 4 6 is a carriage.

Place the letters in the positions indicated by the figures of the diagram, and read therefrom my whole, which is the name of a large island. H. H. D.

A PROVERB AMONG PROVERBS.

ONE word taken from each sentence in succession will form the answer.

1. "Likeness begets love, yet proud men hate one another."
2. "They that hide can find."
3. "Trade knows neither friends nor kindred"
4. "It is better to be happy than wise."
5. "Gold may be bought too dear."
6. "If you would have a good servant, take neither a kinsman nor a friend."
7. "A gift long waited for is sold, not given."
8. "It 's time to sit when the oven comes to dough."
9. "Only that which is honestly got is gain."
10. "Prudent people always ask the price ere they purchase"
11. "Good advice is never out of place."
12. "Friendship is the perfection of love." CYRIL DEANE.

A MEDLEY.

A WORD that means to cleanse, behead,
And leave of cloth a kind:
Behead again, and leave a seed
Canaries love to find;
Behead again, and it will leave
An animal behind.

Transpose my first, and it becomes
A set of antics gay:
Then curtail twice, and leave what oft
Projects into a bay;
Curtail again, and leave what boys
Will put in mother's way.

Transpose again, and find a word
To horses may apply;
Curtail it twice, and leave a step
That one can measure by;
Behead it, and you have a card
That often counts for high.

Transpose again, and bring to light
A well-known proper name;
And in the very center find
A serpent known to fame,
That caused the death of one,—a queen,—
Who laid to beauty claim. H. H. D.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.

A MEMBER of a legislative body; a plant; new; periods of time; to allow, reversed; a preposition; a consonant. A. C. CRETT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

A COMMON ADAGE — "Well begun is half done."

LITERARY ENIGMA.—

"Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose."

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

1. Euripides. 2. Tasso. 3. Southey. 4. Hume. 5. Irving 6. Carlyle. 7. Wordsworth. 8. Hawthorne. 9. Lyell. 10. Davy. 11. Emerson. 12. Mann.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. I pass no. passion 2. Glare, large. 3. Let this, thistle. 4. United, untied. 5. One cadet, anecdote. 6. Towels, lowest. 7. Not impart, important. 8. Lambs cringe, clamberings.

EASY REVERSALS.—1. Drab, bard. 2. Reed, deer. 3. Door, rood. 4. Yard, dray. 5. Keel, leek. 6. Loop, pool. 7. Tram, mart. 8. Doom, mood. 9. Part, trap. 10. Room, moor.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.—Perpendicular: Ponderous. Horizontal: Gathering.

P
POD
VINES
GARDENS
GATHERING
CARRIED
STOVE
SUE
S

CURTAILMENTS AND BEHEADINGS.—Poe, poet. Raven, rave. Bells, ells.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Robinson Crusoe. Robin, cross, ounce.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM PROVERB-PUZZLE.—"A new broom sweeps clean."

EASY UNIONS.—1. Rest-o-ring, restoring. 2. Sweet-e-ned, sweetened. 3. Inter-e-sting, interesting.

AN OLD MAXIM —"Light cares speak; great ones are dumb."

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.—

E
EPODE
OPERA
EARLY
NOTED
ROSES

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ACROSTIC.—Steam, Smoke. 1. ScissorS. 2. TeaM. 3. EchO. 4. ArK. 5. MandrakE.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—1. T. 2. Era. 3. Trout. 4. Auk. 5. T.

MALTESE-CROSS PUZZLE.—

F
F R E S H
B A S A I
E I S A D
I N T E N S E
N N N H A
G A C T L
C L E A R

POETICAL REBUS.—"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive"

Scott's "Marmion."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Nightingale. Nigh, tin, gale.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC —Louisa M. Alcott, Ralph W. Emerson. 1. LumbeR. 2. OpheliA. 3. UsuaL. 4. ImP. 5. SumacH. 6 AndreW. 7. MoosE. 8. AsyluM. 9. LakE. 10. CondoR. 11. OlympuS. 12. TO 13. TeN.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. La-wren-ce; wren, lace. 2. K-nowing; now, king. 3. De-fin-ed; fin, deed. 4. Re-fine-d; fine, reed 5. W-ant-ed; ant, wed. 6. F-urn-ish; urn, fish.

CHARADE —Wedgwood.

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Beryl, bey. 2. Crown, cow. 3. Fairy, fir. 4. Grape, gap. 5. Steam, sea. 6. White, wit. 7. Halts, hat. 8. Honeyhoe. 9. Bevel, bee. 10. Pence, pen.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES in the February number were received, before February 18, from Lucian J., G L., N. E., G. A. R. C., Mattie E Doyle, Josie Brown, B. P. Emery, Réné L. Milhau, Willie C. Du Bois, "Dominie," M. H F., "Ben Zeen," M. Alice Chase, W. L. and F. H. Amerman, Louie C. O. Haughton, Frank Haughton, Alice Stedman, Kittie Perry, Annie L. Zieber, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, Anna M. Richardson, H. A. Warren, Constance Grand-Pierre and Sarah Duffield, W. Eichelberger, "Adelaide and Reggie," Mason Romeyn Strong, Robert M. Webb, "L.," "Yankee Girl," Grace B. Latimer, Eugene L. Lockwood, "Bob White," "Medea," Robert Howard, Nellie J. Towle, Eddie H. Gay, Ray T. French, Gertrude C. Eager, Abbie G. Weed, Arthur C. Smith, Addie Campbell, "Bessie and her Cousin," Lucy V. MacRill, M. W. Collet, L. C. L., Hattie M. Heath, "Little Eagle," Edith Wilkinson, Grace Van Wagenen, Nessie L. Stevens, A. H. Babcock, Anna E. Mathewson, Clara B. Dunster, Ben Merrill, C. E. Sands, John Taylor, Jennie Taylor, Harry Durand, Nellie A. Hudson, Leonice B. Barnes, "Winnie, Brookline," Bessie L. Barnes, Louise G. Hinsdale, Lizzie B. Clark, Lizzie M. Dow, Mabel Barrows, Miller Bowdoin & Co., R. T. McKeever, "Three Cousins," "St. Nicholas Club," Lizzie E. T., Anna F. Robinson, Florence E. Turrill, Ida N. Carson, Camille and Leonie Giraud, "New Friend," George J. Fiske, Florence Wilcox, Fred M. Pease; No name, Cambridgeport; Eddie Vultee, Milly E. Adams, Perry Adams, Maude Adams, and Anna R. Stratton.



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. MAY, 1878. No. 7.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

HOW MANDY WENT ROWING WITH THE "CAP'N."

By Mary Hallock Foote.

It was the month of May—the season of fresh ıad and apple-blossoms on the Hudson River. ! Bub" and "Mandy" Lewis knew more about ıe shad than they did about the apple-blossoms, ır their father was a fisherman, and they lived in ! little house built on a steep bank between the ɔad above and the river below. Sometimes, on ɔol, damp spring evenings, the scent of the rchards came down to them from the hills above, ut the smell of shad was much stronger and earer.

Just in front of the house was an old wharf, here fishing-boats were moored, and nets spread ır drying or mending. One morning, Bub and Iandy were sitting on the log which guards the dge of the wharf, watching their father and rother Jeff getting ready to spread the nets for ext night's "haul." Jeff was busy with the buoy nes and sinkers, while the father bailed out the oat with an old tin pan. The children were ıther subdued—Bub wondering how long it would e before he could "handle a boat" like Jeff and o out with his father; Mandy was expecting every ıoment to hear her mother's voice calling from ıe house. It was Monday morning, and Mandy new her mother would soon be starting for the Iillard's, where she "helped" on Mondays and aturdays.

These were the longest days of the week to Iandy, for then she had baby to tend all by her-lf, and he was "such a bother!"

Yes, there it was: "Mandy!—Mandy!—Mandy *Lewis!* don't you hear?" Mandy kept her eyes gloomily fixed on the curve of her father's back, as it bent and rose in the boat below, in time with the scra–a–a–pe, swish, of the bailer.

"What 's the use makin' b'l'eve you don't hear?" said Bub. "You know you 've got to go!"

"I just wish mother 'd make *you* tend baby once, and see how you 'd like it!"—and Mandy rose with an impatient jerk of her bonnet-strings and slowly climbed the steep path to the house. Her mother, standing in the door-way with baby on one arm, shaded her eyes from the sun as she watched the cloudy face under the pink bonnet. It was always cloudy on Mondays and Saturdays.

"Seems as if you did n't love your little brother, Mandy—such work as you make of tendin' him! Just look how glad he is to see you," as baby leaned forward and began pulling at the pink bonnet. "He 's just had his bread and milk, and if you set right there in the door, where he can watch the chickens, I should n't wonder if he 'd be real good for ever so long. Father and Jeff wont be home to dinner, but there 's plenty of bread and butter and cold beans in the closet for you and Bub. You can set the beans in the oven to warm, if you like—only be sure you put 'em on an old plate; and you can divide what 's left of the ginger-bread between you."

"Oh, mother! can't we eat it now?" said Bub, who had watched his father and Jeff off in the boat,

and, now returning to the house, did n't quite know what to do next.

"Why, it aint an hour sence breakfast! But you can do as you like; only, if Mandy eats hers, baby 'll want it, sure. Better wait till he 's asleep."

"All right; Mandy can wait," said Bub, cheerfully, as his mother set the plate of cake on the table before leaving the house.

"Oh, Bub, I 'm awful hungry, too!" said Mandy. "You cut the cake in halves,—mind you cut fair,—and hold my piece for me where baby can't see it. Sit right here behind me."

So Mandy on the door-step, and Bub on the floor, with his back against the door, which he gently tilted as he munched his cake, were very silent and comfortable for a minute or two.

The hens crawed and cackled, with cozy, gossipy noises, in the sun before the door; the baby blinked and cooed contentedly.

"Ready for another bite?" said Bub, holding out Mandy's cake close to her left ear.

"In a min–ute," said Mandy, with her mouth full. "Bub Lewis, aint you ashamed of yourself? You 've been eatin' off my piece! I saw you just now!"

"Aint, either! You can see great things with the back of your head! Here 's your piece 'n' here 's mine. Yours is ever so much bigger!"

"Well, you 've been gobbling yours 's fast 's you could, and I only had two little bites off mine."

"*Little* bites! I sh'd think so! Don't know what you call big ones, then! So chuck full you could n't speak half a minute ago. Here, hold your own cake, and let baby grab it!"

"Well, I 'd rather give it *all* to him, than have you eat it up on the sly!"

Bub walked down toward the water without deigning a reply, but thought of several things on his way which would have been more withering than silence.

Mandy did not enjoy the rest of her cake very much,—eating it furtively, so baby should not want it, and dropping crumbs on his little white head, which he kept twisting around, to see what she was doing. She began to think that perhaps she had been rather hasty in accusing Bub; but surely that was the right-hand piece, instead of the left, he was biting from? Well, anyway, it did n't much matter, now the cake was all eaten. The old rooster had wandered round the corner of the house, where he was presently heard calling to his favorite hen. She ran, and all the others followed. Baby grew restless, and made little impatient noises, and the sun was getting very hot and bright on the door-step. What *was* Bub doing down there among the nets on the drying-ground? He had been very still, with his head bent down and his hands moving about for ever so long.

Mandy felt that, after their late unpleasantness, it would be more dignified to take no notice of Bub for a while; but curiosity, and baby's restlessness, finally prevailed over pride, and rolling up her troublesome little burden in an old red shawl, she trotted with him down to the river.

"Bub," she said, after standing by him some time in silence, watching him driving a row of small sticks into the ground, "*was* it my piece you was bitin' off?"

"I told you 't was n't. If you don't b'l'eve me, what 's the use o' my sayin' so again?"

"Well, I 'm sorry, Bub. I just caught a sight of you as I turned my head, an' I thought ——"

"Oh, well, never mind what you thought; we 've heard enough 'bout that cake! Shove your foot one side a little; I want to drive another spile there. Them 's the hitchin' spiles on the inside."

"What you buildin'?" asked Mandy.

"Can't you see for yourself? What 's built on spiles, I 'd like to know! Meetin'-houses, may be you think. This is Lewis's dock; all the day boats and barges stop here!"

"Where 's the water?" asked Mandy.

"Oh, you wait till high tide, 'bout four o'clock this afternoon, 'n' you 'll see water enough!"

Just then, a boy in a blue blouse, with a basket of fish over his shoulder, came whistling along.

"Perry! Perry Kent! Where you goin'?" Bub called.

"Down to little cove, to clean fish."

"Oh, can't I go along and help? I can scale a herrin' first-rate; father said so."

"Aint herrin'; they 're shad; got to be cleaned very partic'lar, too. But come along, if you want to."

"Bub," said Mandy, in an eager whisper, "oh, Bub, wait for me! Baby 's fast asleep. I 'll lay him right down here, in his shawl; the nets 'll keep the sun off, 'n' he 'll be real cozy 'n' nice till we get back."

"Why don't you take him up to the house?" said Perry, looking with some interest at Mandy's bundle. "'T aint a very good place for him here. You 'll find us at the cove, all right."

"He 'll wake up sure, if I try to carry him up the hill. See how nice he lays; and I 'll hang the end of the shawl over this net-pole. I can see it plain enough from the cove. If he wakes up, he 'll be tumblin' round and pull it off, so I 'll know when to come back for him."

"Well, it takes a girl for contrivance," Perry said; and it was something in his manner rather than the words which made Mandy, as she followed the two boys, vaguely feel she was disapproved of.

The cove was a half-circle of pebble beach, washed by the ripples of a slowly rising tide, with a wall of gray slate rock at the back. Hemlock-trees leaned from the steep wooded cliff above, the shadows of their boughs moving with the wind across the sunny face of the rock.

It was very warm and still and bright. Mandy climbed to a perch high up in the twisted roots of an old hemlock, who, having ventured too far over the edge of the cliff, was clinging there, desperately driving his tough toes into the crevices of the rock, and wildly waving his boughs upward and backward, as if imploring help from his comrades, safe in the dark wood above.

The river spread broad and bright below her. Mandy listened, in happy silence, to all the mysterious rustlings and twitterings and cracklings in the wood above, and the sounds, far and near, from the river below. Now and then she looked to see if the shawl still fluttered from the net-pole. She was glad she came, and it seemed but a very little while before the fish were all cleaned, and the boys, sitting on a rock, skipping pebbles, and watching for Perry Kent's father, who was coming in his boat to take the fish up to the hotel.

Perry's father was always called Cap'n Kent. He kept a kind of floating restaurant. One end of his boat was boarded over into a closet, with shelves filled with a supply of fresh fruit and berries in the season, cider, cakes, pies, root-beer, lemons, crackers, etc. His customers were chiefly the "hands" on board sloops becalmed opposite the landing, or passing barges and canal-boats, slowly trailed in the wake of a panting propeller, or escorted by dingy little "tugs," struggling along like lively black beetles.

The "Cap'n" was a very tall man, and his arms were so long that, as he rowed, he sat quite upright, only stretching his arms back and forth, scarcely bending his body at all. This gave great dignity to his appearance in a boat. His feet were very long too, and when he walked he lifted the whole foot at once, and put it down flat. Of course he could not walk very fast; but so important a person as the "Cap'n" could never be in a hurry.

As he held his boat against a rock while Perry lifted in the basket of fish, he saw the wistful faces of the children standing on the beach. Now, the "Cap'n" considered himself a very good-natured man, and good-natured men are always fond of children. So he called out in a loud voice:

"Whose little folks are you?"

"Bub and Mandy Lewis," Mandy answered quickly.

Bub nudged her with his elbow.

"He spoke to *me*, Mandy!"

"Want to take a little row up to the hotel? Let's see—your folks live by the old fishin' dock, don't they? Wal, I can leave ye there comin' back. You can tell your Pa that Cap'n Kent took ye out rowin'."

"I'd like to go, if you please," said Bub, who was ready with an answer this time; "but Mandy, she's got to tend to the baby."

"The baby! What baby?" said the "Cap'n," while Mandy whispered, crossly, "Bub, I think you're real mean!"

"Oh, sir, baby's fast asleep up on the dryin'-ground, where the nets are! I could go as far as that, if you'd let me get out there,—if it would n't be too much trouble, sir."

"Course it would!" said Bub, emphatically.

But the "Cap'n," who was not so good-natured that he liked to have small boys answer for him, gravely considered the matter while he settled his oars in the rowlocks.

"Wal, it's some trouble, perhaps; but I don't mind puttin' myself out once in a while for a nice little gal. Step lively now, young man! Come along, sissy!"

Mandy sat radiant in the little bow-seat, as the boat pushed off. A great Albany "tow" was passing,—a whole fleet of barges and canal-boats lashed together,—with calves and sheep bellowing and bleating, cables creaking, clothes flapping on the lines; a big steamboat, with a freight-barge under each wing, plowing the water on ahead, and sending the waves chasing each other in shore.

The little boat danced gayly on the "rollers." A fresh wind blew toward them, and brought with it a shout of "Boat ahoy! Hello, Cap'n! Got any good stuff aboard?"

"Got some good *cider*," the "Cap'n" called in reply, with strong emphasis on the last word.

"Come alongside, then!"

The "Cap'n" condescended to lean a little on his oars in pursuit of a bargain, and sent the little boat spinning over the water toward one of the barges in the rear part of the "tow."

Some men in a row were lounging over the rail; one of them threw a rope, which hissed and splashed close to the boat. Perry caught it, and they were soon under the lee of the floating village.

While the store was unlocked, and its wares handed out, Mandy noticed, on the deck above, a woman washing a little boy three or four years old. He stood in an old wooden pail, with a rope tied to the handle,—his little white body, all naked and slippery, shining in the sun. One could hardly help noticing him, he screamed so lustily as the water was dashed over his head and shoulders.

Mandy saw how his face showed red and flushed with crying, under the dripping yellow locks.

She thought uneasily of the baby, lying all alone

on the old dock; wondered if the sun had got round so as to shine in his face, and how long the "Cap'n" would stand there, talking with those men. She was happy again when the boat dropped behind and the "Cap'n" turned toward the shore.

"Perry," he said, "just look at my watch—there in my weskit-pocket on the starn-seat. What time 's it got to be?"

"Twenty minutes to one," said Perry.

"What time 'd I say we 'd have them shad up there? One o'clock? Wal, one o'clock it 'll be, then. Only we can't leave this little gal ashore till we come back."

"Oh, please ——" Mandy began, in great dismay, as she saw they were passing the fishing-dock. "The baby! He 's there all alone, and—oh, Bub, the shawl 's gone! I *must* go ashore, Cap'n Kent—please!"

"Never mind, sissy; baby 's all right. Bless my soul! who 'd want to carry off a baby? There aint no wild beasts roamin' round, and most of us 's got babies enough o' our own to hum, without borryin of the neighbors. You 'll find him there all safe enough when we get back. Them shad, ye see, was promised at one o'clock up to the hotel. Cap'n Kent, ye know, he never breaks his word."

"But you said ——" Mandy began, in a distressed voice, when Bub interrupted her.

"You 'd better keep quiet, Mandy. You would come, 'n' now I hope you 'll get enough of it!"

That was a very long twenty minutes to Mandy, while they drew slowly nearer and nearer to the steamboat-landing, and the little white and brown houses of the fishermen, scattered along shore, one by one were left behind.

"Now, Perry," the "Cap'n" said, as he unshipped his oars, while the children clambered out of the boat, "just look at that ere watch again. See if the Cap'n aint as good as his word. Five minutes to one, eh? Did n't I tell ye? Hello, sissy! Where 's that gal goin' to now? What 's your hurry? I 'll take ye back in half an hour."

But Mandy was off, running like a young fox along the edge of the wharf.

"Cap'n," said Bub, "we 're much obliged to you, sir, and I guess I 'll go on too. Mandy 's awful scared about the baby, and ——"

"Lord, what a fuss 'bout a baby!" the "Cap'n" broke in with his loud voice. "Babies aint so easy got rid of. Wal, may be you 'll go rowin' with the Cap'n again, some day. Tell yer Ma I 've got some first-class lemons, if she wants to make pies for Sunday. Can't get no such lemons at the store."

But the "Cap'n's" last words were wasted, for Bub was already speeding off after Mandy.

When he reached the fishing-dock, there she sat, a dismal little heap, on the ground between the net-poles. She had lost her bonnet; she had fallen down and rubbed dust in her hair. Now she sat rocking herself to and fro, and sobbing.

"Oh, Bub! The baby!" was all she could say.

"Look here, Mandy! Stop cryin' a minute, will you?" said Bub. "It 's after one o'clock; may be mother had only half a day at Hillard's, and come home 'n' found the baby down here; she could see the shawl from the house."

Mandy jumped up. "Let 's go see. Quick!" she cried. But the string of one shoe was broken, and the shoe slipped at every step. She stooped to fasten it. "Don't wait, Bub. Go on, please!" Then she felt so tired and breathless with running and crying, that she dropped down on the ground again to wait for Bub's return.

She heard his feet running down the hill, and wondered if they brought good news.

No; the house was empty. No baby or mother there!

"I must go to Hillard's," said Bub. "You 'd better stay, Mandy; you look 'most beat out."

His voice was very gentle, and Mandy could not bear it.

"Oh, Bub! don't be good to me. I 'm a horrid wicked girl! What will mother say? How *can* I tell her?" Then she broke into sobs again.

It was dreadful, sitting there alone, after Bub's footsteps died away in the distance, thinking and wondering hopelessly about the baby. Mandy remembered how his little head, heavy with sleep, had drooped lower and lower, and tired her arms. How gladly would she feel that ache if she could only hold the warm little body in her arms again!

How still it was! She could hear the children at McNeal's, down the road, laughing and calling after their father as he went away to his work. There was fresh trouble in the thought of *her* father coming home at night. Would it not be better that she should go away and hide herself, where no reproachful eyes could reach her? Would they miss her, and feel sorry for poor little Mandy? Would her mother go about looking pale and quiet, thinking of her gently?

Hark! What noise was that under the drooping curtain of nets? Now she does not hear it; but presently it comes again—a soft, happy little baby voice, cooing and talking to itself.

With joyful haste, Mandy lifted the heavy festoon of nets, and crawled under. There, in the warm, sunny gloom, lying all rosy and tumbled, with his clothes around his neck, and the old red shawl hopelessly tangled round the bare and active legs, lay baby, cramming his fists in his mouth or tossing them about, while he talked stories to the gleams of sunlight that flickered down through the meshes of the nets.

How he had managed to roll so far, Mandy did not stop to wonder about. She scooped him up into her arms, the bare legs kicking and struggling, and crawled with him into the open air.

There she sat, hugging him close, with her cheek resting on his head, when the tired, anxious mother, hurrying on ahead of Bub, came running down the hill.

Many times after that, the baby was a "bother" to Mandy, but she was never heard to call him so.

THE SILLY GOOSE.

(An Old Story Re-told.)

By E. A. Smuller.



There's a queer old story which you shall hear.
It happened, once on a time, my dear,
That a goose went swimming on a pond,
A pleasure of which all geese are fond.
She sailed about, and to and fro,
The waves bent under her breast of snow,
And her red feet paddled about below,
But she was n't a happy goose—oh no!

It troubled her more than she could tell,
That in the town where she chanced to dwell,
The saying of "stupid as a goose,"
Was one that was very much in use.

For sneers and snubbing are hard to bear,
Be he man or beast, I do not care,
Or pinioned fowl of the earth or air,
We 're all of the same opinion there.

Now, as she pondered the matter o'er,
A fox came walking along the shore;
With a pleasant smile he bowed his head,
"Good-evening, Mrs. Goose!" he said.
"Good-evening, Mr. Fox!" quoth she,
Looking across at him tremblingly,
And, fearing he had not had his tea,
Pushed a trifle farther out to sea.

She had little harm to fear from him;
For, with all his tricks, he could not swim,
And, indeed, his voice was sweet and kind.
"Dear Mrs. Goose, you 've a troubled mind;
I only wish I could help you through,
There 's nothing I would not gladly do
For such a beautiful bird as you."
Which sounded nice, and was really true.

"Well, then, Mr. Fox," the goose replied,
"It hurts my feelings, and wounds my pride,
That in these days my sisters and I,
Who saved old Rome by our warning cry,
Should be called the *silly geese*. Ah, me!
If I could learn something fine, you see,
Like writing, or reading the A, B, C,
What a happy, happy goose I 'd be!"

"Now, would you, indeed!" Renard replied
As the floating fowl he slyly eyed;
"I hardly know what 't is best to say,
Let 's think about it a moment, pray,
I may help you yet, my dear, who knows?"
So he struck a meditative pose,
And thoughtfully laid his small, red toes,
Up by the side of his pointed nose.

"Ah, yes!" he cried, "I have it at last:
Your troubles, dear Mrs. Goose, are past;
There is a school-master, wise and good,
I know where he lives in yonder wood,
To-morrow evening, you shall see
In yon broad meadow his school will be,
He 'll bring you a book with the A, B, C,
And he 'll give his little lesson free."

But now just listen, and you shall hear
About that fox; he went off, my dear,
And he bought a coat, and a beaver hat,
And a pair of specs, and a black cravat.
Next evening he came dressed up to charm,
With the little "Reader" under his arm,
Where the goose stood waiting without alarm,
For, indeed, she hadn 't a thought of harm.

Had she looked at all, you would have thought
She need not have been so quickly caught,
For the long red bushy fox's tail,
Swept over the meadow like a trail.
But 't was rather dark, for night was near,
And another thing, I greatly fear,
She felt too anxious to see quite clear;
She was simply *a goose of one idea.*

The school-master opens wide his book,
The goose makes a long, long neck, to look,
He opens his mouth, as if to cough,
When, snippety-snap! her head flies off.
Now, cackle loudly her sisters fond,
Who are watching proudly from the pond,
While off to the town that lies beyond,
The whole of the frightened flock abscond.

That day, the geese made a solemn vow,
Which their faithful children keep till now,
That, never shall goose or gosling look
At any school-master or his book.
So, if ever you should chance to hear
Them talking of school, don 't think it queer
If they say some hard things, or appear
To show a certain degree of fear;
It is always so with geese, my dear.



"LADY-BIRD, FLY AWAY HOME!"

PARISIAN CHILDREN.

By Henry Bacon.



PARISIANS adore the sunshine. On a sunny day the many squares and parks are peopled by children dressed in gay costumes, always attended by parents or nurses. The old gingerbread venders at the gates find a ready sale for chunks of coarse bread (to be thrown to the sparrows and swans), hoops, jump-ropes, and wooden shovels,—for the little ones are allowed to dig in the public walks as if they were on private grounds and heirs of the soil. Here the babies build their miniature forts, while the sergents-de-ville (or policemen), who are old soldiers, look kindly on, taking special care not to trample the fortifications as they pass to and fro upon their rounds.

Here future captains and admirals sail their miniature fleet, and are as helplessly horror-stricken when the graceful swans sally out and attack their



EXTREMES MEET.

little vessels, as when from Fortress Monroe the spectators watched the "Merrimac" steam down upon the shipping in the roads.

Here the veterans, returned again to childhood, bask in the sun, and, watching the fort-building, forget their terrible campaigns amidst snows and burning sands, delighting to turn an end of the jumping rope or to trot a long-robed heiress on, perhaps, the only knee they have left.



THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Parisians are very fond of uniforms, and so begin to employ them in the dress of citizens as soon as they make their entry into the world, even before they are registered at the mayor's office; for the caps and cradles of a boy (or *citoyen*) are decorated with blue ribbons, and the girl (or *citoyenne*) with pink.

Every boys' or girls' school of any pretension has a distinctive mark in the dress, and so has each employment or trade,—the butcher's boy, always bareheaded, with a large basket and white apron; the grocer's apprentice, with calico over-sleeves and blue apron; and the pastry-cook's boy, dressed in white with white linen cap, who despises and ridicules the well-blacked chimney-sweep, keeping the while at a respectful distance. And we must not forget the beggars, with their carefully studied costumes of rags, or the little Italians, born in Paris, but wearing their so-called native costume, which has been cut and made within the city walls.

The little ones of the outskirts of the city are generally independent and self-reliant youngsters, and sometimes, before they are quite steady on their feet, we meet them already doing the family errands, trudging along, hugging a loaf of bread taller than themselves. But the rosy plumpness

of the fields is wanting; for children are like chameleons, and partake of the color of the locality they inhabit, so these poor little ones are toned down by the smoke and dust of the workshops. Their play-ground is under the dusty, dingy trees of the wide avenues; but they have the same games of romps their peasant mothers brought from their country homes, and above the noise of the passing vehicles we often hear their voices as they dance round in a circle, and sing verses of some old provincial song.



THE VETERAN AND HIS CHARGE.

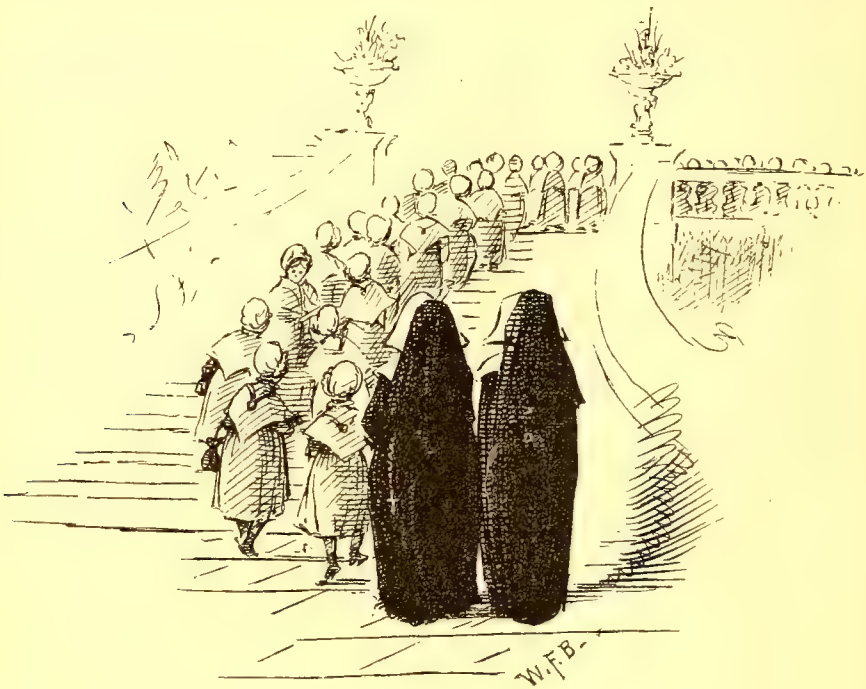
The delightful hours spent in boyhood, going to and from school, are unknown in the gay French capital to children of well-to-do parents. Instead of starting early and lingering on the way, they watch from the window until a black one-horse omnibus arrives, when a sub-master takes charge of the pupil, and the omnibus goes from house to house, collecting all the scholars, who are brought home in the same manner, the sub-master sitting next the door, giving no chance to slip out to ride on top, or to beg the driver to trust a fellow with the reins; and as it is the custom to obey all in authority, the master is respected. Girls are either sent to boarding-school or go to a day-school; in the latter case, always accompanied by one of their parents or a trusty servant. But the parents, if their means will not permit them to send their boys to schools that support a one-horse omnibus, or if they have not a servant to go with them, perform that task themselves. In the schools for the poorer classes, when teaching is over, the children file out, two by two, the older children being appointed monitors, and the little processions disappear in different directions; the teachers standing at the gate until they are lost from sight, for they have not far to go, as there is a free school in each quarter.

But I pity the charity-school girls. Although always neatly and cleanly dressed, they are all alike, with white caps, and dresses which might have been cut from the same piece. They file through the



THE ENEMY.

streets or public gardens, under the charge of the "good sisters," and perhaps they stop to play or rest sometimes, but I never saw them do so. Perhaps there is no real reason to pity these charity-children, boys or girls; but I remember my own free and happy school-days in America, and so I pity them.



THE PETERKINS ARE OBLIGED TO MOVE.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

Agamemnon had long felt it an impropriety to live in a house that was called a "semi-detached" house, when there was no other "semi" to it. It had always remained wholly detached as the owner had never built the other half. Mrs. Peterkin felt this was not a sufficient reason for undertaking the terrible process of a move to another house, when they were fully satisfied with the one they were in.

But a more powerful reason forced them to go. The track of a new railroad had to be carried directly through the place, and a station was to be built on that very spot.

Mrs. Peterkin so much dreaded moving that she questioned whether they could not continue to live in the upper part of the house and give up the lower part to the station. They could then dine at the restaurant, and it would be very convenient about traveling, as there would be no danger of missing the train, if one were sure of the direction.

But when the track was actually laid by the side of the house, and the steam-engine of the construction train puffed and screamed under the dining-room windows, and the engineer calmly looked in to see what the family had for dinner, she felt indeed that they must move.

But where should they go? It was difficult to find a house that satisfied the whole family. One was too far off, and looked into a tan-pit, another

as too much in the middle of the town, next door
o a machine shop. Elizabeth Eliza wanted a
orch covered with vines, that should face the
unset, while Mr. Peterkin thought it would not
e convenient to sit there looking toward the west
n the late afternoon, (which was his only leisure
me) for the sun would shine in his face. The
ttle boys wanted a house with a great many
oors, so that they could go in and out often. But
Ir. Peterkin did not like so much slamming, and
lt there was more danger of burglars with so
any doors. Agamemnon wanted an observatory,
nd Solomon John a shed for a workshop. If he
ould have carpenters' tools and a work-bench, he
ould build an observatory, if it were wanted.

But it was necessary to decide upon something,
r they must leave their house directly. So they
ere obliged to take Mr. Finch's at the Corners.
satisfied none of the family. The porch was a
iazza, and was opposite a barn. There were
ree other doors,—too many to please Mr. Peter-
in, and not enough for the little boys. There
as no observatory, and nothing to observe, if
ere were one, as the house was too low, and
me high trees shut out any view. Elizabeth
liza had hoped for a view, but Mr. Peterkin con-
led her by deciding it was more healthy to have
walk for a view, and Mrs. Peterkin agreed that
ey might get tired of the same every day.

And everybody was glad a selection was made,
d the little boys carried their India rubber boots
e very first afternoon.

Elizabeth Eliza wanted to have some system in
e moving, and spent the evening in drawing up
plan. It would be easy to arrange everything
forehand, so that there should not be the con-
sion that her mother dreaded, and the discomfort
ey had in their last move. Mrs. Peterkin shook
r head, she did not think it possible to move
th any comfort. Agamemnon said a great deal
uld be done with a list and a programme.

Elizabeth Eliza declared if all were well arranged
programme would make it perfectly easy. They
re to have new parlor carpets, which could be
t down in the new house the first thing. Then
e parlor furniture could be moved in, and there
ould be two comfortable rooms, in which Mr. and
rs. Peterkin could sit, while the rest of the move
nt on. Then the old parlor carpets could be
ken up for the new dining-room and the down-
irs bedroom, and the family could meanwhile
ne at the old house. Mr. Peterkin did not
ject to this, though the distance was consider-
le, as he felt exercise would be good for them
. Elizabeth Eliza's programme then arranged
at the dining-room furniture could be moved the
ird day, by which time one of the old parlor
carpets would be down in the new dining-room, and they could still sleep in the old house. Thus there would always be a quiet, comfortable place in one house or the other. Each night when Mr. Peterkin came home, he would find some place for quiet thought and rest, and each day there should be moved only the furniture needed for a certain room. Great confusion would be avoided and nothing misplaced. Elizabeth Eliza wrote these last words at the head of her programme—"Misplace nothing." And Agamemnon made a copy of the programme for each member of the family.

The first thing to be done was to buy the parlor carpets. Elizabeth Eliza had already looked at some in Boston, and the next morning she went by an early train, with her father, Agamemnon, and Solomon John, to decide upon them.

They got home about eleven o'clock, and when they reached the house were dismayed to find two furniture wagons, in front of the gate, already partly filled! Mrs. Peterkin was walking in and out of the open door, a large book in one hand, and a duster in the other, and she came to meet them in an agony of anxiety. What should they do? The furniture carts had appeared soon after the rest had left for Boston, and the men had insisted upon beginning to move the things. In vain had she shown Elizabeth Eliza's programme, in vain had she insisted they must take only the parlor furniture. They had declared they must put the heavy pieces in the bottom of the cart, and the lighter furniture on top. So she had seen them go into every room in the house, and select one piece of furniture after the other, without even looking at Elizabeth Eliza's programme; she doubted if they could have read it, if they had looked at it.

Mr. Peterkin had ordered the carters to come, but he had no idea they would come so early, and supposed it would take them a long time to fill the carts.

But they had taken the dining-room sideboard first,—a heavy piece of furniture,—and all its contents were now on the dining-room tables. Then, indeed, they selected the parlor book-case, but had set every book on the floor. The men had told Mrs. Peterkin they would put the books in the bottom of the cart, very much in the order they were taken from the shelves. But by this time Mrs. Peterkin was considering the carters as natural enemies, and dared not trust them; besides, the books ought all to be dusted. So she was now holding one of the volumes of Agamemnon's Encyclopedia, with difficulty in one hand, while she was dusting it with the other. Elizabeth Eliza was in dismay. At this moment, four men were bringing down a large chest of drawers from her father's

room and they called to her to stand out of the way. The parlors were a scene of confusion. In dusting the books, Mrs. Peterkin neglected to restore them to the careful rows in which they were left by the men, and they lay in hopeless masses in different parts of the room. Elizabeth Eliza sunk in despair upon the end of a sofa.

"It would have been better to buy the red and blue carpet," said Solomon John.

"Is not the carpet bought?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. And then they were obliged to confess they had been unable to decide upon one, and had come back to consult Mrs. Peterkin.

"What shall we do?" asked Mrs. Peterkin.

Elizabeth Eliza rose from the sofa and went to the door, saying, "I shall be back in a moment."

Agamemnon slowly passed round the room, collecting the scattered volumes of his Encyclopedia. Mr. Peterkin offered a helping hand to a man lifting a wardrobe.

Elizabeth Eliza soon returned. "I did not like to go and ask her. But I felt that I must in such an emergency. I explained to her the whole matter, and she thinks we should take the carpet at Makillan's."

"Makillan's" was a store in the village, and the carpet was the only one all the family had liked without any doubt; but they had supposed they might prefer one from Boston.

The moment was a critical one. Solomon John was sent directly to Makillan's to order the carpet to be put down that very day. But where should they dine? where should they have their supper? where was Mr. Peterkin's "quiet hour?" Elizabeth Eliza was frantic—the dining-room floor and table were covered with things.

It was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin should dine at the Bromwiches, who had been most neighborly in their offers, and the rest should get something to eat at the baker's.

Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza hastened away to be ready to receive the carts at the other house, and direct the furniture as they could. After all, there was something exhilarating in this opening of the new house, and in deciding where things should go. Gayly Elizabeth Eliza stepped down the front garden of the new home, and across the piazza, and to the door. But it was locked, and she had no keys!

"Agamemnon, did you bring the keys?" she exclaimed.

No, he had not seen them since the morning—when—ah—yes, the little boys were allowed to go to the house for their India rubber boots, as there was a threatening of rain. Perhaps they had left some door unfastened—perhaps they had put the keys under the door-mat. No, each door, each window was solidly closed, and there was no mat!

"I shall have to go to the school to see if they took the keys with them," said Agamemnon; "or else go home to see if they left them there." The school was in a different direction from the house, and far at the other end of the town; for Mr. Peterkin had not yet changed the boys' school, as he proposed to do, after their move.

"That will be the only way," said Elizabeth Eliza; for it had been arranged that the little boys should take their lunch to school and not come home at noon.

She sat down on the steps to wait, but only for a moment, for the carts soon appeared turning the corner. What should be done with the furniture? Of course, the carters must wait for the keys, as she should need them to set the furniture up in the right places. But they could not stop for this. They put it down upon the piazza, on the steps, in the garden, and Elizabeth Eliza saw how incongruous it was! There was something from every room in the house! even the large family chest, which had proved too heavy for them to travel with, had come down from the attic and stood against the front door.

And Solomon John appeared with the carpet-woman, and a boy with a wheelbarrow bringing the new carpet. And all stood and waited. Some opposite neighbors appeared to offer advice, and look on, and Elizabeth Eliza groaned inwardly that only the shabbiest of their furniture appeared to be standing full in view.

It seemed ages before Agamemnon returned, and no wonder; for he had been to the house, then to the school, then back to the house, for one of the little boys had left at home the keys, in the pocket of his clothes. Meanwhile, the carpet woman had waited, and the boy with the wheelbarrow had waited, and when they got in they found the parlor must be swept and cleaned. So the carpet woman went off in dudgeon, for she was sure there would not be time enough to do anything.

And one of the carts came again, and in their hurry the men set the furniture down anywhere. Elizabeth Eliza was hoping to make a little place in the dining-room where they might have their supper, and go home to sleep. But she looked out, and there were the carters bringing the bedsteads, and proceeding to carry them upstairs.

In despair Elizabeth Eliza went back to the old house. If she had been there she might have prevented this. She found Mrs. Peterkin in an agony about the entry oil-cloth. It had been made in the house, and how could it be taken out of the house? Agamemnon made measurements; it certainly could not go out of the front door! He suggested

it might be left till the house was pulled down, when it could easily be moved out of one side. But Elizabeth Eliza reminded him that the whole house was to be moved without being taken apart. Perhaps it could be cut in strips narrow enough to go out. One of the men loading the remaining cart disposed of the question by coming in and rolling up the oil-cloth and carrying it off on top of his wagon.

Elizabeth Eliza felt she must hurry back to the new house. But what should they do?—no beds here, no carpets there! The dining-room table and sideboard were at the other house, the plates and forks and spoons here. In vain she looked at her programme. It was all reversed, everything was misplaced. Mr. Peterkin would suppose they were to eat there and sleep here, and what had become of the little boys?

Meanwhile, the man with the first cart had returned. They fell to packing the dining-room china. They were up in the attic, they were down in the cellar. Even one of them suggested to take the tacks out of the parlor carpets, as they should want to take them next. Mrs. Peterkin sunk upon a kitchen chair.

"Oh, I wish we had decided to stay and be moved in the house!" she exclaimed.

Solomon John urged his mother to go to the new house, for Mr. Peterkin would be there for his "quiet hour." And when the carters at last appeared, carrying the parlor carpets on their shoulders, she sighed and said, "There is nothing left," and meekly consented to be led away.

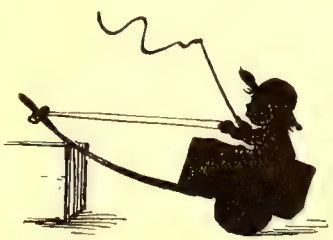
They reached the new house to find Mr. Peterkin sitting calmly in a rocking-chair on the piazza, watching the oxen coming into the opposite barn. He was waiting for the keys, which Solomon John had taken back with him. The little boys were in a horse-chestnut tree, at the side of the house.

Agamemnon opened the door. The passages were crowded with furniture, the floors were strewn with books, the bureau was upstairs that was to stand in a lower bedroom, there was not a place to lay a table, there was nothing to lay upon it; for the knives and plates and spoons had not come, and although the tables were there, they were covered with chairs and boxes.

At this moment came a covered basket from the lady from Philadelphia. It contained a choice supper, and forks and spoons, and at the same moment appeared a pot of hot tea from an opposite neighbor. They placed all this on the back of a book-case lying upset, and sat around it. Solomon John came rushing from the gate:

"The last load is coming. We are all moved!" he exclaimed, and the little boys joined in a chorus, "We are moved, we are moved!"

Mrs. Peterkin looked sadly round; the kitchen utensils were lying on the parlor lounge, and an old family gun on Elizabeth Eliza's hat-box. The parlor clock stood on a barrel; some coal-scuttles had been placed on the parlor table, a bust of Washington stood in the door-way, and the looking-glasses leaned against the pillars of the piazza. But they were moved! Mrs. Peterkin felt indeed that they were very much moved.



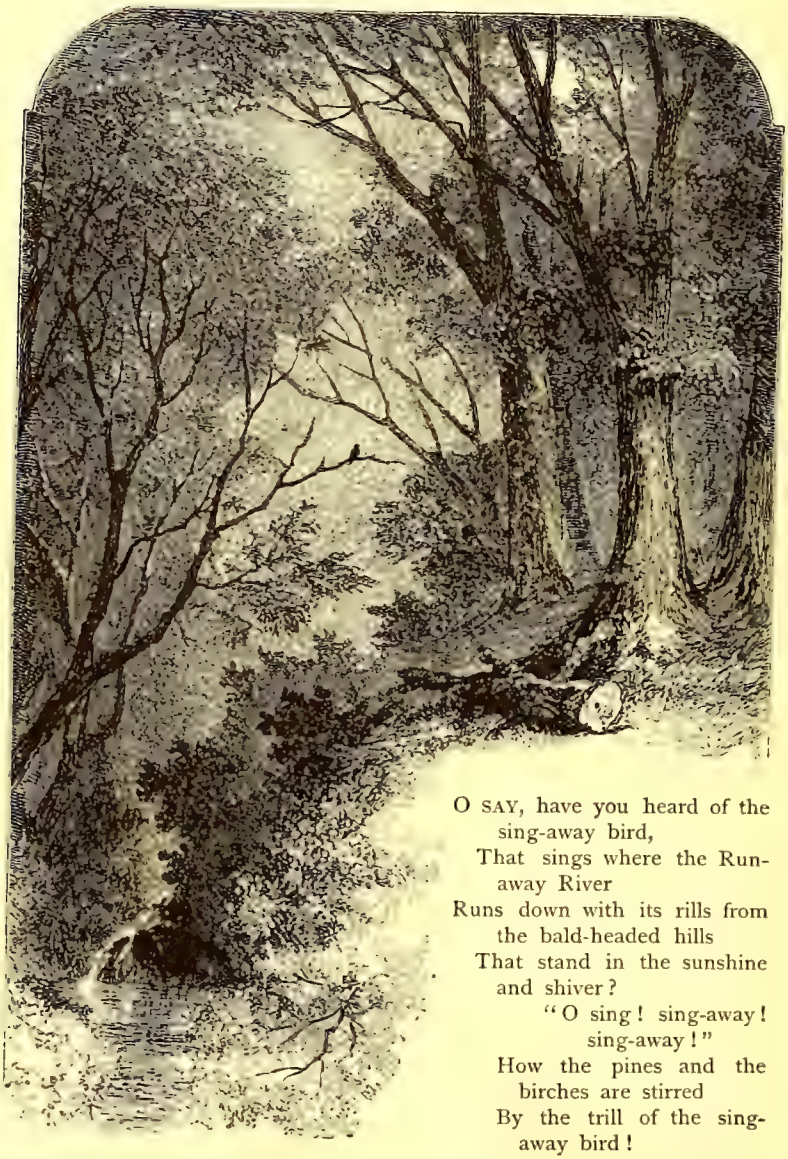
GET UP!



GOT DOWN!

THE SING-AWAY BIRD.

By Lucy Larcom.



O say, have you heard of the sing-away bird,
That sings where the Run-away River
Runs down with its rills from the bald-headed hills
That stand in the sunshine and shiver?
"O sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
How the pines and the birches are stirred
By the trill of the sing-away bird!

And the bald-headed hills, with their rocks and their rills,
To the tune of his rapture are ringing.
And their faces grow young, all their gray mists among,
While the forests break forth into singing.
"O sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
And the river runs singing along;
And the flying winds catch up the song.

It was nothing but—hush! a wild white-throated thrush,
That emptied his musical quiver
With a charm and a spell over valley and dell
On the banks of the Runaway River.
"O sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
Yet the song of the wild singer had
The sound of a soul that is glad.

And, beneath the glad sun, may a glad-hearted one
Set the world to the tune of his gladness.
The rivers shall sing it, the breezes shall wing it,
Till life shall forget its long sadness.
"O sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
Sing, spirit, who knowest joy's Giver,—
Sing on, by time's Runaway River!

OLD SOUP.

By Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

THE following curious anecdote is from a book about elephants, written by a French gentleman, named Jacolliot, and we will let the author tell his own story:

In the autumn of 1876 I was living in the interior of Bengal, and I went to spend Christmas with my friend, Major Daly. The major's bungalow was on the banks of the Ganges near Cawnpore. He had lived there a good many years, being chief of the quartermaster's department at that station, and had a great many natives, elephants, bullock-carts, and soldiers under his command.

On the morning after my arrival, after a cup of early tea (often taken before daylight in India), I sat smoking with my friend in the veranda of his bungalow, looking out upon the windings of the sacred river. And, directly, I asked the major about his children (a boy and a girl), whom I had not yet seen, and begged to know when I should see them.

"Soupramany has taken them out fishing," said their father.

"Why, is n't Soupramany your great war-elephant?" I cried.

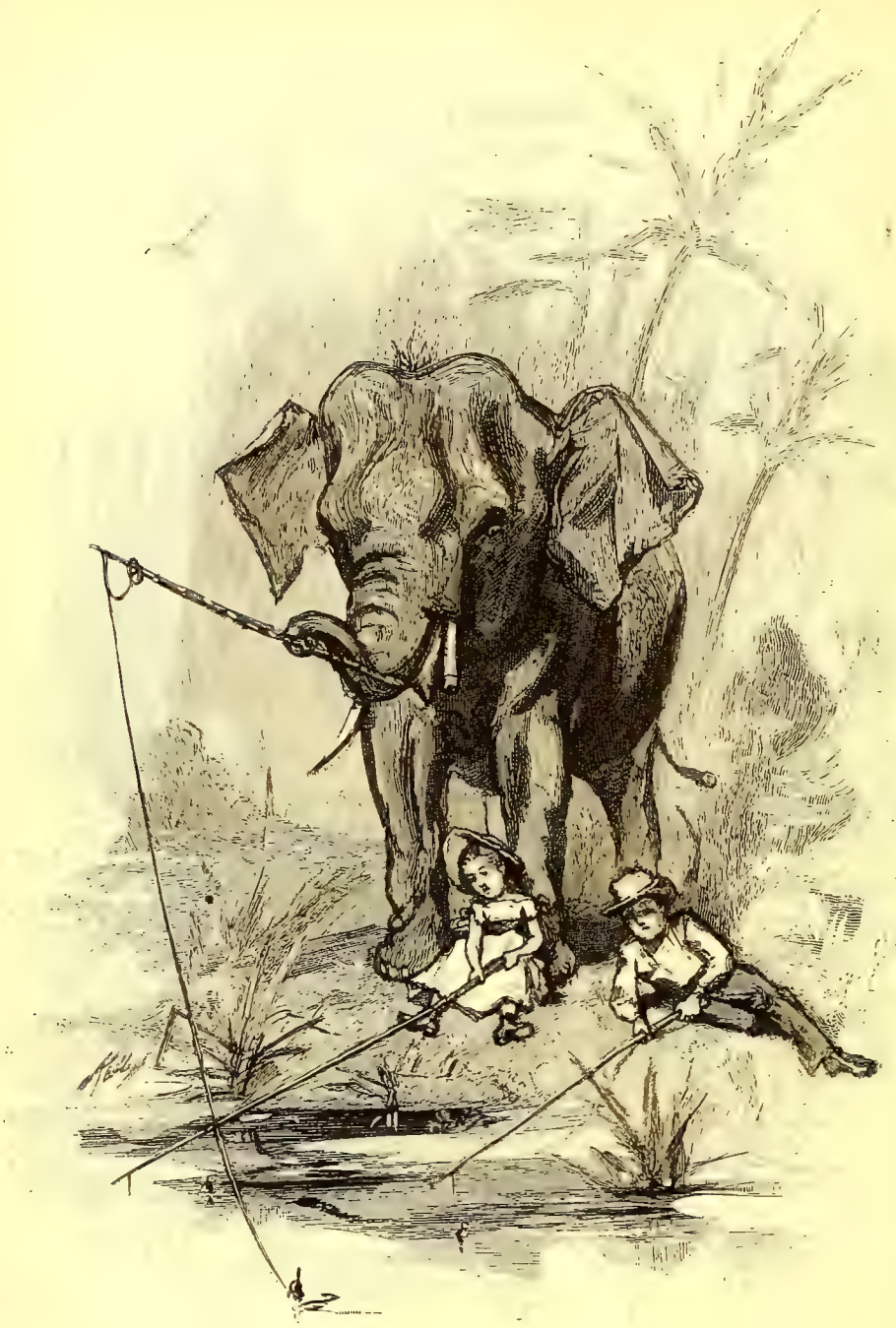
"Exactly so. You cannot have forgotten Soupramany!"

"Of course not. I was here, you know, when he had that fight with the elephant who went mad while loading a transport with bags of rice down yonder. I saw the mad elephant when he suddenly began to fling the rice into the river. His 'mahout' tried to stop him, and he killed the mahout. The native sailors ran away to hide themselves, and the mad elephant, trumpeting, charged into this inclosure. Old Soupramany was here, and so were Jim and Bessy. When he saw the mad animal, he threw himself between him and the children. The little ones and their nurses had just time to get into the house when the fight commenced."

"Yes," said the major. "Old Soup was a hundred years old. He had been trained to war, and to fight with the rhinoceros, but he was too old to hunt then."

"And yet," said I, becoming animated by the recollections of that day, "what a gallant fight it was! Do you remember how we all stood on this porch and watched it, not daring to fire a shot lest we should hit Old Soupramany? Do you remember, too, his look when he drew off, after fighting an hour and a half, leaving his adversary dying in the dust, and walked straight to the 'corral,' shaking his great ears which had been badly torn, with his head bruised, and a great piece broken from one of his tusks?"

"Yes, indeed," said the major. "Well, since then, he is more devoted to my dear little ones than ever. He takes them out whole days, and I am perfectly content to have them under his charge. I don't like trusting Christian children to the care of natives; but with Old Soup I know they can come to no harm."



"BESIDE THE CHILDREN STOOD OLD SOUP WITH A LARGE BAMBOO ROD IN HIS TRUNK."

"What! you trust children under ten years of age to Soup, without any other protection?"

"I do," replied the major. "Come along with me, if you doubt, and we will surprise them at their fishing."

I followed Major Daly, and, after walking half a mile along the wooded banks of the river, we came upon the little group. The two children—Jim, the elder, being about ten—both sat still and silent, for a wonder, each holding a rod, with line, cork, hook and bait, anxiously watching the gay corks bobbing in the water. Beside them stood Old Soup with an extremely large bamboo rod in his trunk, with line, hook, bait, and cork, like the children's. I need not say I took small notice of the children, but turned all my attention to their big companion. He had not watched him long before he had a bite; for, as the religion of the Hindoos forbids them to take life, the river swarms with fishes.

The old fellow did not stir; his little eyes watched his line eagerly; he was no novice in "the gentle craft." He was waiting till it was time to draw in his prize.

At the end of his line, as he drew it up, was dangling one of those golden tench so abundant in the Ganges.

When Soupramany perceived what a fine fish he had caught, he uttered one of those long, low gurgling notes of satisfaction by which an elephant expresses joy; and he waited patiently, expecting him to take his prize off the hook and put on some more bait for him. But Jim, the little rascal, sometimes liked to plague Old Soup. He nodded at us, as much as to say, "Look out, and you 'll see fun, now!" Then he took off the fish, which he threw into a water-jar placed there for the purpose, and went back to his place without putting any bait on Old Soup's hook. The intelligent animal did not attempt to throw his line into the water. He tried to move Jim by low, pleading cries. It was curious to see what tender tones he seemed to try to give his voice.

Seeing that Jim paid no attention to his calls, but sat and laughed as he handled his own line, Old Soup went up to him, and with his trunk tried to turn his head in the direction of the bait-box. At last, when he found that all he could do would not induce his willful friend to help him, he turned round as if struck by a sudden thought, and, snatching up in his trunk the box that held the bait, came and laid it down at the major's feet; then picking up his rod, he held it out to his master.

"What do you want me to do with this, Old Soup?" said the major.

The creature lifted one great foot after the other, and again began to utter his plaintive cry. Out of mischief, I took Jimmy's part, and, picking up the bait-box, pretended to run with it. The elephant was not going to be teased by *me*. He dipped his trunk into the Ganges, and in an instant squirted a stream of water over me with all the force and precision of a fire-engine, to the immense amusement of the children.

The major at once made Soup a sign to stop, and, to make my peace with the fine old fellow, I baited his hook myself. Quivering with joy, as a baby does when it gets hold at last of a plaything some one has taken from it, Old Soupramany hardly paused to thank me by a soft note of joy for baiting his line for him, before he went back to his place, and was again watching his cork as it trembled in the ripples of the river.

FOUR little houses, blue and round,
Hidden away from sight and sound.
What is in them? The leaves never tell,
But they know the secret very well.
The daisies know, and the clover knows;
So does the pretty, sweet wild rose.
Don't be impatient, only wait
Just outside, at the leafy gate;
Soon a fairy will open the door,
And let out birdies—one, two, three, four!

UNDER THE LILACS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XII.

GOOD TIMES.

Every one was very kind to Ben when his loss was known. The Squire wrote to Mr. Smithers that the boy had found friends and would stay where he was. Mrs. Moss consoled him in her motherly way, and the little girls did their very best to "be good to poor Benny." But Miss Celia was his truest comforter and completely won his heart, not only by the friendly words she said and the pleasant things she did, but by the unspoken sympathy which showed itself, just at the right minute, in a look, a touch, a smile, more helpful than any amount of condolence. She called him "my man," and Ben tried to be one, bearing his trouble so bravely that she respected him, although he was only a little boy, because it promised well for the future.

Then she was so happy herself, it was impossible for those about her to be sad, and Ben soon grew cheerful again in spite of the very tender memory of his father laid quietly away in the safest corner of his heart. He would have been a very unboyish boy if he had *not* been happy, for the new place was such a pleasant one, he soon felt as if for the first time he really had a home.

No more grubbing now, but daily tasks which never grew tiresome, they were so varied and so light. No more cross Pats to try his temper, but the sweetest mistress that ever was, since praise was oftener on her lips than blame, and gratitude made willing service a delight.

At first it seemed as if there was going to be trouble between the two boys, for Thorny was naturally masterful, and illness had left him weak and nervous, so he was often both domineering and petulant. Ben had been taught instant obedience to those older than himself, and if Thorny had been a man Ben would have made no complaint; but it *was* hard to be "ordered round" by a boy, and an unreasonable one into the bargain.

A word from Miss Celia blew away the threatening cloud, however, and for her sake her brother promised to try to be patient; for her sake Ben declared he never would "get mad" if Mr. Thorny did fidget, and both very soon forgot all about master and man and lived together like two friendly lads, taking each other's ups and downs good-naturedly, and finding mutual pleasure and profit in the new companionship.

The only point on which they never *could* agree was legs, and many a hearty laugh did they give Miss Celia by their warm and serious discussion of this vexed question. Thorny insisted that Ben was bow-legged; Ben resented the epithet, and declared that the legs of all good horsemen must have a slight curve, and any one who knew anything about the matter would acknowledge both its necessity and its beauty. Then Thorny would observe that it might be all very well in the saddle, but it made a man waddle like a duck when afoot; whereat Ben would retort that for his part he would rather waddle like a duck than tumble about like a horse with the staggers. He had his opponent there, for poor Thorny did look very like a weak-kneed colt when he tried to walk; but he would never own it, and came down upon Ben with crushing allusions to centaurs, or the Greeks and Romans, who were famous both for their horsemanship and fine limbs. Ben could not answer that, except by proudly referring to the chariot-races copied from the ancients, in which *he* had borne a part, which was more than *some folks* with long legs could say. Gentlemen never did that sort of thing, nor did they twit their best friends with their misfortunes, Thorny would remark, casting a pensive glance at his thin hands, longing the while to give Ben a good shaking. This hint would remind the other of his young master's late sufferings and all he owed his dear mistress, and he usually ended the controversy by turning a few lively somersaults as a vent for his swelling wrath, and come up with his temper all right again. Or, if Thorny happened to be in the wheeled chair, he would trot him round the garden at a pace which nearly took his breath away, thereby proving that if "bow-legs" were not beautiful to some benighted being, they *were* "good to go."

Thorny liked that, and would drop the subject for the time by politely introducing some more agreeable topic; so the impending quarrel would end in a laugh over some boyish joke, and the word "legs" be avoided by mutual consent till accident brought it up again.

The spirit of rivalry is hidden in the best of us, and is a helpful and inspiring power if we know how to use it. Miss Celia knew this, and tried to make the lads help one another by means of it,—not in boastful or ungenerous comparison of each other's gifts, but by interchanging them, giving and taking freely, kindly, and being glad to love what was admirable wherever they found it. Thorny admired

Ben's strength, activity, and independence; Ben envied Thorny's learning, good manners, and comfortable surroundings; and, when a wise word had set the matter rightly before them, both enjoyed the feeling that there was a certain equality between them, since money could not buy health, and practical knowledge was as useful as any that can be found in books. So they interchanged their small experiences, accomplishments, and pleasures, and both were the better, as well as the happier, for it, because in this way only can we truly love our neighbor as ourself and get the real sweetness out of life.

There was no end to the new and pleasant things Ben had to do, from keeping paths and flower-beds neat, feeding the pets, and running errands, to waiting on Thorny and being right-hand man to Miss Celia. He had a little room in the old house, newly papered with hunting scenes, which he was never tired of admiring. In the closet hung several out-grown suits of Thorny's, made over for his valet, and, what Ben valued infinitely more, a pair of boots, well blacked and ready for grand occasions, when he rode abroad, with one old spur, found in the attic, brightened up and merely worn for show, since nothing would have induced him to prick beloved Lita with it.

Many pictures, cut from illustrated papers, of races, animals and birds, were stuck round the room, giving it rather the air of a circus and menagerie. This, however, made it only the more home-like to its present owner, who felt exceedingly rich and respectable as he surveyed his premises; almost like a retired showman who still fondly remembers past successes, though now happy in the more private walks of life.

In one drawer of the quaint little bureau which he used, were kept the relics of his father; very few and poor, and of no interest to any one but himself,—only the letter telling of his death, a worn-out watch-chain, and a photograph of Señor José Montebello, with his youthful son standing on his head, both airily attired, and both smiling with the calmly superior expression which gentlemen of their profession usually wear in public. Ben's other treasures had been stolen with his bundle; but these he cherished and often looked at when he went to bed, wondering what heaven was like, since it was lovelier than California, and usually fell asleep with a dreamy impression that it must be something like America when Columbus found it, —"a pleasant land, where were gay flowers and tall trees, with leaves and fruit such as they had never seen before." And through this happy hunting-ground "father" was forever riding on a beautiful white horse with wings, like the one of which Miss Celia had a picture.

Nice times Ben had in his little room poring over his books, for he soon had several of his own; but his favorites were Hammerton's "Animals" and "Our Dumb Friends," both full of interesting pictures and anecdotes such as boys love. Still nicer times working about the house, helping get things in order; and best of all were the daily drives with Miss Celia and Thorny, when weather permitted, or solitary rides to town through the heaviest rain, for certain letters *must* go and come, no matter how the elements raged. The neighbors soon got used to the "antics of that boy," but Ben knew that he was an object of interest as he careered down the main street in a way that made old ladies cry out and brought people flying to the window, sure that some one was being run away with. Lita enjoyed the fun as much as he, and apparently did her best to send him heels over head, having rapidly learned to understand the signs he gave her by the touch of hand and foot, or the tones of his voice.

These performances caused the boys to regard Ben Brown with intense admiration, the girls with timid awe, all but Bab, who burned to imitate him, and tried her best whenever she got a chance, much to the anguish and dismay of poor Jack, for that long-suffering animal was the only steed she was allowed to ride. Fortunately, neither she nor Betty had much time for play just now, as school was about to close for the long vacation, and all the little people were busy finishing up, that they might go to play with free minds. So the "lilac-parties," as they called them, were deferred till later, and the lads amused themselves in their own way, with Miss Celia to suggest and advise.

It took Thorny a long time to arrange his possessions, for he could only direct while Ben unpacked, wondering and admiring as he worked, because he had never seen so many boyish treasures before. The little printing-press was his especial delight, and leaving everything else in confusion, Thorny taught him its use and planned a newspaper on the spot, with Ben for printer, himself for editor, and "Sister" for chief contributor, while Bab should be carrier and Betty office-boy. Next came a postage-stamp book, and a rainy day was happily spent in pasting a new collection where each particular one belonged, with copious explanations from Thorny as they went along. Ben did not feel any great interest in this amusement after one trial of it, but when a book containing patterns of the flags of all nations turned up, he was seized with a desire to copy them *all*, so that the house could be fitly decorated on gala occasions. Finding that it amused her brother, Miss Celia generously opened her piece-drawer and rag-bag, and as the mania grew till her resources were exhausted, she

bought bits of gay cambric and many-colored papers, and startled the storekeeper by purchasing several bottles of mucilage at once. Bab and Betty were invited to sew the bright strips or stars, and pricked their little fingers assiduously, finding this sort of needle-work much more attractive than piecing bed-quilts.

Such a snipping and pasting, planning and stitching as went on in the big back room, which was given up to them, and such a noble array of banners and pennons as soon decorated its walls, would have caused the dullest eye to brighten with amusement, if not with admiration. Of course, the Stars and Stripes hung highest, with the English lion ramping on the royal standard close by; then followed a regular picture-gallery, for there was the white elephant of Siam, the splendid peacock of Burmah, the double-headed Russian eagle and black dragon of China, the winged lion of Venice, and the prancing pair on the red, white and blue flag of Holland. The keys and miter of the Papal States were a hard job, but up they went at last, with the yellow crescent of Turkey on one side and the red full moon of Japan on the other; the pretty blue and white flag of Greece hung below and the cross of free Switzerland above. If materials had held out, the flags of all the United States would have followed; but paste and patience were exhausted, so the busy workers rested awhile before they "flung their banner to the breeze," as the newspapers have it.

A spell of ship building and rigging followed the flag fit; for Thorny, feeling too old now for such toys, made over his whole fleet to "the children," condescending, however, to superintend a thorough repairing of the same before he disposed of all but the big man-of-war, which continued to ornament his own room, with all sail set and a little red officer perpetually waving his sword on the quarter-deck.

These gifts led to out-of-door water-works, for the brook had to be dammed up, that a shallow ocean might be made, where Ben's piratical "Red Rover," with the black flag, might chase and capture Bab's smart frigate, "Queen," while the "Bounding Betsey," laden with lumber, safely sailed from Kennebunkport to Massachusetts Bay. Thorny, from his chair, was chief-engineer, and directed his gang of one how to dig the basin, throw up the embankment, and finally let in the water till the mimic ocean was full; then regulate the little water-gate, lest it should overflow and wreck the pretty squadron of ships, boats, canoes, and rafts, which soon rode at anchor there.

Digging and paddling in mud and water proved such a delightful pastime that the boys kept it up, till a series of water-wheels, little mills and cataracts made the once quiet brook look as if a manufacturing town was about to spring up where hitherto minnows had played in peace and the retiring frog had chanted his serenade unmolested.

Miss Celia liked all this, for anything which would keep Thorny happy out-of-doors in the sweet June weather found favor in her eyes, and when the novelty had worn off from home affairs, she planned a series of exploring expeditions which filled their boyish souls with delight. As none of them knew much about the place, it really was quite exciting to start off on a bright morning with a roll of wraps and cushions, lunch, books, and drawing materials packed into the phaeton, and drive at random about the shady roads and lanes, pausing when and where they liked. Wonderful discoveries were made, pretty places were named, plans were drawn, and all sorts of merry adventures befell the pilgrims.

Each day they camped in a new spot, and while Lita nibbled the fresh grass at her ease, Miss Celia sketched under the big umbrella, Thorny read or lounged or slept on his rubber blanket, and Ben made himself generally useful. Unloading, filling the artist's water-bottle, piling the invalid's cushions, setting out the lunch, running to and fro for a flower or a butterfly, climbing a tree to report the view, reading, chatting, or frolicking with Sancho, —any sort of duty was in Ben's line, and he did them all well, for an out-of-door life was natural to him and he liked it.

"Ben, I want an amanuensis," said Thorny, dropping book and pencil one day after a brief interval of silence, broken only by the whisper of the young leaves overhead and the soft babble of the brook close by.

"A what?" asked Ben, pushing back his hat with such an air of amazement that Thorny rather loftily inquired:

"Don't you know what an amanuensis is?"

"Well, no; not unless it 's some relation to an anaconda. Should n't think you 'd want one of them, anyway."

Thorny rolled over with a hoot of derision, and his sister, who sat close by, sketching an old gate, looked up to see what was going on.

"Well, you need n't laugh at a feller. *You* did n't know what a wombat was when I asked you, and *I* did n't roar," said Ben, giving his hat a slap, as nothing else was handy.

"The idea of wanting an anaconda tickled me so, I could n't help it. I dare say you 'd have got me one if I *had* asked for it, you are such an obliging chap."

"Of course I would if I could. Should n't be surprised if you did some day, you want such funny things," answered Ben, appeased by the compliment.

"I 'll try the amanuensis first. It 's only some

one to write for me; I get so tired doing it without a table. You write well enough, and it will be good for you to know something about botany. I intend to teach you, Ben," said Thorny, as if conferring a great favor.

"It looks pretty hard," muttered Ben, with a doleful glance at the book laid open upon a strew of torn leaves and flowers.

"No, it is n't; it 's regularly jolly, and you 'd be no end of a help if you only knew a little. Now suppose I say, 'Bring me a "ranunculus bulbosus,"' how would you know what I wanted?" demanded Thorny, waving his microscope with a learned air.

"Should n't."

"There are quantities of them all round us, and I want to analyze one. See if you can't guess."

Ben stared vaguely from earth to sky, and was about to give it up, when a buttercup fell at his feet, and he caught sight of Miss Celia smiling at him from behind her brother, who did not see the flower.

"S'pose you mean this? *I* don't call 'em rhinocerus bulburses, so I was n't sure." And taking the hint as quickly as it was given, Ben presented the buttercup as if he knew all about it.

"You guessed that remarkably well. Now bring me a 'leontodon taraxacum,'" said Thorny, charmed with the quickness of his pupil and glad to display his learning.

Again Ben gazed, but the field was full of early flowers, and if a long pencil had not pointed to a dandelion close by he would have been lost.

"Here you are, sir," he answered with a chuckle, and Thorny took his turn at being astonished now.

"How the dickens did you know that?"

"Try it again, and may be you 'll find out," laughed Ben.

Diving hap-hazard into his book, Thorny demanded a "trifolium pratense."

The clever pencil pointed, and Ben brought a red clover, mightily enjoying the joke, and thinking that *this* kind of botany was n't bad fun.

"Look here, no fooling!" and Thorny sat up to investigate the matter, so quickly that his sister had not time to sober down. "Ah, I 've caught you! Not fair to tell, Celia. Now, Ben, you 've *got* to learn all about this buttercup, to pay for cheating."

"Werry good, sir; bring on your rhinocerious," answered Ben, who could n't help imitating his old friend the clown when he felt particularly jolly.

"Sit there and write what I tell you," ordered Thorny, with all the severity of a strict schoolmaster.

Perching himself on the mossy stump, Ben obediently floundered through the following analysis, with constant help in the spelling and much private wonder what would come of it:

"Phænogamous. Exogenous. Angiosperm. Polypetalous. Stamens, more than ten. Stamens on the receptacle. Pistils, more than one and separate. Leaves without stipules. Crowfoot family. Genus ranunculus. Botanical name, Ranunculus bulbosus."

"Jerusalem, what a flower! Pistols and crows' feet, and Polly put the kettles on, and Angy sperms and all the rest of 'em! If that 's your botany I wont take any more, thank you," said Ben, as he paused as hot and red as if he had been running a race.

"Yes, you will; you 'll learn that all by heart, and then I shall give you a dandelion to do. You 'll like that, because it means *dent de lion* or lion's teeth, and I 'll show them to you through my glass. You 've no idea how interesting it is, and what heaps of pretty things you 'll see," answered Thorny, who had already discovered how charming the study was, and had found great satisfaction in it since he had been forbidden more active pleasures.

"What 's the good of it, any way?" asked Ben, who would rather have been set to mowing the big field than to the task before him.

"It tells all about it in my book here—'Gray's Botany for Young People.' But I can tell you what use it is to *us*," continued Thorny, crossing his legs in the air and preparing to argue the matter, comfortably lying flat on his back. "*We* are a Scientific Exploration Society, and we must keep an account of all the plants, animals, minerals, and so on, as we come across them. Then suppose we get lost and have to hunt for food, how are we to know what is safe and what is n't? Come, now, do you know the difference between a toad-stool and a mushroom?"

"No, I don't."

"Then I 'll teach you some day. There is sweet flag and poisonous flag, and all sorts of berries and things, and you 'd better look out when you are in the woods or you 'll touch ivy and dogwood, and have a horrid time if you don't know your botany."

"Thorny learned much of his by sad experience, and you will be wise to take his advice," said Miss Celia, recalling her brother's various mishaps before the new fancy came on.

"Did n't I have a time of it, though, when I had to go round for a week with plantain leaves and cream stuck all over my face! Just picked some pretty red dogwood, Ben, and then I was a regular guy, with a face like a lobster and my eyes swelled out of sight. Come along and learn right away, and never get into scrapes like most fellows."

Impressed by this warning, and attracted by Thorny's enthusiasm, Ben cast himself down upon the blanket, and for an hour the two heads bobbed to and fro from microscope to book, the teacher airing his small knowledge, the pupil more and more interested in the new and curious things he saw or heard,—though it must be confessed that Ben infinitely preferred to watch ants and bugs, queer little worms and gauzy-winged flies, rather than "putter" over plants with long names. He did not dare to say so, however, but when Thorny asked him if it was n't capital fun, he dodged cleverly by proposing to hunt up the flowers for his master to study, offering to learn about the dangerous ones, but pleading want of time to investigate this pleasing science very deeply.

As Thorny had talked himself hoarse, he was very ready to dismiss his class of one to fish the milk-bottle out of the brook, and recess was prolonged till next day. But both boys found a new pleasure in the pretty pastime they made of it, for active Ben ranged the woods and fields with a tin box slung over his shoulder, and feeble Thorny had a little room fitted up for his own use where he pressed flowers in newspaper books, dried herbs on the walls, had bottles and cups, pans and platters for his treasures, and made as much litter as he liked.

Presently, Ben brought such lively accounts of the green nooks where jacks-in-the-pulpit preached their little sermons, brooks beside which grew blue violets and lovely ferns, rocks round which danced the columbines like rosy elves, or the trees where birds built, squirrels chattered and woodchucks burrowed, that Thorny was seized with a desire to go and see these beauties for himself. So Jack was saddled and went plodding, scrambling and wandering into all manner of pleasant places, always bringing home a stronger, browner rider than he carried away.

This delighted Miss Celia, and she gladly saw them ramble off together, leaving her time to stitch happily at certain dainty bits of sewing, write voluminous letters, or dream over others quite as long, swinging in her hammock under the lilacs.

Chapter XIII.

somebody runs away.

"School is done,
Now we 'll have fun,"

Sung Bab and Betty, slamming down their books as if they never meant to take them up again, when they came home on the last day of June.

Tired teacher had dismissed them for eight whole weeks and gone away to rest; the little schoolhouse was shut up, lessons were over, spirits rising fast, and vacation had begun. The quiet town seemed suddenly inundated with children all in such a rampant state that busy mothers wondered how they ever should be able to keep their frisky darlings out of mischief; thrifty fathers planned how they could bribe the idle hands to pick berries or rake hay; and the old folks, while wishing the young folks well, secretly blessed the man who invented schools.

The girls immediately began to talk about picnics, and have them, too; for little hats sprung up in the fields like a new sort of mushroom,—every hill-side bloomed with gay gowns, looking as if the flowers had gone out for a walk, and the woods were full of featherless birds chirping away as blithely as the thrushes, robins, and wrens.

The boys took to base-ball like ducks to water, and the common was the scene of tremendous battles waged with much tumult but little bloodshed. To the uninitiated it appeared as if these young men had lost their wits; for no matter how warm it was, there they were, tearing about in the maddest manner, jackets off, sleeves rolled up, queer caps flung on anyway, all batting shabby leather balls and catching the same as if their lives depended on it. Every one talking in his gruffest tone, bawling at the top of his voice, squabbling over every point of the game, and seeming to enjoy himself immensely in spite of the heat, dust, uproar, and imminent danger of getting eyes or teeth knocked out.

Thorny was an excellent player, but not being strong enough to show his prowess, he made Ben his proxy, and, sitting on the fence, acted as umpire to his heart's content. Ben was a promising pupil and made rapid progress, for eye, foot, and hand had been so well trained that they did him good service now, and Brown was considered a first-rate "catcher."

Sancho distinguished himself by his skill in hunting up stray balls, and guarding jackets when not needed, with the air of one of the Old Guard on duty at the tomb of Napoleon. Bab also longed to join in the fun, which suited her better than "stupid picnics" or "fussing over dolls;" but her heroes would not have her at any price, and she was obliged to content herself with sitting by Thorny, and watching with breathless interest the varying fortunes of "our side."

A grand match was planned for the Fourth of July; but when the club met, things were found to be unpropitious. Thorny had gone out of town with his sister to pass the day, two of the best players did not appear, and the others were somewhat exhausted by the festivities, which began at sunrise for them. So they lay about on the grass in the shade of the big elm, languidly discussing their various wrongs and disappointments.

"It 's the meanest Fourth I ever saw. Can't have no crackers, because somebody's horse got scared last year," growled Sam Kitteridge, bitterly resenting the stern edict which forbade free-born citizens to burn as much gunpowder as they liked on that glorious day.

"Last year Jimmy got his arm blown off when they fired the old cannon. Did n't we have a lively time going for the doctors and getting him home?" asked another boy, looking as if he felt defrauded of the most interesting part of the anniversary, because no accident had occurred.

"Ain't going to be fire-works either, unless somebody's barn burns up. Don't I just wish there would," gloomily responded another youth who had so rashly indulged in pyrotechnics on a former occasion that a neighbor's cow had been roasted whole.

"I would n't give two cents for such a slow old place as this. Why, last Fourth at this time, I was rumbling through Boston streets up top of our big car, all in my best toggery. Hot as pepper, but good fun looking in at the upper windows and hearing the women scream when the old thing waggled round and I made believe I was going to tumble off," said Ben, leaning on his bat with the air of a man who had seen the world and felt some natural regret at descending from so lofty a sphere.

"Catch me cutting away if I had such a chance as that!" answered Sam, trying to balance *his* bat on his chin and getting a smart rap across the nose as he failed to perform the feat.

"Much you know about it, old chap. It 's hard work, I can tell you, and that would n't suit such a lazy bones. Then you are too big to begin, though you might do for a fat boy if Smithers wanted one," said Ben, surveying the stout youth with calm contempt.

"Let 's go in swimming, not loaf round here, if we can't play," proposed a red and shiny boy, panting for a game of leap-frog in Sandy pond.

"May as well; don't see much else to do," sighed Sam, rising like a young elephant.

The others were about to follow, when a shrill "Hi, hi, boys, hold on!" made them turn about to behold Billy Barton tearing down the street like a runaway colt, waving a long strip of paper as he ran.

"Now, then, what 's the matter?" demanded Ben, as the other came up grinning and puffing, but full of great news.

"Look here, read it! I 'm going; come along, the whole of you," panted Billy, putting the paper into Sam's hand, and surveying the crowd with a face as beaming as a full moon.

"Look out for the big show," read Sam. "Van Amburgh & Co.'s New Great Golden Menagerie, Circus and Colosseum, will exhibit at Berryville, July 4th, at 1 and 7 precisely. Admission 50 cents, children half-price. Don't forget day and date. H. Frost, Manager."

While Sam read, the other boys had been gloating over the enticing pictures which covered the bill. There was the golden car, filled with noble beings in helmets, all playing on immense trumpets; the twenty-four prancing steeds with manes, tails, and feathered heads tossing in the breeze; the clowns, the tumblers, the strong men, and the riders flying about in the air as if the laws of gravitation no longer existed. But, best of all, was the grand conglomeration of animals where the giraffe appears to stand on the elephant's back, the zebra to be jumping over the seal, the hippopotamus to be lunching off a couple of crocodiles, and lions and tigers to be raining down in all directions with their mouths wide open and their tails as stiff as that of the famous Northumberland House lion.

"Cricky! would n't I like to see that," said little Cyrus Fay, devoutly hoping that the cage, in which this pleasing spectacle took place, was a very strong one.

"You never would, it 's only a picture! That, now, is something like," and Ben, who had pricked up his ears at the word "circus," laid his finger on a smaller cut of a man hanging by the back of his neck with a child in each hand, two men suspended from his feet, and the third swinging forward to alight on his head.

"I 'm going," said Sam, with calm decision, for this superb array of unknown pleasures fired his soul and made him forget his weight.

"How will you fix it?" asked Ben, fingering the bill with a nervous thrill all through his wiry limbs, just as he used to feel it when his father caught him up to dash into the ring.

"Foot it with Billy. It 's only four miles, and we 've got lots of time, so we can take it easy. Mother wont care, if I send word by Cy," answered Sam, producing half a dollar, as if such magnificent sums were no strangers to his pocket.

"Come on, Brown; you 'll be a first-rate fellow to show us round, as you know all the dodges," said Billy, anxious to get his money's worth.

"Well, I don't know," began Ben, longing to go, but afraid Mrs. Moss would say "No!" if he asked leave.

"He 's afraid," sneered the red-faced boy, who felt bitterly toward all mankind at that instant, because he knew there was no hope of *his* going.

"Say that again, and I 'll knock your head off," and Ben faced round with a gesture which caused the other to skip out of reach precipitately.

"Has n't got any money, more likely," observed a shabby youth, whose pockets never had anything in them but a pair of dirty hands.

Ben calmly produced a dollar bill and waved it defiantly before this doubter, observing with dignity:

"I 've got money enough to treat the whole crowd, if I choose to, which I *don't*."

"Then come along and have a jolly time with Sam and me. We can buy some dinner and get a ride home, as like as not," said the amiable Billy, with a slap on the shoulder, and a cordial grin which made it impossible for Ben to resist.

"What are you stopping for?" demanded Sam, ready to be off, that they might "take it easy."

"Don't know what to do with Sancho. He 'll get lost or stolen if I take him, and it 's too far to carry him home if you are in a hurry," began Ben, persuading himself that this was the true reason of his delay.

"Let Cy take him back. He 'll do it for a cent; wont you, Cy?" proposed Billy, smoothing away all objections, for he liked Ben, and saw that he wanted to go.

"No, I wont; I *don't* like him. He winks at me, and growls when I touch him," muttered naughty Cy, remembering how much reason poor Sanch had to distrust his tormentor.

"There 's Bab; she 'll do it. Come here, sissy; Ben wants you," called Sam, beckoning to a small figure just perching on the fence.

Down it jumped and came fluttering up, much elated at being summoned by the captain of the sacred nine.

"I want you to take Sanch home, and tell your mother I 'm going to walk, and may be wont be back till sundown. Miss Celia said I might do what I pleased, all day. You remember, now."

Ben spoke without looking up, and affected to be very busy buckling a strap into Sanch's collar, for the two were so seldom parted that the dog always rebelled. It was a mistake on Ben's part, for while his eyes were on his work Bab's were devouring the bill, which Sam still held, and her suspicions were aroused by the boys' faces.

"Where are you going? Ma will want to know," she said, as curious as a magpie all at once.

"Never you mind; girls can't know everything. You just catch hold of this and run along home. Lock Sanch up for an hour, and tell your mother I 'm all right," answered Ben, bound to assert his manly supremacy before his mates.

"He 's going to the circus," whispered Fay, hoping to make mischief.

"Circus! Oh, Ben, *do* take me!" cried Bab, falling into a state of great excitement at the mere thought of such delight.

"You could n't walk four miles," began Ben.

"Yes, I could, as easy as not."

"You have n't got any money."

"You have; I saw you showing your dollar, and you could pay for me, and Ma would pay it back."

"Can't wait for you to get ready."

"I 'll go as I am. I don't care if it is my old hat," and Bab jerked it on to her head.

"Your mother would n't like it."

"She wont like your going, either."

"She is n't my missis now. Miss Celia would n't care, and I 'm going, anyway."

"Do, do take me, Ben! I 'll be just as good as ever was, and I 'll take care of Sanch all the way," pleaded Bab, clasping her hands and looking round for some sign of relenting in the faces of the boys.

"Don't you bother; we don't want any girls tagging after us," said Sam, walking off to escape the annoyance.

"I 'll bring you a roll of chickerberry lozengers, if you wont tease," whispered kind-hearted Billy, with a consoling pat on the crown of the shabby straw hat.

"When the circus comes here you shall go, certain sure, and Betty too," said Ben, feeling mean while he proposed what he knew was a hollow mockery.

"They never do come to such little towns; you said so, and I think you are very cross, and I wont take care of Sanch, so, now!" cried Bab, getting into a passion, yet ready to cry, she was so disappointed.

"I suppose it would n't do ——" hinted Billy, with a look from Ben to the little girl, who stood winking hard to keep the tears back.

"Of course it would n't. I 'd like to see *her* walking eight miles. I don't mind paying for her; it 's getting her there and back. Girls are such a bother when you want to knock round. No, Bab, you *can't* go. Travel right home and don't make a fuss. Come along, boys; it 's most eleven, and we don't want to walk fast."

Ben spoke very decidedly, and, taking Billy's arm, away they went, leaving poor Bab and Sanch to watch them out of sight, one sobbing, the other whining dismally.

Somehow those two figures seemed to go before Ben all along the pleasant road, and half spoilt his fun, for though he laughed and talked, cut canes, and seemed as merry as a grig, he could not help feeling that he ought to have asked leave to go, and been kinder to Bab.

"Perhaps Mrs. Moss would have planned somehow so we could *all* go, if I 'd told her. I 'd like to show her round, and she 's been real good to me. No use now. I 'll take the girls a lot of candy and make it all right."

He tried to settle it in that way and trudged gayly on, hoping Sancho would n't feel hurt at being left, wondering if any of "Smithers's lot" would

be round, and planning to do the honors handsomely to the boys.

It was very warm, and just outside of the town they paused by a wayside watering-trough to wash their dusty faces and cool off before plunging into the excitements of the afternoon. As they stood refreshing themselves, a baker's cart came jingling by, and Sam proposed a hasty lunch while they rested. A supply of gingerbread was soon bought, and, climbing the green bank above, they lay on the grass under a wild cherry-tree, munching luxuriously while they feasted their eyes at the same time on the splendors awaiting them, for the great tent, with all its flags flying, was visible from the hill.

"We'll cut across those fields,—it's shorter than going by the road,—and then we can look round outside till it's time to go in. I want to have a good go at everything, especially the lions," said Sam, beginning on his last cookie.

"I heard 'em roar just now;" and Billy stood up to gaze with big eyes at the flapping canvas which hid the king of beasts from his longing sight.

"That was a cow mooing. Don't you be a donkey, Bill. When you hear a real roar, you 'll shake in your boots," said Ben, holding up his handkerchief to dry after it had done double duty as towel and napkin.

"I wish you 'd hurry up, Sam. Folks are going in now. I see 'em;" and Billy pranced with impatience, for this was his first circus, and he firmly believed that he was going to behold all that the pictures promised.

"Hold on a minute while I get one more drink. Buns are dry fodder," said Sam, rolling over to the edge of the bank and preparing to descend with as little trouble as possible.

He nearly went down head first, however, for, as he looked before he leaped, he beheld a sight which caused him to stare with all his might for an instant, then turn and beckon, saying in an eager whisper: "Look here, boys—quick!"



"THERE STOOD BAB WAITING FOR SANCHO TO LAP HIS FILL OUT OF THE OVERFLOWING TROUGH."

Ben and Billy peered over, and both suppressed an astonished "Hullo!" for there stood Bab waiting for Sancho to lap his fill out of the overflowing trough.

Such a shabby, tired-looking couple as they were! Bab with a face as red as a lobster and streaked with tears, shoes white with dust, playfrock torn at the gathers, something bundled up in her apron, and one shoe down at the heel as if it hurt her. Sancho lapped eagerly, with his eyes shut; all his ruffles were gray with dust, and his tail hung wearily down, the tassel at half-mast, as if in mourning for the master whom he had come to find. Bab still held the strap, intent on keeping her charge safe though she lost herself; but her courage seemed to be giving out, as she looked

anxiously up and down the road, seeing no sign of the three familiar figures she had been following as steadily as a little Indian on the war-trail.

"Oh, Sanch, what *shall* I do if they don't come along? We must have gone by them somewhere, for I don't see any one that way, and there is n't any other road to the circus, seems to me."

Bab spoke as if the dog could understand and answer, and Sancho looked as if he did both, for he stopped drinking, pricked up his ears, and, fixing his sharp eyes on the grass above him, gave a suspicious bark.

"It 's only squirrels; don't mind, but come along and be good, for I 'm so tired I don't know what to do!" sighed Bab, trying to pull him after her as she trudged on, bound to see the outside of that wonderful tent, even if she never got in.

But Sancho had heard a soft chirrup, and with a sudden bound twitched the strap away, sprang up the bank, and landed directly on Ben's back as he lay peeping over. A peal of laughter greeted him, and having got the better of his master in more ways than one, he made the most of the advantage by playfully worrying him as he kept him down, licking his face in spite of his struggles, burrowing in his neck with a ticklish nose, snapping at his buttons, and yelping joyfully, as if it was the best joke in the world to play hide-and-seek for four long miles.

Before Ben could quiet him, Bab came climbing up the bank with such a funny mixture of fear, fatigue, determination, and relief in her dirty little face that the boys could not look awful if they tried.

"How dared you come after us, miss?" demanded Sam, as she looked calmly about her and took a seat before she was asked.

"Sanch *would* come after Ben; I could n't make him go home, so I had to hold on till he was safe here, else he 'd be lost, and then Ben would feel bad."

The cleverness of that excuse tickled the boys immensely, and Sam tried again, while Ben was getting the dog down and sitting on him.

"Now you expect to go to the circus, I suppose."

"Course I do. Ben said he did n't mind paying if I could get there without bothering him, and I have, and I 'll go home alone. I aint afraid. Sanch will take care of me, if you wont," answered Bab, stoutly.

"What do you suppose your mother will say to you?" asked Ben, feeling much reproached by her last words.

"I guess she 'll say you led me into mischief," and the sharp child nodded as if she defied him to deny the truth of that.

"You 'll catch it when you get home, Ben, so you 'd better have a good time while you can," advised Sam, thinking Bab great fun, since none of the blame of her pranks would fall on him.

"What would you have done if you *had n't* found us?" asked Billy, forgetting his impatience in his admiration for this plucky young lady.

"I 'd have gone on and seen the circus, and then I 'd have gone home again and told Betty all about it," was the prompt answer.

"But you have n't any money."

"Oh, I 'd ask somebody to pay for me. I 'm so little, it would n't be much."

"Nobody would do it, so you 'd have to stay outside, you see."

"No, I would n't. I thought of that and planned how I 'd fix it if I did n't find Ben. I 'd make Sanch do his tricks and get a quarter that way, so now," answered Bab, undaunted by any obstacle.

"I do believe she would! You are a smart child, Bab, and if I had enough I 'd take you in myself," said Billy, heartily; for, having sisters of his own, he kept a soft place in his heart for girls, especially enterprising ones.

"I 'll take care of her. It was very naughty to come, Bab, but so long as you did, you need n't worry about anything. I 'll see to you, and you shall have a real good time," said Ben, accepting his responsibilities without a murmur, and bound to do the handsome thing by his persistent friend.

"I thought you would," and Bab folded her arms as if she had nothing further to do but enjoy herself.

"Are you hungry?" asked Billy, fishing out several fragments of gingerbread.

"Starving!" and Bab ate them with such a relish that Sam added a small contribution, and Ben caught some water for her in his hand where the little spring bubbled up beside a stone.

"Now, you go and wash your face and spat down your hair, and put your hat on straight, and then we 'll go," commanded Ben, giving Sanch a roll on the grass to clean him.

Bab scrubbed her face till it shone, and pulling down her apron to wipe it, scattered a load of treasures collected in her walk. Some of the dead flowers, bits of moss and green twigs fell near Ben, and one attracted his attention,—a spray of broad, smooth leaves, with a bunch of whitish berries on it.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, poking it with his foot.

"In a swampy place, coming along. Sanch saw something down there, and I went with him 'cause I thought may be it was a musk-rat and you 'd like one if we could get him."

"Was it?" asked the boys all at once and with intense interest.

"No, only a snake, and I don't care for snakes. I picked some of that, it was so green and pretty. Thorny likes queer leaves and berries, you know," answered Bab, "spatting" down her rough locks.

"Well, he wont like that, nor you either; it's poisonous, and I should n't wonder if you 'd got poisoned, Bab. Don't touch it; swamp-sumach is horrid stuff, Miss Celia said so," and Ben looked anxiously at Bab, who felt her chubby face all over and examined her dingy hands with a solemn air, asking eagerly:

"Will it break out on me 'fore I get to the circus?"

"Not for a day or so, I guess; but it's bad when it does come."

"I don't care, if I see the animals first. Come quick and never mind the old weeds and things," said Bab, much relieved, for present bliss was all she had room for now in her happy little heart.

(To be continued.)



THE LITTLE ITALIAN FLOWER-MERCHANT.

FATHER CHIRP.

BY S. C. STONE.

THREE little chirping crickets
Came, one night, to our door;
Tried all their keys,
Then tried their knees,
Till they could try no more.

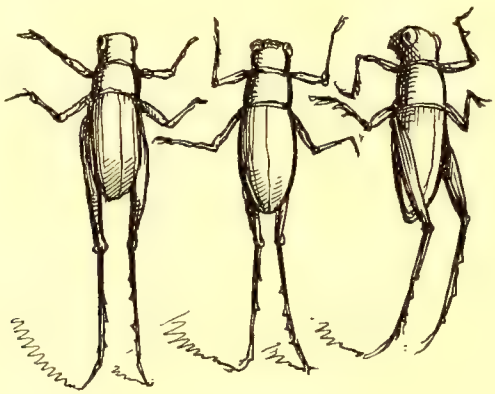
The biggest of the crickets
Scratched hard his shiny head;
And what to do,
And what to do,
He did n't know, he said.



"THEN TRIED THEIR KNEES."

The door, it would not open
To comers so belated;
Nobody heard,
Nobody stirred,
As still the crickets waited.

And then, as on a sudden,
By some new impulse bent,
Their voices three
'Rose shrill and free,
To give their feelings vent!



"HIGH UPON THEIR TINY LEGS."

Then high upon their tiny legs
They stretched, to peep and peer;
While right behind
The window-blind
I crouched, to see and hear.

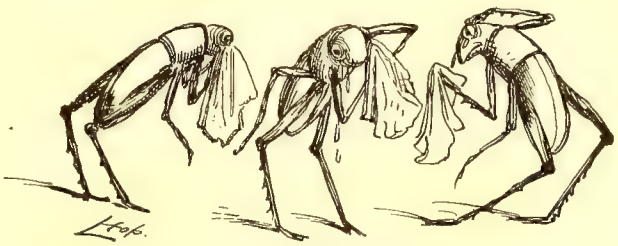
Louder the crickets chirped and chirped,
And, as I heard it then,
The tale they sung
In crickets' tongue
I render with my pen.

The tallest one was Father Chirp;
Here was his early home;
Here lived his mother
And dearest brother,
And hither had he come;

And with him brought his two brave sons,
Both skipping at his side,
To show to her,
Their grandmother,
With true paternal pride.

"But days have passed since I lived here,—
It 's like the folks are dead!
My children, oh!
My children, oh!
I 'm going to weep," he said.

And then into his handkerchief
His little head went bobbing,
And his two heirs
They pulled out theirs,
And all three fell to sobbing.



"ALL THREE FELL TO SOBBING."

"There used to be," sang Father Chirp,
"A little child about;
And that door there
Was free as air
For going in or out.

I lost no time in opening wide
The door that had been fast;
And I could see
Those crickets three
Like dusky ghosts flit past.

And when I, listening, heard a chirp,
Another, and another,
I knew as well
As words could tell
They 'd found the old grandmother!

WHERE MONEY IS MADE.

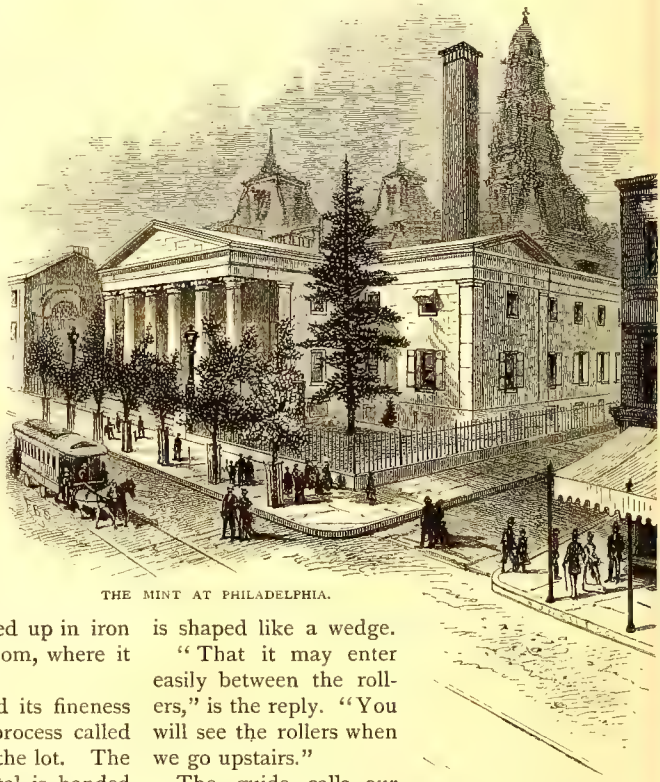
By M. W.

"Ho!" I hear some New York boys say; "no need to tell us that. Everybody knows that New York is the place to make money. Look at the men in Wall street."

Indeed! And what will you say if I tell you that there is not a dollar of money made in New York; nor in Chicago, neither; though I know my young friends who live there are eager to speak up and claim the honor. There are but three cities in all the Union where money is actually made; that is, where metals are coined. The principal mint of the United States is in Philadelphia. Here are made all the copper and nickel coins—one, two and five cent pieces—and a large part of the gold and silver coins used in the country. There are also branch mints at San Francisco and Carson City. And at these places gold and silver coins of every value are coined in great quantities.

Those of you who have been in Philadelphia will remember, on the north side of Chestnut street, near Broad, a Grecian building of white marble, somewhat gray from age, with a tall chimney rising from the center, and the United States flag flying from the roof. This is the mint. Let us climb

the long flight of steps and enter the building. On the door is a placard: "Visitors admitted from 9 to 12." The door opens into a circular entrance hall, with seats around the wall. In a moment a polite usher, who has grown gray in the service of the institution, comes to show us all that visitors are allowed to see. He leads us through a hall into an open court-yard in the middle of the building. On the left is the weighing-room; and if you owned a gold mine, like the boy I read of in a late number of ST. NICHOLAS, it is to this room you would bring your gold to be weighed, so that you might know how much money the mint must pay you for it. All the gold and silver received in the mint is weighed in this room. Sometimes the gold is brought in the form of fine dust; sometimes in the shape of grains from the size of a pin's head to that of a pea; sometimes in plates and bars, and sometimes it is old jewelry and table service. Visitors are not allowed to enter the weighing-room; but, by looking through the window, you can see the scales, large and small, which are balanced with wonderful delicacy, and the vault on the other side, where the treasure is kept.



THE MINT AT PHILADELPHIA.

"When the gold has been weighed," says our guide, "it is locked up in iron boxes, and carried to the melting-room, where it is melted and poured into molds."

A small piece is then cut off, and its fineness ascertained by a long and delicate process called assaying. This decides the value of the lot. The depositor is then paid, and the metal is handed over to the melter and refiner, to be entirely freed from its impurities and made fit for coinage.

And a hard time it has of it, to be sure. Nothing but pure gold and silver could ever stand such treatment. It is melted again, dissolved in nitric acid, squeezed under immense pressure, baked in a hot cellar, and finally carried to this dingy-looking room, at the left of the court-yard, where we have stood all this time. The metal is perfectly pure now, but before the final melting one-tenth of its weight in copper is added to it, to make it hard enough to bear the rough usage which it will meet with in traveling about the world.

The room would be dark but for the fiery glow of the furnaces which line one end of the place. On these are a number of small pots, filled with red-hot liquid metal; and while we look, a workman lifts one after another, with a pair of long tongs, and pours the glowing gold in streams into narrow iron molds.

"This piece of gold," says the usher, taking up one of the yellow bars from a cold mold, "is called an ingot, and is worth about 1,200 dollars."

One of the party asks why one end of the ingot is shaped like a wedge.

"That it may enter easily between the rollers," is the reply. "You will see the rollers when we go upstairs."

The guide calls our attention to the curious false floor, made of iron in a honey-comb pattern, and divided into small sections, so that it can be readily taken up to save the dust. He tells us that the sweepings of these rooms have sometimes proved to be worth fifty thousand dollars in a single year. The particles which adhere to the workmen's clothing are also carefully saved, and there is an arrangement in the chimney for arresting any light-minded atoms that may try to pass off in the smoke.

We would gladly remain longer, peering in at the glowing fires and the swarthy figures of the workmen, but our guide is already half-way across the court, and we reluctantly follow, stepping aside to make room for a workman with his burden of silver bars, which he is carrying to undergo the next process.

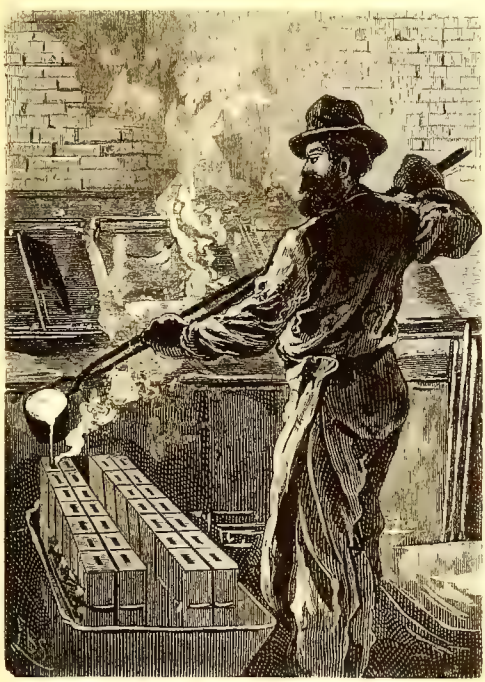
This takes place in the rolling-room, where the short, thick ingots are pressed between two steel rollers, again and again, till they are rolled down into long thin ribbons of metal about the thickness of a coin.

The next step in the work is to draw the metal ribbons through a "draw-plate," to bring them down to an exactly uniform thickness. This pulling through a narrow slit in a steel plate hardens the metal, and again and again it has to be put in the fire and brought to a light red to make it soft and pliable. This drawing and annealing brings each band of metal to just the right thickness and condition, and we may go on and see the cutting-presses that stamp out the round pieces of metal called "planchets." A workman takes a ribbon of gold and inserts the end in the immense jaws of the press, and they bite, bite and bite, and the round bits of gold drop in a shower into a box below.



THE ROLLERS.

"This press," says the usher, "is cutting double-eagles; and in the single moment, by the watch, that we have been looking at it, it has cut forty-five hundred dollars' worth. The same number of cuts would make only two dollars and twenty cents if made in copper."



POURING THE MELTED GOLD INTO THE MOLDS.

The machine goes on hastily biting out the round planchets to the end of the ribbon, and then the guide holds up the long strip full of holes, much as you have seen the dough after the cook has cut out her ginger-snaps. These perforated bars go back to the furnace to be melted over.

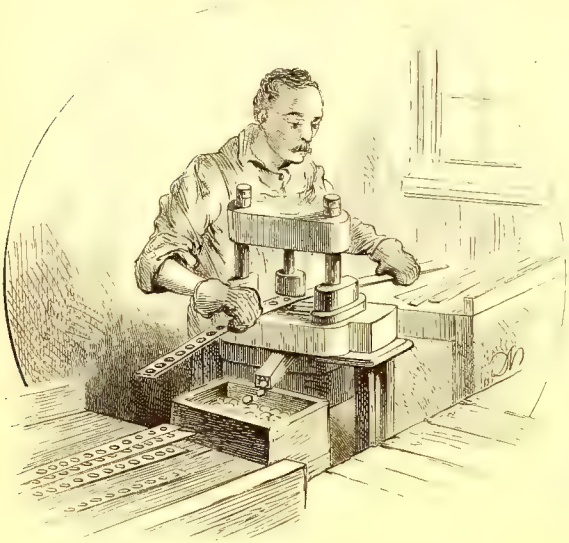
"The planchets," says the guide, "after being annealed in those furnaces which you see at the rear of the room, are taken upstairs and most carefully weighed."

None but women are employed in the weighing-room, and so delicate are the scales that they will move with the weight of a hair. If a planchet is found too light, it is thrown aside to be remelted; if only slightly over the proper weight, a tiny particle is filed off from the edge; but if the weight is much in excess, it is to go back to the furnace. Nothing but perfection passes here, you see.

Now, one final washing in acid, then in water, and these much-enduring bits of metal are admitted to the coining-room, there to receive the stamp which testifies to their worth.

In the coining-room the planchets are first given to the milling-machine. They are laid down flat between two steel rings, and as the rings move one draws nearer to the other, and the planchets are squeezed and crowded on every side, and finding no escape they turn up about the edges and come out at the end of the sorry little journey with a rim raised around the edges. Beyond the milling-machines stand the ten coining-presses. These presses are attended by women. Watch this one near us. At her right hand is a box containing silver planchets, which are to be coined into fifty-cent pieces. On that round "die," which

you see in the center of the machine, are engraved the letters and figures which are to appear on the back of the half-dollar. Directly above the die, on the end of a rod, which works up and down



THE CUTTING-PRESS.

with the most exquisite accuracy, is the sunken impression of the face.

The woman gathers up a handful of the planchets and drops them one at a time into a brass tube, which they just fit. They slip down in the tube, and as the lowest planchet slides from under the tube, two small steel arms spring out and grasp it and lay it on the die. At the same instant, the upper die descends with a quick thump, and the silver counter, stamped in a twinkling on both sides, falls into a box below. In an instant another takes its place, and thus they go on dropping under the swiftly moving rod, and turning into coins in a flash.

Take up one of the coins and study it carefully. Every mark, letter, number and bit of decoration is deeply cut in the metal. Even the "reeding," or roughened edge, is stamped sharply, and we can tell just what the coin is by feeling of it with the finger, even in the dark. This last step finishes the work. The money is made, coined and ready for exchange in the shop and market. Sometimes you may have noticed that coins, like the nickel five-cent and the silver twenty-cent piece, have smooth edges. In these coins the reeding is omitted. The dies in the presses have only the letters and figures of the face and back of the coin, and when the planchet is caught between them the metal is squeezed up against the smooth sides of the die, and none of the little reeding marks on the edge are formed.

"And now," says our kind conductor, "you have seen all the process of making money. This next room is the cabinet, and here you can remain as long as you please."

But I have not time to tell you half the curious and instructive things you may see in this apartment. There are coins of all nations and ages. Egyptian, Greek, and Roman, bearing effigies of forgotten kings and emperors; curious oblong coins, of very fine workmanship, from China and Japan, and others of a square shape with a hole in the middle, that they may be strung on a string, instead of putting them into a purse. Smallest of all, so small that you might overlook it, if your attention was not especially drawn to it, is the "widow's mite." Perhaps —who knows?—this may be the very coin which, dropped into the trumpet-shaped mouth of the treasury, called forth the commendation of the Savior upon the poor giver.

In other cases are the coins of England, France, Germany and other modern nations; some more beautiful than our own, others far inferior to them in design and workmanship. The cases around the wall are filled with beautiful minerals, and, in particular, many fine specimens of gold in its native state.

For so long a time have we been using paper money in this country, that it seemed almost useless to have mints to make coins, when ordinary people never saw any of them, excepting those made of copper or nickel.



"THE LONG STRIP FULL OF HOLES."

But our merchants, and others dealing with foreign countries, needed gold, for our paper money could not be sent to Europe, or anywhere out of the United States, to pay for goods; and

so gold eagles and double-eagles and half-eagles and quarter-eagles and gold dollars were coined to be sent away, or to be used here to pay duties on imports. Silver coins also were made, to be used in foreign countries, and among these was the trade-dollar, which many of you may have seen.

When silver small-change lately came into use again, there were many boys and girls who had never seen a quarter or a half dollar. When they spoke of fifty or twenty-five cents, they meant a piece of paper currency, printed like a bank-note, of no value in itself, but only a promise to pay.

But, since Congress has decided that we are to have not only silver small-change, but also silver dollars, and now that these have become again a part of the legal currency of the country, all three of our mints have gone to work and are coining dollars as fast as they can, for millions of them will be required, if we are all to use them.

I hope that you and I, dear reader, may be able to get as many of these new dollars as we actually shall need, though perhaps none of us may ever have as many of them, or of any other kind of money, as we think we should like to have.



THE COINING-PRESS.

A SONG OF SPRING.

By Caroline A. Mason.

O THE sweet spring days when the grasses grow,
And the violets blow,
And the lads and the lassies a-maying go!

When the mosses cling in their velvet sheen,
Like a fringe of green,
To the rocks that o'er the deep pools lean;

When the brooks wake up with a merry leap
From their winter sleep,
And the frogs in the meadows begin to peep;

When the robin sings, thro' the long bright hours,
Of his southern bowers,
With a dream in his heart of the coming flowers;

When the earth is full of delicious smells
From the ferny dells,
And the scent of the breeze quite plainly tells

He has been with the apple-blooms! They fly
From his kisses sly
Like feathery snow-flakes scurrying by!

O the saucy pranks of the madcap breeze
In the blossoming trees!
O the sounds that thrill, and the sights that please,

And the nameless joys that the May days bring
On their glad, glad wing!
O the dear delights of the sweet, sweet spring!

SAM'S BIRTHDAY.

By Irwin Russell.

ON the nineteenth day of last month, Sam could and would have testified, from information and belief, that he was "eight yeahs ol', gwine on nine;" but on the morning of the twentieth, that interesting infant of color was informed by his mother, as soon as he awoke, that he was "nine yeahs ol', gwine on ten." When Aunt Phillis imparted this surprising intelligence to her son, he was greatly amazed and confounded; and he immediately began to speculate as to what extraordinary combination of circumstances could have so suddenly wrought this remarkable change.

"Hoo-*ee!*" he cried, "whut a pow'ful while I mus' ha' slep'! Or else I grows wuss an' dat ar Jonus's gourd you tol' me 'bout, whut wuz only a *teenchy* leetle simblin at night, and got big as de hen-house afore mornin'—early sun-up. Hm! hey! look heah, mammy, is I skipped any Christmusses?"

"No, chile," replied his mother; "you aint

skipped nuffin. Dis is yo' buff-day: de 'fects ob which is, dat it 's des so many yeahs sence you wuz fust borned. I don't know how 't 'll be, Sam,—folks is sim'lar to de cocoa-grass, whut grows up mighty peart, tell 'long come somebody wid a hoe to slosh it down,—but ef you libs long enough, an' nuffin happens, you 'll keep on habbin a buff-day ebry yeah wunst a yeah till you dies. An' ebry time you has one, son, you 'll be one yeah older."

"Fine way to git gray-headed," said Sam.

At this moment a mighty crash resounded from the kitchen, down-stairs, and Aunt Phillis descended the steps with great precipitation. Then Sam heard her shouting, angrily:

"You, Bose! Oh, you *bettah* git, you mean ole no-'count rascal! I do '*spise* a houn'-dog!"

Sam went on with his toilet, musing, the while, upon the probability of his ever getting to be as old as Uncle "Afrikin Tommy," who was the patriarch of the plantation, and popularly supposed to be "cluss onto" two hundred years of age; and who was wont to aver that when *he* arrived in that part of the country, when he was a boy, the squirrels all had two tails apiece, and the Mississippi River was such a small stream that people bridged it, on occasion, with a fence-rail. Thus meditating upon the glorious possibilities of his future, Sam got ready for breakfast, and went down. It was not until he had absorbed an enormous quantity of fried pickled-pork and hot corn-cakes, and finally with reluctance ceased to eat, that his mother told him what had caused the noise a little while before,—how old Bose, the fox-hound, had with felonious intent come into the kitchen, and surreptitiously "supped up" the chicken-soup that had been prepared for Sam's birthday breakfast; and further, how the said delinquent had added insult to injury, by contemptuously smashing the bowl that he had emptied.

"I alluz did 'low," exclaimed Sam, in justifiable wrath, "as dat 'ar ole houn' Bose wuz de triflin'-est, meanest dog in de whole State ob Claiborne County!"

Sam, however, was too true a philosopher to cry long over spilt milk—or soup. He reflected that the breakfast he had just taken would prevent his eating any soup, even if he had it. "I is n't injy-rubber," said he to himself, with which beautiful and happy thought his frown was superseded by a smile, the smile developed into his normal grin, and he began to chant an appropriate stanza from one of his favorite lyrics:

"O-o-o-old Uncle John!
A-a-a-aunt Sally Goodin!
When you got enough corn-bread
It 's des as good as puddin'."

The excellent Aunt Phillis was much affected by this saint-like conduct on the part of her son. She sighed; fearing that the boy was too good to live.

"Nemmind, Sam," said she; "you need n't tote no wood to-day, or fotch no water, or do nuffin. Go down to de quarters, an' git Pumble to play wid you."

Pumble was a boy who in age and tastes corresponded closely with Sam, as he did in complexion. His real name, at full length, was Pumblechook,—he having been so christened at the instance of Mahs'r George, in honor of the immortal corn-and-seedsman. Off went Sam in search of this boy; and he found him at the back of the maternal mansion, splitting up pine-knots for kindlings. Sam approached him with a very slow, dignified step, and a look of commiseration.

"Hey, nigger!" said Sam, "dat 's all you fit for, is to work. Why don't you be a gemman like me, whut aint a-gwine to do a lick o' work dis whole day?"

"Done runned away, is you?" answered Pumble. "Well, I 'll come 'round dis ebenin, when de ole ooman gibs you a dose ob hickory-tea."

"Dat 'll do, boy;" said Sam. "Let you know dis is my buff-day, an' *I* wont work for *no*body, on *my* buff-day. Go ax yo' mammy kin you come up an' play wid me; tell her *my* mammy sont word for you to come."

Pumble dropped the hatchet, stared ecstatically, and ran in to obtain the desired permission. It was granted. Then this dialogue occurred:

"Be a good chile!"

"Yes 'm."

"Don't forgit yo' manners!"

"Nome."

"'Member you 's *my* son!"

"Yes 'm."

"Don't you git into no mischuf!"

"Nome."

"Ef you dose, I 'll w'ar you out, sah! Now, go 'long!"

The boys trotted merrily away together. But they had not gone fifty rods before they heard Pumble's mother calling him. They stopped to listen.

"*Take—keer—ob yo'—clo'es.*" she shouted, and then went back into her house.

Under a great pecan-tree, on the lawn before the "big house," Sam and Pumble sat down to consider and consult, or, as they expressed it, "to study up whut us gwine to do."

"Shill I tell a story?" asked Pumble.

"Does you know a good one?" inquired Sam.

"Dis story 's gwine to be a new one," said Pumble, "beakase I 'll make it up as I go 'long."

"Tell ahead," said Sam.

"Wunst apon a time—" began Pumble.

"What time?" interrupted Sam.

"Shut up! Wunst upon a time. Dey wuz a man. An' dis heah man lighted up he pipe, an' started out on de big road. An' he went walkin' along. Right stret along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, *an'* walkin' along. An' *walkin'* along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——"

"Dat man wuz gwine all de way, wuz n't he?" interjected the listener.

"He had n't got *no* way, hardly, yit," said Pumble, "but he kep' a-walkin' along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——."

"Stop dat walkin' now," said Sam, "and tell whut he done when he *got froo* walkin'."

"He come to de place he wuz a-gwine to," said Pumble.

"Did he, sho' enough?" exclaimed Sam. "I wuz kinder skeered he wud n't nebber git dar at all. Whut did he do nex'?"

"De nex' t'ing he done," said Pumble, impressively, "wuz to turn right 'round an' go back whar he come from. An' dat 's all!"

As was his invariable custom when deeply impressed, Sam began to sing, Pumble joining in:

"Jay-bird a-settin
On a swingin' limb,
He wink at Stephen,
Stephen wink at him;
Stephen pint de gun,
Pull on de trigger,
Off go de load—
An' down come de nigger!"

Greatly refreshed and invigorated by the chanting of this touching ballad, Sam and Pumble returned



"THE BOYS TROTTED MERRILY AWAY TOGETHER."

to the consideration of their day's programme. A great many amusements were proposed, discussed and rejected in their respective turns. Almost any one of them would have been held entirely satisfactory on any ordinary occasion, but Sam thought none of them good enough for his birthday. He required something extraordinary.

"Kaint you think up nuffin else?" he asked his friend, after a long pause.

"I done thinked plumb to de back o' my head a'ready," replied Pumble.

"Den I tell you what," said Sam; "I heared my pappy say dis: when a pusson wants to think

rale strong, he mus' lay down on de flat ob his back and shet his eyes; an' den, putty soon, he kin think anything he wants to. Let 's try it."

This plan was immediately experimented on. Pumble instantly succeeded in thinking; but he only thought that he wished he could have a "buff-day" of his own. Very soon afterward, he ceased to think at all. As for Sam, *his* thoughts were for some time very ordinary—of too commonplace a nature to be here recorded; but they gradually assumed such an odd and remarkable shape that they may fairly be described as a vision. It seemed to Sam that the whole country around, as far as one could see, was transformed into one great field, in a perfect state of cultivation. But the growing "crop" was not one of cotton, or corn, or cow-peas, or sorghum, or anything else that he had ever before seen in such a place. Coming up out of the ground were long rows of very singular bushes, whereof the stalks were sticks of candy, and the leaves were blackberry pies, and over the whole field was falling a drenching rain of molasses. Sam, however, was most astonished at the curious fruit that the bushes bore. The twigs of some of them supported jew's-harps and tin trumpets; others bent beneath a wealth of fire-crackers and Roman candles; others, again, were weighted with his favorite sardines; and so on in endless variety. It is not at all surprising that the idea occurred to him that this crop ought to be "picked." He found himself becoming highly indignant at the negligence of the planter—whoever he might be—in leaving all these good things to spoil on the bushes; and he burned with a desire to have them properly gathered, and to assist in that work himself. Accordingly, he was just about to reach for a pie and a jew's-harp, by way of beginning, when he found that this was made impossible, by the fact of himself having been suddenly and incomprehensibly changed to a huge water-melon. Over him grew one of the largest bushes, from whose branches depended seven roasted 'possums. It was some consolation to look at them, and imagine how good they would taste if he only *could* taste them. Presently a little gingerbread bird flew down and began to peck at him, and say, "Git up, Sam! You Sam! Sam!"

He woke up, and found that the wonderful field had vanished, and that he was lying under the old pecan-tree instead of the 'possum-bush; and there was his mother shouting in his ear:

"Sam! don't you heah me, you lazy—*S-a-m! Git* up dis minnit an' go to de well for a bucket ob water, sah, foah I *whoop* you!"

Pumble sat up and stared.

"Why, mammy," said Sam, "you tol' me I need n't do no work, kase it 's my buff-day."

"I 's ben countin' it up ag'in," said Aunt Phillis, "an' foun' out where I made a mis-figger, de fust time, and tallied wrong altogedder. 'Cordin' to de *c'rect* calkilation, yo' buff-day was one day *las' month*. WALK arter dat water!"

WAIT.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

WHEN the icy snow is deep,
Covering the frozen land,
Do the little flowerets peep
To be crushed by Winter's hand?

No, they wait for brighter days,
Wait for bees and butterflies;
Then their dainty heads they raise
To the sunny, sunny skies.

When the cruel north winds sigh,
When 't is cold with wind and rain,
Do the birdies homeward fly
Only to go back again?

No, they wait for spring to come,
Wait for gladsome sun and showers;
Then they seek their northern home,
Seek its leafy, fragrant bowers.

Trustful as the birds and flowers,
Tho' our spring of joy be late,
Tho' we long for brighter hours,
We must ever learn to wait.

THE STORY OF MAY-DAY.

By Olive Thorne.

Alas, children! the world is growing old. Not that dear old Mother Earth begins to show her six thousand (more or less) years, by stiff joints and clumsy movements, by clinging to her winter's rest and her warm coverlet of snow, forgetting to push up the blue-eyed violets in the spring, or neglecting to unpack the fresh green robes of the trees. No, indeed! The blessed mother spins around the sun as gayly as she did in her first year. She rises from her winter sleep fresh and young as ever. Every new violet is as exquisitely tinted, as sweetly scented, as its predecessors of a thousand years ago. Each new maple-leaf opens as delicate and lovely as the first one that ever came out of its tightly packed bud in the spring. Mother Nature never grows old.

But the human race changes in the same way that each one of us does. The race had its childhood when men and women played the games that are now left to you youngsters. We can even see the change in our own day. Some of us—who are not grandmothers, either—can remember when youth of fourteen and fifteen played many games which, nowadays, an unfortunate damsel of six years—ruffled, embroidered, and white gowned, with delicate shoes, and hips in the vice-like grasp of a modern sash—feels are altogether too young for her. I dare say I shall live to see the once-beloved dolls abandoned to babies; and I fear the next generation will find a Latin grammar in the cradle instead of a rattle-box, and baby cutting his teeth scientifically, with a surgical instrument, instead of on a rubber ring.

Well, well! What *do* you suppose our great-grandchildren will do?

We must not let these old-fashioned customs be forgotten, and I want to tell you the story of May-day. A curious tale is told of the beginning of the May-day celebration, which is of more venerable age than perhaps you know. You shall hear it, and then you can believe as much as you choose, as all the rest of the world takes the liberty of doing; for although the grave old Roman writers put it in their books for truth, it is very much doubted by our modern wiseheads, because it is so unreasonable, and so inelegant (as our dainty critic says). As though the world was always reasonable, forsooth! or undoubted historical facts did not sometimes lack the important quality of elegance!

However it may be, here is the story: Many hundred years ago,—about two hundred before Christ, in fact,—there lived in Rome a beautiful woman named Flora. Had she lived in these luxurious days, she would have enjoyed another name or two; but in those simple times she was plain Flora.

Being human, this lady had a great dread of being forgotten when she had left the world. So she devised a plan to keep her memory green. She made a will giving her large fortune to the city of Rome, on condition that a festival in her memory should be celebrated every year.

When the will came before the grave and reverend Roman senators, it caused serious talk. To decline so rich a gift was not to be thought of; yet to accept the condition they did not like, for it was a bold request in Madam Flora, who had, to say the least, done nothing worthy of celebrating. At last, according to the old story-tellers, a way out of the difficulty was found, as there generally is: and the city fathers decided to accept the terms, and make Flora worthy of the honor by placing her among their minor deities, of which there were no less than thirty thousand. She took her place as Goddess of Flowers, with a celebration about the first of May, to be called Floralia, after her.

This little story may be a fable; but now I shall tell you some facts. When the Romans came to Britain to live, many hundred years ago, they brought, of course, their own customs and festivals, among which was this one in memory of Flora. The heathen—our ancestors, you know—adopted them with delight, being in the childhood of their race. They became very popular; and when, some years later, a good priest, Gregory, came (from Rome also) to convert the natives, he wisely took advantage of their fondness for festivals, and not trying to suppress them, he simply altered them from heathen feasts to Christian games, by substituting the names of saints and martyrs for heathen gods and goddesses. Thus the Floralia became May-day celebration, and lost none of its popularity by the change. On the contrary, it was carried on all over England for ages, till its origin would have been lost but for a few pains-taking old writers, who "made notes" of everything.

The Floralia we care nothing for, but the May-day games have lasted nearly to our day, and some relics of it still survive in our young country. When you crown a May queen, or go with a May party, you are simply following a custom that the

Romans began, and that our remote ancestors in England carried to such lengths, that not only ordinary people, but lords and ladies, and even king and queen, laid aside their state and went "a-Maying" early in the morning, to wash their faces in May dew, and bring home fresh boughs and flowers to deck the May-pole, which reared its flowery crown in every village.

Great were the doings around the May-pole, for which the tallest and straightest of trees was selected. It was drawn to its place by as many as thirty or forty yoke of oxen, their horns decorated with flowers, followed by all the lads and lassies of the village. The pole was wound or painted with gay colors, and trimmed with garlands, bright handkerchiefs, and ribbon streamers, from top to bottom.

With great ceremonies, and shouts of joy, it was lifted to its place by ropes and pulleys, and set up firmly in the ground; and then the people joined hands and danced around it. The whole day was given up to merriment, every one dressed in holiday clothes, doors and windows were adorned with green boughs and flowers, the bells rang, processions of people in grotesque dresses were arranged, and the famous Morris dancers performed.

In this dance the people assumed certain characters. There was always Robin Hood, the great hero of the rustics; Maid Marian, the queen, with gilt crown on her head; Friar Tuck; a fool, with his fool's-cap and bells; and, above all, the hobby-horse. This animal was made of pasteboard, painted a sort of pink color, and propelled by a man inside, who made him perform various tricks not common to horses, such as threading a needle and holding a ladle in his mouth for pennies.

The various characters labored to support their parts. The friar gave solemn advice, the queen imitated lady-like manners, the fool joked and made fun, and the horse pranced in true horsey style.

This Morris dance is supposed to have been brought in early times from Spain, where the Moors danced it, and where it still survives as the "fandango."

All this May-day merriment came to an end when our grim Puritan fathers had power in England. Dancing around the May-pole looked to them like heathen adoration of an idol. Parliament made a law against it, and all the May-poles in the island were laid in the dust. The common people had their turn, when, a few years later, under a new king, the prohibitory law was repealed, and a new May-pole, the highest ever in England (one hundred and thirty-four feet), was set up in the Strand, London, with great pomp. But the English people were fast outgrowing the sport, and the customs have been dying out ever since. Now, a very few May-poles in obscure villages are all that can be found.

Though May-pole and Morris dancing were the most common, there were other curious customs in different parts of the kingdom. In one place, the Mayers went out very early to the woods, and gathering green boughs, decorated every door with one. A house containing a sweetheart had a branch of birch, the door of a scold was disgraced with alder, and a slatternly person had the mortification to find a branch of a nut-tree at hers, while the young people who overslept found their doors closed by a nail over the latch.

In other places, wreaths were made on hoops, with a gayly dressed doll in the middle of each, and carried about by girls, the little owners singing a ballad which had been sung since the time of Queen Bess,—and expecting a shower of pennies, of course.

In Dublin, the youths decorated a bush, four or five feet high, with candles, which they lighted and danced around till burnt out. They then lighted a huge bonfire, threw the bush on it, and continued their dance around that. In other parts of Ireland, the boys had a mischievous habit of running through the streets with bundles of nettles, with which they struck the face and hands of every one they met. The sting of nettle, perhaps you know, is a very uncomfortable pain. The same people are very superstitious, and they believed that the power of the Evil Eye was greater on the first of May than at any other time; and they insured a good supply of milk for the year by putting a green bough against the house, which is certainly an easy way. In old times, the Druids drove all the cattle through the fire, to keep them from diseases, and this custom still survives in parts of Ireland, where many a peasant who owns a cow and a bit of straw is careful to do the same.

In the Scottish Highlands, in the eighteenth century, the boys had a curious custom. They would go to the moors outside of the town, make a round table in the sod, by cutting a trench around it, deep enough for them to sit down to their grassy table. On this table they would kindle a fire and cook a custard of eggs and milk, and knead a cake of oat-meal, which was toasted by the fire. After eating the custard, the cake was cut into as many parts as there were boys; one piece was made black with coal, and then all put into a cap. Each boy was in turn blindfolded, and made to take a piece, and the one who selected the black one was to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favor they wished to ask for their harvest. The victim in that day had only to leap through the fire; but there is little doubt that the whole thing was a survival

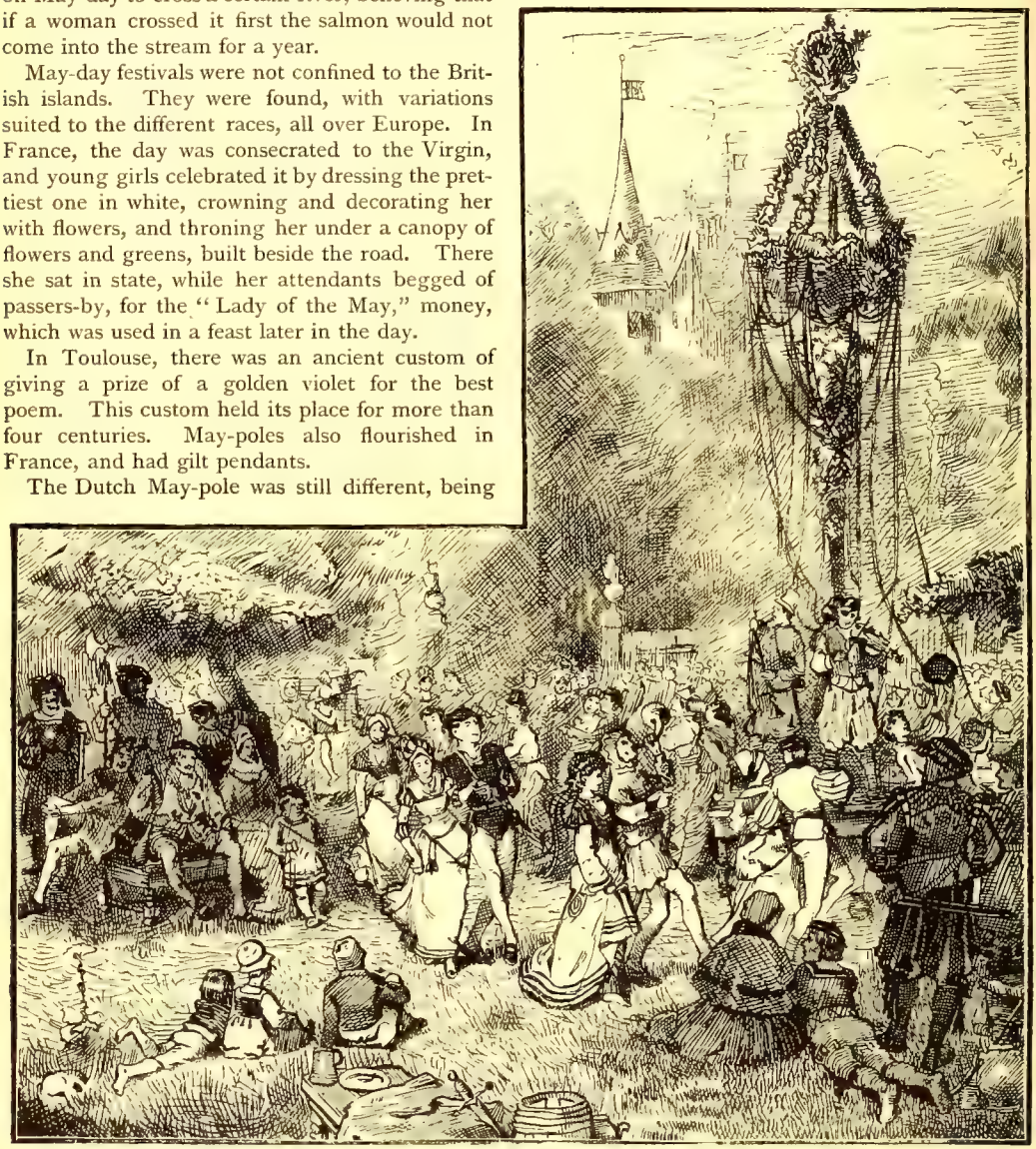
from the days when human beings were really sacrificed.

In the island of Lewis, in the west of Scotland, there prevails a custom of sending a man very early on May-day to cross a certain river, believing that if a woman crossed it first the salmon would not come into the stream for a year.

May-day festivals were not confined to the British islands. They were found, with variations suited to the different races, all over Europe. In France, the day was consecrated to the Virgin, and young girls celebrated it by dressing the prettiest one in white, crowning and decorating her with flowers, and throning her under a canopy of flowers and greens, built beside the road. There she sat in state, while her attendants begged of passers-by, for the "Lady of the May," money, which was used in a feast later in the day.

In Toulouse, there was an ancient custom of giving a prize of a golden violet for the best poem. This custom held its place for more than four centuries. May-poles also flourished in France, and had gilt pendants.

The Dutch May-pole was still different, being surrounded by trees stuck into flower-pots, and ornamented with gay-colored flags, and hoops with garlands and gilt balls hanging. Another sort had wooden dolls made to represent the figures of peasants, nailed against the pole by their hands and knees, as though climbing it. There were also figures of birds and people. In some parts of Germany it was the firm belief of the common people that certain ill-disposed beings met on a high mountain on May-day to dance and feast, with no good intentions to their human neighbors. Accordingly on the day before, every family was careful to have a thorn of a certain kind, which was stuck into the door as a protection.



AN OLD-TIME MAY-DAY IN "MERRIE ENGLAND."

The Scandinavians, whose first of May is not very balmy, had of old a curious fight between Summer and Winter. Winter—or the man representing him—was dressed in skins, armed with

fire-forks, and threw snow-balls and pieces of ice. Summer was dressed in green leaves and summer dress. They had a mock fight which was called "Driving away Winter and welcoming Summer," and in the Isle of Man, where Norwegians had rule for many years, this custom lingered until very lately.

But, as the years went on, these merry games died out, and a few years ago May-day was in London simply the festival of chimney-sweeps and milk-maids, certainly a falling off from the times of King Henry VIII. The only traces of the old custom of going a-Maying were the garlands of the milk-maids and the Jack-in-the-green of the sweeps. The garland (so called) was made of silver plate, borrowed for the day, and fastened upon a sort of pyramid. Accompanying this droll garland were the maids themselves in gay dress, with ribbons and flowers, and attended by musicians who played for them to dance in the street. Sometimes a cow was dressed in festive array, with bouquets and ribbons on her horns, neck and tail, and over her back a net, stuck full of flowers. Thus highly ornamented, the meek creature was led through the streets.

The sweeps brought out the Jack-in-the-green, which was a tall cone made of green boughs, decorated with flowers, gay streamers and a flag, and carried by a man inside. Each of these structures was followed by a band of sweeps who assumed certain characters, the fashion of which had been handed down from the palmy times of May-day.

There were always a lord and lady who wore ridiculous imitations of fashionable dress, and made ludicrous attempts to imitate elegant manners. Mad Moll and her husband were another pair who flourished in tawdry, gay-colored rags, and tatters, he brandishing a sweep's broom and she a ladle. Jim Crow and a fancifully bedizened ballet-dancer in white muslin, often swelled the ranks, and the rest of the party rigged out in a profusion of gilt paper, flowers, tinsel and gewgaws, their faces and legs colored with brick-dust, made up a comical crowd. But even these mild remains of the great festival are almost entirely banished to the rural districts, and are almost extinct there.

Poor Flora! (if there ever was such a person) she has her wish (if that wish ever existed save in the imagination of the Romans); she is not forgotten; her story survives in musty books, though her personality be questioned; various marble statues bear her pretty name, and, after running this declining scale through the ages, she and her May-day are softened by time to a fragrant memory.

WILD GEESE.

By Celia Thaxter.

The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy dappled cloud,
Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is spring! it is spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay the snow,
O'er the breezy hill-top hoarsely calls the crow,
By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,
And the sweet song-sparrow cries, "Spring! it is spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!
Like a peal of broken bells,—kling, klang, kling,—
Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring! it is spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese dear!
Carry all the cold away, far away from here;
Chase the snow into the north, O strong of heart and wing,
While we share the robin's rapture, crying, "Spring! it is spring!"

THE CHARCOAL-BURNERS' FIRE; OR, EASTER EVE AMONG THE COSSACKS.

(A Russian Legend.)

BY DAVID KER.

"IF you want me to tell you any wonderful stories, Barin, such as *you've* been telling us," says Ostap Mordenko, shaking his bushy yellow beard, as he finished his cup of tea, "you're just looking for corn upon a rock, as the saying is; for *I* never had an adventure since the day I was born, except that time when I slipped through a hole in the ice, last winter. But, perhaps, it will do as well if I tell you an old tale that I've heard many a time from my grandfather, that's dead (may the kingdom of heaven be his!), and which will show you how there may be hope for a man, even when everything seems to be at the very worst.

"Many, many years ago, there lived in a village on the Don River, a poor man. When I say he was poor, I don't mean that he had a few holes in his coat at times, or that he had to go without a dinner every now and then, for that's what we've all had to do in our time; but it fairly seemed as if poverty were his brother, and had come to stay with him for good and all. Many a cold day his stove was unlighted, because he could n't afford to buy wood; and he lived on black bread and cold water from the New Year to the Nativity—it was no good talking to *him* about cabbage soup, or salted cucumber, or tea with lemon in it.*

"Now, if he had only had himself to be troubled about, it would n't have mattered a kopeck,† for a *man* can always make shift for himself. But, you see, this man had been married once upon a time, and, although his wife was gone, his three children were left, and he had *them* to care for as well as himself. And, what was worse, instead of being boys, who might have gone out and earned something for themselves, they were all girls, who could do nothing but stay at home and cry for food, and many a time it went to his heart so that he stopped his ears, and ran out of the house that he might n't hear them.

"However, as the saying is, 'Bear up, Cossack, and thou 'lt be Maman (chief) some day;' so he struggled on somehow or other, till at last it came to Easter Eve. And then all the village was up like a fair, some lighting candles before the pictures of the saints; some baking cakes and pies, and all sorts of good things; others running about in their best clothes, greeting their friends and relations; and, as soon as it came to midnight, such a kissing and embracing, such a shaking of hands and exchanging of good wishes, as I daresay you 've seen many a time in our villages; and nothing to be heard all over the place but 'Christ is risen!' 'He is risen indeed!'‡

"But, as you may think, our poor Stepka (Stephen) had neither new clothes nor rejoicings in *his* hut—nor lighted candles either, for that matter. The good old priest had left him a few tapers as he passed, for *he* was always a kind man to the poor; but he had quite forgotten that the poor fellow would have nothing to kindle them with, and so, though the candles were in their places, all ready for lighting, there was not a glimmer of light to be seen! And that troubled poor Stepka more than all his other griefs, for he was a true Russian, and thought it a sore thing that he could not even do honor to the day on which our Lord had arisen from the dead. Besides, he had hoped that the sight of the pretty light would amuse his children, and make them forget their hunger a little; and at the thought of their disappointment his heart was very sore.

"However, as the proverb says, 'Sitting still wont make one's corn grow.' So he got up and went out to beg a light from some of his neighbors. But the people of the village (it 's a pity to have to say it), were a hard-hearted, cross-grained set, who had not a morsel of compassion for a man in trouble; for they forgot that the tears of the poor are God's thunder-bolts, and that every one of them will burn into a man's soul at last, as good father Arkadi used to tell us. So, when poor Stepka came up to one door after another, saying humbly, 'Give me a light for my Easter candles, good neighbors, for the love of Heaven,' some mocked at him, and others bade him begone, and others asked why he did n't take better care of his own concerns, instead of coming bothering *them*; and one or two laughed, and told him there was a fine bright moon overhead, and all he had to do was to reach up a good long stick and get as much light as he wanted. So, you see, the poor fellow did n't get much by *that* move; and what with the disappointment, and what with grief at finding himself

* The three great dainties of the Russian peasant.

† One-third of a penny; one hundred kopecks equal one rouble.

‡ The Easter greeting, and reply.

so shabbily treated by his own neighbors, just because he happened to be poor, he was ready to go out of his wits outright.

"Just then he happened to look down into the plain (for the village stood on the slope of a hill), and behold! there were ever so many lights twinkling all over it, as if a regiment were encamped there; and Stepka thought that this must be a gang of charcoal-burners halting for the night, as they often did in passing to and fro. So, then the thought struck him, 'Why should n't I go and beg a light from *them*; they can't well be harder



STEPKA CARRIES THE FIRE IN HIS CLOAK.

upon me than my own neighbors have been. I'll try, at any rate!'

"And off he set, down the hill, right toward the encampment.

"The nearer he came to it, the brighter the fires seemed to burn; and the sight of the cheery light, and all the people coming and going around it, all so busy and happy, made him feel comforted without knowing why. He went right up to the nearest fire, and took off his cap.

"'Christ is risen!' said he.

"'He is risen indeed!' answered one of the black men, in such a clear, sweet voice, that it sounded to Stepka just like his mother singing him to sleep when he was a child.

"'Give me a light for my Easter candles, good people, I pray you.'

"'You are heartily welcome,' said the other, pointing to the glowing fire; 'but how are you going to carry it home?'

"'Oh, dear me!' cried poor Stepka, striking his forehead, 'I never thought about that!'

"'Well, that shows that you were very much in earnest, my friend,' said the other, laughing; 'but never mind; I think we can manage it for you. Lay down your coat.'

Stepka pulled off his old patched coat and laid it on the ground, wondering what was to come next; but what was his amazement when the man coolly threw two great shovelfuls of blazing wood into the coat, as coolly as if it were a charcoal bucket!

"'Hallo! hallo!' cried Stepka, seizing his arm, 'what on earth are you about, burning my coat that way?'

"'Your coat will be none the worse, brother,' said the charcoal-burner, with a curious smile. 'Look and see!'

"And, sure enough, the fire lay quietly in the hollow of the coat, and never singed a thread of it! Stepka was so startled, that for a moment he thought he had to do, not with charcoal-burners, but with something worse; but, remembering how they had greeted him in the Holy Name, he became easy again.

"'Good luck to you, my lad,' said the strange man, as the Cossack took up his load. 'You 'll get it home all right, never fear.'

"Away went Stepka like one in a dream, and never stopped till he got to his own house. He lighted all his candles, and then awoke his children (who had cried themselves to sleep) that they might enjoy the bonny light; and, when they saw it they clapped their hands and shouted for joy.

"Just then Stepka happened to look toward his coat, which he had laid down on the table, with the burning wood still in it, and started as if he had been stung. It was choke-full of *gold*—good, solid ducats* as ever were coined, more than he could have counted in a whole hour. Then he knew that his strange companions were no charcoal-burners, but God's own angels sent to help him in his need; and he kneeled down and gave thanks to God for his mercy.

"Now, just at that moment one of the neighbors happened to be passing, and, hearing the children hurrahing and clapping their hands, he peeped through the window, wondering what *they* could find to be merry about. But, when he saw the heap of gold on the table, everything else went clean out of his head, and he opened the door and burst in, like a wolf flying from the dogs.

"'I say,' cried he, without even stopping to give Stepka the greeting of the day, 'where did you get this fine legacy from? It makes one's eyes blink to look at it!'

* The Russian word is "tchervontzi"—gold pieces worth five dollars each.

"Now, Stepka was a good-hearted fellow, as I've said, and he never thought of remembering how badly this very man had treated him an hour or two before, but just told him the whole story right out, exactly as I tell it you now. The other hardly waited to hear the end of it, but set off full speed to find these wonderful charcoal-burners, and try if *he* could n't get some gold out of them, too. And, as there had been more than a few listeners at the door while the tale was being told, it ended with the whole village running like mad in the same direction.

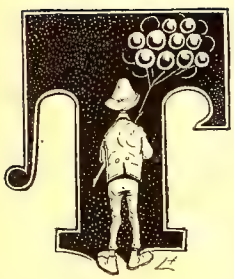
"When they got to the burners' camp, the charcoal men looked at them rather queerly, as well they might, to see such a procession come to ask for a light all at once. However, they said nothing, but signed to them to lay their coats on the ground, and served out two shovelfuls of burning wood to each; and away went the roguish villagers, chuckling at the thought of getting rich so easily, and thinking what they would do with their money.

"But they had hardly gone a quarter of the way home, when the foremost suddenly gave a terrible howl and let fall his load; and in another moment all the rest joined in, till there was a chorus that you might have heard a mile off. And they had good reason; for, although the fire had lain in Stepka's coat, it would n't lie in theirs—it had burned right through, and their holiday clothes were spoiled, and their hands famously blistered, and all that was left of their riches was a smoke and smell like the burning of fifty tar-barrels. And when they turned to abuse the charcoal-burners, the charcoal-burners were gone; fires, camp and men had all vanished like a dream!

"But as for Stepka, *his* gold stuck by him, and he used it well. And always, on the day of his visit to the charcoal-burners, he gave a good dinner to as many poor folk as he could get together, saying that he must be good to others, even as God had been good to *him*. And that 's the end of my story."

PARLOR BALLOONING.

By L. Hopkins.

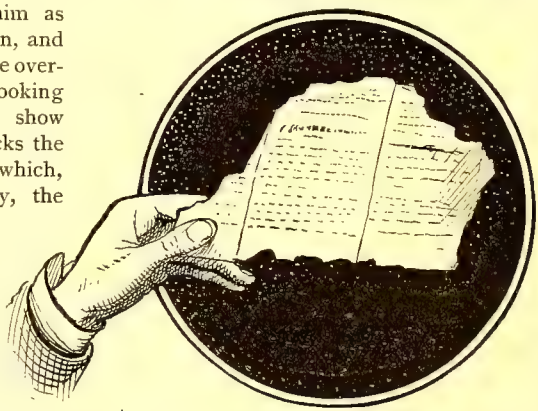


HERE goes the toy balloon man!

Here, take this ten-cent piece; run after him as hard as ever you can, and bring me one of those overgrown ripe-cherry-looking things, and I will show you a few queer tricks the toy balloon can do, which, I 'll venture to say, the inventor of toy balloons himself never thought of.

Ah! I see you have picked out a fine plump one. Now for a bit of paper—any kind will do. This, torn from an old newspaper at random, will serve the purpose admirably.

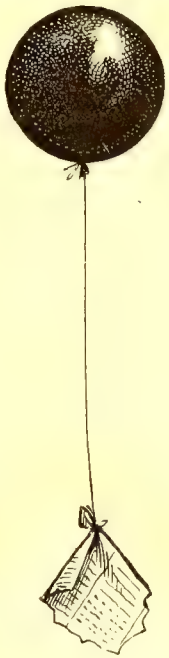
Now, I crumple it up at one corner, and tie it to Mr. Balloon's half yard or so of tail, and turn him loose in the room. He rises slowly for a little, and then as slowly settles down to the floor. That wont do. I want to see him exactly balanced between floor and ceiling; so, of course, the paper must be of exactly the same weight as the balloon itself. We soon can accomplish that. See! I tear off a bit more. Too heavy yet? He rises higher this time, and settles down more slowly to the floor. Tear again. Whew! I took off too much that time. He rises to the ceiling, bumping his head against it a few times, and finally remains there in a sullen manner as if determined he will have no more of our nonsense.



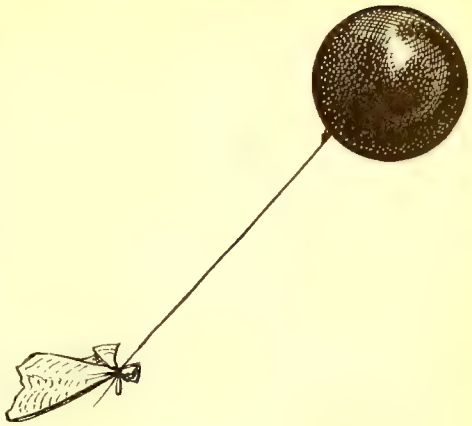
I recapture him, and this time I add to the weight of his tail, by dividing in two the last bit which I tore off, and twisting it around the string.

Now, then, sir, you may go! See! he rises slowly, slowly, until about midway between floor and ceiling, where he stops and turns slowly about, as if making up his mind what to do next.

Presto! a current of air strikes him, and he begins dodging about in a frantic manner, as if to escape from some invisible enemy. Presently he becomes calmer, and proceeds to explore every nook and corner of the room; now going up close to the clock on the mantel, as if to ascertain the time of day; now taking a look at himself in the mirror; then, turning suddenly away (as if in confusion to find you have caught him at it), he moves toward the window, and pretends to be interested in what is going on outside; but, a draught of air coming briskly in, he hastens away as fast as ever



he can, as if in fear of taking cold. Skimming along close to the floor, he reaches the opposite side of the room, and, slowly rising again, peers into the canary's cage. The occupant resents the liberty with erect feathers, and our balloon quickly descends, and takes refuge under the piano. Recovering his presence of mind, presently he peeps cautiously out, and begins to ascend again. Here he comes toward us—slowly, majestically! Strike at him with a fan, and lo! he retreats in great disorder to a remote corner of the room, dodging about in most eccentric fashion, when, recovering his self-possession after a time, he goes about examining the pictures on the wall



with the air of a critic. You lie down on your back, on the comfortable sofa in the corner, watching the balloon as it sails slowly about, and wondering what it will do next, until—until you fall asleep!

You are awakened by something tickling your nose; and, looking up, you suddenly discover the



toy balloon hovering over you, with its tail in your face, and apparently enjoying your surprise.

All this, and much more indeed, will a toy balloon do, if treated in the manner I have described.

Begin with a piece of paper rather heavier than the balloon, and tear off bit by bit until the two exactly balance.

DRIFTED INTO PORT.

By Edwin Hodder.

Chapter IX.

AMONG THE FISHER FOLKS.

We cannot follow the holiday party through all their pleasant wanderings, nor tell of the impressions made upon them by the scenes, celebrated in history and romance, through which they traveled.

Their drives in the midday heat, their strolls in the cool evening, their resting hours as they talked over the events of the day, all were harmonious and gladsome.

If there was one part of the trip which gave them greater pleasure than the rest, it was their visit to the Shetland Isles.

There was an indescribable pleasure to our young folks in wandering under cliffs gaunt and bare, and hearing the stories of Vikings, who fought and fell, or fought and conquered in these isles.

Sometimes in their wanderings they would come upon a "fairy-ring," and as they listened to the strange stories told by the islanders, they seemed to be really in some bewitched and spell-bound place. Or, perhaps a "kern," standing solitary upon some hill-top, would call forth a whole series of Danish and Norwegian legends, which would give them food for reflection for days.

Many a pleasant adventure they had as they rode together on their sure-footed little "shelties," or climbed the crags and rocks to look down upon the isles, "like so many stars reflected from the sky." And many a pleasant talk they had with the hospitable inhabitants, who rehearsed to them some of the dangers which assail the dwellers in those solitary little islands. The narrow belts of sea, which divide their ocean-girded homes, have constantly to be ferried across, and many a boat which has gone out manned with a gallant crew has never returned or sent a waif to tell its story.

It was partly to acquire a knowledge of the Shetland character, and to see some phases of its home-life, that our friends, when they came at last to one little village by the sea, where they had only intended to make a flying visit, determined to halt there for a few days. It was a charming spot; on the one side of the village there were to be seen some of the finest specimens of the savage grandeur of cliff and crag, and on the other the smiling, genial face of cultivation and quiet beauty.

On the morning our friends arrived at the village, they found three fishermen at work beside their cottage door, on the margin of the sea. They were brothers—Ole, Maurice, and Eric Hughson; all young men, handsome, strong and intelligent. Howard and Martin made friends with them at once, and as the morning was calm and bright, entered into arrangements with them for their best boat to be launched, so that our friends might have a long sail, to visit some of the caverns abounding on the coast, and to see the homes of the wild sea-birds, and the haunts of the fowlers.

When the hamper of provisions was safely on board, and the party for the picnic had followed it, of course the sea air and the fine scenery set every tongue loose, so that the solitary places rang again with the merry laughter and the voice of song. And then, when the first irrepressible pleasure had spent itself a little, the young folks gathered round the three brothers, and listened with attentive interest to the yarns they were spinning to Mr. Morton about some of the places they were passing; for every spot in the Shetlands has its own story.

Madeleine noticed that beneath the mirth and apparent gayety of the men, there seemed to be an under-current of deep feeling, probably born of sorrow, and she determined, if possible, to find her way to the hearts of the fine manly fellows, in whom she began to be interested.

It was not long before an opportunity occurred. The boat was steered round a huge bluff, and before our friends were aware where they were going, they found themselves in a vast cavern. There was something awful in the half-darkness into which they passed, and the dreary stillness, only broken by the splashing of the water against the sides of the cave, enhanced the feeling. As the boat rested in the midst of the cavern, they looked up, and saw as it were, stars shining through the massive roof; they looked around, and the huge rocks seemed like burnished metal. It was a curious sight, and the sounds were equally curious, for every word they spoke came back again to the speaker, with a ghostly hollowness.

Madeleine, with Howard and Martin, sang a song together, which sounded splendidly within this vaulted cave, with all its wild re-echoings. When it ended, the boat glided slowly out of the cavern, and although they had enjoyed the somber magnificence they had left, they were all glad to be in the fresh air and cheerful sunshine again.

Madeleine watched her opportunity, and when she saw Eric alone in the fore part of the boat, she quietly disengaged herself from the rest of the

party, and, sitting down beside him, said: "Eric, I believe you have seen some great sorrow, though you are so young."

"I was only twenty-two last birthday, Miss, but I have had sorrow enough."

"Would it pain you to tell me your story?" she said.

"No, Miss, it may do me good to tell it. It is a short and sad one. Two years ago my two brothers, Robbie and Gideon, both younger than I am, went away from here on a whaling expedition. There was a fine crew of fifty, half of them Shetlanders, and the rest English. There were one or two gentlemen's sons amongst the crew, and as nice a set of fellows altogether as a seaman could wish. They set sail in good spirits, and it was from the headland yonder that we heard their cheers, as they sailed out on their whaling expedition. From that day to this no word has come of them, and we fear that all are lost. It has been a heavy blow to us. When they went away it seemed as if the light had gone out of the old home, for they were young and merry and clever. The long waiting to hear from them has been as bad as the fear that they have perished."

"God comfort you, Eric," said Madeleine, tenderly, as she wiped away her tears. "God comfort you. No words of mine can help to heal this wound."

"Thank you, Miss," said Eric. "I see you feel for us, and that helps—better than words, sometimes."

Chapter X.

In the Storm.

The next morning, as Howard and Martin were coming up from the beach, where they had been taking a swim, they saw Maurice and Eric standing on the edge of a cliff looking out seaward, and they had not walked far before Eric came hastily toward them.

"You 've never seen a Shetland storm, young gentlemen," he said, "but you may see one to-day and to-morrow, too, for I doubt if you will get away from here as soon as you expected. I see the ladies coming out; it might be well to go and tell them."

"Come along, Madeleine! Hurry, Ethel!" cried Martin; "you will soon see the sight we have longed for—a storm at sea. Eric says there is one brewing."

The ladies looked incredulous, and Mr. Morton put on his double eye-glasses, and looked around with the air of one who more than half suspects he is being taken in.

It was a still, lovely summer morning. The sea was as calm as a village brook; the waves lazily played upon the shore, and the breeze scarcely stirred the little flag which Eric had mounted on his boat in honor of the visitors.

Presently, however, the dark clouds came up in rapid procession; the surf began to sigh and moan; the sea-fowls caught the sound, and cried as they only cry when the ocean is angry. The boats lying out hoisted sail and scudded away for the nearest haven of shelter. Then a white line of light rose up sharply against the black bank of clouds, and the still sea became covered with white-crested waves. The quiet shore rang again with the booming of waters, as they leapt against the rocks and broke in foaming spray.

It was a grand sight. The whole aspect of sea and sky and land had changed.

Ole, Maurice and Eric had withdrawn from the party of visitors and were standing on an eminence, talking earnestly, and looking out to sea with such evident anxiety, that Howard and Martin clambered up to them to hear what was the matter.

"Well, sir, you see that ship out there, we can't make her out," said Maurice. "We 've watched her for an hour, and she has n't shifted an inch of sail."

"I don't see her at all," said Howard. "Do you, Martin?"

No, Martin could not, because he had not that wonderfully acute sight which the discipline of constant experience gives to seamen.

However, with the aid of a glass he saw her clearly, and was seaman enough to know that she was playing a dangerous game in carrying so much canvas in such a gale.

"And what 's the strangest part of all is, that she 's making straight for rocks, if she keeps the same course," said Ole.

"Can't you make out who or what she is?" asked Howard.

"I should say by her build she was a whaler," answered Maurice, taking up the glass again and having a long look. Then he hastily passed it to Ole and Ole to Eric.

"There 's no time to be lost," said Ole, "the storm will be too heavy in another hour for us to put off. She 's in danger, there 's no mistake, and we must get to her. It seems to me there can't be any crew on board, or if there is, they must be mad. It 's the strangest thing I ever saw."

In a few moments all was excitement; the news spread through the village like wild-fire; every cottage was astir; old and young came out to see and hear and speculate; while half a dozen stalwart fellows, including the three brothers, made ready for the start. Howard and Martin were among the first to volunteer to accompany them, but the fishermen would not hear of it. There

was no time to discuss the matter; all was hurry and bustle.

See! the crew is ready; all hands are wanted for the launch. It is no easy matter; the waves are beating in on the shore, and threaten to swamp the boat almost before she starts on her perilous errand. Hurrah! she rides! Ole is at the helm; a manly cheer comes to the now silent watchers on the shore, and the little craft plunges through the waters, now rising on a crested wave, now sinking into the valley of waters, but speeding her devious way toward the mysterious ship.

Madeleine clings to the arm of Howard, pale with the excitement. Ethel has hardly dared to speak, and Martin has not found it in his heart to break the intense silence of those anxious moments as they watch the departure.

But see! a group has gathered on the spot where Ole, Maurice and Eric had stood. It is the favorite lookout. The glass is there, and an old man has taken it in his steady hand, and is reporting the news by little jerks of speech to the anxious throng around him. It is Ole Hughson, the father of the three brothers.

"Can make out one man on board. He sees them. They 've tacked again. It aint so bad as it looked. Sea 's quieter there. Hulloa! there goes a sail to ribbons. They are tacking again. She has slackened sail. Good! good!"

But other eyes can now make out the scene, for the ship draws nearer, and the eyes that have gazed so long seem to have gained strength to see further.

The Shetland boat nears the ship; it is near enough for the crew to catch the cry that comes from the solitary man upon the deck.

See! the little boat tacks again, and is now close in the wake of the ship. Good heavens! in that sea, with those waves running, will they dare to attempt to board her?

Yes, a rope has been thrown to them. Thank God, it is caught! But the little boat has sunk! No, she has but gone down in the great valley of waters, and is riding safe and sound. Look! some one from the Shetland boat has caught hold of the rudder-chains. He climbs the dangerous way. He is on board. It is Eric—the brave, dauntless Eric. Another and another follow, and all reach the ship in safety.

No sooner had the brave Shetlanders mounted the deck than they were at work with a desperate will. A glance sufficed to show them that the management of the vessel depended upon them; and in a moment they were masters of the situation. Ole established himself at the wheel, and thundered forth his orders.

As if by magic, the course of the vessel was altered; dangling spars were cut away and thrown adrift, sail was taken in, and our friends on the shore could see that they were endeavoring to bring the ship to haven in the bay.

No time was to be lost with those who would witness the arrival and disembarkation; for, although it would have been a comparatively short distance if there had been a sea-coast and a calm sea, the haven was cut off from the village by rugged rocks and headlands, which necessitated a journey of some miles.

Howard and Martin, as soon as they saw that the ship was in the hands of the fishermen, rushed off at the top of their speed to get ready the first shelties they could lay their hands on, knowing, that in such a time of excitement, everybody in the place being related, directly or indirectly, to the six men who were on board, it was vain to put much trust in the help of others.

That morning marked an epoch in the life of Mrs. Morton. She had always been too languid to encounter any excitement of any sort, but she had watched the events of this day with an interest which was as new to herself as it was to all who knew her. And when the young folks declared that they must see the end of the matter, come what might, nothing could dissuade her, despite the fatigue, from making one of the party.

There was a tedious delay in getting the ponies together and saddling them for the journey. Those who had gone off on foot, and were accustomed to fatigues, had gained a long march on the visitors, and Howard had agreed with Martin that it would save time in the end if they only took four ponies, for the ladies and Mr. Morton, and went themselves on foot.

At last all was ready, and the start was made with the best speed possible in the circumstances. But they labored under one or two great disadvantages; the first was that they did not know the quickest route, and the next was that they could not see the vessel, having to make an inland journey to reach the haven.

When at last they came to the edge of a cliff, which they rightly judged must overlook their destination, a scene broke upon their view which staggered them.

The ship was at anchor; many people were upon the shore, and in little knots they were kneeling round the bodies of men stretched upon the strand, while boats were passing to and fro, freighted, as it would seem, with the dying and the dead.

"This is no scene for you, my dears," said Mr. Morton, as he saw the pallor on the faces of those around him, "we must return at once."

"Return?" cried Madeleine, "when perhaps the

dead can be ministered to, and the dying cheered. Oh! no, no!"

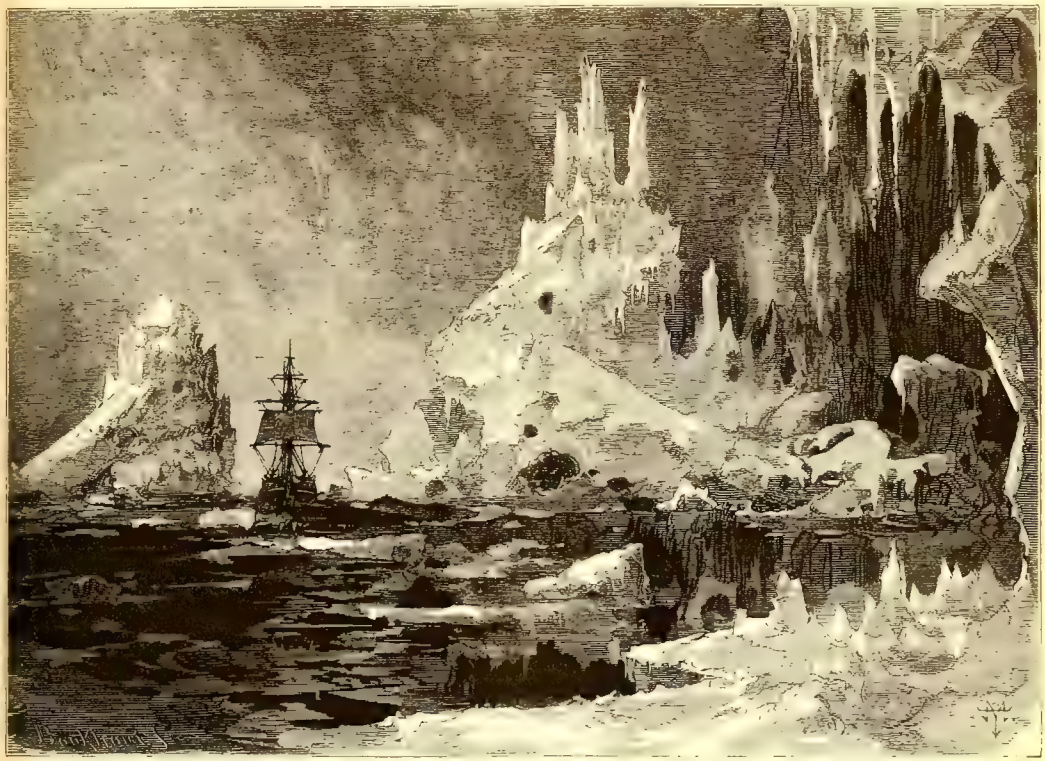
It was useless to resist such an appeal, nor was it necessary, for, as she spoke, a woman, running, drew near to them.

"Tell me, what does it mean?" cried Howard to her.

"Near twenty men on board, dead and dying The ship is half full of water, and is sinking."

They urged their way along, passing groups in attendance on the prostrate ones upon the shore. Howard and Martin led; the others followed. The whole party gathered about a boat that had just come in, and from which Eric was trying to lift the apparently lifeless body of a young man.

All at once, Mrs. Morton threw up her arms, uttered a piercing cry, and fell forward to the ground. Then, in quick succession, horror, surprise, and joy filled the hearts of the little group, as they, too, recognized in Eric's burden the form and features of Digby Morton!



IN THE ICE. [SEE PAGE 499.]

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE STORY.

THE wind is hushed now. The sea beats no longer with rude shocks against the echoing cliffs. The sea-birds have gone to their nests, and the moon, bright and beautiful, is flooding ocean and land with its calm, clear light.

Howard and Martin walk together along the grassy way between their cottage and the sea.

They look anxiously, from time to time, along the road, for they are expecting the arrival of the doctor, and they make a start together as they see a form in the distance. But it is not the doctor; it is Eric.

"Well, Eric, what news? How are your patients, to-night?"

"Going on well, thank God!" he answered. "Gideon is sitting up in bed, and has been talking a bit, but not much, for the doctor says it would be the worst thing he could do. And Robbie is picking up strength, but it 's slowly—slowly, poor Robbie!"

"We must hope and pray, and use the best means we can. God helps those who help themselves," said Howard.

"But He helps those most who cannot help themselves, it seems to me," said Martin, "when I think of all that has happened during the past few days."

"It really does seems so, sir," said Eric; "and to think that Mr. Digby, that you all thought was dead

and gone years ago, should have sailed in that same ship along with my two brothers whom we had given up as lost, and that all should come back again together, and their ship drift into the very port they started from! I feel as if I could n't believe it; I 'm sure I should n't if I read it in a book."

"It is strange, very strange; yet there are stranger things happening around us every day, Eric, than any man could invent. But, tell me, has Gideon yet spoken of Mr. Digby in his talk?"

"Bless you, sir, he 's talked of nothing else! From what I can make out, Mr. Digby has been the life and soul of the party, and that everybody loved him you may guess from the fact that almost the first question of every one that has come to, has been about him. But I beg pardon for not asking before, sir; how is Mr. Digby, to-night?"

"Better, we hope. Certainly better than he was yesterday. He has not as yet shown any gleam of consciousness, but he has been able to take plenty of nourishment, and it is upon this that we ground a good hope. But see, yonder comes the doctor, and I hope he will report favorably of all." Never could a medical man have shown a greater interest in a patient than Dr. Henderson did in Digby. He had heard portions of his strange story from others of his patients who had been saved from the ill-fated ship, and the loving solicitude of all had drawn from him an answering tenderness.

"I shall stay with him to-night," said he, "if you will allow me, for I anticipate a change in him soon, and I am extremely anxious that at first he should receive enough information to satisfy him, and at the same time that he should have no clue as to where he is or by whom he is surrounded. After his intense excitement and the almost superhuman fatigue he has undergone,—for it was he who was the last to give up, and then not until the Hughsons were safe aboard the ship,—the least shock might prove fatal. So, you go away and leave me with him. But stay," added the doctor to Mr. Morton, who had now joined them; "just now one of the men gave me this book—a Bible—which he found on the ship; and as it bears the name of Howard Pemberton in the fly-leaf, I brought it with me, and with especial interest, for, inclosed in the cover, is a packet addressed to you, Mr. Morton."

Mr. Morton took the book with trembling hands, and when he had reached his own room he sat alone and read with deep emotion the strange story of his son's life. It ran as follows:

Baffin's Bay.

I know not into whose hands this paper will fall, but it is my earnest, perhaps dying entreaty that it may be placed in the hands of my parents, my sister, Dr. Brier, or Howard Pemberton, all of whose addresses will be found elsewhere.

I write this letter to the man whose name I bear and whom I have most deeply wronged.

Much sorrow and anxiety, my dear father, must have resulted from my cruel conduct, and I would confess, without a wish to conceal one single fact, the sins which wrought such mischief and have brought such strange punishments. I can only do so by telling the story of how one sin led to another, until all culminated in that fearful fraud, the pretense of death.

For the first year that I was at Blackrock school I strove with all my strength to do and be what Dr. Brier and his kind, good wife would wish. Their influence over me was kind and gentle and good. I can never repay the debt of gratitude I owe them. But by degrees I grew to hate the restraints of school, and I was drifting, drifting, I knew not whither.

My best friends at school were Howard Pemberton and Martin Venables. I loved them at the first with all the enthusiasm a boy feels when he thinks he has found his ideal friends. They supplied to me the lack of brothers; they were true, manly, high-minded friends. But as soon as I began to drift away from the good I had ceased to strive after, I loosened my hold on them.

It was about a year before I left Blackrock school when my aversion to study and to all restraint became almost uncontrollable. During my holidays I once fell in with a young man, James Williams, who led a wild, reckless life. He had run away from home, had crossed the seas, and had raised money in various ways, which enabled him to indulge freely his wild fancies. His yarns about the sea, and the adventures he had met and dangers encountered, fired me with a mania to follow a similar career. The constant reading by stealth of pernicious books, of which smugglers and pirates were the heroes, stimulated the desire, and undermined the principles in which I had been educated; until, at length, when you informed me that I was to study under Mr. Vickers for the law, I determined to run away from school and seek my living by adventure. James Williams fostered the resolve, and often urged me to it; but my great difficulty was how to obtain money. By an accidental circumstance, Howard Pemberton became aware of my passion for the sea, and he upbraided me about it, kindly and honestly, but I could not brook it; my old friendship with him ceased, and I grew to hate him.

About this time, the reception was given at Dr. Brier's of which you have heard. But you have not heard, and never can know, what that evening was to me. Satan seemed to have entered into me as he did into Judas.

I took the miniature and snuff-box from the cabinet in which they were placed by Mrs. Brier, and resolved to cast the suspicion of the theft upon Howard.

That night I placed the miniature in the hands of Williams, who gave me twenty pounds for it, and the snuff-box I placed in the ticking of Howard's bed.

Need I tell you all the catalogue of wrong? You can almost guess the rest. Williams procured for me a suit of clothes which would disguise me, and these were placed ready for me by arrangement with him. The early morning was very cold, and as I intended to travel far I thought I would take my great coat. In the hurry and excitement of the moment, I mistook Howard's for mine.

I left my clothes upon the river bank, and that afternoon I set sail for America.

In America I spent a few months, the remembrance of which I would gladly blot from my memory. Money came to me fast from gambling, and as quickly went. All the time I was restless, fearful, ill at ease and sick at heart. I had never heard one single word of how my disappearance might have afflicted those I left behind. I knew not whether you really thought me dead, or whether my secret had oozed out. At length I determined, with tears of penitence, to return, to confess all, to purchase back the miniature from Williams with money I had won. And, with this resolve, I started back to England. On arriving, I took up a newspaper, and you may judge the terror I felt as I read the account of Williams's awful death with the miniature upon him. It staggered me, but it did not melt my heart. I interpreted it that my plans were frustrated, as I found that Dr. Brier had obtained possession of the miniature. I dared not remain in the country, for fear of discovery and of identification with the crime of Williams; but I could not tear myself away until I had once more visited the neighborhood of the dear old school-house.

I cannot think without emotion of that moonlight night when I lay down beside the marble pillar which tender hearts had caused to be placed there, "In loving memory of D. M." Oh, my father, how true it is that "the way of transgressors is hard!" I thought my heart would break as I lay there on the cold earth and wept the bitterest tears I ever shed.

If I could but have caught sight of Dr. Brier, or felt the motherly touch of Mrs. Brier's hand upon my shoulder,—if I could but have heard the ring of Howard's or Martin's voice in the play-ground, I felt as if the evil within me would have taken flight and I should have risen up a regenerated man.

But I was alone. Dead! dead! And I went away with my heart cold and sad, and my future all dark and purposeless.

A twelvemonth ago I fell in with some Shetlanders who were about to start on a whaling cruise, and, as the expedition promised plenty of adventure and excitement, I joined them.

Three months after we left Shetland, we were fast in the ice. For nine months and more we have been almost starving, and have had to endure bodily suffering in other respects of a most severe kind.

I have written the foregoing part of my story at intervals, and I would now bring it to a conclusion, for the ice is breaking up, and we have before us our last chance.

Literature has been very scarce on board, and I had only brought one book with me. It was Howard Pemberton's Bible. I found it in the coat I had taken accidentally on the morning I left Blackrock school, and I never parted with it, hoping I might be able to restore it some day, for I found it was a sacred relic given to him by his father, and bearing in its cover his portrait and a copy of the dying words he spoke to Howard.

That book became my friend, and it led me to recognize a friend in its Divine author. I had striven in vain to save myself from myself. This book pointed me the way. I should never have read it, however, if it had not been for the kind sympathy of our captain. A nobler man, or a truer Christian, I never met.

But our captain died, and my strength gradually failed from privation. I cannot tell you here all that happened, but I must refer you to a diary which I have daily kept posted, and that will explain more fully what I am unable to write now.

We are free from the ice at last, and are drifting we know not whither! My strength is well-nigh gone. Not a man on board can move a hand to touch a sail. Perhaps these will be the last words I shall ever write.

I crave from you, my dear father, and from all whom I have wronged, forgiveness for the sorrow, distress, and injury I have wrought. Return the Bible, please, if it ever comes into your possession, to Howard, and tell him how I thank God for its blessed teachings.

Land is in sight; we fancy it must be the Orkneys. A storm is gathering. Nine men lie dead upon the deck. There appears to be certain death for us all.

As Mr. Morton finished reading the letter, he paced the room to and fro, while the hot tears fell freely down his face; and his heart was full of thanksgiving and praise as he cried, "This, my son, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Chapter XII.

A farewell.

It was a fortnight before Digby was well enough to leave his room, and then he had to be carried in the strong arms of Howard and Martin. So weak—so utterly weak was he—that the strong man had become as a little babe, and Dr. Henderson sometimes feared that he would never know health again.

But he was bright and cheerful and happy. The joy he experienced in finding so many dear ones around him, the relief in having unburdened his mind, and being assured of a full and complete forgiveness; the feeling of gratitude for the glad changes which had come to his father and mother, and for his own happy deliverance from death, made him think and talk so cheerily, that Ethel's heart rejoiced as she found in the long-lost one more than her old ideal Digby.

Howard and Martin had exceeded the time of their leave from business duties, but, in the circumstances of the case, they had been allowed longer furlough, and were now waiting for the time when Digby would be well enough to travel, so that they might superintend his journey home.

And the last day of the Shetland visit came. It was with a feeling of sadness that our friends went round on the afternoon of that day to call upon the cottagers and leave their little presents and say farewell.

Not the least memorable event of the visit, was the gathering of the villagers in the large room of the cottage, where our friends had taken up their abode. It was the last night in Shetland, and it had been Digby's earnest wish that, if he could bear it, the Hughsons and their friends, and as many as were saved from the death-stricken ship, should meet together to say farewell. Early in the evening, the villagers, in their best Sunday clothes, began to assemble, and, before very long, the room and the passage-way and the stair-way were crowded.

Dr. Henderson was there, too, and he reminded the folks present that time was flying, and that the strength of his patients must not be taxed too far.

Then Mr. Morton rose. His face was very pale, and at first his voice was tremulous.

"Good people all," he said, "a kind Providence brought me and mine to this friendly island, and here we have seen and heard strange and happy things. Curious circumstances have brought us all together; and, in greater or less degree, we have been dependent upon one another; we have shared suspense, joy and anxiety together; and we have received mercies from the Great Father of us all more than we can trust our lips to tell. You, my good sir," pointing to old Mr. Hughson, "have received from the jaws of death two of your sons. Heaven bless them! You," pointing to a woman, "once more rest in the love of a husband; you, my little ones, are rejoicing in a father's return; and I—I have received safe and sound, my only son, whom I had long mourned as dead. Let us thank God, all of us."

A fervent amen was uttered as if by one voice.

After this, with chat and with song, time stole away, and the happy meeting would have been continued for an indefinite time, if Dr. Henderson had not announced it as his opinion that it would be neither wise nor kind to prolong it. And so with benedictions upon one another the company separated, and the next morning our friends left the island.

And now my story is done. I need only tell you

that, after a long time, Digby regained his strength; that he never studied law with Mr. Vickers; but, having been started in business by his father, became a successful merchant, with ships of his own, on which several of the Hughson brothers found happy and profitable positions. Howard and Martin grew to be prosperous men, and Madeleine and Ethel not only rejoiced, but shared in their prosperity; for, of course, these two young men could find no better wives than these two young women. But I could not even begin to tell you of the happiness and thankfulness that filled the heart of every person in this story, when thought arose of that vessel which was so mercifully drifted into port.

THE END.



JOHNNY'S LOST BALL.

BY LLOYD WYMAN.

JOHNNY had a silver dollar.

Johnny also had a good friend in the school-master, who, in various ways, had so interested the boy in natural philosophy that he desired of all things to possess a book on the subject, that he might study for himself.

Therefore, on the very first spare afternoon Johnny had, he rolled up his silver dollar in many folds of paper, tucked it snugly away in a lonesome corner of an old castaway pocket-book, and started for the village book-store; but, when he found the many nicely bound volumes too dear for his pocket, he choked, and nearly cried for disappointment.

"Hold on!" said the book-seller, as he slipped his lead-pencil behind his ear, and stepped briskly to a little shelf of rusty-looking books.

"Here are some second-hand copies of Comstock, Parker and Steele, any of which you can have for seventy-five cents,—have your pick for six shillings. Comstock and Parker are in the best repair, and are finer print; but for *me*, give me Steele! In buying second-hand books, always choose the banged-up fellows. Comstock and Parker tell everything that everybody knows or guesses. Steele biles his 'n down. But do just as you 've a mind to; it wont make a bit o' difference to me one way or the other."

Johnny took Steele, handed over his dollar, and received twenty-five cents in change.

Before the money was fairly stowed away in his wallet his eye fell upon a beautiful rubber ball, painted in various brilliant colors, which lay in the show-case. The book-seller tossed it out upon the clean-swept floor, and up it bounded to the ceiling.

"The last of the lot," said he; "filled with air; that 's why it bounces so; been selling at thirty cents; will close this out at twenty-five; every boy ought to have one; children cry for 'em; just the thing for 'hand-ball,'—what d' y' say?"

"I 'll take it," said Johnny; and he took his book and ball and hurried home, "dead broke" financially, but happy, nevertheless.

Being open-hearted, he told his folks about his purchase, and they were inclined to find fault with him, though I do not know why. He seemed never to tire of his book and ball, but would change from one to the other, and for some days was as happy as a king is supposed to be.

Then came his bad luck.

He was tossing his ball upon the roof of the house, and catching it as it came down; but by and by it did not come down—it bounded into the tin eave-trough and rolled slowly along till it came to the big pipe that led to the cistern, and into this it dropped, and went whirring down, and stopped somewhere with a faint plash.

For once in his life, Johnny felt as if the world had slipped from under him.

For a few minutes he was bewildered; then came the joyful assurance that his Steele would help him out of his trouble, and if Steele could n't, there was the school-master.

The first thing he did was to lift the cover off

the cistern, though he knew well enough the ball was in the pipe, as he well remembered that it ran nearly to the bottom of the cistern and then made a sharp bend upward, "so that the water might n't wear the cement," the mason told him.

He found the water quite low, but not low enough to show the mouth of the pipe. Of course, there was no ball in sight. He closed the cistern with a groan, and got out his new book on natural philosophy. First he glanced at optics; but that did not help him to see his way; then at hydrostatics and hydraulics.

It was of no use; nothing seemed to hit the case. Then he gave it up, put his book away, and went to consult the school-master. Johnny found him among his books, and told him all about it.

"Have you tried to fish it out with a hook and line?"

Johnny's face brightened. "No, sir, I never thought of that."

"All right; you could n't do it. Besides, if you could, it would n't be scientific," said the school-master. "Now, go home, take a ten-foot pole, and measure the distance from the eaves to the water in the cistern, then find the diameter of the pipe, and on my way to school to-morrow morning I will tell you the three things necessary for recovering your ball."

Johnny fairly flew home, got a pole, measured the distance from eaves to water and found it to be twelve feet; measured the pipe and found it to be two inches and one-half. Then he put away the pole, did his chores, ate a hearty supper, and went to bed.

He was up bright and early next morning, and got quickly through his chores, so that when the school-master stopped, on his way to school, he was ready to see about the ball.

"Good morning, Johnny! Glad to see you on hand. How long 's the pipe?"

"Twelve feet, sir."

"Diameter?"

"Two inches and a half, sir."

"Ah! 2½ square multiplied by .0034, and that product by twelve feet, which is ——"

"144 inches," Johnny quickly suggested.

"Will give the contents of the pipe in gallons," added the schoolmaster. "You 're quick at figures, tell me the answer."

Johnny groped among the odds and ends of his jacket pocket for a minute, and then fished out a stubby lead-pencil, much chewed at one end, and picking up a piece of smooth board, ciphered away swiftly and carefully a few moments.

"3.06 is what I make it, sir."

"Very well; we 'll call that right; that would be a little over a pailful—say a pailful and a half. Now get a ladder to go up to the roof with."

Johnny brought one in a jiffy.

"All right. Now, the three things necessary to get back your ball are, a pailful and a half of water, a plug, and pluck."

Johnny looked as if he did n't quite understand.

"What sort of a plug, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, this will do," answered the school-master, picking up a pine stick and beginning to whittle away vigorously. The plug was soon made. The school-master lifted the plank cover from the cistern, put the ladder down, and said to Johnny: "Have you any pluck?"

"Lots of it," Johnny told him.

"Well, then, take this plug and stick it into the mouth of the pipe, *snug*."

Johnny took the plug, went down the ladder into the cistern till he reached the water, and then began feeling around for the pipe. By and by he found it, and, inserting the plug in the opening, pushed it down and screwed it firmly in place.

"All right!" he called out, and presently he came up the ladder.

"Now let 's have the water—in two pails," the schoolmaster said, and he saw by Johnny's face that he at last understood how the ball was to be got out. Johnny ran to the barn, and soon came back with two pails of water and a funnel.

"But what 's the funnel for?" asked the school-master, as he drew the ladder from the cistern and leaned it against the eaves.

"To pour the water into the pipe," answered Johnny, in a tone that showed that he thought he had, for once, caught the school-master napping.

"Ah, indeed! so you always put the funnel in when it rains?"

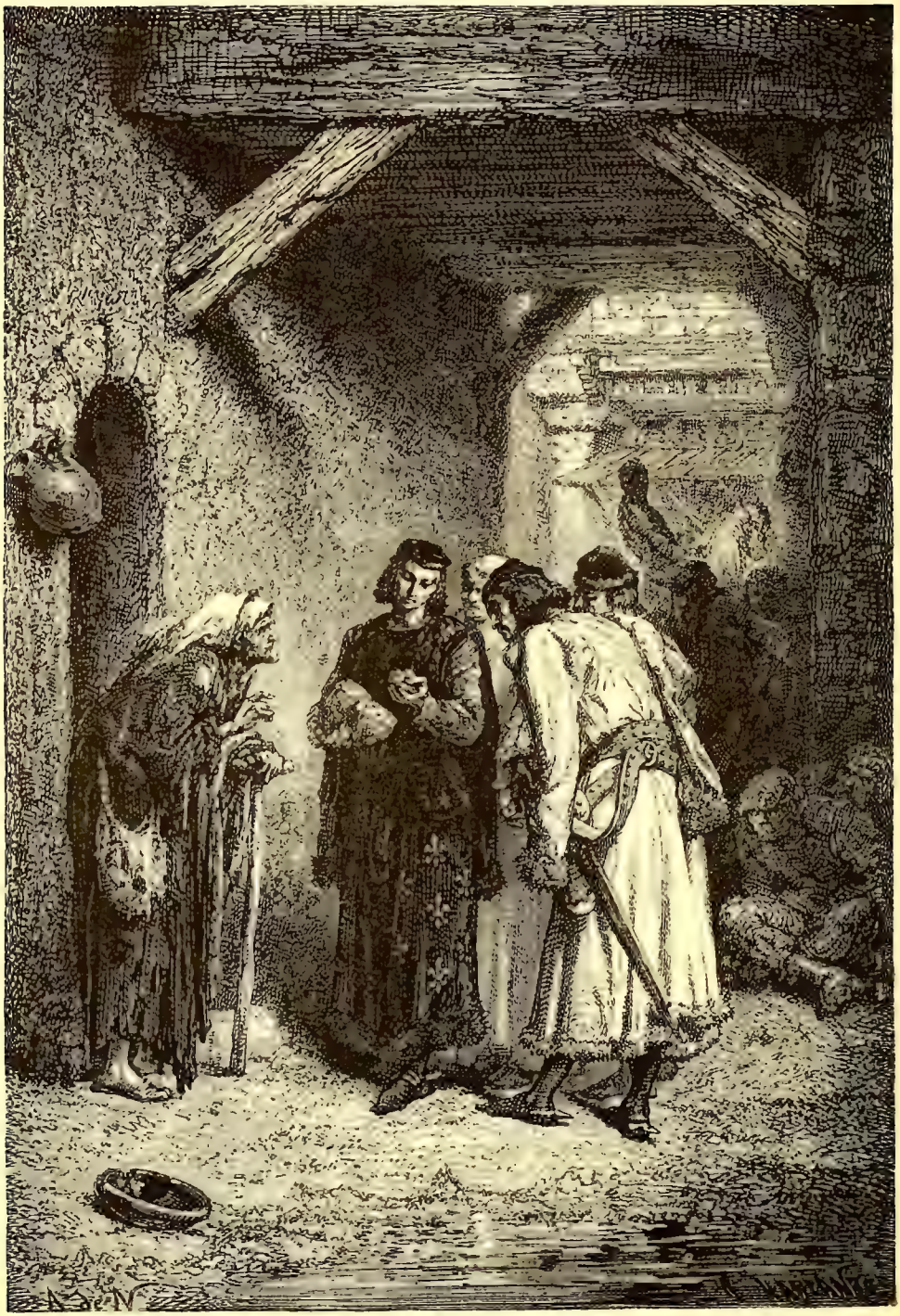
Johnny blushed, and did not attempt any answer.

"Now mount the ladder, and I 'll hand you the water," said the school-master.

Johnny ran up the ladder, and, when the school-master handed him the pails, he said nothing about the funnel, but boldly dashed the water upon the roof. When the flood began pouring into the eave-trough and gurgling down the pipe, Johnny fixed his eyes upon the hole through which his ball had taken its unlucky leap, and stared with anxious expectation. The gurgle in the pipe crept steadily upward, the tone all the while growing higher and clearer, till whish! came a dash of water over the trough, nearly drenching the school-master, while the ball bounded airily upon the eaves for an instant, before Johnny caught it and cried out:

"Here she is!"

"Put things in shape, Johnny; I must hurry to the school-house," said the school-master, going.



THE KING AND THE HARD BREAD.

THE KING AND THE HARD BREAD.

By J. L.

"WHEN you want a thing done well, do it yourself," is an old saying, and a very good one; but it is not always possible or desirable to carry out this advice. Therefore it is sometimes better to adopt an amendment to this proverb, and make it read thus: "When you want a thing done well, do it yourself, or see it done."

So thought Louis IX. of France, sometimes called St. Louis, because he was considered to be rather better than most people.

Among his good qualities was kindness to the poor. He would go about, very plainly dressed, and attended by two or three courtiers, and visit poor people in their houses. He took an interest in their personal affairs, and when they were very needy, he would order bread and other food to be supplied to them. Of course, this made him a great favorite with the poorer classes of his subjects, and they were glad not only to receive his bounty, but also to talk with him and tell him about their many troubles.

One day, when he was making one of his customary rounds, an old woman, leaning on a cane, and holding a loaf of bread in her hand, came out of a door in a wall which led into a collection of wretched dwellings.

As this old woman stood awaiting his approach, the king could not help feeling a little surprised. He did not often feel surprised at anything he saw among these poor people. He had just been talking to a group of strong, hearty fellows, who preferred sitting lazily about wherever they could find a shelter from the rain and sun, and trusting in chance charity for food and lodging, to working for an honest living; but he was not surprised at them. Such men have always existed, and probably always will exist.

He had seen all sorts of strange things among his poor people. He had seen some who seemed to prefer to be poor; he had seen others who had been rich, but who appeared to be happier now than when they had plenty of money,—and perhaps plenty of anxiety with it; he had seen others who were poor and did not know it; but this was the first time that he had ever seen any one of them offer him bread or anything else to eat. No wonder he was surprised when this old woman held out to him the loaf of bread!

She did not wait for him to ask her what she meant, but immediately commenced to explain. She told him that she and her sick old husband were among those to whom he had ordered food to be furnished, but that for some time all that his agents had given them was bread such as the loaf in her hand; bread so hard that it was almost impossible for old people to eat it, and yet they must eat it or starve.

The king listened with attention to her story, and then he took the loaf in his hands, and broke off a small piece of it.

"It is rather hard bread," he said, thoughtfully, while his attendants bent over to look at it, as if it were a matter of the greatest interest to them, although it is probable that they did not care a snap of their fingers whether or not the old woman ever had any bread.

"Yes," said the king, "it *is* hard bread." And then he stood thinking about it. The old woman thought he was thinking of the trouble she and her husband had in eating it, but she was very much mistaken.

He was thinking that he had ordered that these people be well fed; that he had supplied the money to buy them good and nourishing food. Now, if his poor pensioners received nothing but dry bread, and very stale, hard bread at that, while he paid for good food for them, somebody must be making money out of him, to whom he had no idea of being charitable in this way.

Therefore he thought that if he wanted a thing well done, he must do it himself, or see it done. In this case he determined to see it done.

He went into the old woman's house, and he talked to her sick husband and herself, and examined into their condition. The old people thought he was very good to say so much about their hard fare, and so he was; but if they could have heard what he said afterward to his dishonest agents, when he went home to his palace, they might have been surprised to know what an important thing a piece of hard bread may sometimes become.

And they might have thought, too, that it was a good thing for them, as well as for other poor people, that their bread had been so *very* hard that they were forced to complain of it to the king.

DISCONTENTED POLLY.

POLLY ought to have been a very happy little girl, but she was not, because she had n't a doll. She had everything else: a beautiful kitchen, a stove with everything to use on it, some pretty china dishes, a table to put them on, and a neat little wicker chair to match the table.

Only a little while ago she had three lovely dolls; but there was another D to Polly's name—Destructive Polly; and now there was not a bit of a dolly left, and mamma had determined to let her wait till she wanted one so very much that when it did come she would be sure to take care of it. But Aunt Alice said, one day, "That child shall have a doll to-morrow." And sure enough! the next morning, in the little wicker chair, Polly found the most beautiful doll she had ever seen.

It had fluffy, golden hair, and bright blue eyes, and a dress just like Polly's best one with puffed sleeves. It could say "papa" and "mamma" quite plainly, and could move its eyes.

Of course, the first thing to be done was to find a name for the new treasure, and that made Polly discontented again. She wanted to call it after herself, but she said, "Polly is such an every-day name, it would never do; my doll must have a 'company' name." So she called her doll "Rosalinda."

The next day, mamma said there might be a party in honor of the new doll; so Polly carried Rosalinda into the play-room, put her in the little chair, and began to get ready for the party. Rosalinda looked as though she would like to help; so Polly filled one of her prettiest cups with milk, and put it in the dolly's lap, while she went out for three lumps of sugar.

Just then a dreadful thing happened. Puss, who had been hidden under a chair, came out, jumped to Rosalinda's lap, and began to drink the milk as fast as he could. Before it was half gone he heard Polly coming, so he jumped down again in a hurry, and out of the window. But one hind paw caught the cup by the handle, spilled the milk on dolly's dress, dashed the cup to the floor, and broke it all to bits!

When Polly came in and saw this, what do you think she did? She just looked at Rosalinda a moment, then she took her out of the chair and shook her—shook her so hard, and sat her down again with such a bounce that the pretty blue eyes shut up tight, and would n't come open.

Polly did n't mind that at first. She said, "Yes! you 'd better shut

your eyes, you naughty thing! Don't tell me it was 'a accidence.' You did it yourself, I know, and I don't love you one bit. You don't look fit to be seen, and the party will be here before I'm ready. Oh, dear! just open your eyes, and see what you've done."

But poor Rosalinda's eyes would n't open, and the more Polly shook her, the tighter shut they stayed, till she ran, crying, to mamma, to ask for help. Mamma had seen it all; so now she took Polly and Rosalinda both on her lap, and gave what Polly called "a little preach."



"JUST OPEN YOUR EYES, AND SEE WHAT YOU 'VE DONE."

It did her good, real good, and at last she said: "Dear mamma, if Rosalinda will only open her eyes once more and look at me, I believe I will never be so naughty again."

So mamma found a way to open the pretty blue eyes, and Polly kissed them both, and then kissed mamma for helping her.

By the time the party came, everything was ready. Polly was very good, and let the girls play with her beautiful Rosalinda the whole time. I do not know how long the good will last. I hope till every one forgets to call her Discontented Polly, and learns to call her Darling Polly instead.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WELL, my dears, spring is here at last, and it is very pleasant to see the buds and flowers again. I begin to hear the voices of the children more often, too; and now and then I catch a glimpse of bright faces and new dresses.

By the way, talking of dresses puts me in mind of a paragram that came the other day, about

TRIMMINGS FOR COWS.

SOMETHING quite new to you, I dare say, for which of you ever heard of trimming cows with their own horns and ears? How should you like to see a cow with her ears—poor thing!—cut to the shape of a leaf with notched edges, and horns trained in some queer shape, twisted into curls, or divided into four, with two meeting overhead, and two turned down toward the ground? It would be a dreadful sight to me, I am sure; but the Africans admire such things. They consider this trimming of cows a sort of fine art. You don't see how they manage the horns? Well, they begin when the horns are young; divide each into two, or more, and gradually train them, while growing, in any way they choose. Of course it must hurt the poor cows, and take a great deal of time; but the people who train cows' horns have not very tender feelings, and they are richer in spare time than in anything else. Besides, they do not have to trim their own clothes much—they 're savages.

FEET AND WINGS.

I HAVE been told that flies have suckers on their feet, and climb up window-panes by using them, much as boys lift smooth stones with a piece of soaked leather and a string. Is this so, little folks?

By the way, while you are thinking of flies, I once heard some schoolma'ams (I 'm sure our *little* one was not among them) disputing about the number of wings that a house-fly ought to have. And they said, though it 's hard to believe, that over the door of the Masonic Temple at Boston there are bees, cut in the stone, each with only wings enough for a fly!

Perhaps the sculptor had been reading Virgil before carving those bees, for, as I 've heard, that ancient poet in one of his writings made a mistake as to the number of a bee's wings.

CETUS, NOT CYGNUS.

ONE of my sharp eyed chicks, S. E. S., of Canandaigua, sends word that the star Mira, of which I told you last month, is in the star-group Cetus (the Whale), not in Cygnus (the Swan). S. E. S. is right, I find, and I 'm much obliged to her.

PRSVRYPRFCTMN VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN.

DEACON GREEN says that these letters were found on a wall in a church in Wales, painted, like a text, above an inscription of the ten commandments.

Some of you may have seen it before, he thinks; but, if not, it will be good fun for you to find out what it means. He adds that there is but one letter of the alphabet wanting, to make sense; this is used over and over, and, if you put it into the right places, the text will turn into a rhymed couplet.

A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

I HAVE a message from a bird on the Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina.

"Here," says my friend, "I lately found a remedy for hard times. Looking for food one day, I came close to the home of a silk-spider who was about to make a new web. Now, what do you think I saw him doing? Why, he was eating up the old web, so as to turn it into thread again, and use it a second time! Another curious thing that I found out about this economical old fellow is that, although he has a great many eyes, he can see only just well enough to tell light from darkness."

Now, what in the world can be the use of that spider's eyes, I 'd like to know, if he can't see the things around him?

A QUEER CHURN.

New Haven, Conn.

DEAR JACK: Last year in April you gave us a picture of a very small doll-churn that a little girl had made, and I thought it was very 'cute. But I read the other day of another churn quite as odd. It is simply the skin of a goat, hung by a rope from the roof. It is used in Persia, and, when they want to churn, they fill the goat-skin with milk, and swing it forward and backward until the butter comes. The children do the swinging, and I think it must be better fun than turning a crank or working a plunger.—Yours affectionately, O. T.

CATS IN SPAIN.

CATS have a nice time in Spain, I hear. No dismal moonlight prowlings over fences and back sheds for them! They have the roofs of the whole country for their walks, and need never touch the ground unless they choose. I 'll tell you why. Grain is stored in the attics of Spain, because they are too hot for anything else. But rats and mice delight in attics, as well as in grain. So each owner cuts a small door from the roof, big enough for puss, and any homeless cat is welcome to her warm home, in return for which she keeps away

rats. In a sudden rain it must be funny to see dozens of cats scampering over the roofs to their homes among the grain-bags.

"SINCERE" STATUES.

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: In ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877, Jack-in-the-Pulpit says that "sincere" is made of the words *sine-cera*, meaning "honey without wax." I have been told that it refers also to the Greeks, who, when they found a crack in a statue, would sometimes fill the flaw with wax; and that hence a "sincere" statue, one "without wax," would have no flaw, but be a true and honest statue.

I have not been able to find any authority for this, otherwise I should have written sooner.—Yours sincerely, F. B. J.

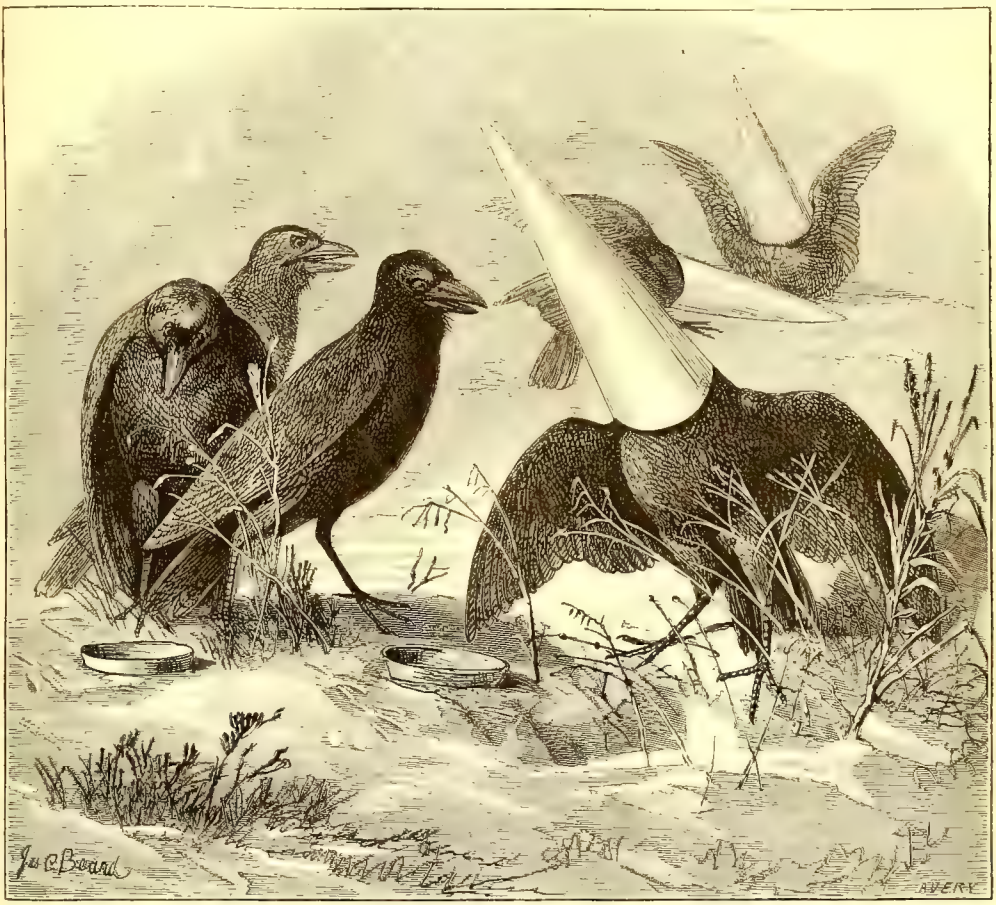
and he does not get rid of it in a hurry. I 'm told that it takes only a few of these cones to keep off a whole flock of crows. They are afraid of making themselves ridiculous, I suppose.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

NOW then, my dears, here 's a capital chance to show your knowledge of history. Who can answer this question?

Boston, Mass.

DEAR JACK: Will you please ask some of your chicks to tell me when the ancients left off, and the moderns began?—and you will greatly oblige F.



FOOLS'-CAPS FOR CROWS.

FOOLS'-CAPS FOR CROWS.

MY acquaintances the crows are very fond of corn, and have a way of picking it out of the ground with their bills just after it has been planted. So the farmers try all sorts of plans to keep them away. One of these plans is shown in the picture.

Paper cones are set point downward in the ground, and baited with a few corn kernels; then some bird-lime is smeared around the insides. When a crow reaches down for the corn, the paper cone sticks to him, looking rather like a fool's-cap,

LUMBER AND TIMBER, AGAIN.

THE Little Schoolma'am says that "timber" generally means "felled trees," but is used sometimes to describe trees that are yet standing and growing; "lumber" means timber that has been made ready for use, by sawing, splitting, and so forth.

E. M. Ferguson, J. Harry Townsend, Lillie Stone, J. Dutton Steele, Jr., and X. Y. Z. all sent correct answers; but Virginia Waldo, G. V. D. F., and "Max" were only almost right in their replies.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE answers to Mr. Cranch's poetical charades, published on page 406 of the April number, are as follows: I., Carpet, car-pet. II., Bargain, bar-gain. III., Pic-nic, pick-Nick. IV., Nightmare, night-mare.

A LARGE number of correspondents kindly point out that the poem entitled "The Nightingale's Mistake," printed in the March "Letter-Box," is also called "The Singing-Lesson," and was written by Jean Ingelow.

Clayton, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you to tell you about our little town of Clayton. It is a beautiful little place, of about three hundred and eighty inhabitants, situated on the Mississippi River. There are two large flouring-mills, two saw-mills, and a large hoop factory here, where all kinds of straps and hoops are manufactured by machinery. First, the poles are sawed into certain lengths; then they are taken to the splitters, to be split. They are then taken to the planers. After going through this process, they are bunched into bunches of fifty each. Then they are ready for shipment. They are made of hickory, white oak, and birch.

It is very pleasant to take a boat-ride on a summer eve, with the banks on either side of you covered with long green grass, and flowers of nearly all descriptions bending down into the water, while in the woods all kinds of birds are chittering and chattering, and the ducks are quacking around you,—all of which makes it very pleasant —Your constant reader, H. R.

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know why it is that the wife of General George Washington is called Lady Washington? I do not think that we have ever had any lords or ladies in our country; so if you know the reason why, I would like to know. E. M.

Can any of our boys and girls answer this question?

Somerville, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I wish to contribute a little to the "Letter-Box," I will send you a little poem written by my sister Allie when she was nine years old:

OUR BABY.

Little Bertha is my sister,
And she is two years old,—
A cunning little darling,
Whom I love to hold.

You ask her whom she loves best,
And she 'll say "Papa Lou."
You ask her whom she loves next,
And p'r'aps she will say "You."

You ask her what her name is,
And she 'll say "Bertie Lou."
But then, she 's sometimes naughty,
And sometimes so are you.

Little Bertha is my sister,
And she 's as cunning as she can be,
With a dimple in each cheek,
And a dimple in each knee.

And I guess most people love her,
For she 's as cunning as she can be;
But then, sometimes she is naughty,
And that 's the way with you and me.

My darling little sister
Always sleeps at night with me;
And, as I said before,
She 's as cunning as she can be. A. C. H.

Roseville, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought perhaps you would like to hear about our pet sparrow "Bob." We have had him since last July, and he is just as cunning as he can be. He was so young at first, he could not fly, and slept in a little box, with a piece of flannel over him; but now he roosts on a nail in the sitting-room bay-window. We do not keep him in a cage, but he goes all over the house, and does just as he pleases. He has had plenty of chances to fly out, but seems to be happy and contented, and makes himself perfectly at home. When we are eating, he helps himself to anything he wants, and is not a bit bashful. He loves honey, and will eat all he wants, and then wipe his bill on any one's dress or on the table-cloth. He will jump on papa's whiskers, and pull mamma's hair-pins out of her hair, steal her needle, and do many other mischievous things. He has chosen one of the gas-globes for a nesting-place, and carries bits of cloth, strings, or any such thing that he can find, and puts them there. He tries to sing, and has learned several of the canary's notes. We catch him sometimes, and put him under a hat, to tease him. He then gets angry, pecks the hat, and scolds at the top of his voice. We have a rabbit and a guinea-pig, too; but if they come into the room where Bob is, he will fly at them and peck them till they run out. Every one who sees him thinks he is a wonderful bird, and we should feel very sorry if anything should happen to him.—Yours truly, ELLA AND EDWIN H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little sister named Pet, because we love her so. A few days ago our papa had a narrow escape from being burned, and Pet asked me if I thanked God for taking care of him. I said, "Yes." "And did God say, 'You 're welcome'?" asked Pet.

Now, don't you think that was a funny idea?—Your affectionate reader, R. L. P.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS AND THE MOONS OF MARS.—A correspondent writes that in Gulliver's "Voyage to Laputa," an imaginary flying island, Dean Swift, the author, describes some over-wise philosophers, and, among other things, says:

"They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars; whereof the innermost is distant from the center of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost, five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very nearly in proportion with the cubes of their distance from the center of Mars."

Now, these two satellites were not discovered really until August 16th, 1877, but Dean Swift's book appeared in 1726, more than one hundred and fifty years before! But, although the Dean's guesswork is not exactly correct, he comes very near the truth when he states the time taken by each moon in going around the primary. This you will see by comparing his words with the following letter, which we have received from Professor Asaph Hall, the actual discoverer of the moons:

Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.,
March 4th, 1878.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: The periods (of revolution) of the satellites of Mars are as follows,—Deimus being the outer satellite, and Phobus the inner one:

Period of Deimus, 30 hours, 18 minutes, 0 seconds.
" " Phobus, 7 " 39 " 16 "

These values are very nearly correct, and will be changed in the final calculation only a few seconds, if at all.—Yours truly,
A. HALL.

The following are extracts from the letters of a young girl now traveling in Europe:

Berlin, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were in the Auer Cathedral, Munich, looking down the long nave, when troops of little children, boys and girls, each with a little knapsack strapped between the shoulders, leaving the hands and arms free for play, came hastening in by twos and threes, till the whole church seemed full. They all knelt down, whispered a few words of prayer, and remained for a brief space, silent and motionless, bowed down in devotion; then they quietly arose and went out. I shall not soon forget Auer Cathedral with its little worshipers. * * * * *

We have been settled at Berlin for a month. Being the residence of the Emperor and Court, it is very gay with balls, theaters, etc., and the streets are bright and lively with fine uniforms, prancing horses, and carriages full of richly dressed ladies, their escorts riding on horseback at the side. It presents a lively contrast with Munich in these respects, but, as to sunlight, it is a gloomy place. Thus far we have had only four pleasant days, and on those the sun set between three and four in the afternoon. Some days we thought it did not rise at all! We realize now, for the first time, how far north Germany is.

We improved one of our pleasant days by a trip to Potsdam, where is the summer palace of the kings of Prussia. Here are the rooms of Frederick the Great, just as he arranged them. His library is

chiefly of French books, and fills the shelves, which are everywhere, from floor to ceiling—upon the doors, even, so that, when they are shut, one feels imprisoned in books!

At the opposite end of the palace are the rooms once occupied by Voltaire. The walls are covered with painted wood carvings of cats, dogs, parrots, and peacocks, which Frederick caused to be placed there after his quarrel with Voltaire, to express his opinion of the Frenchman's traits of character.

Directly under the walls of the palace stands an idle windmill, now owned by the Emperor. The noise of this windmill used to annoy the queen, so Frederick sent for the miller and said to him:

"We two cannot live so near each other One of us must buy the property of the other. Now, will you buy my palace?"

"But, my liege, I have not the money," replied the miller.

"Then I must buy your mill," said the king.

"You also have not money enough; I will not sell," was the miller's reply.

When the king hinted his power to take possession by force, the sturdy miller said he could and would sue the king.

"Well," said the monarch, "since you have so high an opinion of the justice to be found in my courts of law, I will not molest you."

So the windmill continued to creak and whirr in the ears of the royal family for a long time. ADA.

HERBERT J.—In answer to your request, we give a copy of the poem entitled "The Little Boy who Went Out to Swim," published first in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1874. Several of our readers have asked to see the poem printed, without its pictures, in the "Letter-Box," as the interweaving of the illustrations with the text, as they first appeared, hindered the meaning and beauty of the verses from being fully understood.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WENT OUT TO SWIM.

BY HENRY HOWLAND.

A little boy went out to swim,
One pleasant day in June,
And the fish all came to talk to him,
That summer afternoon.

"Come down, dear little boy," they said,
"And let us show to you
The homes of fish, merman and maid,
Under the waters blue.

"We'll show you where the naiads sleep,
And where the tritons dwell;
The treasures of the unknown deep,
The coral and the shell.

"The siren's song shall charm your ears,
And lull you into rest;
No monster shall arouse your fears,
Or agitate your breast."

The little boy was glad to go;
And all the company
Of fish escorted him below,—
A pageant brave to see!

The pilot-fish swam on ahead,
The shark was at his heels;
The dolphin a procession led
Of porpoise, whale, and eels.

The trout, all brave in red and gold,
Many a caper cut;
And after them came crowds untold
Of cod and halibut.

The blue-fish with the black-fish swam;
Who knows the joy each felt?
The perch was escort to the clam,
The oyster to the smelt.

The muscalonge, from northern lake,
That leaps the harbor bar,
Swam closely in the sturgeon's wake,
Famous for caviar!

The haddock floated side by side
With carp from foreign shore,
And with them, through the seething tide,
Went scollops by the score.

The sword-fish, like a soldier brave,
His saber flashing bare,
Went o'er the swelling ocean wave,
With bold and martial air.

The jelly-fish went trembling down;
The star-fish mildly beamed;
And through the waves, like diamonds thrown,
The sun-fish glanced and gleamed.

The sea-bass, black-bass, pike and dace
Went dashing on like mad;
The sheep's-head, with his lamb-like face,
Swam by the graceful shad.

The pickerel leaped and danced along;
The frog-fish puffed and blew;
The herring in a countless throng
Swam by, a merry crew.

The turtles sailed a Dutch-built fleet,
On port and starboard tack,
While through their ranks, with caution meet,
Darted the stickleback.

The shrimp and lobster clawed along
With others of their kin,
And in their company a throng
Of lively terrapin.

The bull-pouts, dressed in black and drab,
With horns and visage grim,
Preceded the meandering crab;
The mackerel followed him.

Sea-spiders, in their coats of mail;
Shiners, with silver vest;
White-fish and weak-fish at their tail,
Swam on with all the rest

The royal turbot, true and tried,
Subject of England's queen,
Sailed on in regal pomp and pride,
With whitebait and sardine.

The knightly salmon, king of fish,
Without reproach or fear,
The noblest fish a man could wish,
Came bringing up the rear.

And thus they reached the mermaid's cave,
Who, with a heart-felt joy,
To her bright home beneath the wave,
Welcomed the little boy!

HERE is a letter which we print just as it was written by the little one who sent it to us:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS I send you a little story to put in the letter Box.

Once there was a little Boy His Name was Harry He lived with His Mother in a humble little Cottage) His Mothers Name was Mrs Jones she was a Widow) she and Harry lived all alone) one day Harry came Home from school and faced the Doctor at the Door young man said the Dr to the Boy your Mother is very sick) she was doing what you ought to of done for her) what is that sir said Harry choping Wood Bringing in Coal and all such work as that) she straned her self and is very ill) poor Harry hung down His head for His Mother had asked Him to chop the wood this Morning when He was mending his Ball) He said I will be there in a moment Mother) and like all Boy He forgot) oh how poor Harry felt When He thought of this) but Harry took good care of His Mother ever after) a Friend of Harries got Him a good Situation and Made a man of Him and He allways did what His Mother asked Him) ever after Harry said to the Dr one day) Dr I can take care of Mother now and I allways will

So we hope Harry will take care of His Widow Mother all the) rest of His days) M. J. W.

Here is a nice letter that a little girl wrote to her mother nearly thirty-three years ago. The little girl was away from her town home on a visit to the country for the sake of her health; and all that she wrote in the letter was true.

Mr. McDonald's, October 1st, 1845.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I wish my arms were long enough to reach two miles, I want to give you a good hug, I am so glad you let me come out here. I was a little bit afraid last night, the horse was so high, and it was so dark. I never rode on a horse in the dark before, you know. It was so dark in the woods I could not see anything, but my eyes would stay so wide open they hurt me. I held as tight to Mr. George as I could; I felt as though some big thing was just going to snatch me off the horse, all the time; my fingers felt like they were full of pins when I let go. Everything does taste so good

out here, and the air is so clean. I stretched out my arms to it this morning, it felt so good. We have a play-house on the rocks; it has two fire-places. They are made out of flat stones, and inside of the big stones we set up two smaller stones, and lay a flat one across, and there we do our cooking. We are going to have a party to-night, and have been busy all day getting ready. All the good things are cooked, waiting till night, when Mac will be home. We have three splendid baked apples, and three eggs roasted in the ashes, but we have only two pies. We could only find two blacking-box lids, and as these are our pie-pans, we have only two pies. We washed and scoured the black all off, and they looked as nice as Sophia's tins, which she will never let us touch at home. Our biscuits are not as nice quite as hers, it was so hard to make them round, and our range don't bake on both sides, so we had to turn them over to get both sides cooked. Our things all look very good, and I am real hungry for them, but you know it would not do to eat the party before Mac comes. We have made wreaths of maple-leaves, to wear on our heads to-night, one for Mac, too. We thought it would do for a boy to wear a wreath as long as there are so few of us, and the leaves are so pretty; and as it is my birthday, I have some leaves basted all around my blue dress, and it looks lovely.

I must stop now. Give my love to all. Take good care of Fideli, and kiss all around for your loving daughter, JULIA.

Clifton, Iroquois County, Ill

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We want to tell the little boys and girls that read ST. NICHOLAS, how a greedy rooster got caught in a trap. We set the trap to catch rabbits, but did n't get any; so the corn was left, and the chickens were all walking around, and saw it, and tried to get in to eat it; but the selfish old rooster drove them all away, and crowded in himself, and began to eat the corn, when down came the trap, and he was fast, but all the others were free.—Yours truly,

ARTHUR AND BROWNIE S.

South Boston, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read the "Letter-Box" every month with much interest, and have often seen puzzles and "such things" in it, so I send you one, and hope that somebody will find it out:

There was somebody born in England, on the 16th of July, 1723. He was the son of a clergyman, and his father was rather strict with him. He made a drawing of his father's school with so much accuracy of outline, and in such correct perspective, that the grave clergyman could no longer maintain his severity. He saw that his son would be a painter, and resolved to aid him. An anecdote related of the artist runs thus: One day, a man called to see some of his pictures, and asked him what he mixed his colors with. The painter answered, "With brains, sir—with brains!"—Yours,

FRANK R. M.

Columbia, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our schoolma'am told us the other day that it is generally best to use short words instead of long words in writing or speaking, and she gave us a verse to copy as a specimen. She said that it was written by a man who was perfect master of seven languages, knew six others very well, was at home with another eight, and read with a lexicon four more,—in all twenty-five different languages; and although he could use tremendously long words when he chose, yet he made a point of using short ones, even though they were old and odd and not in common use. I send you a copy of the verse, and I think he might have done much better if he had used longer and more forcible words.—Yours truly, STELLA G.

"Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true that once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped forth is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note
Sung by some foe or fiend. There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than depth, more breadth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light but not heat—a flash, but not a blaze!"

Long words are not always the most "forcible," Stella,—nor, on the other hand, are they always to be avoided. Sometimes the best word for expressing our meaning may be long to spell, but easy to understand; and, again, a word may be short and yet fail to tell exactly what we wish to say. The verse you copy is not a convincing example of the power of short words, although it shows that much may be done with them. Frequently a word is chosen for its rhythmic quality—the pleasantness and ease with which its sound fits in with the context—rather than because it is long or short. Mr. Longfellow's poem, "The Three Kings," published in the last Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS, is an example of a fine poem in simple and rhythmical language, the study of which will improve your style of writing more than any number of rules that we might give you.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

THE central letters, read downward, name a fashionable and beautiful pet.

1. A large reptile. 2. Idolizing. 3. A foe. 4. To stain. 5. A consonant. 6. A dandy. 7. To baffle. 8. Good news. 9. Capable of being made better. G. H. W.

BLANK APOCOPES.

IN each of the following sentences, the second blank is to be filled with the first syllable of the word used in the first blank.

1. From some —— we made a portion of our ——. 2. The —— was extinguished when we made a —— for the door. 3. On the second shelf of the —— you will find some ——. 4. It was of a bright —— color, the —— that he had. C. D.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

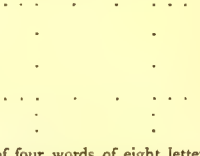
1. BEHEAD to strike, and leave what all must do. 2. Behead what children like, and leave a man's nickname. 3. Behead two pronouns, and leave two other pronouns. 4. Behead an article of furniture, and leave capable. 5. Behead a color, and leave a writing material. 6. Behead something belonging to flowers, and leave a coin. 7. Behead a part of the head, and leave what comes from the clouds. 8 Behead another color, and leave a kind of stove. 9. Behead a sport, and leave a girl's name. 10. Behead a part of a ship, and leave a tree. 11. Behead a kind of bird, and leave disturbance. 12. Behead an article of food, and leave a kind of tree. 13. Behead a table utensil, and leave a bird. 14. Behead to frighten, and leave anxiety. 15. Behead a toilet article, and leave to crowd. A. D. L. AND S. W.

EASY TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals, read downward, name a bird; the centrals, an animal; the finals, an insect.

1. Disentangling. 2. Echo. 3. A city in a Western State. 4. Can't be worse. ESOR.

FRAME PUZZLE.



MAKE the frame of four words of eight letters each, so that the letter A shall come at each of the four corners where the words intersect. The words mean: Sweet-smelling, to make a scale, a fillet, an ecclesiastic. BESSIE AND HER COUSIN.

HIDDEN FRENCH SENTENCE.

FIND in the following sentence the French words with which the Emperor Alexander of Russia once described St. Petersburg:

Give him a good anvil, let him deal sound blows on the irons for the pier, repeated and strong, and the work will last. B.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM PROVERB PUZZLE.



THE answer is a proverb of eight words. Each numeral beneath the pictures represents a letter in that word of the proverb which is indicated by that numeral,—5 showing that the letter it designates belongs to the fifth word of the proverb, 3 to the third word, and so on.

Find a word that describes each picture and contains as many letters as there are numerals beneath the picture itself. This is the first process. Then put down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, to correspond with the words of the proverb. Group beneath figure 6 all the letters designated by the numeral 6 in the numbering beneath the pictures. You will thus have in a group all the letters contained by the sixth word of the proverb, and you will then have only to transpose those letters in order to form the word itself. Follow the same process of grouping and transposition in forming each of the remaining words of the proverb. Of course, the transposition need not be begun until all the letters have been set apart in their proper groups. S. R.

THREE EASY SQUARE-WORDS.

I.—1. A bard of fame.
2. From mines I came.
3. A fish's name.

II.—1. The mountain's fringe.
2. I make slaves cringe.
3. A ruddy tinge.

III.—1. What bad men hate.
2. I blanch the pate.
3. To join or mate. N. AND VIOLET.

EASY ENIGMA.

My first is in dark, but not in light;
My second in girl, but not in boy;
My third is in peace, but not in fight;
My fourth in mourning, not in joy;
My fifth is in flowers, but not in weeds;
My sixth in kind, but not in cruel;
My seventh is in drives, and also in leads;
And my whole is a beautiful jewel. N. K. K.

REVERSIBLE DOUBLE DIAMOND AND CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

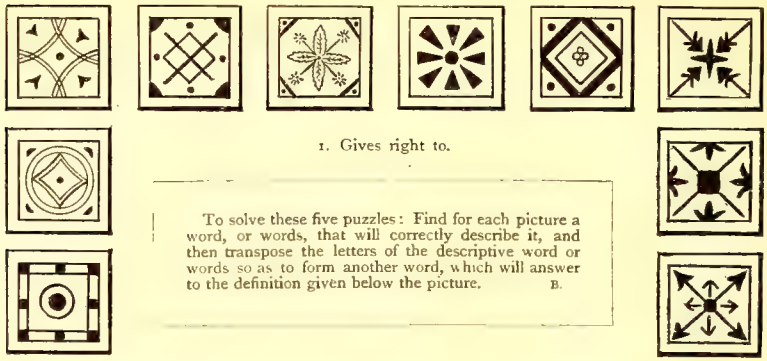
\-
\- E -
\- E - E -
\- E -
\-

FILL the vacant places with letters to form a reversible double diamond which shall inclose a reversible word-square.—Centrals: Perpendicular, to make merry; horizontal, a mechanical power. Word-square: 1, a number; 2, part of the day; 3, to knit. H. H. D.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.

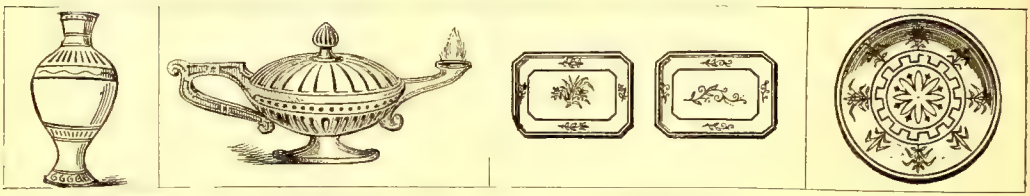
1. SYNCOPATE a composite metal, and leave a fish. 2. Syncopate an article of food, and leave an ornament. 3. Syncopate a map, and leave a vehicle. 4. Syncopate a pungent spice, and leave a small bay. 5. Syncopate a wading bird, and leave a reed. 6. Syncopate a short, ludicrous play, and leave a part of the body. 7. Syncopate another part of the body, and leave a wild animal. 8. Syncopate a domestic animal, and leave articles of clothing. 9. Syncopate a small animal, and leave to ponder. 10. Syncopate a flower, and leave a domestic animal. ISOLA.

PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION PUZZLES.



1. Gives right to.

To solve these five puzzles: Find for each picture a word, or words, that will correctly describe it, and then transpose the letters of the descriptive word or words so as to form another word, which will answer to the definition given below the picture. B.



2. A prince of Hindustan. 3. A token of victory. 4. A sylvan deity. 5. A creator.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. SOOTHING ointment. 2. A bitter-tasting plant. 3. Knowledge gained from reading or study. 4. Mild of temper. K.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A lively animal. 3. To moisten or irrigate. 4. A jewel. 5. A consonant. ISOLA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Victor Emanuel. 1, Rome; 2, Turin; 3, Venice; 4, Milan.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—G; bEt, GeNoa, tOe, A.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Parsonage—arson, page. 2. Noticeable—ice, notable. 3. Bewilder—wild, beer. 4. Devotee—vote, Dee. 5. Decanter—cant, deer.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Annoyance. 2. Combinations. 3. Conversion. 4. Dangerous. 5. Ceremonial. 6. Madrigal. 7. Unalterable. 8. Disengage.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—"He doth much who doth well what he hath to do."

EASY RHOMBOID PUZZLE.—
C A R E
N E A T
D R O P
L E A P

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM PUZZLE.—Frigates. Feast, stag, gate, seat, rats, air, fist, tars, safe, stage.

SEXTUPLE WORD-CROSS.—Full perpendicular: Bobolink. Full horizontal: Bayonet. Top limb: Bob. Bottom limb: Link. Left arm: Bay. Right arm: Net.

PRESIDENTIAL DISCOVERIES.—1. Ant. 2. Washing. 3. Martin, tailor (Taylor). 4. Ruth. 5. Birch (*Burch*ard). 6. Abraham, Zachary. 7. John, James, Andrew, Thomas. 8. Tin. 9. Lard, ham. 10. Mil. 11. Ton. 12. Frank. 13. Andre. 14. Rank. 15. Pier. 16. Art. 17. Ford, dams. 18. Roe. 19. Ayes. 20. Franklin. 21. Ulysses. 22. Ash. 23. William Henry. 24. Grant. 25. Mi, la, re. 26. I Am. 27. Jam. 28. Hen. 29. Ada. 30. More. 31. Son.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—America, England. 1. AgreeablE. 2. Main. 3. EgG. 4. RaiL. 5. IdeA. 6. ClaN. 7. AmuseD.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—Madagascar. Dam, sag, car.
S C
D A M
R G

A PROVERB AMONG PROVERBS.—"Love can neither be bought nor sold; its only price is love."

A MEDLEY.—Scrape, crape, rape, ape. Capers, cape, cap. Pacers, pace, ace. Casper, asp.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—
S E N A T O R
E X O G E N
N O V E L
A G E S
T E L
O R
R

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES in the March number were received, before March 18, from R. T. McKeever, Eddie Vultee, Charles M. Jones, George J. Fiske, Esther L. Fiske, "Guesser," Milly and Maude Adams, Jay B. Benton, Chas. G. Todd, M. A. Newlands, "Mione and White Fawn," Leonie Giraud; Unsigned, Philadelphia; Fred M. Pease, Katie Burnett, Mary C. Warren, Jennie Dillingham and Frances V. Lord, M. W. Collet, Catherine Cowl, Allie Bertram, Julia F. Allen, T. J. De la Hunt, G. L., Carrie Speiden and Mary F. Speiden, "Bessie and her Cousin," Nettie I. G., Xerxes J. Booren, "Nettie 722," "Queen Bess," E. C. Moss, Nellie Baker, A. L. S and L. R. P., Otto Dreier, "Prebo," "Prebo's Ma," Mary Belle Giddings, Nellie Kellogg, Lillie Stone, Grace C. Raymond, J. Harry Townsend, C. Lothrop, Robin Nelson, Ben Merrill, Bessie Cary, Edith Claypole Ewing, Nellie Wooster, Rufus Clark, Nellie C. Graham, Harriet H. Doyle, Bertie E. Bailey, May Odell, "Thorndale," Louie G. Hinsdale and Arnold Guyot Cameron, Robert P. Christian, Belle W. Brown, Dellie Wilmarth, Emily Morison, Frank Bowman, Fred Worthington, Walter Stockdale, Carroll B. Carr, Eddie F. Worcester, Charley W. Sprague, Nellie Emerson; "Winnie," Brookline; Josie Morris Brown, Mary W. Ovington, Allie Armstrong, Sidney S. Conger, Nellie J. Hutchings, S. N. Knapp, F. Armington, Austin D. Mabie, Carrie and Sharlie King, Willie B. Deas, Bessie B. Whiting, Nettie A. Ives, Richard Emmins, A. Gunther, H. B. Ayers, Frances Hunter, Alice B. Moore, Percy Crenshaw, "Robin Redbreast," John V. L. Pierson, Mattie S. J. Swallow, Gertrude V. Sharp, Harriet Etting, Mary H. Stickney, Maggie J. Gemmill, Georgie B, B. McVay Allison, Jennie Beach; Nellie T. Dozier and Julia T. Gardiner; Everett B. Clark, R H. Marr, Jr., Jennie O. Smith, Lillie Singich, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, F. D., Anna E. Mathewson, Edward C. Niles, R. W. Abert, Mollie W. Morris, Sam V. Gilbert, Mary H. Bradley, William H. Atkinson, Alice N. Dunn, Philip Cary, Fred Whittlesey, Bessie L. Barnes, "Nightingale," Grant Squires, E. C., L. C. L.; Unsigned, Seymour, Conn.; Lalla Whitaker, Edna C. Lewis, Jennie R. McClure, "Eagle;" Sadie Duffield and Constance Grand-Pierre; Barton Longacre, Eva Doeblin, Belle M. Grier, "Minnehaha," Emmie O Johnson, "Sister Lizzie," Harry Haskell, Addison F. Hunis; Kittie Hamilton Chapman and Carrie R. Heller; and Elmer Dwiggins. Gladys H. Wilkinson and John P. Brewin, both of England, also sent answers.

Correct answers to all puzzles were received from "King Wompster."



A BRAVE GIRL.

[See Letter-Box.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. JUNE, 1878. NO. 8.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

A TRIUMPH.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

LITTLE ROGER up the long slope rushing
Through the rustling corn,
Showers of dewdrops from the broad leaves brushing
In the early morn,

At his sturdy little shoulder bearing
For a banner gay,
Stem of fir with one long shaving flaring
In the wind away!

Up he goes, the summer sunshine flushing
O'er him in his race,
Sweeter dawn of rosy childhood blushing
On his radiant face.

If he can but set his standard glorious
On the hill-top low,
Ere the sun climbs the clear sky victorious,
All the world aglow!

So he presses on with childish ardor,
Almost at the top!
Hasten, Roger! Does the way grow harder?
Wherefore do you stop?

From below the corn-stalks tall and slender
Comes a plaintive cry—
Turns he for an instant from the splendor
Of the crimson sky,

Wavers, then goes flying toward the hollow,
Calling loud and clear:
"Coming, Jenny! Oh, why did you follow?
Don't you cry, my dear!"

Small Janet sits weeping 'mid the daisies;
"Little sister sweet,
Must you follow Roger?" Then he raises
Baby on her feet,

Guides her tiny steps with kindness tender,
Cheerfully and gay,
All his courage and his strength would lend her
Up the uneven way,

Till they front the blazing East together;
But the sun has rolled
Up the sky in the still Summer weather,
Flooding them with gold.

All forgotten is the boy's ambition,
Low the standard lies,
Still they stand, and gaze—a sweeter vision
Ne'er met mortal eyes.

That was splendid, Roger, that was glorious,
Thus to help the weak;
Better than to plant your flag victorious
On earth's highest peak!

ONE SATURDAY.

By Sarah Winter Kellogg.

It was an autumn day in the Indian summer time,—that one Saturday. The Grammar Room class of Budville were going nutting; that is, eight of them were going,—"our set," as they styled themselves. Besides the eight of "our set," Bob Trotter was going along as driver, to take care of the horses and spring wagon on arrival at the woods, while the eight were taking care of the nutting and other fun. Bob was fourteen and three months, but he was well-grown. Beside, he was very handy at all kinds of work, as he ought to have been, considering that he had been kept at work since his earliest recollection, to the detriment of his schooling.

It had been agreed that the boys were to pay for the team, while the girls were to furnish the lunch. In order to economize space, it was arranged that all the contributions to the lunch should be sent on Friday to Mrs. Hooks, Clara of that surname undertaking to pack it all into one large basket.

It was a trifle past seven o'clock Saturday morning when Bob Trotter drove up to Mr. Hooks's to take in Clara, she being the picnicker nearest his starting point. He did not know that she was a put off-er. She was just trimming a hat for the ride when Bob's wagon was announced. She had n't begun her breakfast, though all the rest of the family had finished the meal, while the lunch which should have been basketed the previous night was scattered over the house from the parlor center-table to the wood-shed.

Clara opened a window and called to Bob that she would be ready in a minute. Then she appealed to everybody to help her. There was a hurly-burly, to be sure. She asked mamma to braid her hair; little brother to bring her blue hair-ribbon from her bureau drawer; little Lucy to bring a basket for the prospective nuts; big brother to get the inevitable light shawl which mamma would be sure to make her take along. She begged papa to butter some bread for her, and cut her steak into mouthfuls to facilitate her breakfast, while the maid was put to collecting the widely scattered lunch. Mamma put baby, whom she

was feeding, off her lap—he began to scream; little brother left his doughnut on a chair—the cat began to eat it; little Lucy left her doll on the floor—big brother stepped on its face, for he did not leave his book, but tried to read as he went to get the light shawl; papa laid down his cigar to prepare the put-offer's breakfast—it went out; the maid dropped the broom—the wind blew the trash from the dust-pan over the swept floor. Clara continued to trim the hat. As she was putting in the last pin, mamma reached the tip end of the hair, and called for the ribbon to tie the braid. "Here 't is," said little brother. "Mercy!" cried Clara, "he 's got my new blue sash, stringing it along through all the dust. Goose! do you think I could wear that great long wide thing on my hair?" Little brother said "Scat!" and rushed to the rescue of his doughnut, while Lucy came in dragging the clothes-basket, and big brother entered with mamma's black lace shawl.

"Well, you told me to get a light one," he replied to Clara's impatient remonstrance, while Lucy whimpered that they would n't have enough nuts if the clothes-basket was n't taken along.

However, when Bob Trotter had secured Clara Hooks, the other girls were quickly picked up, and so were the four boys, for Bob was brisk and so were his horses. Dick Hart was the last called for. He had been ready since quarter past six, and with his forehandedness had worried his friends as effectually as the put-offer had hers. When the wagon at last appeared with its load of fun and laughter, he felt too ill-humored to return the merry greetings.

"A pretty time to be coming around!" he grumbled, climbing to his seat. "I've been waiting three hours."

"You hought n't to 'ave begun to wait so hearly," said Bob, who had some peculiarities of pronunciation derived from his English parentage.

"It would be better for you to keep quiet," Dick retorted. "You ought to have your wages cut, coming around here after nine o'clock. We ought to be out to the woods this minute."

"'T aint no fault of mine that we haint," said Bob, touching up his horses.

"Whose fault is it, if it is n't yours?" Dick asked.

Clara Hooks was blushing.

"Let the sparrer tell who killed Cock Robin," was Bob's enigmatical reply.

"What 's he talking about?" said Julius Zink.

"I dunno, and he don't either," replied Dick.

"He does n't know that or anything else," said Sarah Ketchum.

It was not possible for Sarah to hear a dispute and not become an open partisan.

"I know a lady when I see 'er," said Bob.

"You don't," said Dick, warmly. "You can't parse horse. I heard you try at school once."

"I can curry him," said Bob.

"You said horse was an article."

"So he is, and a very useful particle."

One of the girls nudged her neighbor, and in a loud whisper intimated her opinion that Bob was getting the better of Dick. At this Dick grew warmer and more boisterous, maintaining that the boys ought not to pay Bob the stipulated price since they were so late in starting.

"Hif folks haint ready I can't 'elp it," said Bob.

"Who was n't ready?" demanded Constance Faber. "You did n't wait for me, I know."

"And you did n't wait for me or Mat Snead," added Sarah Ketchum, "because we walked down to meet the wagon."

Clara Hooks's face had grown redder and redder during the investigation; but if Clara *was* a put-offer, she was not a coward or a sneak.

"He waited for me," she now said, "but I think it 's mean to tell it wherever he goes."

"I haint told it nowheres."

"You just the same as told; you hinted."

"Would n't 'ave 'inted ef they had n't kept slappin' at me," was Bob's defense, which did not go far toward soothing the mortified Clara.

Not all of this party were pert talkers. Two were modest: Valentine Duke and Mat Snead. These sat together, forming what the others called the Quaker settlement, from the silence which prevailed in it. The silence was now broken by a remark from Valentine Duke irrelevant to any preceding.

"Nuts are plentier at Hawley's Grove than at Crow Roost," he jerked out, and then locked up again.

"Say we go there, then," said Kit Pott.

"Let 's take the vote on it. Those in favor of Hawley's say aye."

The ayes came storming out, as though each was bound to be the first and loudest.

"Contrary, no," continued the self-made president; and Bob Trotter voted solidly "No!"

"We did n't ask you to vote," said Dick, returning to his quarrel.

Dick was constitutionally and habitually pugnacious, but he had such a cordial way of forgiving everybody he injured that people could n't stay mad with him. Indeed, he was quite a favorite.

"I 'm the other side of the 'ouse," Bob answered Dick. "You can't carry this hidee through without my 'elp."

"We hired you to take us to the woods."

"You 'ired me and my wagin and them harticles —whoa!" (Bob's "harticles" stopped)—"to take you to Crow Roost. You did n't 'ire me for 'Awley's, and I haint goin' ther' without a new contract."

"What difference is it to you where we go?" Dick demanded. "You belong to us for the day."

"Four miles further and back,—height miles makes a difference to the harticles."

Murmurs of disapproval rendered Dick bold.

"Suppose we say you've *got* to take us to Hawley's," he said, warmly.

"Suppose you do," said Bob, coolly.

"I'd like to know what you'd say about it," said Dick, warmly.

"Say it and I'll let you know," said Bob, coolly, —so very coolly that Dick was cooled.

A timely prudence enforced a momentary silence. He forebore taking a position he might not be able to hold. "Say, boys, shall we *make* him take us to the grove?"

Bob smiled. Val Duke smiled, too, in his unobtrusive way, and suggested modestly, "We ought to pay extra for extra work."

"Pay him another quarter and be done with it," said Kit Pott.

Beside being good-natured, Kit didn't enjoy the stopping there in the middle of the road.

"It's mighty easy to pay out other people's money," sneered Dick, resenting it that Kit seemed going over to the enemy.

Kit's face was aflame. His father had refused him any money to contribute toward the picnic expenses, and here was Dick taunting him with it before all the girls.

"You boys teased me to come along because you didn't know where to find the nuts," said Kit.

The girls began to nudge each other, making whispered explanations and commentaries, agreeing that it was mean in Dick to taunt Kit, and Clara Hooks spoke up boldly:

"I wanted Kit to come along because he's pleasant and is n't forever quarreling."

"Oh!" Dick sneered more moderately, "we all know you like Kit Pott. You and he had better get hitched; then you'd be pot-hooks."

This set everybody to laughing, even Dick's adversary, Bob Trotter.

"Pretty bright!" said Julius Zink.

"Bright, but not pretty," said Mat Snead, blushing at the sound of her voice.

"Hurrah! Mat's waked up," said Julius.

"It's the first time she's spoken since we started," said Sarah Ketchum.

"This is n't the first time you've spoken," Mat quietly retorted, blushing over again.

Everybody laughed again, even Sarah Ketchum.

"Sarah always puts in her oar when there's any water," said Constance Faber.

"I want to know how long we're to sit here, standing in the middle of the road," said Julius.

Again everybody laughed. When grammar-school boys and girls are on a picnic, a thing need n't be very witty or very funny to make them laugh. From the ease with which this party exploded into laughter, it may be perceived that in spite of the high words and the pop-gun firing, there was no deep-seated ill-humor among them.

"To Crow Roost and be done with it!" said Dick.

"All right," assented several voices.

"Crow Roost, Bob, by the lightning express," said Dick, with enthusiasm.

"But, as you were so particular," said Sarah to Bob, "we're going to be, too. We aint going to give you any lunch unless you pay for it."

"Not a mouthful," said Clara.

"Not even a crumb," said Constance.

Nobody saw any dismay in Bob's face.

I don't intend to tell you about all the sayings and all the laughter of those boys and girls on their way to Crow Roost. They would n't like to have me, and you would n't. Bob Trotter ran over a good many grubs and way-side stumps, and at every jolt Constance screamed, and Dick scolded and then laughed. Mat Snead spoke three words. She and Valentine had been sitting as though in profound meditation for some forty minutes, when he said: "Quite a ride!"

"Very; no, quite," she answered, in confusion.

Sarah Ketchum said everything that Mat did n't say. She was Mat's counterpart.

All grew enthusiastic as they approached the woods, and when the wagon stopped they poured over the side in an excited way.

"What shall we do with the lunch-basket?"

"Leave it in the wagon," said Sarah Ketchum, whose counsel, Kit said, was as free as the waters of the school pump.

Clara objected to leaving it. Bob would eat everything up. "Let's take it along."

"Why, no," said Julius.

He was the largest of the boys, and, according to the knightly code, he remembered the carrying of the basket would devolve upon him.

"Yes, we must carry it along," Sarah Ketchum insisted. "Bob sha'n't have a chance at that basket if I have to carry it around on my back."

Constance, too, said, "Take it along."

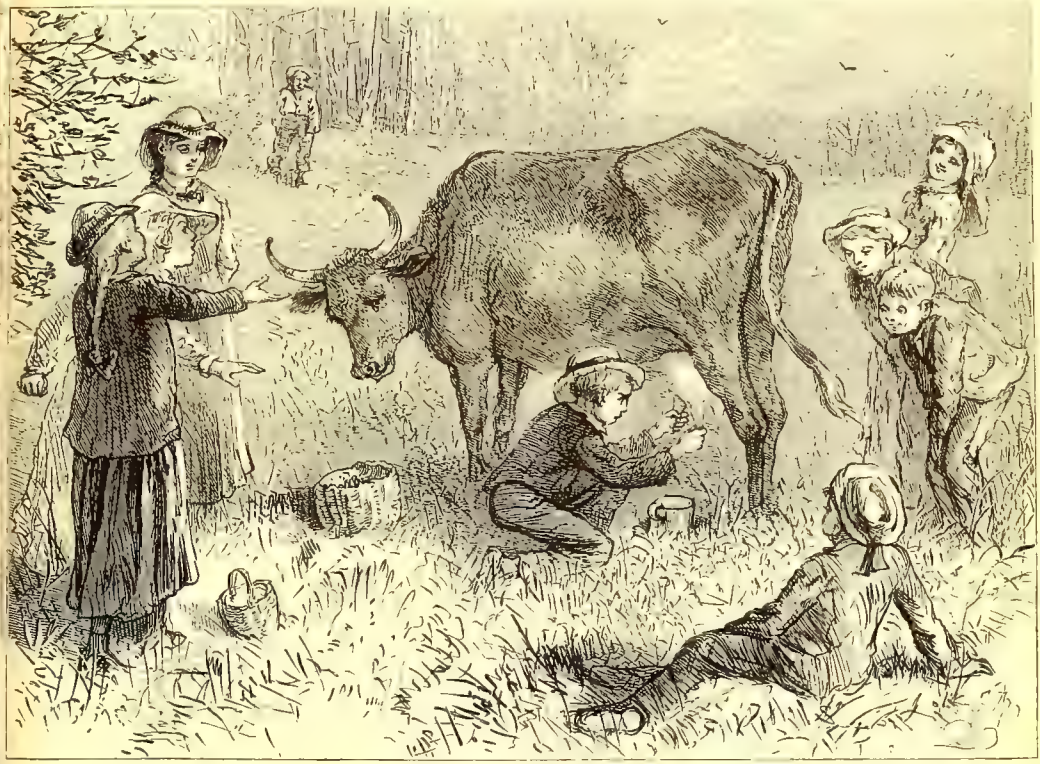
"It's easy enough for you girls to insist on having the basket toted around," said Dick, "because girls can't carry anything when there are boys along; but suppose you were a poor little fellow like Jule."

"I wont have to climb the trees with it on my back, will I?" said Julius. "I'll tell you," he continued, lowering his tone—Bob had heard all the preceding remarks—"we'll hang our basket on a hickory limb. It will be safe from hogs, and the leaves will hide it from Bob."

This proposition was approved, and the basket was carried off a short distance and slyly swung into a sapling. Then the eight went scurrying through the woods, leaving Bob with the horses. Wherever they saw a lemon-tinted tree-top against the sky, or crowded into one of those fine autumn bouquets a clump of trees can make, there rushed a squad of boys, each with his basket, followed by a squad of girls, each with her basket.

But in a very short time the girls were tired and

"Gee-whiz!" said Dick, rushing at the cow. "Thunder!" said Julius, and he gathered a handful of dried leaves and hurled them at the beast. Kit said "Ruination!" and threw his cap. Clara said "Begone!" and flapped her handkerchief in a scaring way. Sarah Ketchum said, "Shew! Scat!" and pitched a small tree-top. It hit Dick and Valentine. Constance said "Wretch!" and did n't throw anything. Mat did n't say anything and threw her hickory-nut. Val threw his basket,



"'I BELIEVE SHE 'S GONE DRY,' SAID KIT." [SEE PAGE 518.]

the boys hungry. All agreed to go back to the lunch. So back they hurried, the nuts rolling about over the bottoms of the baskets. Julius had the most nuts; he had eleven. Mat had the smallest number; she had one.

"I hope you girls brought along lots of goodies," said Dick. "Seems to me I never was so hungry in my life."

"I believe boys are always hungry," said Sarah Ketchum.

Val Duke was leading the party. He got along faster than the others, because he was n't turning around every minute to say something. He made an electrifying announcement:

"A cow 's in the basket!"

and hung it on the cow's horn. She shook it off, walked away a few yards, then turned and stared at the party.

"Lunch is gone, every smitch of it!" said Kit.

"Hope it 'll kill her dead!" said Sarah Ketchum.

"We 'd better have left it in the wagon. Bob could n't have eaten it all," said Clara.

"I wish Jule had taken it along," said Dick.

"I wish Dick had taken it along," said Julius.

"But what 're we going to do?" said Constance.

"We might buy something if anybody lived about here."

"There is n't any money."

"Dick might give his note, with the rest of us as indorsers," said Julius.

"We might play tramps and beg something."

"But nobody lives around here."

"Hurrah!" said Dick, who had been prowling about among the slain. "Here 's a biscuit, and here 's a half loaf of bread."

"But they 're all mussed and dirty," said Sarah.

"You might pare them," Mat suggested.

"Yes, peel them like potatoes," said Julius.

"But what are these among so many? The days of miracles are past."

"What shall we do?" said one and another.

"Milk the cow," said Mat.

Boys and girls clapped their hands with enthusiasm, and cried "Splendid!" "Capital!" etc.

"I 'll milk her," said Dick. "Hand me that cup. I 'm obliged to the cow for not eating it."

The cow happened to be a gentle animal, so she did not run away at Dick's approach, yet she seemed determined that he should not get into milking position. She kept her broad, white-starred face toward him, and her large, liquid eyes on his, turning, turning, turning, as he tried over and over to approach her flanks, while the others stood watching in mute expectancy.

"Give her some feed," said Mat.

"Feed! I should n't think she could bear the sight of anything more after all that lunch," said Dick. "Beside, there is n't any feed about here."

Somebody suggested that Bob Trotter had brought some hay and corn for his horses. Dick proposed that Julius should go for some. Julius proposed that Dick should go. Valentine offered to bring it, and brought it—some corn in a basket.

"Suke! Suke, Bossy! Suke, Bossy! Suke!" Dick yelled, as though the cow had been two hundred feet off instead of ten. He held out the basket. She came forward, sniffed at the corn, threw up her lip and took a bite. Dick set the basket under her nose and hastened to put himself in milking position. But that was the end of it. He could not milk a drop.

"I can't get the hang of the thing," he said.

"Let me try," said Kit.

Dick gave way, and Kit pulled and squeezed and tugged and twisted, while the others shouted with laughter.

"I believe she 's gone dry," said Kit, very red in the face. At this the laughers laughed anew.

"Some of you who are so good at laughing had better try."

Kit set the cup on a stump and retired.

Sarah Ketchum tried to persuade everybody else to try, but the other boys were afraid of failure and the girls were afraid of the cow. Sarah said if somebody would hold the animal's head so that it could n't hook, she 'd milk—she knew she could. But nobody offered to take the cow by the horns; so everything came to a stand-still except Sarah's talking and the cow's eating. Then Bob Trotter came in sight, all his pockets standing out with nuts. They called him. Sarah Ketchum explained the situation and asked him if he could milk.

"I do the milkin' at 'ome," Bob replied.

"Wont you please milk this cow for us? We don't know how, and we want the milk for dinner."

There came a comical look into Bob's face, but he said nothing. The eight knew what his thoughts must be.

"We ought n't to have said that you could n't have any of our lunch," said Sarah Ketchum.

"We did n't really mean it," said Clara. "When lunch-time came we would have given you lots of good things."

"That 's so," said Dick. "Sarah told us an hour ago that she meant to give you her snow-ball cake because she felt compuncted."

By this time Bob had approached the cow. He spoke some kind words close to her broad ear, and gently stroked her back and flanks. Then he set to work in the proper way, forcing the milk in streams into the cup, the boys watching with admiration Bob's ease and expertness, Dick wondering why he could n't do what seemed so easy. In a few seconds the cup was filled.

"Now, what 're you going to do?" said Bob. "This wont be a taste around."

"You might milk into our hats," said Julius.

"I 've got a thimble in my pocket," said Sarah Ketchum.

"Do stop your nonsense," said Constance; "it 's a very serious question—a life and death matter. We 're a company of Crusoes."

But the boys could n't stop their nonsense immediately. Dick remarked that if the cow had not licked out the jelly-bowl and then kicked it to pieces it might have been utilized. Then some one remembered a tin water-pail at the wagon. This was brought, and Bob soon had it two-thirds filled with milk. Then the question arose as to how they were all to be served with just that quart-cup and two spoons. They were to take turns, two eating at a time.

"I don't want to eat with Jule," Dick said. "He eats too fast."

The young people paired off, leaving out Bob. Then they all looked at him in a shame-faced, apologetic way.

"You need n't mind me," said Bob, interpreting their glances. "I don't want to heat with none of you. I 've got some wittals down to the wagon."

"Why, what have you got?" said Sarah Ketchum. She felt cheap, and so did the others.

"Some boiled heggs and some happles and some raw turnups," said Bob.

Eight mouths watered at this catalogue. Sarah Ketchum whispered:

"For a generous slice of turnip,
I 'd lay me down and die."

"I don't keer for nothing but a hegg and a happle, myself," said Bob. "May be you folks would heat the hother things. There 's a good lot of happles."

The eight protested that they could do with the milk and bread, but urged the milk on Bob.

"No, I thank you," he said.

"He 's mad at us yet," Mat whispered.

"Look here," said Sarah Ketchum to Bob, "if you don't eat some of this milk, none of us will. We 'll give it to the cow."

"No, we wont do that," Julius said: "we 'll hold you and make you drink it. If you have more apples than you wish, we 'll be glad of some; but we are n't going to take them unless you 'll take your share of the milk."

"And we 'll get mad at you again," said Clara.

"I 'll drink hall the milk necessary to a make-hup," said Bob.

When the lunch was eaten, Mat said she did n't think they ought to have milked the cow. The folks would be so disappointed when they came to milk her at night. May be a lot of poor children were depending on the milking for their supper. Val, too, showed that his conscience was disturbed.

"You need n't worry," said Dick. "They 'll get this milk back from the lunch she stole."

"But they could n't help her stealing."

"And I could n't help milking her," said Dick.

At this there was a burst of laughter. Then Mat wrote on a scrap of paper: "This cow has been milked to save some boys and girls from starvation. The owner can get pay for the milk by calling at Mr. Snead's, Poplar street, Budville."

"Who 'll tie it on her tail?" asked Mat.

"I will," said Val, promptly, glad to ease his conscience.

And this he did with a piece of blue ribbon from Mat Snead's hat.

MRS. PETER PIPER'S PICKLES.

By E. Müller.



"HERE 'S nothing in that bush," said one old crow to another old crow, as they flew slowly along the beach.

"No, nothing worth looking at," answered the other old crow, and then they alighted on a dead tree and complained that the egg season was over.

That was because they were fond of sandpipers' eggs, and there were none in that bush. No eggs were there, to be sure, but there sat Mrs. Peter Sandpiper, talking to two fine young sandpipers, just hatched.

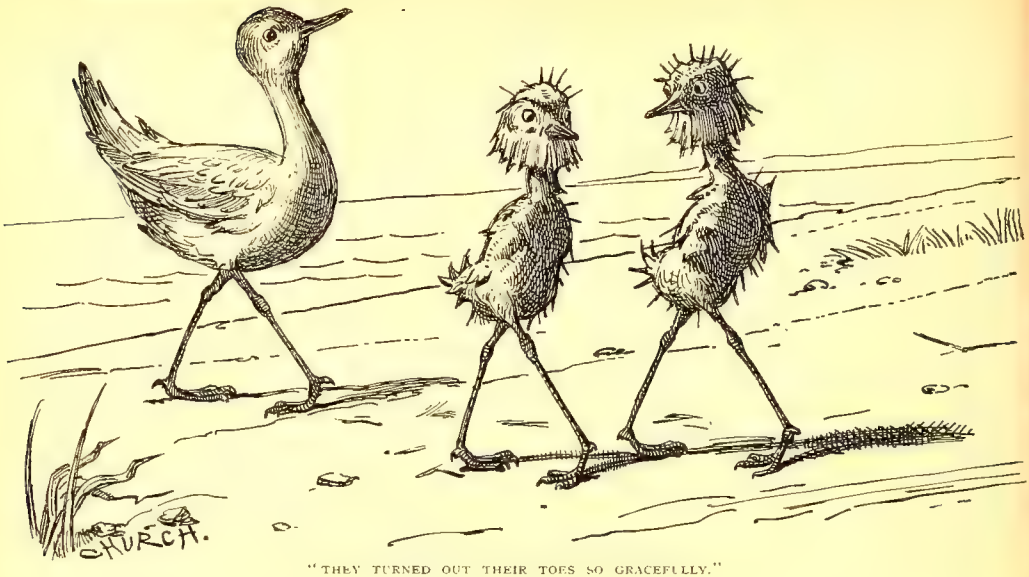
"Nothing worth looking at!" said she, indignantly. "Well, anything but a crow would have more sense! Nothing in this bush, indeed! Pe-tweet, pe-tweet!"

And truly she might well be angry at any one snubbing those young ones of hers. Their eyes were so bright, their legs were so slim, and their beaks so sharp that it was delightful to see them. And they turned out their toes so gracefully that, the first time they went to the sea to bathe, every-



"TANGLED IN THE LONG GRASS."

one said Mrs. Peter Sandpiper had reason to be proud of her children. But just as soon as they



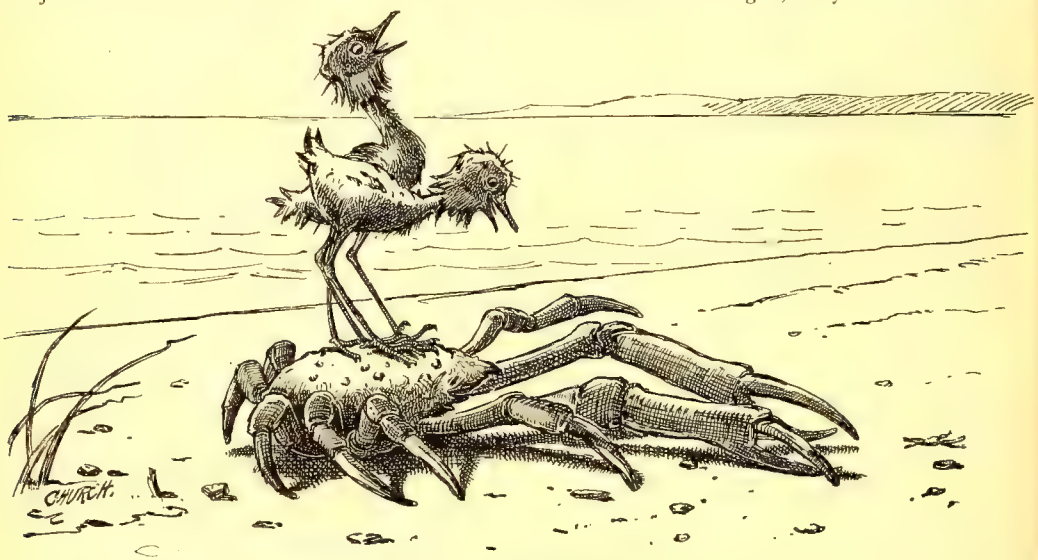
"THEY TURNED OUT THEIR TOES SO GRACEFULLY."

could run they got into all sorts of troubles, and vexed Mrs. Sandpiper out of her wits.

"Such a pair of young pickles I never hatched before!" said she to Mrs. Kingfisher, who came to gossip one day.

"Well, well, my dear," said Mrs. Kingfisher, "boys will be boys; by the time they are grown up they will be all right. Now, my dear Pinlegs was just such ——"

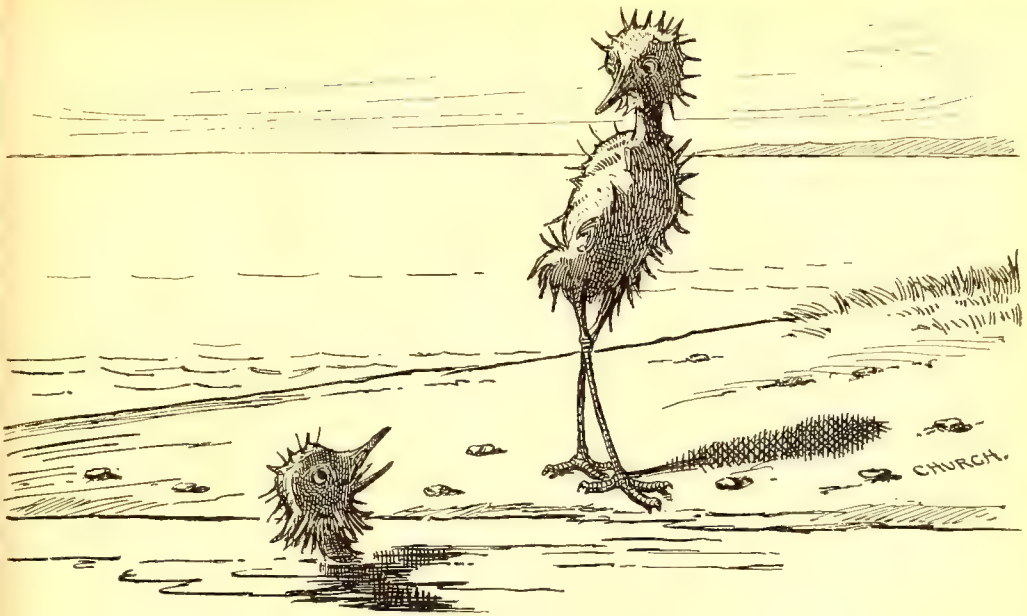
big for him. They were great trials. They were always eating the wrong kind of bugs, and having indigestion and headaches. They were forever getting their legs tangled up in long wet grass, and screaming for Mrs. Peter Sandpiper to come help them out, and at night they chirped in their sleep and disturbed Mrs. Sandpiper dreadfully by kicking each other. At last she said she could stand it no longer; they must take care of



"OH, MY! HE 'S GOING BACKWARDS!"

But Mrs. Sandpiper had to fly off, to see what Pipsy Sandpiper was doing, and keep Nipsy Sandpiper from swallowing a June beetle twice too

themselves. So she cried "Pe-tweet, good-by," and then she flew away, leaving Pipsy and Nipsy alone by the sea to take care of themselves.



"THIS IS TWICE AS DEEP AS YOU WERE IN."

It was quite a trouble at first, for Mamma Sandpiper had always helped them to bugs and worms, one apiece, turn about, so all was fair. But now Pipsy always wanted the best of everything, and Nipsy, being good tempered, had to eat what his brother left. One day bugs were very scarce, and both little Sandpipers were so hungry that they could have eaten a whole starfish—if he had come out of his shelter. Suddenly Nipsy, who was a trifle near sighted, said he saw a large beetle coming along the beach. They ran quickly to meet it. But what in the world was it! It had legs; oh, such legs! They were larger than Pipsy's and Nipsy's put together. Its back was like a huge shell, and its eyes were dreadful. The little sandpipers looked at each other in terror.



"THERE, IN THE TWILIGHT, HE SAW A LONELY FIGURE STANDING ON ONE LEG."

But a mild little voice from the creature relieved them.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Let me introduce myself. C. Crab, Esq., of Oyster Bay."

"Oh, ah! Indeed!" said Pipsy. "Glad to know you, I'm sure."

"I think I must have lost my way," said C. Crab, Esq. "Could you oblige me by telling me if you see any boys near?"

"Any boys?" said Pipsy and Nipsy, looking at each other. "Never saw one in my life. What do they look like? Have they many legs? Are they fat? Are they good to eat?" asked both the hungry little sandpipers.

"They are creatures," said the crab, with a groan,—"creatures a thousand times larger than we are. They have strings. They tie up legs and pull. They throw stones. If you ever see a boy, run for your life."

"Good gracious me!" cried both the little sandpipers. "How very dreadful!"

But there were no boys in sight; so C. Crab grew sociable, and offered to show them a place where bugs were plenty. "Just get on my back," said he, "and I'll have you there in no time."

So they got on his back. It was very wet and slippery, but they held on with their toes, while C. Crab gave himself a heave and started.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Nipsy. "He's going backward!"

"He actually is!" cried Pipsy. "At this rate we'll get there day before yesterday, wont we?"

"Surely," said Nipsy. "How very horrid of him when we are so hungry! What a slow coach!"

"Let's jump off, quick, or he'll take us clear into last week!" cried the silly sandpipers, and then they skipped off and ran down the beach in the opposite direction. C. Crab called to them, but it was no use, so he went on his way. But as for the sandpipers, they went on getting into trouble. The day was hot, and after they had run some distance, they stepped into the water to cool off. Nipsy stepped in first, but the water was up to his breast and it frightened him, so he stepped out again.

"Pooh!" said Pipsy. "You're afraid, YOU are! Look at me!"

Then he jumped in, and only his head stuck out.

"This is twice as deep as you were in!" he cried, turning up his bill, and rolling his eyes.

"You're sitting down, *you* are!" cried Nipsy, in scorn.

"I'm not," said Pipsy.

"You are. I can see your toes all doubled up, even if the water *is* muddy," said Nipsy, and rushed at him to punish him for bragging.

They both rolled under the water, and then out on the shore, dripping wet and very angry with each other.

Pipsy went home to the old bush and was very miserable. He wanted something to eat, and did not know where to find anything. Nipsy went high up the beach, and found a lot of young hedge-crickets. But he did not half enjoy them. They were fat and smooth, and he was hungry, but crickets had no flavor without Pipsy to help eat them. But he was angry at him yet.

"He must come to me," he said, sternly, to the cricket he was eating.

The cricket said nothing, being half-way down his throat, and pretty soon Nipsy could stand his feelings no longer. Catching up the largest, smoothest, softest cricket, he ran down to the shore as fast as his legs could carry him. There, in the twilight, he saw a lonely figure standing on one leg.

"Pipsy!" he cried.

"Nipsy!" cried Pipsy.

And they flew to each other.

"Here's a glorious fat cricket for you."

"Forgive me, Nipsy," said his brother.

And then they were happy.



UNDER THE LILACS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XIV.

SOMEBODY GETS LOST.

Putting all care behind them, the young folks ran down the hill, with a very lively dog gambolling beside them, and took a delightfully tantalizing survey of the external charms of the big tent. But people were beginning to go in, and it was impossible to delay when they came round to the entrance.

Ben felt that now "his foot was on his native heath," and the superb air of indifference with which he threw down his dollar at the ticket-office, carelessly swept up the change, and strolled into the tent with his hands in his pockets, was so impressive that even big Sam repressed his excitement and meekly followed their leader, as he led them from cage to cage, doing the honors as if he owned the whole concern. Bab held tight to the tail of his jacket, staring about her with round eyes, and listening with little gasps of astonishment or delight to the roaring of lions, the snarling of tigers, the chatter of the monkeys, the groaning of camels, and the music of the very brass band shut up in a red bin.

Five elephants were tossing their hay about in the middle of the menagerie, and Billy's legs shook under him as he looked up at the big beasts whose long noses and small, sagacious eyes filled him with awe. Sam was so tickled by the droll monkeys that they left him before the cage and went on to see the zebra, "striped just like Ma's muslin gown," Bab declared. But the next minute she forgot all about him in her raptures over the ponies and their tiny colts, especially one mite of a thing who lay asleep on the hay, such a miniature copy of its little mouse-colored mamma that one could hardly believe it was alive.

"Oh, Ben, I *must* feel of it!—the cunning baby horse!" and down went Bab inside the rope to pat and admire the pretty creature, while its mother smelt suspiciously at the brown hat, and baby lazily opened one eye to see what was going on.

"Come out of that, it is n't allowed!" commanded Ben, longing to do the same thing, but mindful of the proprieties and his own dignity.

Bab reluctantly tore herself away to find consolation in watching the young lions, who looked so like big puppies, and the tigers washing their faces just as puss did.

"If I stroked 'em, would n't they purr?" she asked, bent on enjoying herself, while Ben held her skirts lest she should try the experiment.

"You 'd better not go to patting them, or you 'll get your hands clawed up. Tigers do purr like fun when they are happy, but these fellers never are, and you 'll only see 'em spit and snarl," said Ben, leading the way to the humpy camels, who were peacefully chewing their cud and longing for the desert, with a dreamy, far-away look in their mournful eyes.

Here, leaning on the rope, and scientifically chewing a straw while he talked, Ben played showman to his heart's content till the neigh of a horse from the circus tent beyond reminded him of the joys to come.

"We 'd better hurry along and get good seats before folks begin to crowd. I want to sit near the curtain and see if any of Smithers's lot are 'round."

"I aint going way off there; you can't see half so well, and that big drum makes such a noise you can't hear yourself think," said Sam, who had rejoined them.

So they settled in good places where they could see and hear all that went on in the ring and still catch glimpses of white horses, bright colors, and the glitter of helmets beyond the dingy red curtains. Ben treated Bab to peanuts and pop-corn like an indulgent parent, and she murmured protestations of undying gratitude with her mouth full, as she sat blissfully between him and the congenial Billy.

Sancho, meantime, had been much excited by the familiar sights and sounds, and now was greatly exercised in his doggish mind at the unusual proceeding of his master; for he was sure that they ought to be within there, putting on their costumes, ready to take their turn. He looked anxiously at Ben, sniffed disdainfully at the strap as if to remind him that a scarlet ribbon ought to take its place, and poked peanut shells about with his paw as if searching for the letters with which to spell his famous name.

"I know, old boy, I know; but it can't be done. We 've quit the business and must just look on. No larks for us this time, Sanch, so keep quiet and behave," whispered Ben, tucking the dog away under the seat with a sympathetic cuddle of the curly head that peeped out from between his feet.

"He wants to go and cut up, don't he?" said Billy, "and so do you, I guess. Wish you were going to. Would n't it be fun to see Ben showing off in there?"

"I 'd be afraid to have him go up on a pile of elephants and jump through hoops like these folks," answered Bab, poring over her pictured play-bill with unabated relish.

"Done it a hundred times, and I 'd just like to show you what I can do. They don't seem to have any boys in this lot; should n't wonder if they 'd take me if I asked 'em," said Ben, moving uneasily on his seat and casting wistful glances toward the inner tent where he knew he would feel more at home than in his present place.

"I heard some men say that it 's against the law to have small boys now; it 's so dangerous and not good for them, this kind of thing. If that 's so, you 're done for, Ben," observed Sam, with his most grown-up air, remembering Ben's remarks on "fat boys."

"Don't believe a word of it, and Sanch and I could go this minute and get taken on, I 'll bet. We are a valuable couple, and I could prove it if I chose to," began Ben, getting excited and boastful.

"Oh, see, they 're coming!—gold carriages and lovely horses, and flags and elephants, and everything!" cried Bab, giving a clutch at Ben's arm as the opening procession appeared headed by the band, tooting and banging till their faces were as red as their uniforms.

Round and round they went till every one had seen their fill, then the riders alone were left caracoling about the ring with feathers flying, horses prancing, and performers looking as tired and indifferent as if they would all like to go to sleep then and there.

"How splendid!" sighed Bab, as they went dashing out, to tumble off almost before the horses stopped.

"That 's nothing! You wait till you see the bare-back riding and the 'acrobatic exercises,'" said Ben, quoting from the play-bill, with the air of one who knew all about the feats to come, and could never be surprised any more.

"What are 'crowbackic exercises?'" asked Billy, thirsting for information.

"Leaping and climbing and tumbling; you 'll see —— George! what a stunning horse!" and Ben forgot everything else to feast his eyes on the handsome creature who now came pacing in to dance, upset and replace chairs, kneel, bow, and perform many wonderful or graceful feats, ending with a swift gallop while the rider sat in a chair on its back fanning himself, with his legs crossed, as comfortably as you please.



AT THE CIRCUS.

"That, now, is something like," and Ben's eyes shone with admiration and envy as the pair vanished, and the pink and silver acrobats came leaping into the ring.

The boys were especially interested in this part, and well they might be; for strength and agility are manly attributes which lads appreciate, and these lively fellows flew about like India rubber balls, each trying to outdo the other, till the leader of the acrobats capped the climax by turning a double somersault over five elephants standing side by side.

"There, sir, how 's that for a jump?" asked Ben, rubbing his hands with satisfaction as his friends clapped till their palms tingled.

"We 'll rig up a spring-board and try it," said Billy, fired with emulation.

"Where 'll you get your elephants?" asked Sam, scornfully, for gymnastics were not in his line.

"You 'll do for one," retorted Ben, and Billy and Bab joined in his laugh so heartily that a rough-looking man who sat behind them, hearing all they said, pronounced them a "jolly set," and kept his eye on Sancho, who now showed signs of insubordination.

"Hullo, that was n't on the bill!" cried Ben, as a parti-colored clown came in, followed by half a dozen dogs.

"I 'm so glad; now Sancho will like it. There 's a poodle that might be his ownty donty brother—the one with the blue ribbon," said Bab, beaming with delight as the dogs took their seats in the chairs arranged for them.

Sancho did like it only too well, for he scrambled out from under the seat in a great hurry to go and greet his friends, and, being sharply checked, set up and begged so piteously that Ben found it very hard to refuse and order him down. He subsided for a moment, but when the black spaniel, who acted the canine clown, did something funny and was applauded, Sancho made a dart as if bent on leaping into the ring to outdo his rival, and Ben was forced to box his ears and put his feet on the poor beast, fearing he would be ordered out if he made any disturbance.

Too well trained to rebel again, Sancho lay meditating on his wrongs till the dog act was over, carefully abstaining from any further sign of interest in their tricks, and only giving a sidelong glance at the two little poodles who came out of a basket to run up and down stairs on their fore paws, dance jigs on their hind legs, and play various pretty pranks to the great delight of all the children in the audience. If ever a dog expressed by look and attitude, "Pooh! I could do much better than that, and astonish you all, if I was only allowed to," that dog was Sancho, as he curled himself up and affected to turn his back on an unappreciative world.

"It 's too bad, when he knows more than all those chaps put together. I 'd give anything if I could show him off as I used to. Folks always liked it, and I was ever so proud of him. He 's mad now because I had to cuff him, and wont take any notice of me till I make up," said Ben, regretfully eyeing his offended friend, but not daring to beg pardon yet.

More riding followed, and Bab was kept in a breathless state by the marvelous agility and skill of the gauzy lady who drove four horses at once, leaped through hoops, over banners and bars, sprang off and on at full speed, and seemed to enjoy it all so much it was impossible to believe that there could be any danger or exertion in it. Then two girls flew about on the trapeze, and walked on a tight rope, causing Bab to feel that she had at last found her sphere, for, young as she was, her mother often said:

"I really don't know what this child is fit for, except mischief, like a monkey."

"I 'll fix the clothes-line when I get home, and show Ma how nice it is. Then, may be, she 'll let me wear red and gold trousers, and climb round like these girls," thought the busy little brain, much excited by all it saw on that memorable day.

Nothing short of a pyramid of elephants with a glittering gentleman in a turban and top boots on the summit would have made her forget this new and charming plan. But that astonishing spectacle and the prospect of a cage of Bengal tigers with a man among them, in imminent danger of being eaten before her eyes, entirely absorbed her thoughts till, just as the big animals went lumbering out, a peal of thunder caused considerable commotion in the audience. Men on the highest seats popped their heads through the openings in the tent-cover and reported that a heavy shower was coming up. Anxious mothers began to collect their flocks of children as hens do their chickens at sunset; timid people told cheerful stories of tents blown over in gales, cages upset and wild beasts let loose. Many left in haste, and the performers hurried to finish as soon as possible.

"I 'm going now before the crowd comes, so I can get a lift home. I see two or three folks I know, so I 'm off;" and, climbing hastily down, Sam vanished without further ceremony.

"Better wait till the shower is over. We can go and see the animals again, and get home all dry, just as well as not," observed Ben, encouragingly, as Billy looked anxiously at the billowing canvas over his head, the swaying posts before him, and heard the quick patter of drops outside, not to mention the melancholy roar of the lion which sounded rather awful through the sudden gloom which filled the strange place.

"I would n't miss the tigers for anything. See, they are pulling in the cart now, and the shiny man is all ready with his gun. Will he shoot any of them, Ben?" asked Bab, nestling nearer with a little shiver of apprehension, for the sharp crack of a rifle startled her more than the loudest thunder-clap she ever heard.

"Bless you, no, child; it 's only powder to make a noise and scare 'em. I would n't like to be in his place, though; father says you can never trust tigers as you can lions, no matter how tame they are. Sly fellers, like cats, and when they scratch it 's no joke, I tell you," answered Ben, with a knowing wag of the head, as the sides of the cage rattled down, and the poor, fierce creatures were

seen leaping and snarling as if they resented this display of their captivity.

Bab curled up her feet and winked fast with excitement as she watched the "shiny man" fondle the great cats, lie down among them, pull open their red mouths, and make them leap over him or crouch at his feet as he snapped the long whip. When he fired the gun and they all fell as if dead, she with difficulty suppressed a small scream and clapped her hands over her ears; but poor Billy never minded it a bit, for he was pale and quaking with the fear of "heaven's artillery" thundering over head, and as a bright flash of lightning seemed to run down the tall tent-poles he hid his eyes and wished with all his heart that he was safe with mother.

"'Fraid of thunder, Bill?" asked Ben, trying to speak stoutly, while a sense of his own responsibilities began to worry him, for how was Bab to be got home in such a pouring rain.

"It makes me sick; always did. Wish I had n't come," sighed Billy, feeling, all too late, that lemonade and "lozengers" were not the fittest food for man, or a stifling tent the best place to be in on a hot July day, especially in a thunder-storm.

"I did n't ask you to come; *you* asked *me*; so it is n't my fault," said Ben, rather gruffly, as people crowded by without pausing to hear the comic song the clown was singing in spite of the confusion.

"Oh, I'm *so* tired," groaned Bab, getting up with a long stretch of arms and legs.

"You 'll be tireder before you get home, I guess. Nobody asked *you* to come, anyway;" and Ben gazed dolefully round him, wishing he could see a familiar face or find a wiser head than his own to help him out of the scrape he was in.

"I said I would n't be a bother, and I wont. I 'll walk right home this minute. I aint afraid of thunder, and the rain wont hurt these old clothes. Come along," cried Bab, bravely, bent on keeping her word, though it looked much harder after the fun was all over than before.

"My head aches like fury. Don't I wish old Jack was here to take me back," said Billy, following his companions in misfortune with sudden energy, as a louder peal than before rolled overhead.

"You might as well wish for Lita and the covered wagon while you are about it, then we could all ride," answered Ben, leading the way to the outer tent, where many people were lingering in hopes of fair weather.

"Why, Billy Barton, how in the world did you get here?" cried a surprised voice, as the crook of a cane caught the boy by the collar and jerked him face to face with a young farmer, who was pushing along followed by his wife and two or three children.

"Oh, Uncle Eben, I 'm so glad you found me! I walked over, and it 's raining, and I don't feel well. Let me go with you, can't I?" asked Billy, casting himself and all his woes upon the strong arm that had laid hold of him.

"Don't see what your mother was about to let you come so far alone, and you just over scarlet fever. We are as full as ever we can be, but we 'll tuck you in somehow," said the pleasant-faced woman, bundling up her baby, and bidding the two little lads "keep close to father."

"I did n't come alone. Sam got a ride, and can't you tuck Ben and Bab in too? They aint very big, either of them," whispered Billy, anxious to serve his friends now that he was provided for himself.

"Can't do it, anyway. Got to pick up mother at the corner, and that will be all I can carry. It 's lifting a little; hurry along, Lizzie, and let us get out of this as quick as possible," said Uncle Eben, impatiently; for going to a circus with a young family is not an easy task, as every one knows who has ever tried it.

"Ben, I 'm real sorry there is n't room for you. I 'll tell Bab's mother where she is, and may be some one will come for you," said Billy, hurriedly, as he tore himself away, feeling rather mean to desert the others, though he could be of no use.

"Cut away and don't mind us. I 'm all right, and Bab must do the best she can," was all Ben had time to answer before his comrade was hustled away by the crowd pressing round the entrance with much clashing of umbrellas and scrambling of boys and men, who rather enjoyed the flurry.

"No use for us to get knocked about in that scrimmage. We 'll wait a minute and then go out easy. It 's a regular rouser, and you 'll be as wet as a sop before we get home. Hope you 'll like that?" added Ben, looking out at the heavy rain pouring down as if it never meant to stop.

"Don't care a bit," said Bab, swinging on one of the ropes with a happy-go-lucky air, for her spirits were not extinguished yet, and she was bound to enjoy this exciting holiday to the very end. "I like circuses so much! I wish I lived here all the time, and slept in a wagon, as you did, and had these dear little colties to play with."

"It would n't be fun if you did n't have any folks to take care of you," began Ben, thoughtfully looking about the familiar place where the men were now feeding the animals, setting their refreshment tables, or lounging on the hay to get such rest as they could before the evening entertainment. Suddenly he started, gave a long look, then turned to Bab, and thrusting Sancho's strap into her

hand, said, hastily: "I see a fellow I used to know. May be he can tell me something about father. Don't you stir till I come back."

Then he was off like a shot, and Bab saw him run after a man with a bucket who had been watering the zebra. Sancho tried to follow, but was checked with an impatient:

"No, you can't go! What a plague you are, tagging around when people don't want you."

Sancho might have answered, "So are you," but, being a gentlemanly dog, he sat down with a resigned expression to watch the little colts, who were now awake and seemed ready for a game of bo-peep behind their mammas. Bab enjoyed their funny little frisks so much that she tied the wearisome strap to a post and crept under the rope to pet the tiny mouse-colored one who came and talked to her with baby whinneys and confiding glances of its soft, dark eyes.

Oh, luckless Bab! why did you turn your back? Oh, too accomplished Sancho! why did you neatly untie that knot and trot away to confer with the disreputable bull-dog who stood in the entrance beckoning with friendly wavings of an abbreviated tail? Oh, much afflicted Ben! why did you delay till it was too late to save your pet from the rough man who set his foot upon the trailing strap and led poor Sanch quickly out of sight among the crowd.

"It *was* Bascum, but he did n't know anything. Why, where 's Sanch?" said Ben, returning.

A breathless voice made Bab turn to see Ben looking about him with as much alarm in his hot face as if the dog had been a two years' child.

"I tied him—he 's here somewhere—with the ponies," stammered Bab, in sudden dismay, for no sign of a dog appeared as her eyes roved wildly to and fro.

Ben whistled, called and searched in vain, till one of the lounging men said, lazily:

"If you are looking after the big poodle you 'd better go outside; I saw him trotting off with another dog."

Away rushed Ben, with Bab following, regardless of the rain, for both felt that a great misfortune had befallen them. But, long before this, Sancho had vanished, and no one minded his indignant howls as he was driven off in a covered cart.

"If he is lost I 'll never forgive you; never, never, never!" and Ben found it impossible to resist giving Bab several hard shakes which made her yellow braids fly up and down like pump handles.

"I 'm dreadful sorry. He 'll come back—you said he always did," pleaded Bab, quite crushed by her own afflictions, and rather scared to see Ben look so fierce, for he seldom lost his temper or was rough with the little girls.

"If he does n't come back, don't you speak to me for a year. Now, I 'm going home." And, feeling that words were powerless to express his emotions, Ben walked away, looking as grim as a small boy could.

A more unhappy little lass is seldom to be found than Bab was, as she pattered after him, splashing recklessly through the puddles, and getting as wet and muddy as possible, as a sort of penance for her sins. For a mile or two she trudged stoutly along, while Ben marched before in solemn silence, which soon became both impressive and oppressive because so unusual, and such a proof of his deep displeasure. Penitent Bab longed for just one word, one sign of relenting; and when none came, she began to wonder how she could possibly bear it if he kept his dreadful threat and did not speak to her for a whole year.

But presently her own discomfort absorbed her, for her feet were wet and cold as well as very tired; pop-corn and peanuts were not particularly nourishing food, and hunger made her feel faint; excitement was a new thing, and now that it was over she longed to lie down and go to sleep; then the long walk with a circus at the end seemed a very different affair from the homeward trip with a distracted mother awaiting her. The shower had subsided into a dreary drizzle, a chilly east wind blew up, the hilly road seemed to lengthen before the weary feet, and the mute, blue flannel figure going on so fast with never a look or sound, added the last touch to Bab's remorseful anguish.

Wagons passed, but all were full, and no one offered a ride. Men and boys went by with rough jokes on the forlorn pair, for rain soon made them look like young tramps. But there was no brave Sancho to resent the impertinence, and this fact was sadly brought to both their minds by the appearance of a great Newfoundland dog who came trotting after a carriage. The good creature stopped to say a friendly word in his dumb fashion, looking up at Bab with benevolent eyes, and poking his nose into Ben's hand before he bounded away with his plumy tail curled over his back.

Ben started as the cold nose touched his fingers, gave the soft head a lingering pat, and watched the dog out of sight through a thicker mist than any the rain made. But Bab broke down; for the wistful look of the creature's eyes reminded her of lost Sancho, and she sobbed quietly as she glanced back longing to see the dear old fellow jogging along in the rear.

Ben heard the piteous sound and took a sly peep over his shoulder, seeing such a mournful spectacle that he felt appeased, saying to himself as if to excuse his late sternness:

"She *is* a naughty girl, but I guess she is about

sorry enough now. When we get to that sign-post I 'll speak to her, only I wont forgive her till Sanch comes back."

But he was better than his word; for, just before the post was reached, Bab, blinded by tears, tripped over the root of a tree, and, rolling down the bank, landed in a bed of wet nettles. Ben had her out in a jiffy, and vainly tried to comfort her; but she was past any consolation he could offer, and roared dismally as she wrung her tingling hands, with great drops running over her cheeks almost as fast as the muddy little rills ran down the road.

"Oh dear, oh dear! I 'm all stinged up, and I want my supper; and my feet ache, and I 'm cold, and everything is *so* horrid!" wailed the poor child lying on the grass, such a miserable little wet bunch that the sternest parent would have melted at the sight.

"Don't cry so, Babby; I was real cross, and I 'm sorry. I 'll forgive you right away now, and never shake you any more," cried Ben, so full of pity for her tribulations that he forgot his own, like a generous little man.

"Shake me again, if you want to; I know I was very bad to tag and lose Sanch. I never will any more, and I 'm so sorry, I don't know what to do," answered Bab, completely bowed down by this magnanimity.

"Never mind; you just wipe up your face and come along, and we 'll tell Ma all about it, and she 'll fix us as nice as can be. I should n't wonder if Sanch got home now before we did," said Ben, cheering himself as well as her by the fond hope.

"I don't believe *I* ever shall. I 'm so tired my legs wont go, and the water in my boots makes them feel dreadfully. I wish that boy would wheel me a piece. Don't you s'pose he would?" asked Bab, wearily picking herself up as a tall lad trundling a barrow came out of a yard near by.

"Hullo, Joslyn!" said Ben, recognizing the boy as one of the "hill fellows" who come to town Saturday nights for play or business.

"Hullo, Brown," responded the other, arresting his squeaking progress with signs of surprise at the moist tableau before him.

"Where goin'?" asked Ben with masculine brevity.

"Got to carry this home, hang the old thing!"

"Where to?"

"Batchelor's, down yonder," and the boy pointed to a farm-house at the foot of the next hill.

"Goin' that way, take it right along."

"What for?" questioned the prudent youth, distrusting such unusual neighborliness.

"She's tired, wants a ride; I 'll leave it all right, true as I live and breathe," explained Ben, half ashamed yet anxious to get his little responsibility home as soon as possible, for mishaps seemed to thicken.

"Ho, *you* could n't cart her all that way! she 's most as heavy as a bag of meal," jeered the taller lad, amused at the proposition.

"I 'm stronger than most fellers of my size. Try, if I aint," and Ben squared off in such scientific style that Joslyn responded with sudden amiability:

"All right, let 's see you do it."

Bab huddled into her new equipage without the least fear, and Ben trundled her off at a good pace, while the boy retired to the shelter of the barn to watch their progress, glad to be rid of an irksome errand.

At first, all went well, for the way was down hill, and the wheel squeaked briskly round and round; Bab smiled gratefully upon her bearer, and Ben "went in on his muscle with a will," as he expressed it. But presently the road grew sandy, began to ascend, and the load seemed to grow heavier with every step.

"I 'll get out now. It 's real nice, but I guess I *am* too heavy," said Bab, as the face before her got redder and redder, and the breath began to come in puffs.

"Sit still. He said I could n't. I 'm not going to give in with him looking on," panted Ben, and pushed gallantly up the rise, over the grassy lawn to the side gate of the Batchelors' door-yard, with his head down, teeth set, and every muscle of his slender body braced to the task.

"Did ever ye see the like of that now? Ah, ha!

> 'The streets were so wide, and the lanes were so narry,
> He brought his wife home on a little wheelbarry,'"

sung a voice with an accent which made Ben drop his load and push back his hat, to see Pat's red head looking over the fence.

To have his enemy behold him then and there was the last bitter drop in poor Ben's cup of humiliation. A shrill approving whistle from the hill was some comfort, however, and gave him spirit to help Bab out with composure, though his hands were blistered and he had hardly breath enough to issue the command:

"Go along home, and don't mind him."

"Nice childer, ye are, runnin' off this way, settin' the women disthracted, and me wastin' me time comin' after ye when I 'd be milkin' airly so I 'd get a bit of pleasure the day," grumbled Pat, coming up to untie the Duke, whose Roman nose Ben had already recognized, as well as the roomy chaise standing before the door.

"Did Billy tell you about us?" asked Bab, gladly following toward this welcome refuge.

"Faith he did, and the Squire sint me to fetch

ye home quiet and aisy. When ye found me, I'd jist stopped here to borry a light for me pipe. Up wid ye, b'y, and not be wastin' me time stramashin' afther a spalpeen that I'd like to lay me whip over," said Pat, gruffly, as Ben came along, having left the barrow in the shed.

"Don't you wish you could? You need n't wait for me; I'll come when I 'm ready," answered Ben, dodging round the chaise, bound not to mind Pat, if he spent the night by the road-side in consequence.

"Bedad, and I wont then. It 's lively ye are; but four legs is better than two, as ye 'll find this night, me young mon!"

With that he whipped up and was off before Bab could say a word to persuade Ben to humble himself for the sake of a ride. She lamented and Pat chuckled, both forgetting what an agile monkey the boy was, and as neither looked back, they were unaware that Master Ben was hanging on behind among the straps and springs, making derisive grimaces at his unconscious foe through the little glass in the leathern back.

At the lodge gate Ben jumped down to run before with whoops of naughty satisfaction, which brought the anxious waiters to the door in a flock; so Pat could only shake his fist at the exulting little rascal as he drove away, leaving the wanderers to be welcomed as warmly as if they were a pair of model children.

Mrs. Moss had not been very much troubled after all; for Cy had told her that Bab went after Ben, and Billy had lately reported her safe arrival among them, so, mother-like, she fed, dried, and warmed the runaways, before she scolded them.

Even then, the lecture was a mild one, for when they tried to tell the adventures which to them seemed so exciting, not to say tragical, the effect astonished them immensely, as their audience went into gales of laughter, especially at the wheelbarrow episode, which Bab insisted on telling, with grateful minuteness, to Ben's confusion. Thorny shouted, and even tender-hearted Betty forgot her tears over the lost dog to join in the familiar melody when Bab mimicked Pat's quotation from Mother Goose.

"We must not laugh any more, or these naughty children will think they have done something very clever in running away," said Miss Celia, when the fun subsided, adding soberly, "I *am* displeased, but I will say nothing, for I think Ben is already punished enough."

"Guess I am," muttered Ben, with a choke in his voice as he glanced toward the empty mat where a dear curly bunch used to lie with a bright eye twinkling out of the middle of it.

CHAPTER XV.

BEN'S RIDE.

GREAT was the mourning for Sancho, because his talents and virtues made him universally admired and beloved. Miss Celia advertised, Thorny offered rewards, and even surly Pat kept a sharp look-out for poodle dogs when he went to market; but no Sancho or any trace of him appeared. Ben was inconsolable, and sternly said it served Bab right when the *dog*-wood poison affected both face and hands. Poor Bab thought so, too, and dared ask no sympathy from him, though Thorny



BEN AND LITA AT THE BROOK.

eagerly prescribed plantain leaves, and Betty kept her supplied with an endless succession of them steeped in cream and pitying tears. This treatment was so successful that the patient soon took her place in society as well as ever, but for Ben's affliction there was no cure, and the boy really suffered in his spirits.

"I don't think it 's fair that I should have so much trouble—first losing father and then Sanch. If it was n't for Lita and Miss Celia, I don't believe I could stand it," he said, one day, in a fit of despair, about a week after the sad event.

"Oh, come now, don't give up so, old fellow. We 'll find him if he 's alive, and if he is n't I 'll try and get you another as good," answered Thorny, with a friendly slap on the shoulder, as Ben sat

disconsolately among the beans he had been hoeing.

"As if there ever could be another half as good!" cried Ben, indignant at the idea; "or as if I'd ever try to fill his place with the best and biggest dog that ever wagged a tail! No, sir, there's only one Sanch in all the world, and if I can't have him I'll never have a dog again."

"Try some other sort of a pet, then. You may have any of mine you like. Have the peacocks; do now," urged Thorny, full of boyish sympathy and good-will.

"They are dreadful pretty, but I don't seem to care about 'em, thank you," replied the mourner.

"Have the rabbits, all of them," which was a handsome offer on Thorny's part, for there were a dozen at least.

"They don't love a fellow as a dog does; all they care for is stuff to eat and dirt to burrow in. I'm sick of rabbits." And well he might be, for he had had the charge of them ever since they came, and any boy who has ever kept bunnies knows what a care they are.

"So am I! Guess we'll have an auction and sell out. Would Jack be a comfort to you? If he will, you may have him. I'm so well now, I can walk, or ride anything," added Thorny, in a burst of generosity.

"Jack could n't be with me always, as Sanch was, and I could n't keep him if I had him."

Ben tried to be grateful, but nothing short of Lita would have healed his wounded heart, and she was not Thorny's to give, or he would probably have offered her to his afflicted friend.

"Well, no, you could n't take Jack to bed with you, or keep him up in your room, and I'm afraid he would never learn to do anything clever. I do wish I had something you wanted, I'd so love to give it to you."

He spoke so heartily and was so kind that Ben looked up, feeling that he had given him one of the sweetest things in the world—friendship; he wanted to tell him so, but did not know how to do it, so caught up his hoe and fell to work, saying, in a tone Thorny understood better than words:

"You are real good to me—never mind, I wont worry about it; only it seems extra hard coming so soon after the other ——"

He stopped there, and a bright drop fell on the bean leaves, to shine like dew till Ben saw clearly enough to bury it out of sight in a great hurry.

"By Jove! I'll find that dog, if he is out of the ground. Keep your spirits up, my lad, and we'll have the dear old fellow back yet."

With which cheering prophecy Thorny went off to rack his brains as to what could be done about the matter.

Half an hour afterward, the sound of a hand-organ in the avenue roused him from the brown study into which he had fallen as he lay on the newly mown grass of the lawn. Peeping over the wall, Thorny reconnoitered, and, finding the organ a good one, the man a pleasant-faced Italian, and the monkey a lively animal, he ordered them all in, as a delicate attention to Ben, for music and monkey together might suggest soothing memories of the past, and so be a comfort.

In they came by way of the Lodge, escorted by Bab and Betty, full of glee, for hand-organs were rare in those parts, and the children delighted in them. Smiling till his white teeth shone and his black eyes sparkled, the man played away while the monkey made his pathetic little bows, and picked up the pennies Thorny threw him.

"It is warm, and you look tired. Sit down and I'll get you some dinner," said the young master, pointing to the seat which now stood near the great gate.

With thanks in broken English the man gladly obeyed, and Ben begged to be allowed to make Jacko equally comfortable, explaining that he knew all about monkeys and what they liked. So the poor thing was freed from his cocked hat and uniform, fed with bread and milk, and allowed to curl himself up in the cool grass for a nap, looking so like a tired little old man in a fur coat that the children were never weary of watching him.

Meantime, Miss Celia had come out, and was talking Italian to Giacomo in a way that delighted his homesick heart. She had been to Naples, and could understand his longing for the lovely city of his birth, so they had a little chat in the language which is all music, and the good fellow was so grateful that he played for the children to dance till they were glad to stop, lingering afterward as if he hated to set out again upon his lonely, dusty walk.

"I'd rather like to tramp round with him for a week or so. Could make enough to live on as easy as not, if I only had Sanch to show off," said Ben, as he was coaxing Jacko into the suit which he detested.

"You go wid me, yes?" asked the man, nodding and smiling, well pleased at the prospect of company, for his quick eye and what the boys let fall in their talk showed him that Ben was not one of them.

"If I had my dog I'd love to," and with sad eagerness Ben told the tale of his loss, for the thought of it was never long out of his mind.

"I tink I see droll dog like he, way off in New York. He do leetle trick wid letter, and dance, and go on he head, and many tings to make laugh," said the man, when he had listened to a list of Sanch's beauties and accomplishments.

"Who had him?" asked Thorny, full of interest at once.

"A man I not know. Cross fellow what beat him when he do letters bad.

"Did he spell his name?" cried Ben, breathlessly.

"No, that for why man beat him. He name Generale, and he go spell Sancho all times, and cry when whip fall on him. Ha! yes! that name true one, not Generale?" and the man nodded, waved his hands and showed his teeth, almost as much excited as the boys.

"It 's Sanch! let 's go and get him, now, right off!" cried Ben, in a fever to be gone.

"A hundred miles away, and no clue but this man's story? We must wait a little, Ben, and be sure before we set out," said Miss Celia, ready to do almost anything, but not so certain as the boys. "What sort of a dog was it? A large, curly, white poodle, with a queer tail?" she asked of Giacomo.

"No, Signorina mia, he no curly, no wite, he black, smooth dog, littel tail, small, so," and the man held up one brown finger with a gesture which suggested a short, wagging tail.

"There, you see how mistaken we were. Dogs are often named Sancho, especially Spanish poodles, for the original Sancho was a Spaniard, you know. This dog is not ours, and I 'm so sorry."

The boys faces had fallen dismally as their hope was destroyed; but Ben would not give up, for him there was and could be only one Sancho in the world, and his quick wits suggested an explanation which no one else thought of.

"It may be my dog—they color 'em as we used to paint over trick horses. I told you he was a valuable chap, and those that stole him hide him that way, else he 'd be no use, don't you see, because we 'd know him."

"But the black dog had no tail," began Thorny, longing to be convinced, but still doubtful.

Ben shivered as if the mere thought hurt him, as he said, in a grim tone:

"They might have cut Sanch's off."

"Oh, no! no! they must n't, they would n't!"

"How could any one be so wicked?" cried Bab and Betty, horrified at the suggestion.

"You don't know what such fellows would do to make all safe, so they could use a dog to earn their living for 'em," said Ben, with mysterious significance, quite forgetting in his wrath that he had just proposed to get his own living in that way himself.

"He no your dog? Sorry I not find him for you. Addio, signorina! Grazia, signor! Buon giorno, buon giorno," and, kissing his hand, the Italian shouldered organ and monkey, ready to go.

Miss Celia detained him long enough to give him her address, and beg him to let her know if he met poor Sanch in any of his wanderings, for such itinerant showmen often cross each other's paths. Ben and Thorny walked to the school-corner with him, getting more exact information about the black dog and his owner, for they had no intention of giving it up so soon.

That very evening, Thorny wrote to a boy cousin in New York giving all the particulars of the case, and begging him to hunt up the man, investigate the dog, and see that the police made sure that everything was right. Much relieved by this performance, the boys waited anxiously for a reply, and when it came found little comfort in it. Cousin Horace had done his duty like a man, but regretted that he could only report a failure. The owner of the black poodle was a suspicious character, but told a straight story, how he had bought the dog from a stranger, and exhibited him with success till he was stolen. Knew nothing of his history and was very sorry to lose him, for he was a remarkably clever beast.

"I told my dog man to look about for him, but he says he has probably been killed, with ever so many more, so there is an end of it, and I call it a mean shame."

"Good for Horace! I told you he 'd do it up thoroughly and see the end of it," said Thorny, as he read that paragraph in the deeply interesting letter.

"May be the end of *that* dog, but not of mine. I 'll bet he ran away, and if it *was* Sanch he 'll come home. You see if he does n't," cried Ben, refusing to believe that all was over.

"A hundred miles off? Oh, he could n't find you without help, smart as he is," answered Thorny, incredulously.

Ben looked discouraged, but Miss Celia cheered him up again by saying:

"Yes, he could. My father had a friend who kept a little dog in Paris, and the creature found her in Milan and died of fatigue next day. That was very wonderful, but true, and I 've no doubt that if Sanch *is* alive he will come home. Let us hope so, and be happy while we wait."

"We will!" said the boys, and day after day looked for the wanderer's return, kept a bone ready in the old place if he should arrive at night, and shook his mat to keep it soft for his weary bones when he came. But weeks passed, and still no Sanch.

Something else happened, however, so absorbing that he was almost forgotten for a time, and Ben found a way to repay a part of all he owed his best friend.

Miss Celia went off for a ride one afternoon, and

an hour afterward, as Ben sat in the porch reading, Lita dashed into the yard with the reins dangling about her legs, the saddle turned round, and one side covered with black mud, showing that she had been down. For a minute, Ben's heart stood still, then he flung away his book, ran to the horse, and saw at once by her heaving flanks, dilated nostrils and wet coat, that she must have come a long way and at full speed.

"She has had a fall, but isn't hurt or frightened," thought the boy, as the pretty creature rubbed her nose against his shoulder, pawed the ground and champed her bit, as if she tried to tell him all about the disaster, whatever it was.

"Lita, where's Miss Celia?" he asked, looking straight into the intelligent eyes, which were troubled but not wild.

Lita threw up her head and neighed loud and clear as if she called her mistress, and turning, would have gone again if Ben had not caught the reins and held her.

"All right, we'll find her;" and, pulling off the broken saddle, kicking away his shoes, and ramming his hat firmly on, Ben was up like a flash, tingling all over with a sense of power as he felt the bare back between his knees, and caught the roll of Lita's eye as she looked round with an air of satisfaction.

"Hi, there! Mrs. Moss! Something has happened to Miss Celia, and I'm going to find her. Thorny is asleep; tell him easy, and I'll come back as soon as I can."

Then, giving Lita her head, he was off before the startled woman had time to do more than wring her hands and cry out:

"Go for the Squire! Oh, what shall we do?"

As if she knew exactly what was wanted of her, Lita went back the way she had come, as Ben could see by the fresh, irregular tracks that cut up the road where she had galloped for help. For a mile or more they went, then she paused at a pair of bars which were let down to allow the carts to pass into the wide hay-fields beyond. On she went again, cantering across the new-mown turf toward a brook, across which she had evidently taken a leap before; for, on the further side, at a place where cattle went to drink, the mud showed signs of a fall.

"You were a fool to try there, but where is Miss Celia?" said Ben, who talked to animals as if they were people, and was understood much better than any one not used to their companionship would imagine.

Now Lita seemed at a loss, and put her head down as if she expected to find her mistress where she had left her, somewhere on the ground. Ben called, but there was no answer, and he rode slowly along the brook-side, looking far and wide with anxious eyes.

"May be she was n't hurt, and has gone to that house to wait," thought the boy, pausing for a last survey of the great, sunny field, which had no place of shelter in it but one rock on the other side of the little stream. As his eye wandered over it, something dark seemed to blow out from behind it, as if the wind played in the folds of a skirt, or a human limb moved. Away went Lita, and in a moment Ben had found Miss Celia, lying in the shadow of the rock, so white and motionless he feared that she was dead. He leaped down, touched her, spoke to her, and receiving no answer, rushed away to bring a little water in his leaky hat to sprinkle in her face, as he had seen them do when any of the riders got a fall in the circus, or fainted from exhaustion after they left the ring, where "do or die" was the motto all adopted.

In a minute, the blue eyes opened, and she recognized the anxious face bending over her, saying faintly, as she touched it:

"My good little Ben, I knew you 'd find me—I sent Lita for you—I 'm so hurt I could n't come."

"Oh, where? What shall I do? Had I better run up to the house?" asked Ben, overjoyed to hear her speak, but much dismayed by her seeming helplessness, for he had seen bad falls, and had them, too.

"I feel bruised all over, and my arm is broken, I 'm afraid. Lita tried not to hurt me. She slipped, and we went down. I came here into the shade, and the pain made me faint, I suppose. Call somebody, and get me home."

Then she shut her eyes, and looked so white that Ben hurried away and burst upon old Mrs. Paine, placidly knitting at the end door, so suddenly that, as she afterward said, "it sca't her like a clap o' thunder."

"Aint a man nowheres around. All down in the big medder gettin' in hay," was her reply to Ben's breathless demand for "everybody to come and see to Miss Celia."

He turned to mount, for he had flung himself off before Lita stopped, but the old lady caught his jacket and asked half a dozen questions in a breath.

"Who 's your folks? What 's broke? How 'd she fall? Where is she? Why did n't she come right here? Is it a sunstroke?"

As fast as words could tumble out of his mouth Ben answered, and then tried to free himself, but the old lady held on while she gave her directions, expressed her sympathy, and offered her hospitality with incoherent warmth.

"Sakes alive! poor dear! Fetch her right in. Liddy, get out the camphire, and Melissy, you haul down a bed to lay her on. Falls is dretful

uncert'in things; should n't wonder if her back was broke. Father 's down yender, and he and Bijah will see to her. You go call 'em, and I 'll blow the horn to start 'em up. Tell her we 'll be pleased to see her, and it wont make a mite of trouble."

Ben heard no more, for as Mrs. Paine turned to take down the tin horn he was up and away.

Several long and dismal toots sent Lita galloping through the grassy path as the sound of the trumpet excites a war-horse, and "father and Bijah," alarmed by the signal at that hour, leaned on their rakes to survey with wonder the distracted-looking little horseman approaching like a whirlwind.

"Guess likely grandpa 's had 'nother stroke. Told 'em to send over soon 's ever it come," said the farmer calmly.

"Should n't wonder ef suthing was afire some'r's," conjectured the hired man, surveying the horizon for a cloud of smoke.

Instead of advancing to meet the messenger, both stood like statues in blue overalls and red flannel shirts, till the boy arrived and told his tale.

"Sho, that 's bad," said the farmer, anxiously.

"That brook always was the darndest place," added Bijah, then both men bestirred themselves helpfully, the former hurrying to Miss Celia while the latter brought up the cart and made a bed of hay to lay her on.

"Now then, boy, you go for the doctor. My women folks will see to the lady, and she 'd better keep quiet up yender till we see what the matter is," said the farmer, when the pale girl was lifted in as carefully as four strong arms could do it. "Hold on," he added, as Ben made one leap to Lita's back. "You 'll have to go to Berryville. Dr. Mills is a master hand for broken bones and old Dr. Babcock aint. 'T is n't but about three mile from here to his house, and you 'll fetch him 'fore there 's any harm done waitin'."

"Don't kill Lita," called Miss Celia from the cart, as it began to move.

But Ben did not hear her, for he was off across the fields, riding as if life and death depended upon his speed.

"That boy will break his neck!" said Mr. Paine, standing still to watch horse and rider go over the wall as if bent on instant destruction.

"No fear for Ben, he can ride anything, and Lita was trained to leap," answered Miss Celia, falling back on the hay with a groan, for she had involuntarily raised her head to see her little squire dash away in gallant style.

"I should hope so; regular jockey, that boy. Never see anything like it out of a race-ground," and farmer Paine strode on, still following with his eye the figures that went thundering over the bridge, up the hill, out of sight, leaving a cloud of dust behind.

Now that his mistress was safe, Ben enjoyed that wild ride mightily, and so did the bay mare; for Lita had good blood in her, and proved it that day by doing her three miles in a wonderfully short time. People jogging along in wagons and country carry-alls, stared amazed as the reckless pair went by. Women, placidly doing their afternoon sewing at the front windows, dropped their needles to run out with exclamations of alarm, sure some one was being run away with; children playing by the roadside scattered like chickens before a hawk, as Ben passed with a warning whoop, and baby-carriages were scrambled into door-yards with perilous rapidity at his approach.

But when he clattered into town, intense interest was felt in this bare-footed boy on the foaming steed, and a dozen voices asked, "Who 's killed?" as he pulled up at the doctor's gate.

"Jest drove off that way; Mrs. Flynn's baby 's in a fit," cried a stout lady from the piazza, never ceasing to rock, though several passers-by paused to hear the news, for she was a doctor's wife, and used to the arrival of excited messengers from all quarters at all hours of the day and night.

Deigning no reply to any one, Ben rode away, wishing he could leap a yawning gulf, scale a precipice, or ford a raging torrent, to prove his devotion to Miss Celia, and his skill in horsemanship. But no dangers beset his path, and he found the doctor pausing to water his tired horse at the very trough where Bab and Sancho had been discovered on that ever-memorable day. The story was quickly told, and, promising to be there as soon as possible, Dr. Mills drove on to relieve baby Flynn's inner man, a little disturbed by a bit of soap and several buttons, upon which he had privately lunched while his mamma was busy at the wash-tub.

Ben thanked his stars, as he had already done more than once, that he knew how to take care for a horse; for he delayed by the watering-place long enough to wash out Lita's mouth with a handful of wet grass, to let her have one swallow to clear her dusty throat, and then went slowly back over the breezy hills, patting and praising the good creature for her intelligence and speed. She knew well enough that she had been a clever little mare, and tossed her head, arched her glossy neck, and ambled daintily along, as conscious and coquettish as a pretty woman, looking round at her admiring rider to return his compliments by glances of affection, and caressing sniffs of a velvet nose at his bare feet.

Miss Celia had been laid comfortably in bed by the farmer's wife and daughters, and, when the

doctor arrived, bore the setting of her arm bravely. No other serious damage appeared, and bruises soon heal, so Ben was sent home to comfort Thorny with a good report, and ask the squire to drive up in his big carry-all for her the next day, if she was able to be moved.

Mrs. Moss had been wise enough to say nothing, but quietly made what preparations she could, and waited for tidings. Bab and Betty were away berrying, so no one had alarmed Thorny, and he had his afternoon nap in peace,—an unusually long one, owing to the stillness which prevailed in the absence of the children; and when he awoke he lay reading for a while before he began to wonder where every one was. Lounging out to see, he found Ben and Lita reposing side by side on the fresh straw in the loose box, which had been made for her in the coach-house. By the pails, sponges and curry-combs lying about, it was evident that she had been refreshed by a careful washing and rubbing down, and my lady was now luxuriously resting after her labors, with her devoted groom half asleep close by.

"Well, of all queer boys you are the queerest, to spend this hot afternoon fussing over Lita, just for the fun of it!" cried Thorny, looking in at them with much amusement.

"If you knew what we 'd been doing you 'd think I ought to fuss over her, and both of us had a right to rest!" answered Ben, rousing up as bright as a button; for he longed to tell his thrilling tale, and had with difficulty been restrained from bursting in on Thorny as soon as he arrived.

He made short work of the story, but was quite satisfied with the sensation it produced; for his listener was startled, relieved, excited and charmed, in such rapid succession, that he was obliged to sit upon the meal chest and get his breath before he could exclaim, with an emphatic demonstration of his heels against the bin:

"Ben Brown, I 'll never forget what you 've done for Celia this day, or say 'bow-legs' again as long as I live!"

"George! I felt as if I had *six* legs when we were going the pace. We were all one piece, and had a jolly spin, did n't we, my beauty?" and Ben chuckled as he took Lita's head in his lap, while she answered with a gusty sigh that nearly blew him away.

"Like the fellow that brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," said Thorny, surveying the recumbent pair with great admiration.

"What fellow?" asked Ben, wondering if he did n't mean Sheridan, of whose ride he had heard.

"Don't you know that piece? I spoke it at school. Give it to you now; see if it is n't a rouser."

And, glad to find a vent for his excitement, Thorny mounted the meal-chest, to thunder out that stirring ballad with such spirit that Lita pricked up her ears, and Ben gave a shrill "Hooray!" as the last verse ended.

"And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent."

(To be continued.)



MASTER MONTEZUMA.

(With Illustrations copied from Mexican Hieroglyphics.)

By C. C. Haskins.

[Note.—Montezuma II., the last of the Aztec (or native Mexican) emperors, was born about 1480. He was taken prisoner by Hernando Cortes, the commander of the Spanish army which conquered Mexico, and, in the hope of quelling an insurrection which had arisen among his former subjects, he consented to address them from the walls of his prison. Stung by the apparent desertion of their leader to the cause of the enemy, the Mexicans assaulted him with stones and other missiles. He was struck on the temple by one of the stones, and died from the effects in a few days. The illustrations are true copies of old Mexican pictures, which appeared originally in the "Collection of Mendoza," a work frequently referred to by all writers on ancient Mexico.—C. C. H.]

The Emperor Montezuma was a great man, and historians have recorded much about him, but of his earlier life, when he was plain Master Montezuma, comparatively little is known of this rising young gentleman.

Master M. commenced his earthly career as a crying baby, in the year "one cane," which, when properly figured down according to the Gregorian calendar, would be about the year of our Lord 1480.

No sooner had Master M. reached the fourth day of his existence, than the nurse, under instructions from his anxious mamma, took off what few clothes the poor boy had on, and repairing to the baptismal font in the yard, sprinkled cold water upon his naked breast and lips, presented his credentials in the shape of offerings to propitiate the gods of war, agriculture, etc., whose names you will find further along in this history, repeated a prayer in which "the Lord was implored to wash away the sin that was given him before the foundation of the world, so that the child might be born anew," and told the three little boys who sat near by, what Master M.'s name was to be. The three little boys left off eating their parched corn and boiled beans, repeated the name, and the little baby was christened.

Now, if Master M. had been a girl—which he was not—the offerings would have been a mat, a spinning machine and a broom, all of which would have been buried under the *metate*, the stone where corn was ground. As it was, the offerings were implements of war, articles of metal, pottery, etc., and these were buried, as near as they could guess at the location, where they either hoped or feared there might some day be a battle with their enemies.

When Master M. had eaten and slept and kicked and cried for sixteen days longer, his parents took him to the priest, and to the teacher, and promised that he should be instructed by these worthy gentlemen in war, politics, religion, and other branches of general education. They promised that he should be an Alfalqui, or priest, and should also serve in the army as a soldier. In that little, wiggling baby, that seemed all fists and mouth, it was impossible to foresee the future Emperor of Mexico, whose name has since become familiar to the civilized world.

Young Master M. worried along pretty well, and up to six years of age had done nothing remarkable. At this age he was granted one and one-half rolls at a meal, and commenced doing little errands and picking up scattered beans and corn in the Tianquez, which is what the Mexicans called the market-place.

The restless spirit of a military chieftain now began to show itself in the embryo warrior, and, by the time he had reached his eighth year, discipline became necessary to curb his growing inclination to despotism. He was fast becoming one of that class of boys who think "it's too bad to be good all the time." In the second picture see the scalding tears! Whether Master M. is sorry that he has done wrong, or whether he only fears being pricked with those terrible thorns of the aloe with which he is threatened, or is crying because he is cold, who shall tell? It is hard, sometimes, to tell what eight-year-old boys are crying for, whether they live in the United States or in Mexico.

Master M. may have been better than most boys, and it may be that his father was a better driver than leader for his little ones. Some fathers are. In any event, when Master M. was ten years old there came another opportunity for weeping and wailing, and Master M. was submitted to the mortification of lying on the damp ground all day while he listened to a parental lecture; and this, too, after he was twelve years old!

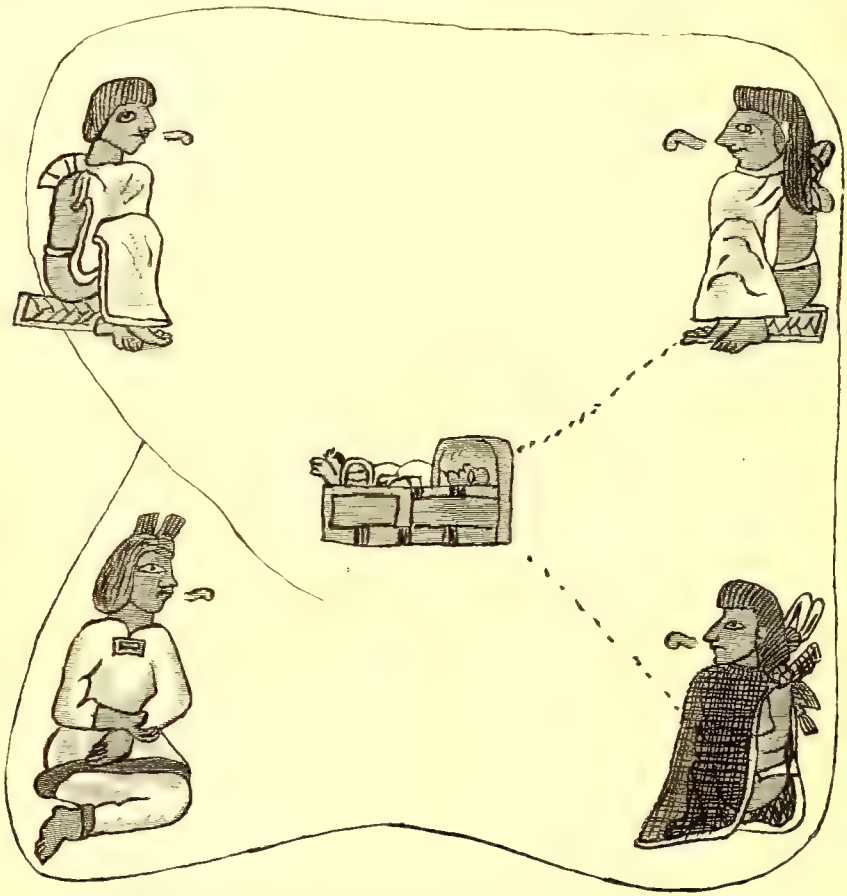
Then Master M. reformed, and became an industrious, faithful boy. I have sometimes questioned whether he was n't hungry, and if he had been better fed whether he would not have done better. At fourteen years of age they gave him two rolls at a meal, and he was instructed in the art of fishing with a net. You can tell how old the boy is by the number of round marks in the picture, and the person who is speaking is denoted by a tongue in front of the mouth.

When his fifteenth year came, Master M. found he would have plenty to do. After this, old Mr.

M. had no trouble with him. It is curious—the more we have to do, the less liable we are to do something we should not, and—let us all study on that half an hour, some day, and see what we can make of it.

He had two teachers, the priest and the military professor. It seemed as if everything was to be learned. There was arithmetic, he learned to make figures. A round, blue dot stands for one.

Then there were lessons in time. He had to learn that five days make a week, four weeks make a month, and eighteen months make a year; and as all that footed up only three hundred and sixty days, they threw in what they called the five unlucky days that belonged to no month, to fill up before they commenced a new year. And then he found another arrangement for doing what we do with our leap-year, for, once in fifty-two years



MASTER MONTEZUMA'S PARENTS TAKE HIM TO THE PRIEST AND THE TEACHER.

Five of them make five, and ooooo–o (five and one) is six, and in that way it runs up to ten. If he wanted to say "twenty" he made a flag, and for forty he made two flags.

Just imagine such a multiplication table as this: Five times four is one flag. Flag times flag is one plume. Flag times plume is one purse! Let's see; a purse, then, would equal 8,000. Yes, and if he wanted to write 4,000 he would draw only half a purse. All the examples in their arithmetic were worked by such tables as these.

they put in twelve and one-half extra days, which is something like setting the clock ahead when you find it is too slow by the town bell or the fire alarm.

He learned that this kind of calendar had been in use a long time, and was the result of careful study and calculation by the wise priests of the olden time; and, when he wanted to know how long, he counted up the bundles of reeds which represented centuries, and found that it had been in use over four hundred years. And all this, you



MASTER MONTEZUMA MUST BE PUNISHED.

must remember, was before San Salvador was discovered by Columbus. Then he had to study all about the naming of the years and the cycles. How, if this year was "one rabbit," next year would be "two cane," the third "three flint," the next "four house," and these four elements, representing air, water, fire, earth, would be thus repeated up to thirteen, and then they would commence at one again, so that the fourteenth year would be "one cane," etc., and in four of these cycles of thirteen they would reach a cycle of fifty-two years, or, as they called it, a "bundle," and as the twelve and one-half days additional would end one cycle of fifty-two years at midday, and the next at midnight, they bundled two of these together and called it "an old age." The number fifty-two was an unlucky number, and these old Mexicans believed that at the end of a cycle of that number of years, at some time, the world would be depopulated, the sun put out, and, after death and darkness had reigned awhile, it would all begin afresh with a new race of people.

So, when a cycle or bundle was completed, all fires were extinguished and not rekindled during the five unlucky days. Household goods which could no longer be of any service, dishes, household articles, etc., were broken; every one gave up all hope, and abandoned himself to despair while awaiting the expected ruin.

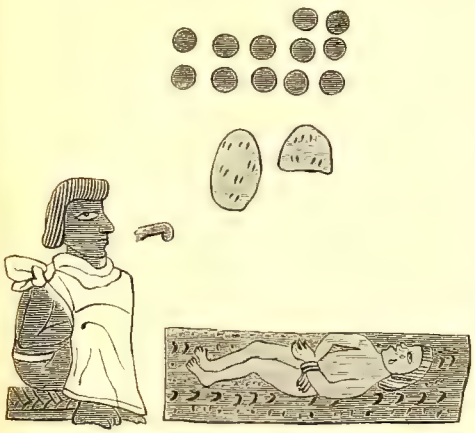
On the evening of the fifth day of sorrow, the priests gathered the people together in a procession and marched to a temple, about two leagues from the city. Here they would sit like bumps on a log until midnight, and then, when the constellation which we call the Pleiades came exactly overhead, the danger was over. Two sticks were rubbed together over the breast of a captive who had been



MASTER MONTEZUMA IS TAUGHT HOW TO FISH.

selected for the sacrifice, until fire was produced by the friction, the funeral pile was lighted, the body burned, and messengers, many of whom could run long distances, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, would light their torches and spread the joyful news of danger averted, while carrying the "new fire" into all parts of the empire. Then would follow a regular old-fashioned frolic, something like a centennial,—a jollification few had ever seen and most would see but once in a life-time. There must be no drunkenness, however; that was a high crime, in some instances punished by death. If the intemperate party, man or woman, was over seventy years of age, however, no notice was taken of it,—they were old, and had rights and privileges not granted to younger members of the community.

Master M. had much to learn about deities. At the head of these stood one, infinite, supreme ruler,



MASTER MONTEZUMA IS TALKED TO BY HIS FATHER.

"the unknown God," and next beneath him came Tezcatlipoca, the "son of the world," supposed to be the creator of the earth. Huitzilopotchli was



CARRYING THE BRIDE.

the god of war, a sort of Mars, but with very much more name. Then there was the god of air, Quetzatcoatl, who controlled vegetation, metals, and the politics of the country. Here is something Master M. was taught to believe of him:

When this god, whom we will call Q, was on earth, vegetation was so wonderfully prolific that a single ear of corn was all a man could carry. Everything the people needed grew spontaneously. Cotton grew more beautifully tinted than the dyers of the present time could color it. Richest perfumes loaded temperate breezes, and everywhere the gaudiest-colored birds filled the air with most entrancing harmonies. Q had some little difficulty, however, with the rest of the gods, and was obliged to leave his little paradise. When he embarked in his wizard snake-skin canoe on the shore of the gulf, he told his friends that his descendants would one day return and bless the land as he had done, and that they would be like him,—tall, fine looking, with dark hair, white skins, and flowing beards. Alas! this belief was in no small degree the cause of their ruin; for the invading Spaniards quite nearly answered this description of Q's descendants.

There were thirteen of the principal deities, as Master M. learned, each of whom required sacrifices more or less horrible. For instance, there was the "soul of the world," I forget his other name. He must be propitiated now and then. A year before the fatal day, a tall, beautiful, well-formed, unblemished captive was selected to play the part of this god for one year. He must have all these qualifications to make the resemblance as perfect as possible. He was now treated as a god. Everything he could wish, everything it was thought could possibly conduce to his pleasure, comfort, or happiness, was furnished without stint. He slept on the softest of couches in the most gorgeous of chambers; his raiment was profuse and expensive, and the whole surroundings were, as far as possible, in keeping with his high and holy estate. Birds and music, flowers and rare perfumes pleased every sense, and everything, save liberty, was his. This happy-go-lucky sort of life continued until the day fixed for the sacrifice. Then joy gave way to sadness, pain, death! Stripped of his costly raiment, he was taken by a procession of priests to a royal barge, thence across a lake to a temple about a league from the city, where, as he mounted the weary steps of the huge edifice, he flung aside the garlands of flowers and broke the musical instruments which had been a joy to him in his past days. At the summit of the temple, in full view of the assembled multitude below, he was barbarously put to death by a priest, in order to propitiate the cruel god to whom the temple was dedicated. And Master M. was taught that the moral of all this savagery was, that human joys are transitory, and



THE WEDDING OF MONTEZUMA.

the partition between sorrow and happiness is a very thin one, or words to that effect.

Master M. learned that there were many other inferior gods, each of which had festivals, sacrifices,



A PEACE-OFFERING IN THE YEAR ONE RABBIT.

etc., proportioned to his rank and power; that nearly every hour of the day was dedicated to some god or other; but I cannot tell you all he learned of these strange deities.

He studied the history of the temples, and learned why they were four or five stories high with the stairs on the outside, and why he had to go entirely round the temple to find the next flight of stairs as he went up or down; and why each story was smaller than the next lower, and learned that some of these buildings were over one hundred feet square and as many feet high, and had towers forty or fifty feet high on their summits; and all about the everlasting fire which burned on the tops of these temples, and that there were so many of these that the whole country for miles around was always brilliantly illuminated.

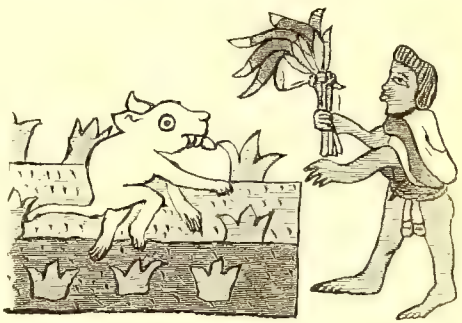
I must pass over a long period in the life of Master M. with the mere remark that he graduated in both his military and religious classes with the highest honors, and acquitted himself to the most perfect satisfaction of both the alfalquis, or priests, and the teachcauhs, which is nearly the same as our word teachers.

Master M. had, for a long time, cherished a hope that some day he might press the throne as king of Mexico. So, like the Yorkshire lad who begged salt of a stranger eating eggs near him, so as to have the salt ready in case any one *should* ask him to accept an egg, he prepared himself fully for the possible emergency, and became not only a military general, but a leading alfalqui.

And then he married. I have not room to give you the whole picture, but here is the way it was done. (See pictures, page 538.)

A lady whose position in society required her to negotiate the match, having previously made all the necessary arrangements, one evening, hoisted the happy damsel on her back, and accompanied by four young women (I have drawn only one) each bearing a torch, headed the joyous procession and marched to the house of Master M., where she dropped her cargo of precious humanity. Then the alfalqui asked them if they were mutually agreed on matrimony, and of course, they said "yes," when he proceeded to tie their clothes together. Then two old patriarchs and two good old grandmothers (one of each of which I have copied for you) delivered little sermons suited to the occasion. The new couple walked seven times round a blazing fire, partook of a feast with their friends, heard a final sort of a "ninety-ninthly and to conclude" parting word from the four old people, and then, just as all married people do, went to housekeeping, and having their own way as much as possible. One thing they could not do. There was no law of divorce to appeal to then; death was the only judge who could entertain the question of separation.

Master M. will now disappear, to re-appear as the Emperor. In the year "ten rabbits," or A.D. 1502, the monarch died, and the electoral college selected Master M. to supply his place. In the



PROTECTING THE GRAIN FROM RATS, IN THE YEAR ONE RABBIT.

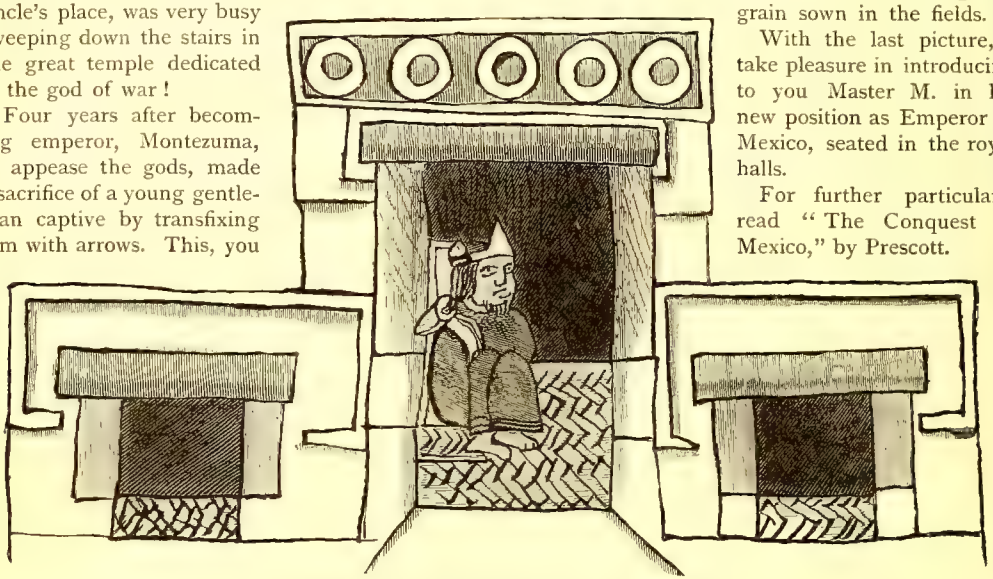
household of each monarch there was an electoral board of four nobles, whose duty it was, on the death of the ruler, to elect his successor from

among the sons and nephews of the crown. Having done this, and so notified the successor, they selected four nobles to fill their own places, and vacated their electoral chairs. Master M. when waited upon to be notified of his election to fill his uncle's place, was very busy sweeping down the stairs in the great temple dedicated to the god of war!

Four years after becoming emperor, Montezuma, to appease the gods, made a sacrifice of a young gentleman captive by transfixing him with arrows. This, you see, was in the year "one rabbit." (See first picture on page 539.) It is recorded that in this year the rats overran the country so completely that the inhabitants had to stand guard at night with blazing torches to prevent their devouring the grain sown in the fields.

With the last picture, I take pleasure in introducing to you Master M. in his new position as Emperor of Mexico, seated in the royal halls.

For further particulars, read "The Conquest of Mexico," by Prescott.



THE EMPEROR MONTEZUMA, SEATED IN THE ROYAL HALLS.

A LONG JOURNEY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"WE sail to-day," said the captain gay,
As he stepped on board the boat that lay
So high and dry. "Come now, be spry;
We 'll land at Jerusalem by and by!"

Away they sailed, and each craft they hailed;
While down in the cabin they bailed and bailed;
For the sea was rough, and they had to luff
And tack, till the captain cried out "Enough!"

They stopped at Peru, this jolly crew,
And went to Paris and Timbuctoo;
And after a while they found the Nile,
And watched the sports of the crocodile.

They called on the Shah, and the mighty Czar,
And on all the crowned heads near and far;
Shook hands with the Cid—they really did!
And lunched on top of the pyramid!

To Afric's strand, or northern land,
They steer as the captain gives command;
And fly so fast that the slender mast
Goes quivering, shivering in the blast!

Then on to the ground with a sudden bound,
Leaps Jack—'t was a mercy he was n't drowned!
The sail is furled, the anchor hurled,
"We 've been," cry the children, "all round the world!"

By billows tossed, by tempests crossed,
Yet never a soul on board was lost!
Though the boat be a sieve, I do not grieve,
They sail on the ocean of "Make-believe."

THE LITTLE RED CANAL-BOAT.

By M. A. Edwards.

The morning sun had not mounted high enough in the sky to send his rays into Greta's room, when she was awakened by a noise. She listened. It was the sound of a boat grating against the side of the canal. Who could be coming to their back door so early? She sprang out of bed, and ran quickly to the open window. A disappointment awaited her. It was only her father's boat, which the maid-servant Charlotte was pushing along, slowly making her way to the landing-stairs.

"Where have you been so early, Charlotte?" called out Greta.

"Are you there, youngsters?" said Charlotte, looking up at the two bright faces at the window; for the little Amelia had been roused by her sister's wild jump from the bed, and had also run to the window.

"Bad Charlotte, to wake us so early!" cried Amelia.

Charlotte laughed. "You would n't think me bad, Minchen, if you knew all the good things I 've been buying at market. Have you forgotten your cousins are coming to-day, all the way from over the sea? I 'm sure they 'll be hungry enough."

"What you got?" asked Amelia (usually called Minchen).

"Fine Beemster cheese, sweet butter, fresh salad, and plenty of fruit. And there are lots of good things at the bottom of the basket. I 'll leave you to find out what they are." And Charlotte made the boat fast, and carried the heavy basket into the house.

It was not necessary for Charlotte to remind these little girls of the cousins who lived in the city of New York, in the far-off land of America. For the last month little else had been talked of in the Van Schaick mansion besides the expected visit of the Chester family. Mrs. Van Schaick and Mrs. Chester were sisters, and this was but the second visit the latter had paid her old Holland home since her marriage. On the first visit her children were not with her; but now Mr. Chester was coming, and the two boys. Many were the wild speculations the girls indulged in with regard to Americans,—what they would look like, and what they would say and do.

Great, then, was their surprise, when the travelers arrived, to find that their aunt Chester was very like their mother in appearance and dress. Mr. Chester did not in the least resemble their father, but he was not unlike many other men they had seen, and he did not dress in wild-beast skins. As for the boys, Greta poured her tale of woe into the ears of the sympathizing Charlotte. "They are just like English boys!" she said, contemptuously. Greta had often seen English boys, and there was nothing uncommon about them.

This was soon forgotten, however, when Greta discovered what pleasant companions the boys were, and that they could put the Dutch words together almost as correctly as Greta herself. Will Chester, who had reached the dignified age of thirteen, had felt much troubled at the thought that he would have "only girls" to play with at Zaandam, especially as Greta was a year younger than himself. But when the two girls, instead of bringing forward their dolls and tea-sets with which to entertain their visitors, produced from their treasures two good-sized toy canal-boats, fully equipped with everything a canal-boat needed, he admitted to himself that girls who liked to sail boats might be good for something.

Secretly, however, he thought that a canal-boat was a poor kind of vessel to have, and wished his cousins owned such beautiful ships as he and Martin had; for among the last things bought before leaving New York were two little sailing-vessels—the "America" and the "Columbus." Mr. Chester said Holland was full of water, and these were proper toys to take there.

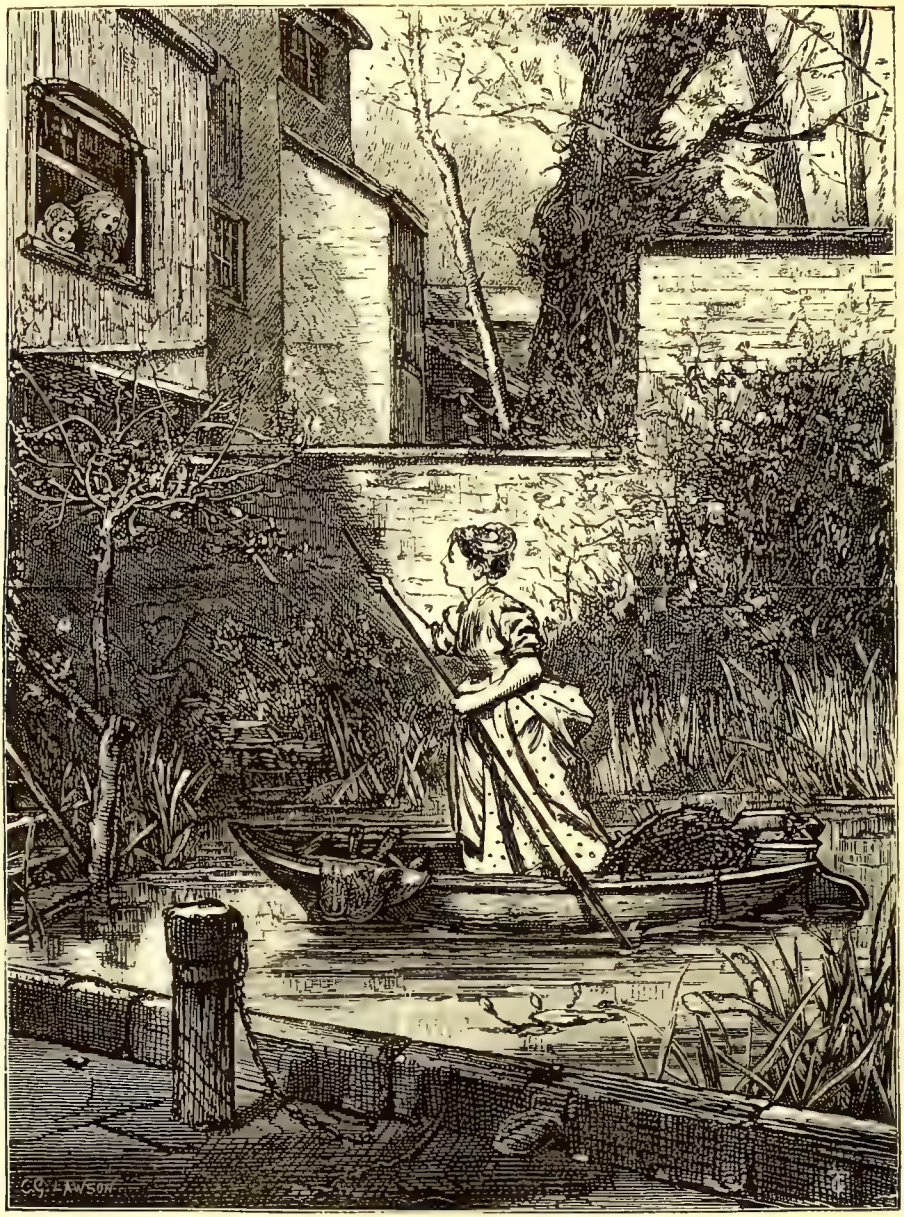
The two canal-boats, being precisely alike, were distinguished from each other only by their names. Greta's had "Wilhelmina" painted on the side in black letters, while Minchen's had "Gouda" in red letters. They were similar to American canal-boats in shape, and of a dark red-brown color. Will thought them stumpy and heavy-looking; and he did not admire the red sails with crooked gaffs, and smiled at the blue pennants, stretched out on stiff frames that turned with the wind. But when Greta showed him a tiny windlass on the deck, by means of which she easily raised and lowered the mast, he came to the conclusion that a Dutch canal-boat was not to be despised.

"I do this when we pass under bridges," she explained.

"Where are your mules for drawing your boat?"

"My boat sails!" she said, proudly. "If there is no wind, I drag it along myself. That is the way we do in our country."

The American vessels were now unpacked and displayed. When the girls saw these sharp-prowed,



"CHARLOTTE WAS PUSHING THE BOAT ALONG, MAKING HER WAY TO THE LANDING-STAIRS."

graceful ships, with their tapering masts and pretty sails, their eyes glistened, and they declared that never before had they seen anything so lovely. Their pride in their canal-boats suffered a woful downfall. The boys proposed to try all the vessels on the canal at the back of the house, but Greta objected.

"Mother never lets us go there to sail our boats," she said. "It is a dirty place, and she is afraid we will fall in. But there is a beautiful stream by the mill where we are going to-morrow, and there we can try our boats, and see which goes the fastest."

"Let us take a walk, then," said Martin. "I want to look at this queer place."

The Van Shaicks lived in Zaandam, and it is indeed a queer place to American eyes. It is a

large town, with but two streets, one on each side of the Zaan River; but these two extend for a long distance, and are crossed at frequent intervals by canals, so that Martin soon got tired counting the little bridges the children passed over in their walk. Will was not quite sure whether the brick-paved street was all road-way or all sidewalk.

"I don't see any carriages," he said, after studying this matter for some time.

"People don't ride much here," said Greta. "There are plenty of carriages in Amsterdam."

"How do you get about, then?"

"On our feet and in boats. Look at our fine river, and there are ever so many canals! What do we want with carriages?"

"It must be jolly going everywhere in boats," said Will. "I should like that!"

"We have some very pretty boats," said Greta, much pleased. "Oh! would n't you like to go fishing? I 'll ask father to take us some day soon. I saw a net in the market-boat this morning."

"Well, if that is n't funny!" cried Martin, with a burst of laughter. Will joined in the laugh, and Greta looked around in vain to discover the cause of their merriment.

"Looking-glasses on the *outside* of the houses!" explained Martin, pointing to one opposite. "I guess they 're put there for the girls to look in as they walk along," he added, mischievously. "They can't wait to get home to admire themselves."

Sure enough, there was a mirror outside the window, set at such an angle that the persons inside the house could see who was passing up and down the street. And there was a mirror on the next house, and the next.

"Why, they are on all the houses!" said Will.

"To be sure!" said Greta. "What is there funny in that? And the girls don't look in them any more than the boys, Mr. Martin. Don't you ever want to know what is going on in the street?"

"Of course I do."

"How are you going to do it without the looking-glass to tell you?"

"Use my own eyes, to be sure!"

"Whose eyes do you use when you look in a glass?" said Greta.

Martin looked puzzled, and had no reply ready; and Will thought his cousin Greta very clever, although she was a girl, and a year younger than himself.

But Martin soon recovered his composure.

"What lots of flowers!" was his next comment. "They are everywhere, except in this brick pavement, and nothing could grow here, it is so clean."

"And such pretty houses in the gardens!" said Will.

"But they are so small," said Martin. "It would take a dozen of them to make a New York house."

"My goodness!" said Greta, turning her head back as far as she could, and looking at the sky. "How do you ever see up to their roofs?"

"Divide Martin's twelve by four, and you will come nearer the truth," said Will, laughing. "But, at any rate, the houses are pretty—painted green and yellow, with red-tiled roofs."

The next thing the boys observed was the loneliness of the streets. In America a town of twelve thousand inhabitants would have more of an air of bustle, they said. Will liked the quiet, "for a change," as he expressed it, and because it made him feel, somehow, as if he owned the place. Martin declared it to be his opinion that the people kept out of the streets for fear that their shoes would soil them, and that accounted for the almost spotless cleanliness everywhere.

The streets were not deserted, however; for, at intervals, there were row-boat ferries across the river, and occasionally a man or woman would be seen in one of these boats.

There were also a number of children, and some women, in the streets. These apparently belonged to the poorer classes. Hats and bonnets were scarce among them, though all the women, and many of the little girls, had on close-fitting muslin caps. They wore short, loose sacques, and short dress skirts, made up without trimmings. The boys were dressed in jackets and baggy trousers. All wore clumsy wooden shoes.

The Van Schaick family followed the French fashions, as we do in America; the difference between the two countries being that here every one attempts to follow the prevailing style, while in Holland this change of fashion is confined to the wealthy; the middle and lower classes preserving the same style of costume from generation to generation.

A good many of the children in the street were carrying painted iron or stone buckets, with a tea-kettle on the top. After proceeding some distance up the street, Will and Martin saw some of them coming out of a basement door-way, still with the buckets in their hands; but clouds of steam were issuing from the tea-kettle spouts!

"What place is that?" asked Will.

"It is the fire-woman's," said Greta.

"And who and what may she be? I have heard of water-women, sometimes called mermaids, but never before did I hear of a fire-woman."

"She don't *live* in fire," said Greta; "she *sells* it. What do the poor people in your country do in summer without a fire-woman? Come and look in."

By this time they had reached the place. Over

the door was the sign "*Water en vuur te koop.*"* It was not necessary for the children to go inside. They could see the whole apartment through the wide-open door-way. An old woman stood by a stove, or great oven, with a pair of tongs, taking up pieces of burning peat and dropping them into the buckets of the children, and then filling their tea-kettles with boiling water from great copper tanks on the stove. For this each child paid her a Dutch cent, which is less than half of one of ours.

"I understand it," said Will, after they had stood at the door some time, amused at the scene. "This saves poor people the expense of a fire in the summer-time. They send here for hot water to make their tea."

"Yes," said Greta, "and for the burning peat which cooks the potatoes and the sausage for their supper."

"Why don't they use coal?" asked Martin. "It is ever so much better."

"No, the peat answers their purpose much better," said Will. "It burns slowly, and gives out a good deal of heat for a long time."

"And the smell of it is so delicious," added Greta.

A little further on, the children came out on an open space, which gave them a good view of the surrounding flat country, and of the wind-mills that stand about Zaandam—a forest of towers. It was a marvelous sight. Hundreds of giant arms were beating the air, as if guarding the town from invisible enemies.



AT THE FIRE-WOMAN'S.

Greta was proud and pleased that her cousins were so impressed with the great numbers of towers and the myriads of gigantic whirling spokes.

"My father says there is nothing grander than this in all Holland," she said. "There are four hundred of them, and more, but you can't see them all from here. Do you see that mill over yonder? That is my father's, and we are going there to-morrow."

The boys could not distinguish one tower from another at that distance.

* "Water and fire to sell."

"What kind of mill is it?" asked Will.

"A flour-mill."

"Are all these flour-mills?"

"Oh no! There are saw-mills, colza-oil mills, mustard-mills, flax-mills, and other kinds I don't remember."

It was now nearly supper-time, and the little group returned home.

The next morning, the whole party—four grown-up people, four youngsters, and four boats (the "Wilhelmina," the "Gouda," the "America," and the "Columbus")—were all taken up the Zaan River in a row-boat for about three miles, and then up a small stream to the mill where they were to spend the day.

The first thing in order was the inspection of the mill, which was unlike anything they had ever seen in America. The tower was of brick. It was three stories high, over a basement. In the basement were the stables and wagon-house; over this was the granary, and flour and meal store; above this were the bolting-rooms, the ground wheat running through spouts to the store-rooms below. On the next floor above were the mill-stones, and the simple machinery that turned them. And, above all, at the very top of the tower, was the main shaft of the great wings outside. These wings caught the winds, and compelled them to work the machinery with such force as to make the strong tower tremble. There were balconies around the first and third stories of the mill. It was quite a picturesque object standing among low trees on a pretty, quiet stream, the banks of which were higher and more uneven than was usual in that part of the country.

The miller lived in a small house near the mill with his wife and his little daughter Hildegarde, the latter of whom was near Greta's age.

The boys did not take as much interest in the miller's house as their parents took; but when they were shown into a large outer room, and were told it was the cow-stable, they had no words with which to express their astonishment. They would have said it was the show-room of the place. There was not a speck on the whitewashed walls; the pine ceiling was so clean it fairly glistened; there were crisp, white muslin curtains at the windows. The raised earthen floor was covered with pure white sand, arranged in fancy designs. There were some small round tables standing about, and on them were ornaments of china and silver, and a variety of knick-knacks.

During the summer the cows were in the pasture day and night, but in the winter they occupied this room. Then the tables were removed, but the place was kept very neatly. This was necessary, for the stable adjoined the house, and the party passed into the barn through a door in the cow-stable.

All except the two boys. Will hung back and motioned to Martin not to go into the barn.

"I am tired of this sort of thing," he said. "Let us go and sail our boats."

"Very well," said Martin, "I 'll call the girls."

"No," said Will; "there are too many of them. They 'll only be in the way. They 'll have a good time together, and we 'll have some fun by ourselves."

Martin seldom dissented from Will's decisions, so the two boys went back into the house to get their ships, and passed out of another door to the bridge and across the stream. They had gone but a short distance when Martin, who had seemed very thoughtful, stopped opposite the mill.

"There is a man in the balcony," he said. "I 'll ask him to call to the girls to come. It is n't fair to go without them. You know Greta thought *so* much of sailing her boat with ours."

"Nonsense," said Will. "She has got other company now. I don't believe they know how to manage their boats, and we will have to help them. Girls always have to be taken care of."

"But," persisted Martin, "you said that Greta was real smart and a first-rate fellow—girl, I mean."

"She is well enough for girls' plays; but what can she know about boats? Come along!"

Martin said no more, and the boys proceeded for some distance up the stream.

"If we go around that bend," said Will, "we will be out of sight of the mill, and can have our own fun."

Around the bend they found a bridge, and a little way above this the stream widened into a large pool, the banks of which were shaded by willows. There they launched the schooner "America" and the sloop "Columbus" with appropriate ceremonies. The sails and the rudders were properly set for a trip across the pool. The ships bent gracefully to the breeze, and went steadily on their course, the little flags waving triumphantly from the mast-heads. They moved so gracefully and behaved so beautifully that Martin expressed his sorrow that the girls were not there to see them. Will made no reply, but he felt a twinge of remorse as he remembered how Greta had looked forward to this sail as a great event. He tried to quiet his conscience with the consideration that it was much better for her not to be there; for she would certainly have felt mortified at the contrast between their pretty vessels and the poor canal-boats.

The boys crossed the bridge, and were ready for the arrival of their vessels in the foreign port. Then they started them on the return voyage and recrossed the bridge to receive them at home.

This was done several times, but at last there was an accident. Will's schooner, the "America," from some unknown cause, took a wrong tack when near the middle of the pool, and going too far up, got aground upon a tiny, grassy island. She swayed

"What a beauty!" "Is n't it just lovely!" "Pretty! pretty! pretty!"

These exclamations came respectively from Greta, Hildegarde, and Minchen, and had reference to the "Columbus," which was gliding up to the bank



THE BOYS WITH THEIR BOATS.

about for a minute, and the boys hoped she would float off, but soon the masts ceased to quiver. The "America" had quietly moored herself on the island as if she intended to remain there forever. What was to be done? The longest pole to be found would not reach the island from either bank, or from the bridge, and the pool was deep. Will began to think it was a pretty bad case.

where the boys stood, with its sails gleaming in the sunshine, while it dipped and courtesied on the little waves. The girls were coming around the bend. Greta and Minchen had their canal-boats, and Hildegarde carried a great square of gingerbread.

"That 's the most beautiful thing I ever saw!" cried Greta. In her admiration of the vessel, she had forgotten her wounded dignity. For she had

arranged with Hildegarde that, after giving the boys their share of gingerbread, they should walk proudly and silently away.

As Greta had broken the compact by speaking, Hildegarde entered upon an explanation: "We have been down the stream looking for you ——" But here she was interrupted by a frown from Greta, who suddenly recollected the slight that had been put upon them.

"Naughty boys to run away!" said little Minchen. "You sha' n't see my boat sail!"

"My ship is aground on that island," said Will, willing to change the subject. "I have no way of getting her off. I wonder if the boat we came in is too large to be got up here."

"The boat was taken back to Zaandam," said Hildegarde, "and our boat is away, too."

"The 'America' will have to stay where she is, then," said Will, trying to speak cheerfully.

"Pretty ship is lost! Too bad!" said Minchen, pityingly. Then brightly: "I 'll give you mine!—*may be*," she added in a doubtful tone, as her glance fell lovingly upon the boat she was hugging under her arm.

Meantime, Greta had been studying the situation. She now turned to Will. "I can get your ship off," she said. "Take care of my boat till I come back, and don't sail her on any account. I wont be gone long."

She handed her boat to Will, and was around the bend in an instant; and it was not very long before the anxious group heard the sound of her rapid footsteps returning. Will thought she had gone to the mill to get some one to help them, but she came back alone, and all she brought with her was a large ball of cord.

Martin and Minchen asked her twenty questions while she made her preparations, but she would not reveal her plans, although it was evident from the way she went to work that she had a very clear idea of what she intended to accomplish.

In the first place, she said the whole party must go further up the bank, so as to get above the "America," which was on the lower edge of the little island. When they had gone far enough, she tied one end of the cord to the rudder-post of her canal-boat. Then she turned the cunning little windlass, and slowly up went the mast to its full height. The next thing was to unfurl the sail, set it properly, and set the rudder,—all of which she did deftly and correctly, making Will feel ashamed of what he had said about the ignorance of girls.

She placed the boat on the water. The sail filled, and off went the "Wilhelmina" with a slow, true, steady motion, her red sail glowing in the sunshine, and her stiff little pennant standing straight out in the wind. As the boat crossed the pool, Greta played out the cord carefully, so as not to impede its motion. When it reached the other side and had gently grounded on the shelving shore, Greta gave the line into Will's hand.

"If you will hold this," she said, "I will go across the bridge."

"Don't trouble yourself to do that," said Will, "I will go over."

"No," said Greta, "I wish to go. I am captain of my own craft, and I know how to manage my 'Wilhelmina.'"

"I had no idea she was so pretty," said Will. "She is a true, stanch little sailer."

"She don't show off until she is on the water," said Greta, smiling, "and then she sails like a real boat. Do you know what I am going to do when I get to the other side?"

"I can guess. You will send your boat back to me from below the island while I hold this end of the cord. That will bring the line around my ship and pull her off."

"I thought of that, but it is too risky. If anything should go wrong with my boat, the line might get tangled; or there might be too great a strain, and the ship would come off with a jerk and be tumbled bottom upward into the water. I intend to untie the cord from the boat, and you and I must walk slowly down toward the 'America,'—I on that side, and you on this. We must hold the cord low so as to catch the mast under the sail, if we can."

"All right," said Will.

Greta walked quickly down the bank, across the bridge, and up the other side until she reached the "Wilhelmina." Placing the boat on the bank for safety, she took the cord off, and, holding it firmly, walked slowly down toward the island. Will did the same on his side of the pool. The cord went skimming over the surface of the water, then it passed above the tops of the long grass on the island. This brought the line on a level with the top-sail. This would not do; for a pressure up there might capsize the schooner. Both of the workers saw that they must slacken the line a little to get it into the proper place. Now was the critical time; if the line was too much slackened it might slip under the vessel and upset it that way. Gently they lowered it until it lay against the mainmast below the sail.

"Take care!" screamed Will to Greta.

"Go slow!" screamed Greta to Will.

Gently they pulled against the schooner, and, inch by inch, she floated off into the open water.

"Hurrah!" shouted Will, as the "America" gave herself a little shake, and, catching the wind, sailed slowly and somewhat unsteadily for the home port, which, however, she reached in safety.

"Wind up the cord!" shouted Greta, just in time to prevent Will's throwing it aside. He wondered what further use she had for the cord. It might go to the bottom of the pool for aught he cared, now that the ship was safe. But he wound it up as directed. It would have been quite a grief to the thrifty little Dutch girl if so much fine cord had been wasted.

Thus ignominiously came in the stately ship "America," which Will had set afloat with such pride! And it is doubtful whether she would have come in at all, but for the stanch Dutch canal-boat that he had regarded with a good deal of disdain.

If Will had been a girl, he would have exhausted the complimentary adjectives of the Dutch language in praise of his cousin; but being a boy, he only said, "Thank you, Greta."

The children remained at the pool until called to dinner; and after that meal, they went back again and stayed until it was time to return to Zaandam, so fascinated were they with sailing their vessels. These changed hands so often that it was sometimes difficult to tell who had charge of any particular boat, and a good deal of confusion was the result. In justice to the "America," it must be stated that she cut no more capers, and was the admiration of all.

Will had his faults, and one of these was the very high estimate he placed on his own opinions. But he was generous-hearted, and he admitted to himself that Greta had shown more cleverness than he in the "America" affair. "She was *quicker*, anyway," he thought. "It is likely that plan would have occurred to me after a time, but she thought of it first. And it was good of her to help me; for she knew that I went away so as not to play with her." It was not pleasant to him to know that a girl had shown herself superior to him in anything he considered his province; but he magnanimously forgave her for this, and he said to Martin, after they were in bed that night:

"I've pretty much made up my mind to give my schooner to Greta. I believe she thinks it the prettiest thing ever made."

"If you do that," said Martin, "I'll give my sloop to Minchen."

This plan was carried out, and the girls were more delighted than if they had had presents of diamonds. But they insisted that the boys should accept their canal-boats in exchange, the result of which was that the Chesters, on their return to America, produced quite a sensation among their schoolmates. For American-built vessels could be bought in many stores in New York, but a Dutch canal-boat, with a red sail, and a mast that was raised and lowered by a windlass, was not to be found in all the city.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASE.

BY ELLIS GRAY.

DEAR little butterfly,
Lightly you flutter by,
On golden wing.
Drops of sweet honey sip,
Deep from the clover tip,
Then upward spring.

Over the meadow grass
Swift as a fairy pass,
Blithesome and gay;
Toy with the golden-rod,
Make the blue asters nod—
Off and away!

Butterfly 's dozing now,
Golden wings closing now,—
Softly he swings.
Tiny hands fold him fast,
Gently unclose at last,—
Fly, golden wings!

Quick! for he 's after you,
With joyous laughter new,—
Mischievous boy!
Swift you must flutter by;
He wants you, butterfly,
For a new toy!

HOW TO MAKE A TELEPHONE.

By M. F.

WHAT is a telephone?

Up go a hundred hands of the brightest and sharpest of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and a hundred confident voices reply:

"An instrument to convey sounds by means of electricity."

Good. That shows you have some definite idea of it; but, after all, that answer is not the right one. The telephone does not convey sound.

"What does its name mean, then?" do you ask?

Simply, that it is a far-sounder; but that does not necessarily imply that it *carries* sounds afar. Strictly speaking, the telephone only changes sound-waves into waves of electricity and back again. When two telephones are connected by means of a wire, they act in this way,—the first telephone changes the sound-waves it receives into electric impulses which travel along the wire until they reach the second telephone, here they are changed back to sound-waves exactly like those received by the first telephone. Accordingly, the listener in New York seems to hear the very tones of his friend who is speaking at the other end of the line, say, in Boston.

Still you don't see how.

It is not surprising, for in this description several scientific facts and principles are involved; and all boys and girls cannot be expected to know much about the laws of sound and electricity. Perhaps a little explanation may make it clearer.

The most of you probably know that sound is produced by rapid motion. Put your finger on a piano wire that is sounding, and you will feel the motion, or touch your front tooth with a tuning-fork that is singing; in the last case you will feel very distinctly the raps made by the vibrating fork. Now, a sounding body will not only jar another body which touches it, but it will also give its motion to the air that touches it; and when the air-motions or air-waves strike the sensitive drums of our ears, these vibrate, and we *hear* the sound.

You all have heard the windows rattle when it thunders loudly, or when cannons have been fired near-by. The sound-waves in the air fairly shake the windows; and, sometimes, when the windows are closed, so that the air-waves cannot pass readily, the windows are shattered by the shock. Fainter sounds act less violently, yet similarly. Every time you speak, your voice sets everything around you vibrating in unison, though ever so faintly.

Thus, from your every-day experience you have proof of two important facts,—first, sound is caused by rapid motion; second, sound-waves give rise to corresponding motion. Both these facts are involved in the speaking telephone, which performs a twofold office,—that of the ear on the one hand, that of our vocal organs on the other.

To serve as an ear, the telephone must be able to take up quickly and nicely the sound-waves of the air. A tightened drum-head will do that; or better, a strip of goldbeaters'-skin drawn tightly over a ring or the end of a tube. But these would not help Professor Bell, the inventor of the telephone we shall describe, since he wanted an ear that would translate the waves of sound into waves of electricity, which would travel farther and faster than sound-waves could.

Just when Mr. Bell was thinking how he could make the instrument he wanted, an important discovery in magnetism was made known to him—a discovery that helped him wonderfully. You know that if you hold a piece of iron close to a magnet the magnet will pull it, and the closer the iron comes to the magnet the harder it is pulled. Now, some one experimenting with a magnet having a coil of silk-covered wire around it, found that when a piece of iron was moved in front of the magnet and close to it without touching, the motion would

give rise to electric waves in the coil of wire, which waves could be transmitted to considerable distances.

This was just what Mr. Bell wanted. He said to himself, "The sound of my voice will give motion to a thin plate of iron as well as to a sheet of gold-beaters'-skin; and if I bring this vibrating plate of iron close to a magnet, the motion will set up in it waves of electricity answering exactly to the sound-waves which move the iron plate."

So far, good. But something more was wanted. The instrument must not only translate sound-waves into electric impulses, but change these back again into sound-waves; it must not only hear, but also *speak!*

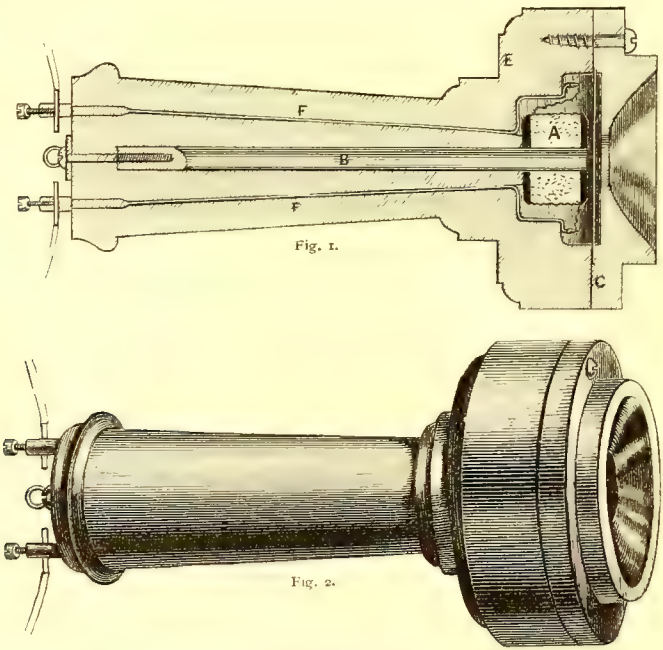
You remember our first fact in regard to sound: it is caused by motion. All that is needed to make anything speak is to cause it to move so as to give rise to just such air-waves as the voice makes. Mr. Bell's idea was to make the iron plate of his sound-receiver speak.

He reasoned in this way: From the nature of the magnet it follows that when waves of electricity are passed through the wire coil around the magnet, the strength of the magnet must vary with the force of the electric impulses. Its pull on the plate of iron near it must vary in the same manner. The varying pull on the plate must make it move, and this movement must set the air against the plate in motion in sound-waves corresponding exactly with the motion setting up the electric waves in the first place; in other words, the sound-motion in one telephone must be exactly reproduced as sound-waves in a similar instrument joined to it by wire.

Experiment proved the reasoning correct; and thus the speaking-telephone was invented. But it took a long time to find the simplest and best way to make it. At last, however, Mr. Bell's telephone was perfected in the form illustrated below. Fig. 1 shows the inner structure of the instrument. A is the spool carrying the coil of wire; B, the magnet; C, the diaphragm; E, the case; F, F, the wires leading from the coil, and connecting at the end of the handle with the ground and line wires. Fig. 2 shows how a telephone looks on the outside.

So much for description. You will understand it better, perhaps, if you experiment a little. You can easily make a pair for yourself, rude and imperfect, it is true, but good enough for all the tests you may want to apply.

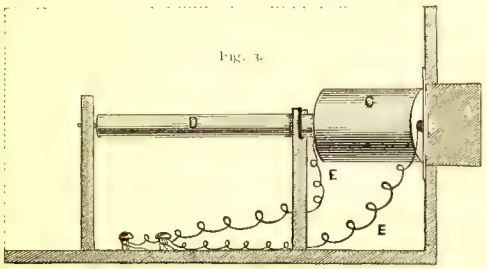
For each you will want: (1) a straight magnet; (2) a coil of silk-covered copper wire; (3) a thin plate of soft iron; (4) a box to hold the first three articles. You will also want as much wire as you can afford, to connect the instruments, and two short pieces of wire to connect your telephones with the ground. (Two wires between the instruments would make the ground-wires unnecessary, but this would use up too much wire.) The magnet and the coil you will have to buy from some dealer in



BELL'S TELEPHONE.

electrical apparatus. They need not cost much. A small cigar-box will answer for the case.

In one end of the box cut a round hole, say, three inches across. Against this hole fasten a disk of thin sheet-iron for the vibrator or "dia-



A "CIGAR-BOX" TELEPHONE.

phragm." For a mouth-piece use a small can, such as ground spices come in, or even a round paper box.

Now, on the inside of the box, place the magnet, the end carrying the coil almost touching the middle of the diaphragm, and fix it firmly. Then, to the ends of the copper wire of the main coil fasten two wires,—one for the line, the other for the "ground-wire."

This done, you will have an instrument (or rather two of them) very much like Fig. 3. A is the mouth-piece; B, the diaphragm; C, the coil; D, the magnet; E, E, the wires.

The receiving and sending instruments are precisely alike, each answers for both purposes; but there must be two, since one must always be hearing while the other is speaking.

When you speak into the mouth-piece of one telephone, the sound of your voice causes the "diaphragm" to vibrate in front of the magnet. The vibrations cause the magnet's pull upon the diaphragm to vary in force, which variation is answered by electrical waves in the coil and over the wires connected with it. At the other end of the wire the pull of the magnet of the speaking telephone is varied exactly in proportion to the strength of the electric impulses that come over the wire; the varying pull of the magnet sets the diaphragm in motion, and that sets the air in motion in waves precisely like those of the distant voice. When those waves strike the listener's ear, he *seems* to hear the speaker's exact tones, and so, substantially, he does hear them. The circumstance that electric waves, and not sound-waves, travel over the wires, does not change the quality of the resulting sound in the least.

I think you now understand Bell's telephone. The telephones of Edison, Gray, and others, involve different principles and are differently constructed.

One invention very often leads to another, and the telephone already has an offspring not less wonderful than itself. It is called the speaking-phonograph. It was invented by Mr. Edison, one of the gentlemen just mentioned.

Evidently, Mr. Edison said to himself: "The telephone hears and speaks; why not make it write in its own way; then its record could be kept, and any time after, the instrument might read aloud its own writing." Like a great genius as he is, Mr. Edison went to work in the simplest way to make the sound-recorder he wanted. You know how the diaphragm of the telephone vibrates when spoken to? Mr. Edison took away from the telephone all except the mouth-piece and the diaphragm, fastened a point of metal, which we will call a "style," to the center of the diaphragm, and then contrived a simple arrangement for making a sheet of tin-foil pass in front of the style. When the diaphragm is still, the style simply scratches a straight line along the foil. When a sound is made, however, and the diaphragm set to vibrating, the mark of the style is not a simple scratch, but an impression varying in depth according to the diaphragm's vibration. And that is how the phonograph writes. To the naked eye, the record of the sound appears to be simply a line of pin points or dots, more or less close to each other; but, under a magnifier, it is seen to be far more complicated.

Now for the reading. The impression on the foil exactly records the vibrations of the diaphragm, and those vibrations exactly measure the sound-waves which caused the vibrations. The reading simply reverses all this. The strip of foil is passed again before the diaphragm, the point of the style follows the groove it made at first, and the diaphragm follows the style in all its motions. The original vibrations are thus exactly reproduced, setting up sound-waves in the air precisely like those which first set the machine in motion. Consequently, the listener hears a minutely exact echo of what the instrument heard; it might have heard it a minute, or an hour, or a year, or a thousand years before, had the phonograph been in use so long.

What a wonderful result is that! As yet, the phonograph has not been put to any practical use; indeed, it is scarcely in operation yet, and a great deal must be done to increase the delicacy of its hearing and the strength of its voice. It mimics any and every sort of sound with marvelous fidelity, but weakly. Its speech is like that of a person a long way off, or in another room. But its possibilities are almost infinite.

ONLY A DOLL!

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.



POLLY, my dolly! why don't you grow?
Are you a dwarf, my Polly?
I 'm taller and taller every day;
How high the grass is!—do you see that?
The flowers are growing like weeds, they say;
The kitten is growing into a cat!
Why don't you grow, my dolly?

Here is a mark upon the wall.
Look for yourself, my Polly!
I made it a year ago, I think.
I 've measured you very often, dear,
But, though you 've plenty to eat and drink,
You have n't grown a bit for a year.
Why don't you grow, my dolly?

Are you never going to try to talk?
You 're such a silent Polly!
Are you never going to say a word?
It is n't hard; and oh! don't you see
The parrot is only a little bird,
But he can chatter so easily.
You 're quite a dunce, my dolly!

Let 's go and play by the baby-house;
You are my dearest Polly!
There are other things that do not grow;
Kittens can't talk, and why should you?
You are the prettiest doll I know;
You are a darling—that is true!
Just as you are, my dolly!

DAB KINZER: A STORY OF A GROWING BOY.

By William O. Stoddard.

Between the village and the inlet, and half-a-mile from the great "bay," lay the Kinzer farm. Beyond the bay was a sand-bar, and beyond that the Atlantic Ocean; for all this was on the southerly shore of Long Island.

The Kinzer farm had lain right there—acre for acre, no more, no less—on the day when Hendrik Hudson, long ago, sailed the good ship "Half-Moon" into New York By. But it was not then to any one as the Kinzer farm. Neither ere then, as now, any bright and growing crowding up on one side of it, with a rail-tion and a post-office. Nor was there, at ne, any great and busy city of New York, few hours' ride away, over on the island hattan. The Kinzers themselves were not en; but the bay and the inlet, with the fish crabs, and the ebbing and flowing tides, ere, very much the same, before Hendrik a and his brave Dutchmen knew anything er about that corner of the world.

Kinzer farm had always been a reasonably one, both as to size and quality, and the ople who lived on it had generally been of hat similar description. It was, therefore, every way correct and becoming for Dabney Kinzer's widowed mother and his sisters to be the plump and hearty beings they were, and all the more discouraging to poor Dabney that no amount of regular and faithful eating seemed to make him resemble them at all in that respect.

Mrs. Kinzer excused his thinness to her neighbors, to be sure, on the ground that he was "such a growing boy;" but, for all that, he caught himself wondering, now and then, if he would never be done with that part of his trials. For rapid growth has its trials.

"The fact is," he said to himself, one day, as he leaned over the north fence, "I 'm more like Ham Morris's farm than I am like ours. His farm is bigger than ours, all 'round; but it 's too big for its fences, just as I 'm too big for my clothes. Ham's house is three times as large as ours, but it looks as if it had grown too fast. It has n't any paint, to speak of, nor any blinds. It looks a good deal as if somebody 'd just built it there and then forgot it and gone off and left it out-of-doors."

Dabney's four sisters had all come into the world before him, but he was as tall as any of them, and was frequently taken by strangers for a good two years older than he really was.

It was sometimes very hard for him, a boy of fifteen, to live up to what was expected of those two extra years.

Mrs. Kinzer still kept him in roundabouts; but they did not seem to hinder his growth at all, if that was her object in so doing.

There was no such thing, however, as keeping the four girls in roundabouts, of any kind; and, what between them and their mother, the pleasant and tidy little Kinzer homestead, with its snug parlor and its cozy bits of rooms and chambers, seemed to nestle away, under the shadowing elms and sycamores, smaller and smaller with every year that came.

It was a terribly tight fit for such a family, anyway; and, now that Dabney was growing at such a rate, there was no telling what they would all come to. But Mrs. Kinzer came, at last, to the rescue, and she summoned her eldest daughter, Miranda, to her aid.

A very notable woman was the widow. When the new railway cut off part of the old farm, she had split up the slice of land between the iron track and the village into "town lots," and had sold them all off by the time the railway company paid her for the "damage" it had done the property.

The whole Kinzer family gained visibly in plumpness that year,—except, perhaps, Dabney.

Of course, the condition and requirements of Ham Morris and his big farm, just over the north fence, had not escaped such a pair of eyes as those of the widow, and the very size of his great barn of a house finally settled his fate for him.

A large, quiet, unambitious, but well brought up and industrious young man was Hamilton Morris, and he had not the least idea of the good in store for him for several months after Mrs. Kinzer decided to marry him to her daughter Miranda. But all was soon settled. Dab, of course, had nothing to do with the wedding arrangements, and Ham's share was somewhat contracted. Not but what he was at the Kinzer house a good deal; nor did any of the other girls tell Miranda how very much he was in the way. He could talk, however, and one morning, about a fortnight before the day appointed, he said to Miranda and her mother:

"We can't have so very much of a wedding; your house is so small, and you 've chocked it so full of furniture. Right down nice furniture it is, too; but there 's so much of it. I 'm afraid the minister 'll have to stand out in the front yard."

"The house 'll do for this time," replied Mrs. Kinzer. "There 'll be room enough for everybody. What puzzles me is Dab."

"What about Dab?" asked Ham.

"Can't find a thing to fit him," said Dab's mother. "Seems as if he were all odd sizes, from head to foot."

"Fit him!" exclaimed Ham. "Oh, you mean ready-made goods! Of course you can't. He 'll have to be measured by a tailor, and have his new suit built for him."

"Such extravagance!" emphatically remarked Mrs. Kinzer.

"Not for rich people like you, and for a wedding," replied Ham; "and Dab 's a growing boy. Where is he now? I 'm going to the village, and I 'll take him right along with me."

There seemed to be no help for it; but that was the first point relating to the wedding concerning which Ham Morris was permitted to have exactly his own way. His success made Dab Kinzer a fast friend of his for life, and that was something.

There was also something new and wonderful to Dabney himself in walking into a tailor's shop, picking out cloth to please himself, and being so carefully measured all over. He stretched and swelled himself in all directions, to make sure nothing should turn out too small. At the end of it all, Ham said to him:

"Now, Dab, my boy, this suit is to be a present from me to you, on Miranda's account."

Dab colored and hesitated for a moment; but it seemed all right, he thought, and so he came frankly out with:

"Thank you, Ham. You always was a prime good fellow. I 'll do as much for you some day. Tell you what I 'll do, then. I 'll have another suit made, right away, of this other cloth, and have the bill for that one sent to our folks."

"Do it!" exclaimed Ham. "Do it! You 've your mother's orders for that. She 's nothing to do with my gift."

"Splendid!" almost shouted Dab. "Oh, but don't I hope they 'll fit!"

"Vit?" said the tailor. "Vill zay vit? I dell you zay vit you like a knife. You vait und zee."

Dab failed to get a very clear idea of what the fit would be, but it made him almost hold his breath to think of it.

After the triumphant visit to the tailor, there was still a necessity for a call upon the shoe-maker, and that was a matter of no small importance. Dab's feet had always been a mystery and a trial to him. If his memory contained one record darker than another, it was the endless history of his misadventures with boots and shoes. He and leather had been at war from the day he left his creeping clothes until now. But now he was promised a pair of shoes that would be sure to fit.

So the question of Dab's personal appearance at the wedding was all arranged between him and Ham; and Miranda smiled more sweetly than ever before upon the latter, after she had heard her usually silent brother break out so enthusiastically about him as he did that evening.

It was a good thing for that wedding that it took place in fine summer weather, for neither kith, kin, nor acquaintances had been slighted in the invitations, and the Kinzers were one of the "oldest families."

To have gathered them all under the roof of that house, without either stretching it out wider or boiling the guests down, would have been out of the question, and so the majority, with Dabney in his new clothes to keep them countenance, stood or sat in the cool shade of the grand old trees during the ceremony, which was performed near the open door, and were afterward served with the wedding refreshments, in a style that spoke volumes for Mrs. Kinzer's good management, as well as for her hospitality.

The only drawback to Dab's happiness that day was that his acquaintances hardly seemed to know him. He had had almost the same trouble with himself when he looked in the glass that morning.

Ordinarily, his wrists were several inches through his coat sleeves, and his ankles made a perpetual show of his stockings. His neck, too, seemed usually to be holding his head as far as possible from his coat collar, and his buttons had no favor to ask of his button-holes.

Now, even as the tailor had promised, he had received his "first fit." He seemed to himself, to tell the truth, to be covered up in a prodigal waste of nice cloth. Would he ever, ever grow too big for such a suit of clothes as that? It was a very painful thought, and he did his best to put it away from him.

Still, it was a little hard to have a young lady, whom he had known before she began to walk, remark to him: "Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me if Mr. Dabney Kinzer is here?"

"No, Jenny Walters," sharply responded Dab, "he is n't here."

"Why, Dabney!" exclaimed the pretty Jenny, "is that you? I declare, you 've scared me out of a year's growth."

"I wish you 'd scare me, then," said Dab. "Then my clothes would stay fitted."

Everything had been so well arranged beforehand, thanks to Mrs. Kinzer, that the wedding had no chance at all except to go off well. Ham Morris was rejoiced to find how entirely he was relieved of every responsibility.

"Don't worry about your house, Hamilton," the widow said to him the night before. "We 'll go over there as soon as you and Miranda get away, and it 'll be all ready for you by the time you get back."

"All right," said Ham. "I 'll be glad to have you take the old place in hand. I 've only tried to live in a corner of it. You don't know how much room there is. I don't, I must say."

Dabney had longed to ask her if she meant to have it moved over to the Kinzer side of the north fence, but he had doubts as to the propriety of it, and just then the boy came in from the tailor's with his bundle of new clothes.

Chapter II.

Hamilton Morris was a very promising young man, of some thirty summers. He had been an "orphan" for a dozen years, and the wonder was that he should so long have lived alone in the big square-built house his father left him. At all events, Miranda Kinzer was just the wife for him.

Miranda's mother had seen that at a glance, the moment her mind was settled about the house. As to that and his great, spreading, half-cultivated farm, all either of them needed was ready money and management.

These were blessings Ham was now made reasonably sure of, on his return from his wedding trip, and he was likely to appreciate them.

As for Dabney Kinzer, he was in no respect overcome by the novelty and excitement of the wedding. All the rest of the day he devoted himself to such duties as were assigned him, with a new and grand idea steadily taking shape in his mind. He felt as if his brains, too, were growing. Some of his mother's older and more intimate friends remained with her all day, probably to comfort her for the loss of Miranda, and two or three of them, Dab knew, would stay to tea, so that his services would be in demand to see them safely home.

All day long, moreover, Samantha and Keziah and Pamela seemed to find themselves wonderfully busy, one way and another, so that they paid even less attention than usual to any of the ins and outs of their brother.

Dabney was therefore able, with little difficulty, to take for himself whatever of odd time he might require for putting his new idea into execution.

Mrs. Kinzer herself noticed the rare good sense with which her son hurried through with his dinner and slipped away, leaving her in undisturbed possession of the table and her lady guests, and neither she nor either of the girls had a thought of following him.

If they had done so, they might have seen him draw a good-sized bundle out from under the lilac-thicket in the back yard, and hurry down through the garden.

A few minutes more and Dabney appeared on the fence of the old cross-road leading down to the shore. There he sat, eying one passer-by after another, till he suddenly sprang from his perch, exclaiming: "That 's just the chap. Why, they 'll fit him, and that 's more 'n they ever did for me."

Dab would probably have had to search along the coast for miles before he could have found a human being better suited to his present charitable purposes than the boy who now came so lazily down the road.

There was no doubt about his color, or that he was all over of about the same shade of black. His old tow trousers and calico shirt revealed the shining fact in too many places to leave room for a question, and shoes he had none.

"Dick," said Dabney, "was you ever married?"

"Married!" exclaimed Dick, with a peal of very musical laughter. "Is I married? No! Is you?"

"No," replied Dabney, "but I was mighty near it, this morning."

"Dat so?" asked Dick, with another show of his white teeth. "Done ye good, den. Nebber seen ye look so nice afore."

"You 'd look nicer 'n I do, if you were only dressed up," said Dab. "Just you put on these."

"Golly!" exclaimed the black boy. But he seized the bundle Dab threw him, and he had it open in a twinkling. "Anyt'ing in de pockets?" he asked.

"Guess not," said Dab; "but there 's lots of room."

"Say dar was!" exclaimed Dick. "But wont dese t'ings be warm!"

It was quite likely, for the day was not a cool one, and Dick never seemed to think of pulling off what he had on before getting into his unexpected present. Coat, vest, and trousers, they were all pulled on with more quickness than Dab had ever seen the young African display before.

"I 's much obleeged to ye, Mr. Kinzer," said Dick, very proudly, as he strutted across the road. "On'y I das n't go back fru de village."

"What 'll you do, then?" asked Dab.

"S'pose I 'd better go a-fishin'," said Dick. "Will de fish bite?"

"Oh, the clothes wont make any odds to them," said Dabney. "I must go back to the house."

And so he did, while Dick, on whom the cast-off garments of his white friend were really a pretty good fit, marched on down the road, feeling grander than he ever had before in all his life.

"That 'll be a good thing to tell Ham Morris when he and Miranda come home again," muttered Dab, as he re-entered the house.

Late that evening, when Dabney returned from his final duties as escort to his mother's guests, she rewarded him with more than he could remember ever receiving of motherly commendation.

"I 've been really quite proud of you, Dabney," she said to him, as she laid her plump hand on the collar of his new coat and kissed him. "You 've behaved like a perfect gentleman."

"Only, mother," exclaimed Keziah, "he spent too much of his time with that sharp-tongued little Jenny Walters."

"Never mind, Kezi," said Dab. "She did n't know who I was till I told her. I 'm going to wear a label with my name on it, when I go over to the village, to-morrow."

"And then you 'll put on your other suit in the morning," said Mrs. Kinzer. "You must keep this for Sundays and great occasions."

When the morning came, Dabney Kinzer was a more than usually early riser, for he felt that he had waked up to a very important day.

"Dabney," exclaimed his mother, when he came in to breakfast, "did I not tell you to put on your other suit?"

"So I have, mother," replied Dab; "this is my other suit."

"That!" exclaimed Mrs. Kinzer.

"So it is!" cried Keziah.

"So it is n't," added Samantha. "Mother, that 's not what he had on yesterday."

"He 's been trading again," mildly suggested Pamela.

"Dabney," said Mrs. Kinzer, "what does this mean?"

"Mean!" replied Dabney. "Why, these are the clothes you told me to buy. The lot I wore yesterday were a present from Ham Morris. He 's a splendid fellow. I 'm glad he got the best of the girls."

That was a bad thing for Dabney to say, just then, for it was resented vigorously by the remaining three. As soon as quiet was restored, however, Mrs. Kinzer remarked:

"I think Hamilton should have consulted me about it; but it 's too late now. Anyhow, you may go and put on your other clothes."

"My wedding suit?" asked Dab.

"No, indeed! I mean your old ones; those you took off night before last."

"Dunno where they are," slowly responded Dab.

"Don't know where they are?" repeated a chorus of four voices.

"No," said Dab. "Bill Lee's black boy had 'em on all yesterday afternoon, and I reckon he 's gone a-fishing again to-day. They fit him a good sight better 'n they ever did me."

If Dabney had expected a storm to come from his mother's end of the table, he was pleasantly mistaken, and his sisters had it all to themselves for a moment. Then, with an admiring glance at her son, the thoughtful matron remarked:

"Just like his father, for all the world. It 's no use, girls. Dabney 's a growing boy in more ways than one. Dabney, I shall want you to go over to the Morris house with me after breakfast. Then you may hitch up the ponies, and we 'll do some errands around the village."

Dab Kinzer's sisters looked at one another in blank astonishment, and Samantha would have left the table if she had only finished her breakfast.



DAB GIVES DICK HIS OLD CLOTHES.

Pamela, as being nearest to Dab in age and sympathy, gave a very admiring look at her brother's second "good fit," and said nothing.

Even Keziah finally admitted, in her own mind, that such a change in Dabney's appearance might have its advantages. But Samantha inwardly declared war.

The young hero himself was hardly used to that second suit as yet, and felt anything but easy in it.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "what Jenny Walters would think of me now? Wonder if she 'd know me?"

Not a doubt of it. But, after he had finished his breakfast and gone out, his mother remarked:

"It 's really all right, girls. I almost fear I 've

been neglecting Dabney. He is n't a little boy any more."

"He is n't a man yet," exclaimed Samantha, "and he talks slang dreadfully."

"But then he does grow so!" remarked Keziah.

"Mother," said Pamela, "could n't you get Dab to give Dick the slang, along with the old clothes?"

"We 'll see about it," replied Mrs. Kinzer.

It was very plain that Dabney's mother had begun to take in a new idea about her son. It was not the least bit in the world unpleasant to find out that he was "growing in more ways than one," and it was quite likely that she had indeed kept him too long in roundabouts.

CHAPTER III.

DICK LEE had been more than half right about the village being a dangerous place for him with such an unusual amount of clothing over his ordinary uniform.

The very dogs, every one of whom was an old acquaintance, barked at him on his way home that night; and, proud as were his ebony father and mother, they yielded to his earnest entreaties, first, that he might wear his present all the next day, and, second, that he might betake himself to the "bay," early in the morning, and so keep out of sight "till he got used to it."

The fault with Dab Kinzer's old suit, after all, had lain mainly in its size rather than its materials, for Mrs. Kinzer was too good a manager to be really stingy.

Dick succeeded in reaching the boat-landing without falling in with any one who seemed disposed to laugh at him; but there, right on the wharf, was a white boy of about his own age, and he felt a good deal like backing out.

"Nebber seen him afore, either," said Dick to himself. "Den I guess I aint afeard ob him."

The stranger was a somewhat short and thick-set but bright and active-looking boy, with a pair of very keen, greenish-gray eyes. But, after all, the first word he spoke to poor Dick was:

"Hullo, clothes! where are you going with all that boy?"

"I knowed it! I knowed it!" groaned Dick. But he answered, as sharply as he knew how: "I's goin' a-fishin'. Any ob youah business?"

"Where 'd you learn to fish?" the stranger asked. "Down South? Did n't know they had any there."

"Nebbah was down Souf," was the surly reply.

"Father run away, did he?"

"He nebber was down dar, nudder."

"Nor his father?"

"'T aint no business o' your 'n," said Dick; "but we 's allers lived right heah on dis bay."

"Guess not," replied the white boy, knowingly.

But Dick was right, for his people had been slaves among the very earliest Dutch settlers, and had never "lived South" at all. He was now busily getting one of the boats ready to push off; but his white tormentor went at him again with—

"Well, then, if you 've lived here so long, you must know everybody."

"Reckon I do."

"Are there any nice fellows around here? Any like me?"

"De nicest young genelman 'round dis bay," replied Dick, "is Mr. Dab Kinzer. But he aint like you. Not nuff to hurt 'im."

"Dab Kinzer!" exclaimed the stranger. "Where did he get his name?"

"In de bay, I spect," said Dick, as he shoved his boat off. "Caught 'im wid a hook."

"Anyhow," said the strange boy to himself, "that 's probably the sort of fellow my father would wish me to associate with. Only it 's likely he 's very ignorant."

And he walked away toward the village with the air of a man who had forgotten more than the rest of his race were ever likely to find out.

At all events, Dick Lee had managed to say a good word for his benefactor, little as he could guess what might be the consequences.

Meantime, Dab Kinzer, when he went out from breakfast, had strolled away to the north fence, for a good look at the house which was thenceforth to be the home of his favorite sister. He had seen it before, every day since he could remember; but it seemed to have a fresh and almost mournful interest for him just now.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, as he leaned against the fence. "Putting up ladders? Oh yes, I see! That 's old Tommy McGrew, the house-painter. Well, Ham's house needs a new coat as badly as I did. Sure it 'll fit, too. Only it aint used to it any more 'n I am."

"Dabney!"

It was his mother's voice, and Dab felt like "minding" very promptly that morning.

"Dabney, my boy, come here to the gate."

"Ham 's having his house painted," he remarked, as he joined his mother.

"Is he?" she said. "We 'll go and see about it."

As they drew nearer, however, Dabney discovered that carpenters as well as painters were plying their trade in and about the old homestead. There were window-sashes piled here and blinds there, a new door or so ready for use, with bundles of shingles, and other signs of approaching "renovation."

"Going to fix it all over," remarked Dab.

"Yes," replied his mother; "it 'll be as good as new. It was well built, and will bear mending."

When they entered the house, it became more and more evident that the "shabby" days of the Morris mansion were numbered. There were men at work in almost every room.

Ham's wedding trip would surely give plenty of time, at that rate, and his house would be "all ready for him" on his return.

There was nothing wonderful to Dabney in the fact that his mother went about inspecting work and giving directions. He had never seen her do anything else, and he had the greatest confidence in her knowledge and ability.

Dabney noticed, too, before they left the place, that all the customary farm-work was going ahead with even more regularity and energy than if the owner himself had been present.

"Ham's farm 'll look like ours, one of these days, at this rate," he said to his mother.

"I mean it shall," she replied, somewhat sharply. "Now go and get out the ponies, and we 'll do the rest of our errands."

If they had only known it, at that very moment Ham and his blooming bride were setting out for a drive at the fashionable watering-place where they had made the first stop in their wedding tour.

"Ham," said Miranda, "it seems to me as if we were a thousand miles from home."

"We shall be further before we get nearer," said Ham.

"But I wonder what they are doing there,—mother and the girls and dear little Dabney?"

"Little Dabney!" exclaimed Ham. "Why, Miranda, do you think Dab is a baby yet?"

"No, not a baby. But ——"

"Well, he 's a boy, that 's a fact; but he 'll be as tall as I am in three years."

"Will he ever be fat?"

"Not till after he gets his full length," said Ham. "We must have him at our house a good deal, and feed him up. I 've taken a liking to Dab."

"Feed him up!" said Miranda, with some indignation. "Do you think we starve him?"

"No; but how many meals a day does he get?"

"Three, of course, like the rest of us; and he never misses one of them."

"I suppose not," said Ham. "I never miss a meal myself, if I can help it. But don't you think three meals a day is rather short allowance for a boy like Dab?"

Miranda thought a moment, but then she answered, positively: "No, I don't. Not if he does as well at each one of them as Dab is sure to."

"Well," said Ham, "that was in his old clothes, that were too tight for him. Now he 's got a good loose fit, with plenty of room, you don't know how much more he may need. No, Miranda, I 'm going to have an eye on Dabney."

"You 're a dear, good fellow, anyway," said Miranda, "and I hope mother 'll have the house all ready for us when we get back."

"She will," replied Ham. "I shall hardly be easy till I see what she has done with it."

CHAPTER IV.

"THAT 'S him!"

Dab was standing by the ponies, in front of a store in the village. His mother was making some purchases in the store, and Dab was thinking how the Morris house would look when it was finished, and it was at him the old farmer was pointing in answer to a question which had just been asked.

The questioner was the sharp-eyed boy who had bothered poor Dick Lee that morning.

At that moment, however, a young lady—quite young—came tripping along the sidewalk, and was stopped by Dab Kinzer with:

"There, Jenny Walters, I forgot my label!"

"Why, Dabney, is that you? How you startled me! Forgot your label?"

"Yes," said Dab; "I 'm in another new suit to-day, and I want to have a label with my name on it. You 'd have known me, then."

"But I know you now," exclaimed Jenny. "Why, I saw you yesterday."

"Yes, and I told you it was me. Can you read, Jenny?"

"Why, what a question!"

"Because, if you can't, it wont do me any good to wear a label."

"Dabney Kinzer," exclaimed Jenny. "There 's another thing you ought to get?"

"What 's that?"

"Some good manners," said the little lady, snappishly. "Think of your stopping me in the street to tell me I can't read."

"Then you must n't forget me so quick," said Dab. "If you meet my old clothes anywhere you must call 'em Dick Lee. They 've had a change of name."

"So, he 's in them, is he? I don't doubt they look better than they ever did before."

And Jenny walked proudly away, leaving her old playmate feeling as if he had had a little the worst of it. That was often the way with people who stopped to talk with Jenny Walters, and she was not as much of a favorite as she otherwise might have been.

Hardly had she disappeared before Dab was confronted by the strange boy.

"Is your name Dabney Kinzer?" said he.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Well, I 'm Mr. Ford Foster, of New York."

"Come over here to buy goods?" suggested Dab. "Or to get something to eat?"

Ford Foster was apparently of about Dab's age, but a full head less in height, so that there was more point in the question than there seemed to be, but he treated it as not worthy of notice, and asked: "Do you know of a house to let anywhere about here?"

"House to let?" suddenly exclaimed the voice of Mrs. Kinzer, behind him, much to Dab's surprise. "Are you asking about a house? Whom for?"

If Ford Foster had been ready to "chaff" Dick Lee, or even Dab Kinzer, he knew enough to speak respectfully to the portly and business-like lady now before him.

"Yes, madam," he said, with a ceremonious bow. "I wish to report to my father that I've found an acceptable house in this vicinity."

"You do!"

Mrs. Kinzer was reading the young gentleman through and through as she spoke, but she followed her exclamation with a dozen questions, and then wound up with:

"Go right home, then, and tell your father the only good house to let in this neighborhood will be ready for him next week, and he'd better see me at once. Get into the buggy, Dabney."

"A very remarkable woman!" muttered Ford Foster to himself as they drove away. "I must make some more inquiries."

"Mother," said Dabney, "you would n't let 'em have Ham's house?"

"No, indeed; but I don't mean to have our own stand empty." And, with that, a great deal of light began to break in on Dabney's mind.

"That's it, is it?" he said to himself, as he touched up the ponies. "Well, there'll be room enough for all of us there, and no mistake. But what'll Ham say?"



"IS YOUR NAME DABNEY KINZER?"

It was not till late the next day, however, that Ford Foster completed his inquiries. He took the afternoon train for the city, satisfied that, much as he knew before he came, he had actually learned a good deal more which was valuable.

He was almost the only person in the car. Trains going toward the city were apt to be thinly peopled at that time of day, but the empty cars had to be taken along all the same, for the benefit of the crowds who would be coming out, later in the afternoon and in the evening. The railway company would have made more money with full loads both ways, but it was well they did not have one on that precise train. Ford had turned over the seat in front of him, and stretched himself out

with his feet on it. It was almost like lying down for a boy of his length, but it was the very best position he could have taken if he had known what was coming.

Known what was coming?

Yes, there was a pig coming.

That was all, but it was quite enough, considering what that pig was about to do. He was going where he chose, just then, and he chose not to turn out for the railway train.

"What a whistle!" Ford Foster had just exclaimed. "It sounds more like the squeal of an iron pig than anything else. I——"

But at that instant there came a great jolt and a shock, and Ford found himself suddenly tumbled, all in a heap, on the seat where his feet had been. Then came bounce after bounce and the sound of breaking glass, and then a crash.

"Off the track!" shouted Ford, as he sprang to his feet. "I would n't have missed it for anything, but I do hope nobody 's killed."

In the tremendous excitement of the moment he could hardly have told how he got out of that car, but it did not seem ten seconds till he was standing beside the conductor and engineer, looking at the battered engine as it lay on its side in a deep ditch. The baggage car, just behind it, was broken all to pieces, but the passenger cars did not seem to have suffered very much, and nobody was badly hurt, as the engineer and fireman had jumped off in time.

"This train 'll never get in on time," said Ford to the conductor, a little later. "How 'll I get to the city?"

"Well," replied the railway man, who was not in the best of humors, "I don't suppose the city could do without you overnight. The junction with the main road is only two miles ahead, and if you 're a good walker you may catch a train there."

Some of the other passengers, none of whom were very much hurt, had made the same discovery, and in a few minutes more there was a long, straggling procession of uncomfortable people marching by the side of the railway track, under the hot sun. The conductor was right, however, and nearly all of them managed to make the two miles to the junction in time.

Mr. Ford Foster was among the very first to arrive, and he was likely to reach home in very fair season in spite of the pig.

As for his danger, he had hardly thought of that, and he would not have missed so important an adventure for anything he could think of, just then.

It was to a great, pompous, stylish, crowded, "up-town boarding-house," that Ford's return was to take him. There was no wonder at all that wise people should wish to get out of such a place in such hot weather. Still, it was the sort of a home Ford Foster had been best acquainted with all his life, and it was partly owing to that that he had become so prematurely "knowing."

He knew too much, in fact, and was only too well aware of it. He had filled his head with an unlimited stock of boarding-house information, as well as with a firm persuasion that there was little more to be had,—unless, indeed, it might be scraps of such outside knowledge as he had now been picking up over on Long Island.

In one of the great "parlor chambers" of the boarding-house, at about eight o'clock that evening, a middle-aged gentleman and lady, with a fair, sweet-faced girl of about nineteen, were sitting near an open window, very much as if they were waiting for somebody.

Such a kindly, motherly lady! She was one of those whom no one can help liking, after seeing her smile once, or hearing her speak. Whatever may have been his faults or short-comings, Ford Foster could not have put in words what he thought about his mother. And yet he had no difficulty in expressing his respect for his father, or his unbounded admiration for his pretty sister Annie.

"Oh, husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, "are you sure none of them were injured?"

"So the telegraphic report said. Not a bone broken of anybody but the pig that got in the way."

"But how I wish he would come!" groaned Annie. "Have you any idea, papa, how he can get home?"

"Not clearly," said her father, "but you can trust Ford not to miss any opportunity. He 's just the boy to look out for himself in an emergency."

Ford Foster's father took very strongly after the son in whose ability he expressed so much confidence. He had just such a square, active, bustling sort of body, several sizes larger, with just such keen, penetrating, greenish-gray eyes. Anybody would have picked him out, at a glance, for a lawyer, and a good one.

That was exactly what he was, and if any one had become acquainted with either son or father, there would have been no difficulty afterward in identifying the other.

It required a good deal more than the telegraphic report of the accident or even her husband's assurances, to relieve the motherly anxiety of good Mrs. Foster, or even to drive away the shadows from the face of Annie.

No doubt if Ford himself had known the state of affairs, they would have been relieved earlier; for even while they were talking about him he was already in the house. It had not so much as occurred to him that his mother would hear of the accident to the pig and the railway train until he himself should tell her, and so he had made sure

of his supper down-stairs, before reporting himself. He might not have done it, perhaps, but he had come in through the lower way, by the area door, and that of the dining-room had stood temptingly wide open with some very eatable things ready on the table.

That had been too much for Ford, after his car-ride and his smash-up and his long walk. But now, at last, up he came, brimful of new and wonderful experiences, to be more than a little astonished by the manner and enthusiasm of his welcome.

"Why, mother!" he exclaimed, when he got a chance for a word, "you and Annie could n't have said much more if I 'd been the pig himself."

"The pig?" said Annie.

"Yes, the pig that stopped us. He and the engine wont go home to their families to-night."

"Don't make fun of it, Ford," said his mother, gently; "it 's too serious a matter."

Just then his father broke in, almost impatiently, with, "Well, Ford, my boy, have you done your errand, or shall I have to see about it myself? You 've been gone two days."

"Thirty-seven hours and a half, father," replied Ford, taking out his watch. "I 've kept an exact account of my expenses. We 've saved the cost of advertising."

"And spent it on railroading," said his father, with a laugh.

"But, Ford," asked Annie, "did you find a house?—a good one?"

"Yes," added Mrs. Foster, "now I 'm sure you 're safe, I do want to hear about the house."

"It 's all right, mother," said Ford, confidently. "The very house you told me to hunt for. Neither too large nor too small, and it 's in apple-pie order."

There were plenty of questions to answer now, but Ford was every way equal to the occasion. His report, in fact, compelled his father to look at him with an expression of face which very clearly meant, "That boy resembles me. I was just like him at his age. He 'll be just like me at mine."

There was really very good reason to approve of the manner in which the young gentleman had performed his errand in the country, and Mr. Foster promptly decided to go over, in a day or two, and settle matters with Mrs. Kinzer.

(To be continued.)



MAKING READY FOR A CRUISE.

HOW WILLY WOLLY WENT A-FISHING.

By S. C. Stone.

One day, on going fishing
Was Willy Wolly bent;
And, as it chanced a holiday,
Why, Willy Wolly went.



Now, Willy Wolly planned, you see,
To catch a speckled trout;
But caught a very different fish
From what he had laid out!

In view of all the fishes,—
Who much enjoyed the joke,
With many a joyous wriggle
And finny punch and poke,—

Young Willy Wolly, leaping
A fence with dire design,
Had carelessly left swinging
His fishing-hook and line.



How Willy Wolly did it,
He really could not tell,
But instantly he had his fish
Exceeding fast and well!

He hooked the struggling monster
Securely in the sleeve;
And, all at once, he found it time
His pleasant sport to leave;—

'T was not a very gamy fish
For one so large and strong,
That Willy Wolly, blubbering,
Helped carefully along.

The giggling fishes crowded to
The river bank to look,
As Willy Wolly, captive, led
Himself with line and hook!



When Willy Wolly went, you see,
To catch a speckled trout,
Why, Willy Wolly caught *himself!*
And so the joke is out.

His mother saved that barbèd hook,
And sternly bid him now
No more to dare a-fishing go,
Until he has learned how!

CRUMBS FROM OLDER READING.

By Julia E. Sargent.

III.—Thomas Carlyle.

"Shakspeare says we are creatures that look before and after. The more surprising, then, that we do not look around a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes."

So writes Thomas Carlyle.

Although he politely says "we," when speaking of people in general, that part of the "we" known as Thomas Carlyle certainly keeps his eyes wide open. So wide, indeed, that much that is disagreeable comes under his notice, as always will be the case with those who choose to see everything.

I once watched the round, red sun as it crimsoned the sparkling waters in which it seemed already sinking. When, at last, I turned my dazzled eyes away, all over lake and sky I saw dancing black suns. Perhaps it is through dwelling long on one idea that Carlyle sees only spots of blackness on what others call clear sky. The great want of that foggy, smoky city where he lives is pure, health-giving light, and this we also miss in his writings, which, like London, have not enough sunshine.

But, whatever people may say, when Carlyle speaks the world is quite ready to listen.

Who is Thomas Carlyle?

He is a Scotchman, a philosopher, an essayist, an historian, a biographer, and an octogenarian.

What has he done to be so famous?

He has written twenty books. But you might live to be an octogenarian yourself without meeting twenty persons who would have read them all. It would not be a hard matter, though, to find those who have read one of his books twenty times; perhaps this very green-covered book with "Sartor Resartus" on the back.

What does it mean, and what is it all about?

It means "The Tailor Re-tailored," and Carlyle says it is a book about clothes. But you need not look for fashion-plates; there are none there. You will hear nothing about new costumes; for this book is full of Carlyle's own thoughts, clothed in such words that you will surely enjoy the book.

Hear how he tells us that nothing that we do is really "of no matter," as we so often think:

"I say, there is not a red Indian hunting by Lake Winnepeg can quarrel with his squaw but the whole world must smart for it: will not the price of beaver rise?"

You think it would not make much difference if the price of beaver should rise? Let us look at the matter. First, Mr. B. Woods, the trader, must pay a larger price for his beaver, and therefore must sell for more to the firm of Bylow & Selhi. These shrewd gentlemen do not intend to lose on their purchase, so they pay a less sum to Mr. Maycup, the manufacturer. This reduction in his income causes Mr. Maycup to curtail family expenses. So his subscription to St. Nicholas is discontinued, and the youthful Maycups are overwhelmed with grief, because of that unfortunate quarrel which raised the price of beaver.

But why should the price change because of that?

Really, Mr. Carlyle should answer you. Perhaps the Indian in his quarrel forgets to set his traps, or the whole neighborhood may become so interested in the little affair that beavers are forgotten.

"Were it not miraculous could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand and clutch many a thing and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the true miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all?"

What is it that Carlyle thinks so wonderful? See how quietly my hand rests on this table. Why should it move any more than the table on which it rests? Is not Carlyle right when he calls every movement of my hand a wonder? You never thought of it before? That is as Carlyle says: "We do not look around a little and see what is passing under our very eyes."

It was this great old man whose hand brushed the clinging mud from a crust of bread, and placed it on the curbstone, for some dog or pigeon, saying, "My mother taught me never to waste anything."

Here is a word for those who are always planning what great things they will do—who think so much *about* doing that no time is left *for* the doing:

"The end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest."

Now, for our final crumb, comes a well-clothed thought that I like better than quarreling Indians or familiar wonders. It is the reason why selfish people are never really happy. Carlyle thinks they have only themselves to blame, for he says:

"Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is even, as I said, *the shadow of ourselves.*"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for June!—bright, rosy June! "Joy rises in me like a summer's morn!" as one of those pleasant people, the poets, has said.

Let everybody be glad! But most of all, you, my youngsters! The month properly belongs to you. Don't I know? Was n't it set apart by Romulus, ages and ages ago, especially for the young people, or "Juniores," as they then were called? And has n't their name stuck to it ever since? Yes, indeed! So, be as merry as you can, my chicks; but, with all your fun and frolic, be thankful, and make June weather all about you. June time—any time—is full of joy when hearts, brimming over with thankfulness, carry cheer to other hearts, making

> "A noise like of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune,"—

like the little stream that bubbles by the foot of our meadow.

Now to business. First comes a letter about

A ROPE OF EGGS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I know about a rope of eggs, and I will tell you. It is in Japan. The eggs are plaited and twisted into ropes made from straw, and so it is safe and easy to handle them. Just think how queer it would seem to buy eggs by the yard!

AMY M.

CONVERSATION BY FISTICUFFS.

AFTER being flurried by clouds of paragrams about sphygmographs, and phonographs, and pneumatic telegraphs, and scores of other extraordinary scientific ways of communication, I 'm not in the least surprised to learn that ants converse by one tapping another's head.

I 'm told that an Englishman named Jesse once put a small caterpillar near an ants' nest, and watched. Soon an ant seized it; but the caterpillar was too heavy to be moved by one ant alone, so away he ran until he met another ant. They stopped for a few moments, during which each tapped the other's head with his feelers in a very lively manner. Then they both hurried off to the caterpillar, and together dragged it home.

A HORSE THAT LOVED TEA.

Roxbury, Mass.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: This is a true story of Mary's horse. He was just as black as a coal all over, except a pretty white star on his forehead.

Once in two or three weeks Mary had him take tea with her and her little brother and sisters. She went to the stable where he lived with Kate and Nell, two pretty twin ponies, and said to him:

"Come, Jack! Don't you want some tea?"

At that, he came right up to her, and found out the buttons on her dress, and tried to pull them off, and then untied her apron strings.

"Now, Jack," Mary said, "tea is all ready. Come along!"—and he followed her along the walk to the back door and up the three steps into the house.

What a clatter his iron shoes made along the entry to the dining-room! Harry and Annie and Fanny rushed out, crying:

"Oh, mamma! Here 's Jack coming to tea!"

Then mamma filled a large bowl with tea, put in plenty of milk and three or four pieces of white sugar (for Jack had a sweet tooth), and cut a slice of bread into pieces, and put them on a plate, with a doughnut or piece of gingerbread. And Mary said:

"Now, Jack, come up to the table!"

You see, he was too big to sit in a chair; but he came close up to the table and stood there, and drank his tea without slopping any over, and ate up his bread and cake. And when he had done, what do you think he did? Why, he went up to the piano that stood in a corner of the room and smelled the keys, and looked round at Mary. That was to ask her to play him a tune before he went home.

Then she said, "Oh, you dear Jack! I know what you want!" And she sat down and played some merry tune, while he pricked up his ears and put his nose down close to her fingers, he was so pleased. Then he rubbed her shoulder with his nose, and Mary played another tune for him.

"Now, Jack," mamma said, "you 've had a nice time; but you must go back to your stable. Kate and Nell will miss you if you stay longer."

Then Mary opened the dining-room door, and Jack followed her down the long entry and out to the stable, just like a dog.—Yours truly,

B P.

TONGUES WHICH CARRY TEETH.

YOU 'VE heard of folks with biting tongues, I dare say, and very disagreeable they are, no doubt, though, of course, they do not actually bite with their tongues. However, there really is an unpleasant fellow whose tongue carries twenty-six thousand eight hundred teeth! A capital one for biting, you 'd suppose. He is nothing but a slug, though, and his army of teeth only scrape, not bite, I 'm told. Then, too, there is a sort of cousin of his, a periwinkle, who has a long ribbon-like tongue, armed with six hundred crosswise rows of hooks, about seven in a row.

You can make sure of these surprising facts, my dears, with the aid of patience and a microscope.

DIZZY DISTANCES.

THE other day, one of the school-children said to a chum, "The Little Schoolma'am told us this morning that some parts of the ocean are more than four miles deep!"

That 's easy to say, thought I, but try to think it, my dear! Fix on a place four miles away from you, and then imagine every bit of that distance stretching down under you, instead of straight before you. Perhaps in this way you may gain an idea of the depth of the ocean; but just consider the height of the air—which, I 'm told, is a sort of envelope about the earth—more than nine times

the depth of the ocean! Yet, what a wee bit of a way toward the moon would those thirty-six miles take us! And from the earth to the moon is only a very little step on the long way to the sun.

Oh dear! Let 's stop and take a breath! Why did I begin talking of such dizzy distances?

LAND THAT INCREASES IN HEIGHT.

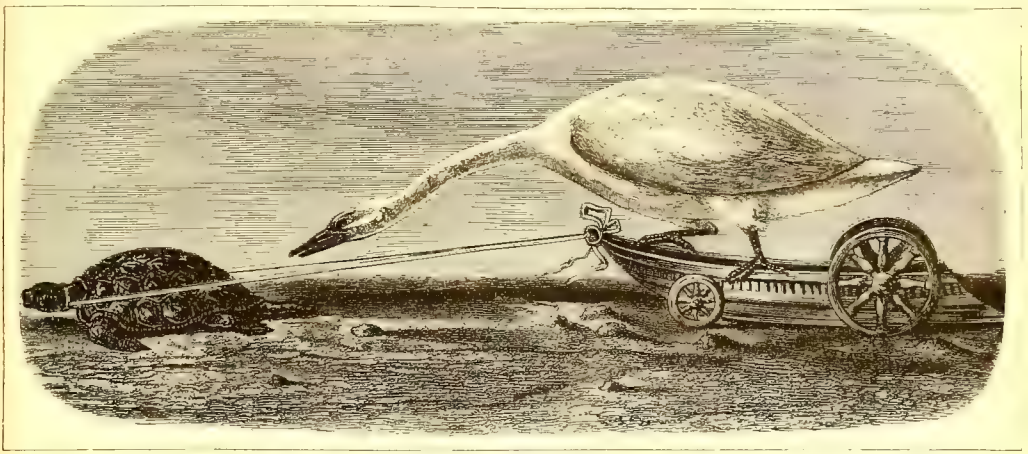
HERE is a letter in answer to the Little Schoolma'am's question which I passed over to you in April, and it raises such startling ideas, that, may be, you 'd do well to look farther into the matter:

DEAR JACK: We suppose that the Little Schoolma'am and her writers on Greenland will concede its accidental discovery by Gunnbiorn, as narrated by Cyrus Martin, Jr., in his "Vikings in America" [ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. III., page 586]. We have always thought Iceland appropriately named, and Greenland the reverse.

And now about that question of temperature. If portions of Greenland are colder than formerly, may it not be because less heat comes through its crust from subterranean fires, as well as because the surface is constantly gaining in height, as some report?—Very truly yours, NED AND WILL WHITFORD.

THE ANGERED GOOSE.

THE picture of which you here have an engraving formed at first a kind of panel of a wall, and occupied a space beneath one of the cartoons of Raphael, the great Italian painter, whose grand picture of "The Transfiguration" is thought to be his chief work. This panel-picture, also, was painted by Raphael, as some say, though others think it may be the work of one of his pupils.



THE ANGERED GOOSE.

A curious thing about the picture is this: the goose is so excited, and scolding its tortoise so angrily for going slowly, that it has forgotten its own wings, when, if it would only use them, it could fly to its journey's end long before the tortoise could crawl there. Now, there are other two-legged geese who let themselves get angered and excited easily, and so lose many chances of serving others and helping themselves. Perhaps you may know some of them.

That is what the Deacon says; but, for my part, I never knew a goose that *had n't* two legs.

A CITY UNDER THE WATER.

IN past ages, as the Deacon once told some of his older boys in my hearing, the people of some parts of Europe used to live above the surfaces of lakes, in huts built on spiles driven into the water.

Well, now I hear that some one has found, under the water of Lake Geneva, a whole town, with about two hundred stone houses, a large public square, and a high tower; and, from the looks of the town, the shape of the houses, and the way the stones are cut, some say that the place must have been built more than two thousand years ago!

Now, I can understand how men were able to live in the way the Deacon described, but it strikes me that this other story has something in it that 's harder to swallow than water.

Who ever heard of men living in cities under the water, as if they were fishes?

REFLECTION.

The Red School-house.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Many thanks for putting into your April sermon the picture and letter which I sent to you. Now, I must let you know about the explanations that some of your bright chicks have given.

Arnold Guyot Cameron, S. E. S., O. C. Turner, Louise G. Hinsdale, and the partners E. K. S. and M. G. V. guessed the right word, which is "Reflection"; and, of course, it needed some "reflection" to find it out. The lady in the picture is absorbed in "reflection" upon something she has been reading in her book; but, besides this, the water is represented as sending back a "reflection" of nearly every other object in the picture.

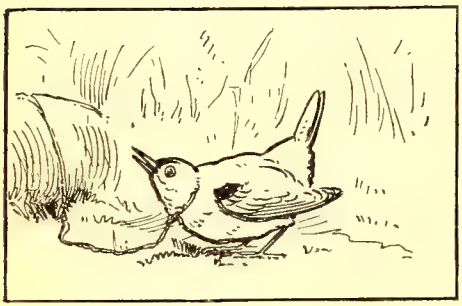
Several others of your youngsters wrote, but they were not so fortunate in their attempts. "Mignon" suggests the word "Heads," for the reason that the guessing has given employment to many heads. John F. Wyatt thinks that "Beautiful" is the word. Alfred Whitman, C. H. Payne, and Nellie Emerson, though writing from three places far apart, agree in giving the word "Reverie" as their notion of the right one. George A. Mitchell thinks it is "Study"; Arthur W. James guesses "Meditation"; and Hallie quietly hints "Calm." "P.," however, believes that the word is "Mis-represented," which he inclines to write, "Miss represented." But Nathalie B. Conkling puts forward the exclamation "Alas!" as the proper solution, spelling it "A lass."

Now, puns are not always good wit, and these two are not puns of the best kind; but they, as well as the other guesses, show that your chicks have lively minds, able to see a thing from more than one point of view, even although their conjectures do not hit the very center of the mark in every instance. I am much obliged to them all for their letters, and to you, dear Jack, for your kindness.—Sincerely your friend, THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

"FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE!"

LITTLE DAVIE ran through the garden,—a great slice of bread and butter in one hand, and his spelling-book in the other. He was going to study his lesson for to-morrow.

You could not imagine a prettier spot than Davie's "study," as he called it. It was under a great oak-tree, that stood at the edge of a small wood. The little boy sat down on one of the roots and opened his book.



"But first," thought he, "I'll finish my bread and butter."

So he let his book drop, and, as he ate, he began to sing a little song with which his mother sometimes put the baby to sleep. This is the way the song began:

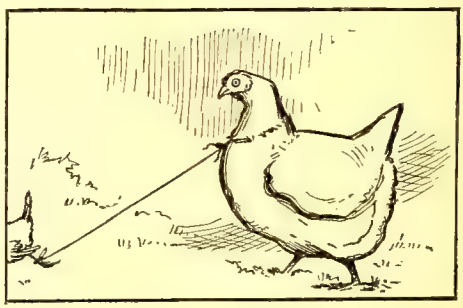
"I bought a bird, and my bird pleased me;
I tied my bird behind a tree;
Bird said ——"

"Fiddle-diddle-dee!" sang something, or somebody, behind the oak. Davie looked a little frightened, for that was just what he was about to sing in his song. But he jumped up and ran around to the other side of the tree. And there was a little brown wren, and it had a little golden thread around its neck, and the thread was tied to a root of the big tree.

"Hello!" said Davie, "was that you?"

Now, of course Davie had not expected the wren to answer him. But the bird turned her head on one side, and, looking up at Davie, said:

"Yes, of course it was me! Who else did you suppose it could be?"



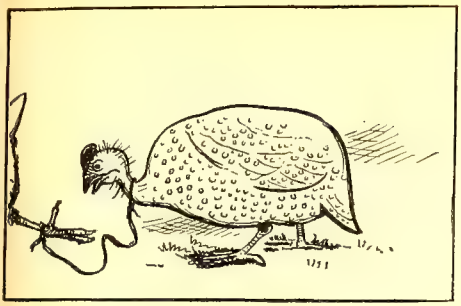
"Oh yes!" said Davie, very much astonished. "Oh yes, of course! But I thought you only did it in the song!"

"Well," said the wren, "were not you singing the song, and am not I in the song, and what else could I do?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Davie.

"Well, go, then," said the wren, "and don't bother me."

Davie felt very queer. He stopped a moment, but soon thought that



he must do as he was bid, and he began to sing again:

"I bought a hen, and my hen pleased me;
I tied my hen behind a tree;
Hen said ——"

"Shinny–shack! shinny–shack!" interrupted another voice, so loudly that Davie's heart gave a great thump, as he turned around. There, behind the wren, stood a little Bantam hen, and around her neck was a little golden cord that fastened her to the wren's leg.

"I suppose that was you?" said Davie.

"Yes, indeed," replied the hen. "I know when my time comes in, in a song. But it was provoking for you to call me away from my chicks."

"I?" cried Davie. "I did n't call you!"

"Oh, indeed!" said the Bantam. "It was n't you, then, who were singing 'Tied my hen,' just now! Oh no, not you!"

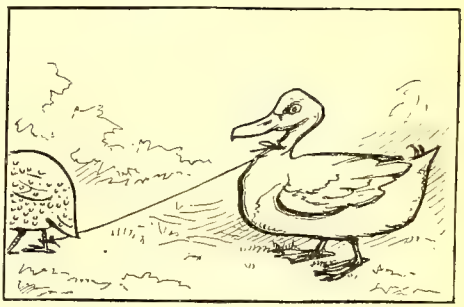
"I 'm sorry," said Davie. "I did n't mean to."

"Well, go on, then," said the little hen, "and don't bother."

Davie was so full of wonder that he did not know what to think of it all. He went back to his seat, and sang again:

"I had a guinea, and my guinea pleased me;
I tied my guinea behind a tree ——"

But here he stopped, with his mouth wide open; for up a tiny brown path that led into the wood, came a little red man about a foot high, dressed in green, and leading by a long yellow string a plump, speckled guinea-hen! The little old man came whistling along until he reached the Bantam, when he fastened the yellow string to her leg, and went back again down the path, and disappeared among the trees.



Davie looked and wondered. Presently, the guinea stretched out her neck and called to him in a funny voice:

"Why in the world don't you go on? Do you think I want to wait all day for my turn to come?"

Davie began to sing again: "Guinea said ——"

"Pot–rack! pot–rack!" instantly squeaked the speckled guinea-hen.

Davie jumped up. He was fairly frightened now. But his courage soon came back. "I 'm not afraid," he said to himself; "I 'll see what the end of this song will be!"—and he began to sing again:



"I bought a duck, and my duck pleased me;
I tied my duck behind a tree;
Duck said ——"

"Quack! quack!" came from around the oak. But Davie went on:

"I bought a dog, and the dog pleased me;
I tied my dog behind a tree;
Dog said ——"

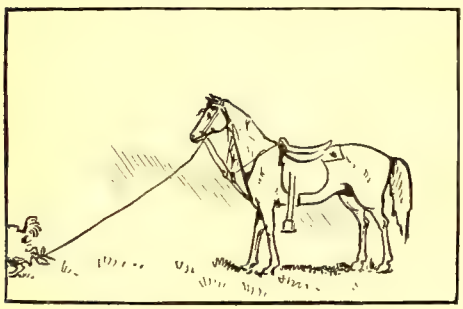
"Bow-wow!" said a little curly dog, as Davie came around the spreading roots of the tree. There stood a little short-legged duck tied to the guinea's leg, and to the duck's leg was fastened the wisest-looking Scotch terrier, with spectacles on his nose and a walking-cane in his paw.

The whole group looked up at Davie, who now felt perfectly confident. He sat down on a stone close by, and continued his song:

"I had a horse, and my horse pleased me;
I tied my horse behind a tree."

Davie stopped and looked down the little brown path. Then he clapped his hands in great delight; for there came the little old man leading by a golden bridle a snow-white pony, no bigger than Davie's Newfoundland dog.

"Sure enough, it is a boy!" said the pony, as the old man tied his bridle to the dog's hind leg, and then hurried away. "I thought so! Boys are always bothering people."



"Who are you, and where did you all come from?" asked delighted Davie.

"Why," said the pony, "we belong to the court of Her Majesty the Queen of the Fairies. But, of course, when the song in which any of the court voices are wanted, is sung, they all have to go."

"I 'm sure I 'm very sorry," said Davie. "But why have n't I ever seen you all before?"

"Because," said the pony, "you have never sung the song down here

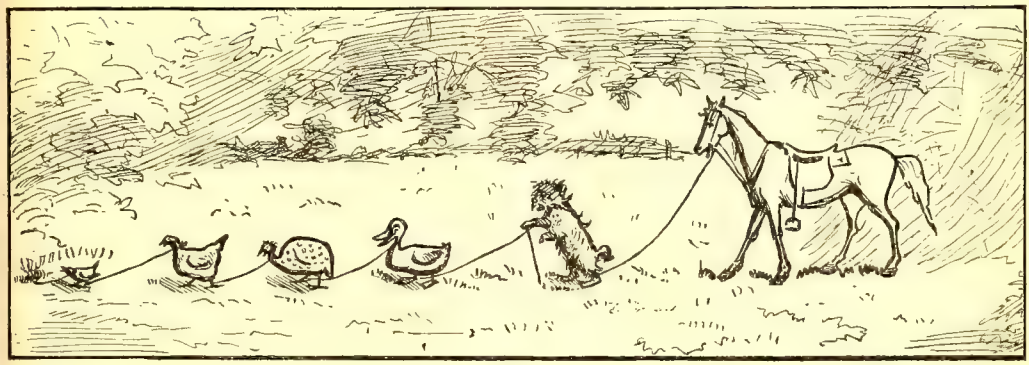
before." And then he added: "Don't you think, now that we are all here, you 'd better sing the song right end first, and be done with it?"

"Oh, certainly!" cried Davie, "certainly!" beginning to sing.

If you could but have heard that song! As Davie sang, each fowl or animal took up its part, and sang it, with its own peculiar tone and manner, until they all joined in.

"I had a horse, and my horse pleased me;
I tied my horse behind a tree.
Horse said, 'Neigh! neigh!'
Dog said, 'Bow–wow!'
Duck said, 'Quack! quack!'
Guinea said, 'Pot–rack! pot–rack!'
Hen said, 'Shinny–shack! shinny–shack!'
Bird said, 'Fiddle–diddle–dee!'"

Davie was overjoyed. He thought he would sing it all over again. But just then he was sure that his mother called him.



"Wait a minute!" he said to his companions. "Wait a minute! I'm coming back! Oh, it 's just like a fairy-tale!" he cried to himself, as he bounded up the garden-walk. "I wonder what mother 'll think?"

But his mother said she had not called him, and so he ran back as fast as his legs would carry him.

But they were all gone. His speller lay on the ground, open at the page of his lesson; a crumb or two of bread was scattered about; but not a sign of the white pony and the rest of the singers.

"Well," said Davie, as he picked up his book, "I guess I wont sing it again, for I bothered them so. But I wish they had stayed a little longer."

THE LETTER-BOX.

A BRAVE GIRL.

ONE summer day, in Union square, New York City, a beautiful deed was done, which our frontispiece tells so well as almost to leave no need of words. A poor blind man started to cross the street just as a car was rapidly approaching. He heard it coming, and, growing confused, stood still—his poor, blind face turned helplessly, pathetically up, as if imploring aid. Men looked on heedlessly, regardless of his danger, or the voiceless appeal in his sightless eyes.

Suddenly, from among the passers-by, a young girl sprang to his side, between him and the great horses which were so near they almost touched her, laid her dainty hand on his, and led him safely over the street, and with gentle words that brought a smile to his withered old face, set him safely on his way.

It was a brave, kindly act, and one may be sure it was neither the first nor the last, of the brave girl who did it.

IF Charles Dudley Warner had never been a boy, it would have been impossible for him to write the very interesting little volume he calls "Being a Boy," for it is evident that he knows well, from experience, all that he writes about. It may be that many of our young readers have seen this book, for it has already reached several editions; but if there are any of them who have not read it, and who take an interest in the life of boys who are born, and brought up, and have fun, and drive oxen, and go fishing, and turn grindstones, and eat pumpkin-pie, and catch wood-chucks, all on a New England farm, they would do well to get the book and read it.

If any of those who read it are boys on a farm in New England, they will see themselves, as if they looked in a mirror; and if any of them are city boys or girls, or live in the South or West, or anywhere in the world but in New England, they will see what sort of times some of the smartest and brightest men in our country had, before they grew up to be governors, book-writers, and other folks of importance.

There is a particular reason why readers of ST. NICHOLAS should see this book, for in it they will meet with some old friends.

Williamsburgh, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the May "Letter-Box" your answer to Stella G. about long and short words. It reminded me of what I read once about Count Von Moltke, the great German general. The writer described him as "the wonderful silent man who knows how to hold his tongue in eight different languages."—Yours truly, WILLIE M. D.

Santa Fé, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The donkeys here are called "burros." They are very tame, and do not get frightened at anything. A few days ago, the boys in our school tied a bunch of fire-crackers to the tail of one, and fired them off. We all thought he would be very frightened at the noise, but he just walked off and began eating grass. My brother Barry had one of these little burros, when we were in Texas, and every evening he would go to a lady's house for something to eat, although he had more than he could eat at home; and if she did not come to the window soon, he would bray as loudly as he could, and she would have to come out and give him something, even if it was only a lump of sugar. Good-bye.—From your affectionate friend, BESSIE HATCH.

Coldwater, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having read in the March number an account of the "Great Eastern," I thought perhaps your readers would like to hear something of the history of her captain, which I read a short time ago.

When he was a little boy, he went to sea. As he left home, his mother said: "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, remember to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down every morning and night and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

Jamie gave his promise, and soon he was on shipboard, bound for India. They had a good captain; and, as several of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he knelt down to pray.

On the return voyage, however, some of the former sailors having run away, their places were filled by others, and one of these proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down, this wicked sailor went up to him, and, giving him a sound box on the ear, said, "None of that here, sir!"

Another seaman, who saw this, although he himself swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated. He told the man to come up on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said, "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will give him another dressing."

The next night, Jamie was tempted to say his prayers in his hammock. The moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into his hammock without first saying his prayers, he hurried to the spot and, dragging him out, said, "Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?" During the whole voyage back to London this same sailor watched over the boy as if he were his father, and every night saw that he said his prayers.

Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare hours studied his books; he learned all about ropes and rigging, and became familiar with latitude and longitude. Some years after, he became captain of the "Great Eastern." On returning to England after a successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.

MABEL R.

B. P. R.—Perhaps the little book called "Album Leaves," by Mr. George Houghton, published by Estes & Lauriat, will help you to some verses suitable to be writen in autograph albums.

Mobile, Ala.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The "that" question in your recent numbers brings to mind some "thats" I had when I went to school long years ago, and which some of your young grammarians may never have seen. I would like to have them, especially C. P. S., of Chicago, parse them. E. S. F.

Now that is a word which may often be joined,
For that that may be doubled is clear to the mind,
And that that that is right, is as plain to the view
As that that that that we use is rightly used too;
And that that that that that line has in it, is right,
And accords with good grammar, is plain in our sight.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my aunt Hattie. She is only nine years older than I am, being twenty-one, and seems more like a sister than an aunt. When she was about fifteen she was thrown from her pony and hurt her spine, so that she has n't taken a step since.

But in spite of her great suffering she is the brightest, happiest one in the house, brimful and running over with fun and spirits. Papa calls her our sunbeam, and no one can grumble when they see how patiently and cheerfully she bears her pain. Her bright face and merry laugh will cure the worst case of "blues." She wants me to tell you how much she enjoys ST. NICHOLAS. It is a great comfort to her, and helps to pass away many an hour of pain and loneliness when I am at school and mamma is busy. She says she doesn't know what she could do without it.

Auntie says you must make allowance for what I say of her as I am a partial judge; but she *is* the dearest, best auntie in the world, and I'm not the only one who thinks so. Everybody loves her, and I shall be satisfied if I ever learn to be half as good and patient and unselfish as she is. I don't see how she can be so good and patient and happy when she has to lie still year after year and suffer so much, I should get cross and fret about it, for I can't bear to be sick a day. But she never thinks of her own troubles, but is so afraid she will make us care or trouble. When the pain is very bad she likes to hear music or poetry. It soothes her better than anything else. Whittier's poem on "Patience," is a favorite with her, and so is Mrs. Browning's "Sleep."—Ever your true friend,

ALLIE BERTRAM

Salem, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my little turtle. I got him up in the country last summer, and have had him about six months. I keep him in a bowl of water, with a shell in it. In summer I feed him with flies, and in winter I give him pieces of cooked meat about the size of a fly. My turtle's shell is nearly round, and he is small enough to be put in a tumbler, and then he can turn round as he likes. I named him "Two-forty" (a funny name), because, when you put him down, he stands still, looks around a minute, and then starts off on a run.—Your friend and reader,

JOHNNY P. WILLIS.

Camp Grant, Arizona.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your coming every month fills us with delight. We cannot wait to read you separately, so mamma reads you aloud after the lamps are lighted, the first evening you are here. Papa lays aside his pen to listen, just like any boy, and so we all

enjoy your pages at once. I have one little sister, but no brother. We live in camp, in far-away Arizona; and, although the "buck-board" brings the mail in every other day, it takes a long while for a letter to come from the East.

There is a pet deer here. He comes out to "guard mounting" on the parade-ground, and trots after the band when the guard passes in review. Every one is kind to him; even the dogs know they must not chase him.—Your true friend, MOLLIE GORDON

New Brunswick, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you of the nice times that the country children have, although they have no parks. In summer they can go on picnics, and they have a nice garden to play in. And most of the children have little gardens of their own to plant things in,—one for flowers and the other for vegetables. Then, in the winter-time, they can go coasting, sliding and skating; then, last but not least, sleigh-riding on the lovely, pure white snow.

I, for one, would not be a city child. If I lived in the city, I could not have my old pet hen. Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—From your friend— MATHILDE WEYER.

P. S.—I have a cat by the name of Pussy Hiawatha.

Covington, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to know how I came to get you? I worked for you. My brother made a bank for me out of a cigar-box, and said if I put ten cents into it every week, I could begin taking you in November. That was in March. Sometimes, I could not get the ten cents, but I made it up the next week, and more, too, if I could; and before July, I had more than enough to pay for you. After that, I saved nearly enough to buy me a suit of clothes. I am working for you for another year. My age is twelve. —From your constant reader, W. H. PERRY.

THE following is sent to us from Josie C. H., aged eleven years, as her own composition:

SOME THINGS WHICH WE EXPECT IN YEARS TO COME.

Some boys, when they go to school, expect to learn. When they are a little older, they expect to go to college; and then, to learn trades and professions, and to become men. The farmer, when he plants his seed in the spring, expects a harvest. The merchant, when he buys his goods, expects to sell them at a profit. The student expects to become a lawyer, minister, etc. All boys expect to become men. We often expect things that never happen, but what we expect we cannot always get; yet we can try for them, which is a good rule to go by.

THE TRUE STORY OF "MARY'S LITTLE LAMB."

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you what I read lately in a newspaper about Mary and her lamb. Mary herself is now a delightful old lady of threescore and ten, and this is her story:

"I was nine years old, and we lived on a farm. I used to go out to the barn every morning with father, to see the cows and sheep. One cold day, we found that during the night twin lambs had been born. You know that sheep will often disown one of twins, and this morning one poor little lamb was pushed out of the pen into the yard. It was almost starved, and almost frozen, and father told me I might have it if I could keep it alive. So I took it into the house, wrapped it in a blanket, and fed it on peppermint and milk all day. When night came, I could not bear to leave it, for fear it would die. So mother made me up a little bed on the settle, and I nursed the poor little thing all night, feeding it with a spoon, and by morning it could stand. After this, we brought it up by hand, until it learned to love me very much, and would stay with me wherever I went, unless it was tied. I used, before going to school in the morning, to see that the lamb was all right, and securely fastened for the day.

"Well, one morning, when my brother Nat and I were all ready, the lamb could not be found, and, supposing that it had gone out to pasture with the cows, we started on. I used to be very fond of singing, and the lamb would follow the sound of my voice. This morning, after we had gone some distance, I began to sing, and the lamb hearing me, followed, and overtook us before we got to school. As it happened, we were early; so I went in very quietly, and took the lamb into my seat, where it went to sleep, and I covered it up with my shawl. When the teacher and the rest of the scholars came, they did not notice anything amiss, and all was quiet until my spelling-class was called. Hardly had I taken my place when the patter of little hoofs was heard coming down the aisle, and the lamb stood beside me ready for its word. Of course, the children all laughed, and the teacher laughed too, and the poor creature had to be turned out-of-doors. But it kept coming back, and at last had to be tied in the wood-shed until school was out. Now, that day, there was a young man in the school, John Roulston by name, who had come as a spectator. He was a Boston boy and son of a riding-school master, and was fitting for Harvard College. He was very much pleased over what he saw in our school, and a few days after gave us the first three verses of the song. How or when it got into print, I don't know.

"I took great care of my pet, and would curl its long wool over a stick. Finally, it was killed by an angry cow. I have a pair of little stockings, knitted of yarn spun from the lamb's wool, the heels of which have been raveled out and given away piecemeal as mementoes."—Yours truly, J. M. D.

Bolinas, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Were the "Arabian Nights" written by an Englishman or translated from the Arabic? In either case can you tell us the name of the author?—Yours sincerely,

ESTHER R. DE PERSE AND JIMMIE MOORE.

The "Arabian Nights" were collected and translated into English by Edward William Lane, an Englishman; but no one ever has found out where or by whom the tales were first told. On page 42 of ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1874 (the first number), is an article on the subject by Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, which you would do well to read.

Geneva, Switzerland.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your American readers have visited this far-away city, and even attended school here. Pupils come here for schooling from all parts of the world,—from America, Cuba, England, Germany, Russia, Greece, and even from Egypt. But many of the ST. NICHOLAS children never have been here; so I will tell them about the country and the people.

In the first place, Switzerland is a republic, with president and vice-president, as in the United States, but chosen every year. Switzerland is made up of twenty-two cantons, or states, each of which has two representatives; and, besides these, there are 128 members of the National Assembly, and seven members of the Federal Council, each of which last is chosen once in three years. The country is only one-third as large as the State of New York, being 200 miles long and 156 broad; and two-thirds of it is composed of lofty mountains or deep ravines. The people are apparently such lovers of law and order as to need no rulers at all. I think there must be propriety in the air they breathe. They have honest faces, and honesty beams out of their clear blue eyes. The school-boy even, instead of stopping to throw stones or climb fences or wrestle with another boy, walks along to school, at eight o'clock in the morning, with his square hair-covered satchel on his back, as orderly as if he were the teacher setting an example to his pupils. The laborers, in blouse-frocks of blue or gray homespun, make no noise, no confusion. All is done quietly, orderly and correctly; each one knows his duty and does it.

Although Berne is the capital, Geneva is the largest city; and I think if you could see it as it is, with grand snow-capped mountains at both sides, the clear blue lake,—not always blue, for sometimes it is green, and then the blue Rhone can be distinctly seen flowing through it,—the pretty green parks and gardens, clean streets, and oddly dressed people, you would think, as I do, that it is a very nice place to be in.

There are several little steamers which ply on the lake, and numberless little sail and row boats, and beautiful white swans, with tiny olive-colored cygnets, swimming and diving for food. On the banks of the rapid river, which leaves the lake at the city, are the wash-houses—a great curiosity. But my letter is getting too long, so I must stop.—Yours truly, S. H. REDFIELD.

Easton, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you an acrostic which I have made, and I hope you will print it.—Yours truly, B.

ACROSTIC.

My first has a heart that has ne'er throbbed with pity;
My next has strong arms, but ne'er strikes for the right;
My third has a head, but is not wise or witty;
My fourth, a neat foot, but in country or city
Is never seen walking, by day or by night;
My fifth, with a mouth that is surely capacious
Enough for a lion, is never voracious.
Guess from these five initials my whole, if you can;
'T is a path ever used, yet untrodden by man.

Ans. Orbit. Oak, Reel, Barrel, Iambic, Tunnel.

CITY CHILDREN'S COUNTRY REST.

Brooklyn, E. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is news to do your heart good. Last summer, a Brooklyn lady, who herself has been bed-ridden and in pain for many years, felt very sorry for the children of the tenement houses, who are unable to get relief or a chance to enjoy the fresh air and bright sunlight of the country. She longed to help them, and said so to Mr. P., a clergyman in northern Pennsylvania. He spoke of it to his congregation, and asked them if they would invite some of the poor city children to visit their farm-houses and cottages for a week or so; and they gladly said they would, and told him he might

bring along as many as he could get to come. This generous reply he told to the lady, and she let others know, and the result was that, although late in the season, more than sixty children from the poorest neighborhoods of Brooklyn—pale, deformed, city-worn, and ill-fed—spent a happy fortnight in the country.

The children were ferreted out, and their parents persuaded. They were then taken to the railroad depot, and there given in charge of Mr. P., who went with them, and sorted them among his people; and, when the time was up, brought them back, and turned them over to us at the depot. Then we took them to their homes. The total expense of carrying all the children there and back in three lots was about $180, and more money could have been had if it had been wanted. In fact, the minute the subject was broached every hearer wanted to help. The railroad company charged only half fares, and the employés got to know Mr. P. and his batches of children, and did all they could to make things easy and cheerful for them.

I can fancy how glad you would have been, dear old ST. NICHOLAS, to see the happy, hearty, bright-eyed boys and girls that came home in place of the pale-faced, dead-and-alive children that left two weeks before! They talked of nothing but the good times they had had. One little fellow, thinking to surprise us, said, "I seen a cow!" All of them fared well, and particularly enjoyed the "good country milk." When they came back, many wore better clothes than they had gone in, and all were laden with good things for the home folks. One boy carried under each arm a "live" chicken,—special gifts for his mother!

Now, if some of your readers in the country follow the example of these Pennsylvania people, they will know what it is to be downright happy; for every person who has had anything to do with this enterprise feels happy about it, and longs to do it again, and more besides.
—Yours truly, C. B.

ANSWERS TO MR. CRANCH'S POETICAL CHARADES, published on page 406 of the April number, were received, before April 18, from Neils E. Hansen, C. W. W., Arnold Guyot Cameron, Helen and Frank Diller, "Sadie," "Marshall," Emma Lathers, Arthur W. James, Louise G. Hinsdale, Ada C. Okell, E. K. S. and M. G. V., "Sunnyside Seminary," "Persephone," M. W. C., Genevieve Allis and Kittie Brewster, Florence Stryker, "Cosey Club," Mary and Willie Johnson, and Jeanie A. Christie.

ERRATUM.—The answer to No. 23 in "Presidential Discoveries" is "More" (Sir Thomas), not "William Henry," as given in the May number.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES in the April number were received, before April 18, from R. H. Marr, Grace Sumner, "Prebo," Marion Abbot, Maxwell W. Turner, Willie W. Cooper, "Cosey Club," Samuel J. Holmes, "Three Sisters," Charles G. Todd, W. M., M. E. Adams, Mamie G. A., W. Thomas, Jeanie A. Christie, T. Bowdoin, Robert M. Webb, Allie Bertram, Willie Wilkins, Maggie Simon, Kitty P. Norton, M. W. Collet, Jay Benton, "Kaween," Morris M. Turk, Leonie Giraud, Catherine Cook, Willie B. Dess, Willie Cline, Frances M. Griffitts, Nellie J. Towle, "Isola," Mary C. Warren, Florence L. Turrill, Charles Fritts, "Angeline," Sam Cruse, John V. L. Pierson, "Ollie;" Tillie Powles and May Roys; Tyler Redfield, Grace A. Jarvis, Bennie Swift; Sarah Duffield and "No Name" and Constance F. Grand-Pierre; "Romeo and Juliet," "Jupiter," O. C. Turner, Jessie D. Worstell, Melly Woodward, R. Townsend McKeever, Eleanor N. Hughes, Ben Merrill; Annie and Lucy Wollaston; William Eichelberger and John Cress; "Clover-leaf and Pussy-willow," Alice Getty, Herbert D. Utley; Bertha and Carl Heferstein and Estella Lohmeyer; C. Speiden and M. F. Speiden; Angeline O., May Filton, "Winnie," Maggie J. Gemmill, Jennie McClure, "X. Y. Z.," Neils E. Hansen, Clara B. Dunster, Bessie L. Barnes, Willie B. McLean, Bessie T., Lauretta V. Whyte, Hattie M. Heath; Charles W. Hutchins and Abbie F. Hutchins; Belle Murray, Harry A. Garfield; Helen and Frank Diller; Gertrude A. Pocock, Helena W. Chamberlain, "Al Kihall," Wm. F. Tort, "Lizzie and Anna," Kittie Tuers, Taylor Goshorn, Emma Lathers, "Marshall," Arthur W. James, Otto A. Dreier, "O. K.," Ada B. Raymond, "Seymour-Ct.," "Three Cousins," "Hallie," Alice Lanigan, Alfred Whitman, "Golden Eagle;" E. K. S and M. G. V.; H. B. Ayers, Fred Chittenden; William McKinley Cobb and Howell Cobb, Jr.; Katie Hackett and Helen Titus; "35 E. 38th St.," W. D. Utley, Mary Lewis Darlington, Louisa L. Richards, James Barton Longacre, Nellie Emerson, Chas. B. Ebert, Jennie A. Carr, W. H. Wetmore, Mattie Olmsted, Arthur W. Hodgman, E. H. Hoeber, A. H. Peirce; Kittie Brewster and Genevieve Allis; Fannie B. Bates, Louise Egleston, Florence Stryker, Hattie H. Doyle, Mattie Doyle, Mabel Chester, Alice N. Dunn, A. R., Mary F. Johnson, M. Alice Chase, Alice Anderson, Bessie T. Hosmer, "Heath Hill Club," Anna E. Mathewson, I. Sturges, Addie B. Tiemann, Harriet A. Clark, Clarence H. Young, B. P. Emery, Victor C. Sanborn, "Persephone," Eddie Vultee; "M.," Staten Island; Fred M. Pease, Cyrus C. Clarke, Geo. J. Fiske; and George H. Nisbett, of London, England.

Correct solutions of all the puzzles were received from Arnold Guyot Cameron, "Bessie and her Cousin," Louise G. Hinsdale, Lucy C. Johnson; and L. M. and Eddie Waldo.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

THE whole, most animals possess; behead it, and transpose, and there will appear an emblem of grief; behead again, and see what all men have; behead and curtail, and find an article. I. F. S.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

FIND concealed in the following quotations three names for

METRICAL COMPOSITIONS.

"As hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race."—*Scott.*

"Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy."—*Scott.*

"Well-dressed, well-bred,
Well-equipaged, is ticket good enough."—*Cowper.*

Find concealed in the following quotations three names for

PORTIONS OF TIME.

"From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove."—*Goldsmith.*

"As ever ye heard the greenwood dell
On morn of June one warbled swell."—*Queen's Wake.*

"Each spire, each tower and cliff sublime,
Was hooded in the wreathy rime."—*Hogg.* B.

MELANGE.

1. BEHEAD a plant, and leave a friend. 2. Curtail the plant, and give a pungent spice. 3. Syncopate the plant, and find an envelope. 4. Behead the spice, and leave affection. 5. Syncopate and transpose the friend, and find learning. 6. Behead the envelope, and leave above. 7. Syncopate and transpose the envelope, and give the inner part. 8. Transpose above, and find to ramble. 9. Syncopate to ramble, and leave a wild animal. ISOLA.

EASY CLASSICAL ACROSTIC.

My first is in deaf, but not in hear;
My second in doe, and also in deer;
My third is in May, but not in June;
My fourth is in song, but not in tune;
My fifth is in house, and also in shed;
My sixth is in cot, but not in bed;
My seventh is in chair, but not in stool;
My eighth is in lake, but not in pool;
My ninth is in pencil, and also in ink;
My tenth is in blue, but not in pink;
My eleventh is in dish, but not in pan;
My whole was a Greek and a well-spoken man.
ANNAN.

ENIGMA.

I AM a common adage frequently used by good housewives, and am composed of twenty-two letters.

My 9 15 3 8 16 22 is pertaining to the place of birth. My 10 20 19 14 are things used to cook with. My 6 1 5 is a domestic animal. My 11 21 is a preposition. My 18 17 13 12 is to appear. My 7 4 2 is a pronoun. BESSIE.

ANAGRAMS.

Each anagram is formed from a single word, and a clue to the meaning of that word is given after its anagram.

1. A dry shop; rambling composition. 2. I clean rum; belonging to number. 3. Poet in dread; the act of making inroads. 4. Oxen are set; clears from blame. 5. Gin danger; displacing.

CYRIL DEANE.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



What animal, besides the dog and cat, is to be found in the above picture?

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A vowel. 2. A fairy. 3. Change. 4. Not many. 5. A consonant.

WILLIE F.

CHARADE.

I.

My first, a god once worshiped, now fills a lowly place,
Though sometimes raised to favor by the wayward human race.

II.

My second, a bold captain, leads a goodly company,
Whose numbers march in columns, like knights of chivalry.
They serve us at our bidding, yet we are in their power,
And the weapons that they carry may wound us in an hour.
It grandly leads the ages, as their cycles onward roll,
But stoops to lend its presence to my shadowy, fearful whole.
It lives in ancient romance, it floats upon the air,
And flower-deck'd May without it would not be half so fair.

III.

My third holds humble office, a servant at your will,
But an instrument of torture if 't is not used with skill.
Beauty before her mirror studies its use with care,
And deigns, perchance, to choose it an ornament to wear.

IV.

Consider, all ye people, what my strange whole may be;
'T is gloomy, dark and awful, and full of mystery.
Ponder the tales of ages, of human sin and woe,
Turn to historic pages, if you its name would know.
E'en kings their heads have rested, a-weary of the crown,
Upon its curious couches, though not of silk or down.
The stately seven-hilled city may boast her ancient birth,
But this was old and hoary ere she had place on earth.
Some tremble when they see it; some its secrets would explore,
And, peering through its shadows, they seek its mystic lore.

A. M. W.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

A boy named 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 thought it singular he should become such a monster as a 1 2 3 4 6 7 8 9 10 by dropping the first letter of his surname.

C. D.

FOUR-LETTER SQUARE-WORD.

The base is a title. Fill the blanks in the following sentence with words which can be arranged in order, as they come, to form a word-square:

The (1) —— made an (2) —— of his minstrel, and yet he himself could not tell one (3) —— from another, or distinguish a dirge from a (4) ——.

B.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. In road, but not in street;
2. In hunger, but not in eat;
3. In inn, but not in tavern;
4. In grot, but not in cavern.

The whole is the name of one of the United States.

R. L. M'D.

METAGRAM.

Whole, (1) I am to beat; change my head, and I become, in succession, (2) stouter, (3) final, (4) substance, (5) to sprinkle, (6) to rend, and (7) a terrier of a much prized kind.

A. C. CRETT.

EASY ACROSTIC.

My first is in can, but not in may;
My second in opera, not in play;
My third is in shine, but not in bright;
My fourth is in string, but not in kite;
My fifth is in tea, but not in coffee;
My sixth in candy, also in taffy;
My seventh is in rain, but not in hail;
My eighth is in bucket, but not in pail;
My ninth is in ice, but not in snow;
My tenth is in run, but not in go;
My eleventh is in hop, but not in run;
My twelfth in powder, but not in gun;
My thirteenth is in bell, but not in ring;
My fourteenth is in scream, but not in sing.
My whole is a noted city of Europe.

GOLD ELSIE.

BLANK WORD-SYNCOPATIONS.

Fill the first blank, in each sentence, with a certain word; the second, with a word taken out of the word chosen for the first blank; and the third with the letters of that word which remain after filling the second blank.

1. On the —— we first played ——, and then we all began to ——.
2. While —— on the wharf, we saw a vessel come into ——, which made us —— again.
3. The game of —— I will —— you play, if you will show me the —— to the fair.

CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

My first embodies all despair;
My second fain my first would flee,
Yet, flying to my whole, full oft
Flies but to life-long misery.
Still Holy Writ doth plainly show
My whole, though causing, cureth woe.

M. O'B. D.

TRANSPOSITIONS OF PROPER NAMES.

1. At ——, Fla., may be obtained —— —— for washing purposes.
2. Are not the public —— small in the State of ——?
3. In —— you may not see —— —— ——, though you certainly will see many in Pennsylvania.
4. Amid the mountains of —— there is doubtless many a —— ——.
5. Having occasion to visit the city of ——, to my surprise I —— —— except a few worn-out —— ——.
6. If you wish to find or to —— ——-trees, you need not go to ——.
7. When in —— City I saw an old —— ——, which was quite a relic.
8. In the city of —— the cooks surely know how to ——.
9. ——, my brother, —— the falsehood by giving it a flat ——.
10. My aunt —— planted a rose-bush —— —— —— allotted to fruit trees.

W.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. Sour fruit. 2. Imaginary. 3. To immerse. 4. A large bird. 5. Unconscious rest.

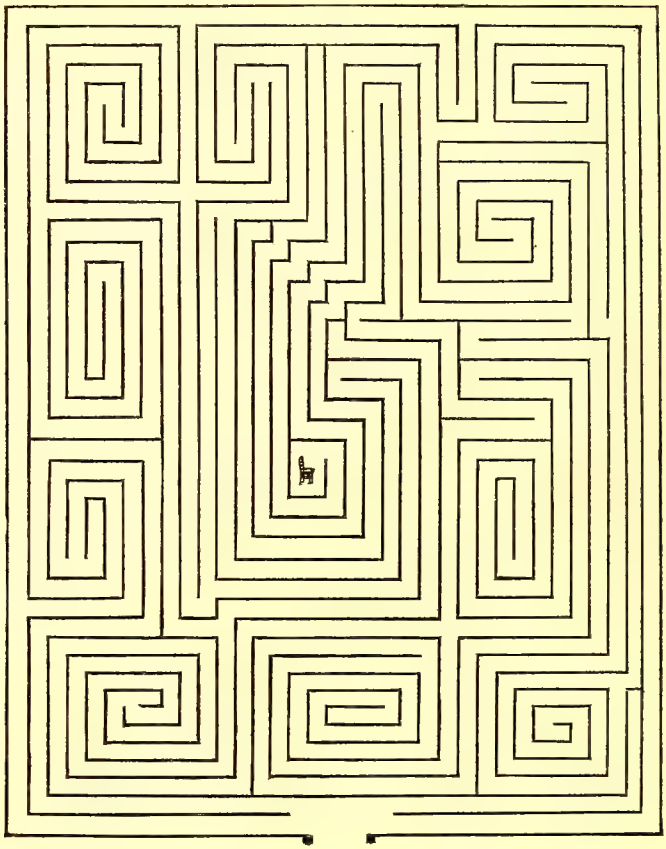
B.

ADDITIONS.

1. Add some liquor to a spirit, and make to fix on a stake. 2. Add something belonging to animals to the animals themselves, and make a lantern. 3. Add sharp to a girl's name, and make a kind of cloth. 4. Add an era to a vegetable, and make a boy-servant. 5 Add a boy's name to a cave, and make a foreign country. 6. Add anger to a serpent, and make to long after.

CYRIL DEANE.

LABYRINTH.



Trace a way to the center of this labyrinth without crossing a line.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Centrals: Greyhound. Across: 1. Alligator. 2. Adoring. 3. Enemy. 4. Dye. 5. H. 6. Fop. 7. Elude. 8. Evangel. 9. Amendable.

BLANK APOCOPES.—1. Rafters, raft. 2. Rushlight, rush. 3. Larder, lard. 4. Scarlet, scar.

FRAME PUZZLE.—

```
    F       G
    R       R
HEA D B AND
    G       D
    R       U
CHA P L AIN
    N       T
    T       E
```

EASY BEHEADINGS.—1. Beat, eat. 2. Candy, Andy. 3. She, he; your, our. 4. Table, able. 5. Pink, ink. 6. Scent, cent. 7. Brain, rain. 8. Orange, range. 9. Skate, Kate. 10. Helm, elm. 11. Crow, row. 12. Hash, ash. 13. Bowl, owl. 14. Scare, care. 15. Brush, rush.

EASY TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Primals, Crow; centrals, Bear; finals, Gnat. 1. ComBinG. 2. ReverbEratioN. 3. OmAhA. 4. WoRsT.

HIDDEN FRENCH SENTENCE.—Ma ville de pierre,—"My city of stone," or "My city of Peter;" *i. e.* St. "Peter's-burg." ["Pierre" means "Peter" as well as "stone."]

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM PROVERB PUZZLE.—"It is good to be merry and wise."

THREE EASY SQUARE-WORDS.—

I.—P O E	II.—F I R	III.—L A W
O R E	I R E	A G E
E E L	R E D	W E D

EASY ENIGMA.—Diamond.

REVERSIBLE DOUBLE DIAMOND AND CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. Perpendiculars, Revel; horizontals, Lever. Word-square: 1. Ten. 2. Eve. 3 Net.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Brass, bass. 2. Bread, bead. 3. Chart, cart. 4. Clove, cove. 5. Crane, cane. 6. Farce, face. 7. Heart, hart. 8. Horse, hose. 9. Mouse, muse. 10. Peony, pony.

PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION PUZZLES.—1. Entitles (ten tiles). 2. Raja (a jar). 3. Palm (lamp). 4. Satyr (trays). 5. Causer (saucer).

EASY SQUARE-WORD.—1. Balm. 2. Aloe. 3. Lore. 4. Meek.

EASY DIAMOND.—1. W. 2. Nag. 3. Water. 4. Gem. 5. R.

[For the names of those who sent answers to puzzles in the April number, see the "Letter-Box," page 574.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. JULY, 1878. NO. 9.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

THE GIRL WHO SAVED THE GENERAL.

BY CHARLES H. WOODMAN.

FAR down the Carolina coast lies the lovely sland of St. John, where stood, one hundred years igo, a noble brick-built mansion, with lofty portico ind broad piazza. Ancient live-oaks, trembling aspens, and great sycamores, lifted a bower over it o keep off the sun. Threading their way through range-trees and beds of flowers, spacious walks layed hide-and-seek around the house, coming uddenly full upon the river, or running out of ight in the deep woods.

The owner of this place was Robert Gibbes. With his beautiful young wife he kept an open all, and drew to its doors many of the great and oble people of the times; for he was wealthy and ultured, and she had such charming manners that eople loved her very presence. The great house vas full at all seasons. Eight children had already ome to this good couple, and seven little adopted ousins were their playmates—the orphan children f Mrs. Fenwick, sister to Mr. Gibbes. He himelf was a cripple, and could not walk. In a chair which ran on wheels he was drawn daily over the leasant paths, sometimes by the faithful black ervants, sometimes by the still more devoted chilren, who tugged at the rope like so many frisky olts. In their careless joy he forgot his own sufferngs, and would laugh heartily when they deserted im and hid, with shouts, behind the great trunks, ntil every tree in the park seemed to cry out 'Papa!" and "Uncle Robert!" The loveliness f the spot, and the happiness of its dwellers, suited vell its name of "Peaceful Retreat," by which it vas known through all the country.

But in those troublous times it could not always remain "peaceful." In the spring of 1779, the British took possession of all the sea-board. General Prevost marched up from Savannah and laid siege to Charleston. The beautiful city was about to fall into the enemy's hands; all night the men had toiled in the trenches, the women had prayed on their knees in their chambers, expecting every moment to hear the besieging cannon roar through the darkness. At daylight the next morning the housetops were thronged with anxious watchers; but as the sun came gloriously out of the sea, it shone upon deserted fields; not a tent was to be seen. Hearing that General Lincoln was hastening on with his army, Prevost had struck his tents in the night, and was retreating rapidly toward Savannah. He crossed the Stono Ferry, and fortified himself on John's Island, as the island of St. John's was often called.

For weeks now the noise of musketry and heavy guns destroyed the quiet joy at "Peaceful Retreat." The children, in the midst of play, would hear the dreadful booming, and suddenly grow still and pale. The eldest daughter, Mary Anna, was a sprightly, courageous girl of thirteen. She had the care of all the little ones, for her mother's hands were full, in managing the great estate and caring for her husband. The children never played now in the park, unless Mary was with them; and when the frightful noise came through the trees, they ran to her as chickens to a mother's wing.

After a time, the enemy determined to take possession of this beautiful place. A body of British

and Hessians quietly captured the landing one midnight, and, creeping stealthily onward, filled the park and surrounded the house. At day-break, the inmates found themselves prisoners.

Then came trying days for the family. The officers took up their quarters in the mansion, allowing the family to occupy the upper story. They may have been brave soldiers, but they certainly were not gentlemen, for they did everything to annoy Mrs. Gibbes, who bore all her trouble nobly and patiently. Little Mary had entire charge of the smaller children, which was no easy task, for they were continually getting into some sort of trouble with the troops.

John's Island was less than thirty miles from Charleston, and when the American officers in the city heard that "Peaceful Retreat" had been captured by the British, they determined to rescue it from the enemy. Two large galleys were immediately manned and equipped and sent to the plantation, with strict orders not to fire upon the mansion.

Sailing noiselessly up the Stono River, at dead of night, the vessels anchored abreast the plantation. Suddenly, out of the thick darkness burst a flame and roar, and the shot came crashing through the British encampment. The whole place was instantly in uproar. The officers in the house sprang from bed, and hastily dressed and armed. The family, rudely awakened, rushed to the windows. A cold rain was falling, and the soldiers, half-clad, were running wildly hither and thither, while the officers were frantically calling them to arms. Mary woke at the first terrible roar and fled to her mother's room. The excitable negro servants uttered most piercing shrieks. The poor little children were too frightened to scream, but clung, trembling, to Mary.

Mrs. Gibbes was in great distress. She knew not, at first, whether it was an attack by friends on the camp, or an assault on the house by the enemy. She ordered the servants to cease their wailing and dress themselves. Then her husband and the children were prepared; and, while the cannon bellowed in quick succession and the noise around the house grew louder, the father and mother consulted what was best to do. It was now evident that the attack was by their own friends, and its object was to dislodge the enemy. But Mr. Gibbes did not know that the house would not be fired on, and he advised instant flight. He was carried to his chair, and the whole household sallied forth from a back door.

The scene was terrific. The night was pitchy dark, and when, just as they stepped out, a sheet of flame belched forth from the vessels, it seemed to be almost against their faces. The roar shook the ground. The troops were too busy saving themselves to notice the fugitives, and they pushed on as rapidly as possible.

No one was sufficiently protected from the rain. Little Mary had the hardest part, for nearly all the children were in her care. The mud was deep. Some of the little ones could walk but a short distance at a time, and had to be carried—Mary having always one, sometimes two, in her arms. Several of the servants were near her, but none of them seemed to notice her or her burdens. The last horse had been carried off that very day; there was no escape but on foot.

Suddenly, a ball came crashing by them through the trees! Then a charge of grape-shot cut the boughs overhead. They were exactly in the range of the guns! It was evident they had taken the worst direction, but there was no help for it now—it was too late to turn back. In her agony, the mother cried aloud on God to protect her family. Mary hugged closer the child in her arms, and trembled so she could hardly keep up. Another crash! The shot shrieked past them, striking the trees in every direction. The assault was fierce, the roar was incessant. The frightened family rushed on as swiftly as possible toward a friend's plantation, far back from the shore; but it was soon seen that they would not have strength to reach it, even if they were not struck down by the flying shot. The Americans were pouring their fire into these woods, thinking the enemy would seek refuge there. The wretched fugitives expected every moment to be the last. On they pushed through mud and rain and screaming shot.

Soon they found they were getting more out of range of the guns. They began to hope; yet now and then a ball tore up the trees around them, or rolled fearfully across their path. They reached one of the houses where their field-hands lived, with no one hurt; they were over a mile from the mansion, and out of range. The negroes said no shot had come that way. Unable to flee further, the family determined to stop here. As soon as they entered, Mrs. Gibbes felt her strength leaving her, and sank upon a low bed. Chilled to the bone, drenched, trembling with terror and exhaustion, the family gathered around her. She opened her eyes and looked about. She sprang up wildly.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried, "where is John?"

The little girl turned pale, and moaned: "Oh, mother! mother! *he's left!*" She broke into crying. The negroes, quickly sympathetic, began to wring their hands and wail.

"Silence!" said Mr. Gibbes, with stern but trembling voice. The tears were in his own eyes. The little child now missing was very dear to them all, and, moreover, was deemed a sacred charge, as

he was one of the orphan children of Mr. Gibbes's sister, intrusted to him on her death-bed.

The wailing ceased; there was silence, broken only by sobs, and the master asked:

"Who is willing to go back for the child?"

No one spoke. Mr. Gibbes turned to his wife for counsel. As the two talked in low tones, Mrs. Gibbes called her husband's attention to Mary, who was kneeling with clasped hands, in prayer, at the foot of the bed. In a moment, the little maid rose and came to them, saying, calmly:

"Mother, I must go back after baby."

"Oh, my child," cried the mother, in agony, "I *cannot* let you!"

"But, mother, I must," pleaded Mary. "God will care for me."

It was a fearful responsibility. The guns yet roared constantly through the darkness; the house might now be in flames; it might be filled with carnage and blood. Mrs. Gibbes turned to her husband. His face was buried in his hands. Plainly, she must decide it herself. With streaming eyes, she looked at Mary.

"Come here, my child," she called through her sobs. Mary fell upon her mother's neck. One long, passionate embrace, in which all a mother's love and devotion were poured out, and the clinging arms were opened without a word. Mary sprang up, kissed her father's forehead, and sped forth on her dangerous mission of love.

The rain had now ceased, but the night was still dark and full of terrors, for through the trees she saw the frequent flashes of the great guns. The woods were filled with the booming echoes, so that cannon seemed to be on every hand. She flew on with all speed. Soon she heard the crashing trees ahead, and knew that in a moment she would be once more face to face with death. She did not falter. Now she was again in the fierce whirlwind! All around her the shot howled and shrieked. On every side branches fell crashing to the earth. A cannon-ball plunged into the ground close beside her, cast over her a heap of mud, and threw her down. She sprang up and pressed on with redoubled vigor. Not even *that* ball could make her turn back.

She reached the house. She ran to the room where the little child usually slept. The bed was empty! Distracted, she flew from chamber to chamber. Suddenly she remembered that this night he had been given to another nurse. Up into the third story she hurried, and, as she pushed open the door, the little fellow, sitting up in bed, cooed to her and put out his hands.

With the tears raining down her cheeks, Mary wrapped the babe warmly and started down the stairs. Out into the darkness once more; onward with her precious burden, through cannon-roar, through shot and shell! Three times she passed through this iron storm. The balls still swept the forest; the terrific booming filled the air.

With the child pressed tightly to her brave young heart, she fled on. She neither stumbled nor fell. The shot threw the dirt in her face, and showered the twigs down upon her head. But she was not struck. In safety she reached the hut, and fell exhausted across the threshold.

And the little boy thus saved by a girl's brave devotion, afterward became General Fenwick, famous in the war of 1812.

FORTY—LESS ONE.

By James Richardson.

Over by the tangled thicket,
  Where the level meets the hill,
Where the mealy alder-bushes
  Crowd around the ruined mill,
Where the thrushes whistle early,
  Where the midges love to play,
Where the nettles, tall and stinging,
  Guard the vine-obstructed way,
Where the tired brooklet lingers
  In a quiet little pool,
Mistress Salmo Fontinalis*
  Keeps a very private school.

Forty little speckled beauties
  Come to learn of her, each day,
How to climb the foaming rapids,
  Where the flashing sunbeams play,—
How to navigate the eddies,
  How to sink and how to rise,
How to watch for passing perils,
  How to leap for passing flies,—
When to play upon the surface,
  When beneath the stones to hide,—
All the secrets of the water,
  All brook learning, true and tried;—

* Brook-trout.

"That's a good-for-nothing skipper;"
"That's a harmless yellow-bird;"
"That's the flicker of the sunshine,
When the alder-leaves are stirred;"
"That's the shadow of a cloudlet;"
"That's a squirrel come to drink;"
"That—look out for him, my darlings!—
He's a fierce and hungry mink;"
"That's the ripple on the water,
When the winds the wavelets stir;"
"That—snap quick, my little hearties!—
That's a luscious grasshopper."

So the clever Mistress Salmo
Gives her counsel, day by day,—
Teaching all the troutly virtues,
All life's lessons, grave and gay.

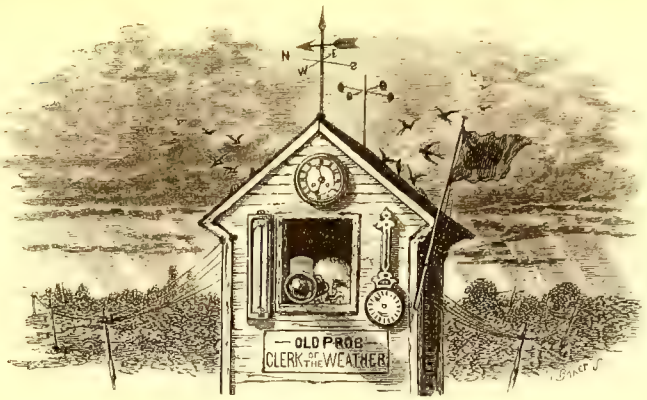
What was that which passed so quickly,
With a slender shade behind?
What is that which stirs the alders
When no ripple tells of wind?
What sends Mistress Salmo darting
Underneath the stones in fear?—
Crying, "Hide yourselves, my darlings!
Our worst enemy is near!"
"I am bound to understand it,"
Says one self-proud speckle-side;
"When I see the danger's real,
Then, if need be, I can hide."

So he waits alone and watches,
Sees the shadow pass again,
Sees a fly drop on the water,—
Dashes at it, might and main.



Well she knows the flashing terror
Of King Fisher's sudden fall!
Well she knows the lurking danger
Of the barb'd hook, keen and small!
Well she tries to warn her pupils
Of all evils, low and high!
But, alas! the vain young triflers.
Sometimes disobey—and die!

"Missed it! Well," he says, "I never!
That's the worst jump made to-day!
Here another comes—now for it!"
Splash! He's in the air—to stay!
When the alders cease to tremble,
Silence comes and sun-glints shine,
Mistress Salmo Fontinalis
Calls the roll,—just thirty-nine!



HOW THE WEATHER IS FORETOLD.

By James H. Flint.

In former times, the chief herald of the weather was the almanac, which ambitiously prophesied a whole year of cold and heat, wet and dry, dividing up the kinds of weather quite impartially, if not always correctly.

But the almanac, good as it was now and then, and the weather-wise farmers, correct as sometimes they might have been, were not always able to impart exact information to the country; and they have been thrown quite into the shade of late, by one who is popularly known under the somewhat disrespectful title of "Old Prob," or "Old Probabilities." He has become the Herald of the Weather to the sailor, near the rocky, dangerous coasts; to the farmer, watching his crops, and waiting for good days to store them; to the traveler, anxious to pursue his journey under fair skies; and to the girls and boys who want to know, before they start to the woods for a picnic, what are the "probabilities" as to rain.

Every one who reads the daily paper is familiar with the "Weather Record," issued from the "War Department, office of the Chief Signal Officer," at Washington. These reports give, first, a general statement of what the weather has been, for the past twenty-four hours, all over the country, from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the South Atlantic States; and then the "Probabilities," or "Indications," for the next twenty-four hours, over this same broad territory. The annual reports of the Chief Signal Officer show that in only comparatively few instances do these daily predictions fail of fulfillment.

The reason these prophecies are so true is a simple and yet a wonderful one. The weather itself tells the observer what it is going to do, some time in advance, and the telegraph sends the news all over the country, from the central signal office at Washington.

We shall see, presently, how the weather interprets itself to "Old Probabilities." Although it has proved such a fruitful subject of discourse in all ages, yet I am afraid many people who pass remarks upon it, do not really think what the weather is made of. Let us examine its different elements.

The atmosphere has weight, just as water or any other fluid, although it seems to be perfectly bodiless. We must comprehend that the transparent, invisible air is pressing inward toward the center of the earth. This pressure varies according to the state of the weather, and the changes are indicated by an instrument called a barometer. Generally speaking, the falling of the mercury in the tube of the barometer indicates rain, and its rise heralds clear weather. Sometimes the rise is followed by cold winds, frost and ice. What these changes really indicate, however, can be determined only by comparing the barometric changes, at certain hours, in a number of places very far apart. This is done by the Signal Service. Observations are made at about one hundred and forty stations, in different portions of the country, at given hours, and the results are telegraphed at once to Washington, where our faithful "weather clerk" receives them, reasoning out from them the "probabilities" which he publishes three times in every twenty-four hours.

But the atmosphere varies not only in weight, but also in temperature. The thermometer tells us of such changes.

Besides this, the air contains a great amount of moisture, and it shows as much variation in this

characteristic as in the others. For the purpose of making known the changes in the moisture of the atmosphere, an instrument has been invented called a "wet-bulb" thermometer.

We are thus enabled to ascertain the weight or pressure, the temperature, and the wetness of the air, and now it only remains for us to measure the force, and point out the direction, of the wind. This is done by the familiar weather-vane and the anemometer. The vane shows the direction, and the anemometer is an instrument which indicates the velocity of the wind.

It is by a right understanding of all these instruments that the signal service officer is enabled to tell what the weather says of itself; for they are the pens with which the weather writes out the facts from which the officer makes up his reports for the benefit of all concerned. Thus, however wildly and blindly the storm may seem to come, it sends messengers telling just where it arose, what course it will take, and how far it will extend. But it tells its secrets to those only who pay strict attention.

The system of danger signals, adopted by the United States Government, has proved of great benefit to shipping. All along the coasts are stations, at which plainly visible signals are displayed, to warn ship-captains of approaching storms. The reports of observers at the stations are required to give all instances in which vessels have remained in port on account of official warnings given. In these cases danger was avoided, and statistics show that disasters to shipping have been considerably fewer since the introduction of the cautionary signals.

The agricultural interests of the country also have been greatly benefited by the daily bulletins sent to every farming district in the land by the Weather Department. These bulletins are made from telegraphic reports received at appointed centers of distribution, where they are at once printed, placed in envelopes, and addressed to designated post-offices in the district to be supplied. Each postmaster receiving a bulletin has the order of the Postmaster-General to display it instantly in a frame furnished for the purpose.

The bulletins reach the different offices, and are displayed in the frames, on the average, at eleven o'clock in the morning, making about ten hours from the time the report first left the chief signal officer until it appeared placarded at every center of the farming populations, and became accessible to all classes even in the most distant parts of the country.

The information given on these bulletins has been found especially valuable to those farmers who take an interest in the study of meteorology, or the science of weather, and the facts announced are so plain, that any intelligent person may profit by them. For instance, each bulletin now announces, for its particular district, what winds in each month have been found most likely, and what least likely, to be followed by rain. Attention given to this one simple piece of information will result in increasing the gains and reducing the losses of harvesting.

Warnings of expected rises or falls in the great rivers are made with equal regularity, telegraphed, bulletined in frames, and also published by the newspapers, at the different river cities. These daily reports give the depths of water at different points in the rivers' courses, and thus make it easy for river shipping to be moored safely in anticipation of low water, when ignorance might lead to the grounding of the boats on sand-bars or mud-banks. The notices of the probable heights which freshets may reach, are followed by preparations upon the "levees" and river-banks, to guard against overflows.

The United States Signal Service is a branch of the army. No one is admitted to it who is under twenty-one years of age. Every candidate has to undergo before enlistment an examination, the chief subjects of which are spelling, legible handwriting, proficiency in arithmetic, and the geography of the United States, physical and political.

Successful candidates are regularly enlisted in the army, as non-commissioned officers, and go through a course of very systematic instruction in military signaling and telegraphy. They are assigned afterward to different posts, where they are required to make observations and report the same by wire three times a day, to the commanding officer at Washington. These observations are made by means of the instruments I have described, and include the different appearances in the sky; and at all the stations they are made at the same hour, according to Washington time. The telegraph gives to the Herald of the Weather and his aids the advantage of hearing from all the hundred and forty-odd observers almost at the same time; and when all this information has been gathered up, studied out, and re-arranged, the same swift servant takes all over the country, again almost at one time, the ripe results of the care and watching of more than seven score persons separated by hundreds and even thousands of miles from the central office.

I should like to describe the instruments fully, but must content myself with telling you what remarkable things some of them do. The self-registering barometer, for instance, is made to actually photograph a storm; another is made to draw with a pencil, every hour, figures that show

the height of the column of mercury and the condition of the atmosphere. Even the vane, or weather-cock, marks down the direction and force of the wind.

The report of the chief signal officer for the year 1876 gives some idea of the vast amount of labor performed by the service. The Herald of the Weather never rests. As he says, "The duties of this office permit little rest and less hesitation. Its action must be prompt. * * * Its orders must issue, its signals of warning be given, and its record thus made, sometimes when wisdom would delay, if possible, and subsequent information show it had delayed rightly. It is the simple duty of the office to act at each present moment as well as it can with the information at that time before it. The reports to come after can only give bases for future action, while exhibiting the right and wrong of the past." These points should be borne in mind by those who are disposed to find fault with some of the daily predictions about the weather. If these predictions do not always come true, it is for the reason given above. Each report must be made at a given hour. Sudden changes may occur immediately after a report has been issued. These changes cannot be waited for, and cannot always be foreseen. But the general accuracy of the daily reports cannot be questioned, as about eighty per cent. of their predictions are known to have been verified, and the average of failure grows less.

The method of arranging, comparing, and studying out the meaning of all the different records of observations made at all the weather stations, cannot be explained in a short article. But I may add that the weather is, after all, not quite so capricious as its accusers have asserted. And it has been found that all storms have certain "habits, movements, and tracks." It is by applying these laws, and drawing conclusions from them, that the prophet of the weather is able to tell so nearly what kind of a day we shall have, and just about where and when the storm will come.

Nearly all great storms have a rotary, or cyclonical character. The little whirlwinds we often see on windy days, when the dust is caught up and whirled around, are miniature examples of great storms which sweep around immense circles. Almost all great rain, hail, and snow storms revolve in this manner around a calm center where the mercury is low in the tube of the barometer. Sometimes two or more cyclones meet, and interfere with one another's rotary motions; and "when interferences of this description take place, we have squalls, calms (often accompanied by heavy rains), thunder-storms, great variations in the direction and force of the wind," and irregular movements of the barometer.

So then, considering all that the Herald of the Weather has to do, the care and quickness with which it must be done, and the excellent results he obtains, everybody who is at all interested in the changes of the weather ought to be grateful to him for his faithfulness and devoted attention to duty.

But why should the Government of the United States—that is to say, the people as a whole—take the trouble and bear the cost of keeping a small army of men to watch the weather all over the country, and to telegraph their observations three times a day to Washington? Why should the officials there take the trouble to compare these observations and telegraph back to each locality what weather it may expect, and what the weather will be elsewhere, so that you and I may know when to stay at home, or when to take our umbrellas with us if we go out?

Hardly. There are more important matters at stake. Most of you are old enough to know that it is unexpected weather that causes most of the trouble that the weather occasions. The farmer expects fair weather, cuts his hay or grain, and a storm comes and spoils it. He looks for rain, and lets his crop stand; the bright sun injures it, or he loses a good chance to harvest it. The ship-master expects fair weather, puts out from port, and his ship is driven back upon the shore, a wreck. He expects a storm, stays in port, and misses the fair wind that would have carried him far to sea.

Now, a very large part of these disappointments and losses may be prevented, if one only knows with reasonable certainty what sort of weather it is likely to be to-day and to-morrow; and that is just the information the Weather Herald furnishes. The great storms usually come slowly driving across the country—so slowly that the telegraph may send word of their coming two or three days ahead. Thus the farmers may know just what they may safely undertake to do; and so may the ship-masters.

Since the farmers and seamen have learned to value the weather warnings rightly, this service saves the country every year millions and millions of dollars' worth of property, and, it may be, hundreds of lives. Often a single timely warning has prevented losses that would have amounted to more than the entire cost of the weather service from the beginning until now. And possibly the yearly saving effected by warnings of ordinary "changeable" weather, may together amount to more than those in connection with great storms.

TOO MANY BIRTHDAYS.

By Fanny M. Osborne.

THE king of the island was the father, and the queen the mother, of the little princess about whom this story is told. For many generations there had been but one child born to the royal family; but goodness and beauty being hereditary, these only children were beloved by all the subjects of the realm; and although they ran a great danger of being spoiled, they never were, but remained all through their lives as simple, gentle, and unpretentious as though born to the humblest lot.

Of course, the event of the birth of one of these children had been, from time immemorial, the occasion of the greatest and most sincere rejoicing, and the enthusiasm of the people seemed even greater at each repetition of these blessed anniversaries.

In this happy island crimes were almost unknown; and so generous and confiding were the people, that they imagined all the world were as good as themselves. It is not surprising, therefore, that when the great physician Aigew came from a far distant land to attend the grandfather of the little princess on his death-bed, no one in all the island suspected that he was anything else than the best and kindest of doctors. It is true that the former court physician, now displaced by Aigew, had his doubts about his successor. But it is best not to trouble ourselves with what we cannot understand; and whether or not Aigew was as good as he pretended to be, the king and queen were altogether pleased with their new doctor. Knowing him to be wise and of great book-learning, they admitted him to the closest intimacy in their private life, consulted him upon all questions of state, and accepted his guidance and counsel as that of a superior being. It was to his influence that the islanders owed their great birthday law, by which it was enacted that, on each recurrence of the princess's anniversary, every child in the kingdom was to be allowed his or her way, without restraint, from sunrise until sunset; and, during the day, the use of the word "no" was forbidden to all fathers and mothers and nursery-maids, from one end of the island to the other.

Everybody thought this one of the best enactments of the reign. "What a beautiful thought!" said they. "All the children in the land rejoicing with their princess! When they are grown men and women, they will always think of her with pleasure, for she will be associated with the most delightful memories of their childhood."

It certainly did seem very charming at first. But the day after was harvest-time for the great physician and his assistants, who kept flying hither and thither post-haste.

Still, every one said it was a good law. It was true the children were not quite so well next day; but then, what a fine moral effect! and what a pleasant sight it was to see them all thoroughly happy for at least one day in every year!

Now, just after the fourteenth birthday had been celebrated, Aigew was called in to see to the princess. He gave her a little medicine, which she took in the prettiest way, without jelly.

"That's a nice, good girl," said the grave doctor. "I have offered you no birthday gift as yet; but it is in my power to give you anything you wish. Say—what shall it be, sweet princess?"

"It is enough to give me your kind care," answered the princess. "Everything else I have. The best part of all to me was the enjoyment of the other children. Ah! how I wish I could have a birthday whenever I choose!"

"Even that," said the doctor, "is possible," as he took something from his bosom, smiling curiously to himself as he did so. "I give you this little casket upon two conditions," said he. "One is that you are never to mention the circumstance to a living soul; you are not even to speak of it to me. The other I will tell you after I have explained the nature of the gift. Inside this box are eighty crystal figures; each one represents a birthday, and lies, as you see, in a separate compartment. Begin at the right hand, and whenever you wish to have a birthday, you have only to place one of these in your little mouth, and it is here."

The princess, trembling and faint from a strange perfume in the air, took the box in her hand.

"But the other condition?"

"It is merely this: that no one but yourself ever tastes the contents of the magical box. If any one should, the worst consequences would follow; and, among others, all these birthdays, with all that they have occasioned and all the presents that have been given in their honor, will pass away and become as nothing. Remember this." And he was gone.

The princess examined her singular present with the most intense interest. It looked wonderfully like a pill-box; but inside, lying in the tiniest compartments, were marvelously small and beautiful

figures exactly like herself in miniature, except that, beginning at the right, each one was a little older in appearance than the one preceding.



THE DOCTOR PRESENTS THE CASKET TO THE PRINCESS.

The next morning, before the rising of the sun, the little princess lay awake, with the casket in her hand.

"Shall I? or shall I not?" said she. "I think I shall."

And the first figure from the right melted on her lips. The taste was sweet; but that was soon forgotten in her surprise at the unusual bustle which sprang up immediately in the city. Cannons were firing; the populace was shouting, "Long live the princess!" and great vans came thundering up to the entrance, laden with gifts. Yes, it was all true; she might have a birthday whenever she chose. It passed off like the fourteen that had gone before. On the morrow, another was celebrated; another,

after the interval of one day; and another in a week from that; so that the whole kingdom was kept in a continual uproar of festivity.

Dr. Aigew sent to his own country for many more learned doctors and chemists. He built great laboratories, where, all day and all night, pills and draughts and mixtures (of which I hope never even to know the names) were zealously compounded.

"Call the first gentleman-in-waiting, and ask him to tell the page to tell the butler to send a servant with some wine. Or, stay! I'd like to taste the national beverage, whatever it may be."

So the chamberlain told the first gentleman-in-waiting to tell the page to tell the butler to tell a servant to ask some one for the national beverage. The servant returned from a confectioner's shop,



THE DOCTOR SUMMONS OTHER DOCTORS AND CHEMISTS.

The huge chimneys sent forth black clouds of physic-laden smoke, which began to hang like a pall over the city. The fields, once yellow with corn, were now only cultivated for the production of rhubarb and senna and camomile. The children of the nation grew as yellow and bilious as Aigew himself. All the wealth of the island was pouring into the coffers of the doctor. There were no shops open but those of chemists and confectioners. No other trade had an opportunity to flourish. The country was plainly going to ruin.

The old king saw but one way to save his people. He must send his daughter away. This made him very sad, for he loved her dearly, and could not bear to have her know the truth.

"What shall I do?" he asked the queen.

"It is quite plain," answered she. "Marry her."

This was easily done. The fame of her beauty and gentleness had reached other lands; and a marriage was soon arranged between the little princess and a handsome young prince, who was the son and heir of a neighboring king.

In due time, the prince with his retinue started, in much pomp and magnificence, to visit the bride; and he made such good speed, in his impatience, that he arrived in the island several days before the time appointed. Within the city gates, the cavalcade halted for a moment that the prince might rest.

"I am very weary," said he to the chamberlain.

and told the butler, who told the page, who told the first gentleman-in-waiting, who told the chamberlain, that the people generally drank lemonade, but, on account of the celebration of the princess's birthday, none was to be had.

"There is some mistake!" cried the prince, who was tired and a little cross, and very thirsty; "there is some mistake! The princess's birthday will be the day after to-morrow, the date for which we were invited. Go and find out the meaning of this riddle."

Soon the chamberlain returned, bringing the confectioner with him.

"My lord," says he, "this man tells so strange a story, that I have brought him here lest you should suspect me of falsehood. He declares that he has furnished confections, creams, and fruits for the princess's birthday, forty-one distinct individual times."

"It is the truth, my lord," said the confectioner.

"It cannot be!" gasped the prince. "Make further inquiries. Tell the chamberlain to tell the gentleman-in-waiting to tell the page to tell the—ah! I am deathly faint. Forty-one, and I but twenty last month!"

Voices were heard and approaching footsteps. The chamberlain had brought six reverend men, dignitaries of the town, all of whom testified that on forty-one several occasions the birthday of the princess had been celebrated.

"It is enough! In fact, too much!" cried the prince. "We return immediately. This insult shall not pass unavenged."

So all the horses turned their heads where their tails had been; the musicians changed their tune from "See, the conquering hero comes" to "Take me home to die;" and the prince returned whence he came.

The king, his father, was not so wroth as the prince had expected.

"I have been wrong," said he. "The prince is 'O'er young to marry yet,' while I have been a widower for many years, and perhaps should marry first and set him an example. If the match proves unfortunate, I shall not have so long to endure it, from the difference in our ages. From my experience, he may learn wisdom. Yes, like a true father, I will sacrifice myself. It is I who shall marry the lady. You say she is fair and gentle, and only forty-one? I will sacrifice myself."

The other king and his court were much surprised when the news came that the prince repudiated all thoughts of the marriage, and that the father proposed to take his place as bridegroom. They were at first disposed to be indignant; but then something had to be done, or the kingdom would soon be ruined. And besides, the king was already on his way; he was known to be of a fiery temper; he had at his command a large and powerful standing army; and if he chose to make war, there was no possibility of resisting him, for the soldiers of the island had turned their swords into plowshares, and were engaged in raising senna.

The princess, as you may imagine, was not pleased with this change of bridegrooms; but, used to obedience, she acquiesced in everything, and told no one of the bitter tears she nightly shed upon her pillow. She tried to be as cheerful as possible in presence of her parents, and diverted her mind by having continual birthdays.

The bridegroom king halted at the gates of the town, with great dignity. He, too, arrived on a different day from the one appointed. It was a week later, at least. Age (the king was sixty, if he was a day) travels with more care and deliberation than hot-headed youth.

While waiting for the gates to be opened, the king could not forbear smiling at the horror of the young man when told of his bride's age.

"Forty-one is not so old," thought he. "Perhaps this is the very confectioner's where they furnished the information, but could not furnish any refreshment."

Turning to an attendant, he gave the order:

"Bring me from yonder house a draught of whatever is mostly used in the city."

It was not the confectioner's house, as he supposed, to which he pointed, but one of Aigew's laboratories. His majesty's commands were carried thither; and the chemist, gray and wizen, came forth, bearing a goblet filled with a dark liquid of peculiar odor. He bowed his knee, and held it toward the king, who took it in his hand, sniffed his royal nose suspiciously, and said:

"It has a disagreeable smell! What is it called?"

"Rhubarb and senna, your majesty; it is the only drink taken the day after the princess's birthday. Merry-making and feasting, when indulged in too freely, are necessarily followed by physic and fasting."



DELIVERING THE PRINCE'S MESSAGE.

"I'll none of it," cried the king. "The princess's birthday! I thought her birthday had passed weeks ago."

"Of that I know nothing," replied the chemist. "I only know that yesterday we celebrated her seventy-second birthday. I am an old man, as

your majesty sees, and not likely to tell that which is false."

The king was purple with rage. He said but the one word "Home!" In a few moments, he and his retinue had turned their backs, and they speedily disappeared behind the hills. There was only left a cloud of dust, and an occasional strain of "The girl I left behind me," borne back upon the wind from the distance.

This last blow fell heavily on the father of the princess. He flew into a rage; he had had too much of birthdays and bridegrooms, and determined he would be a party to no more of either.

"Get you gone to a convent!" he cried to his weeping, frightened daughter. "Don apparel suitable to your years, and offend my sight no more!"

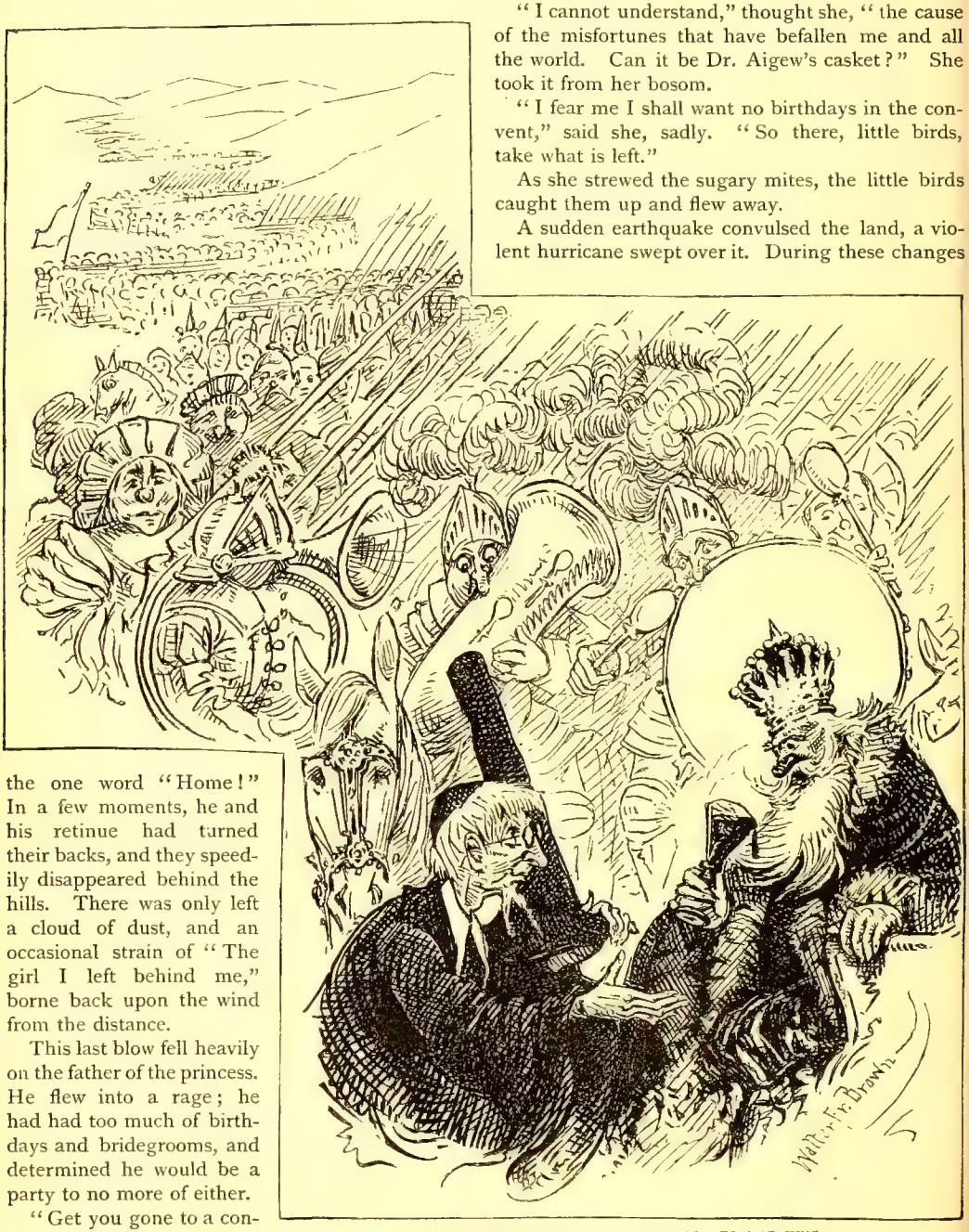
They placed upon the princess's yellow curls a beldame's cap, robed her in a plain gown of black, and made ready to take her away.

"I cannot understand," thought she, "the cause of the misfortunes that have befallen me and all the world. Can it be Dr. Aigew's casket?" She took it from her bosom.

"I fear me I shall want no birthdays in the convent," said she, sadly. "So there, little birds, take what is left."

As she strewed the sugary mites, the little birds caught them up and flew away.

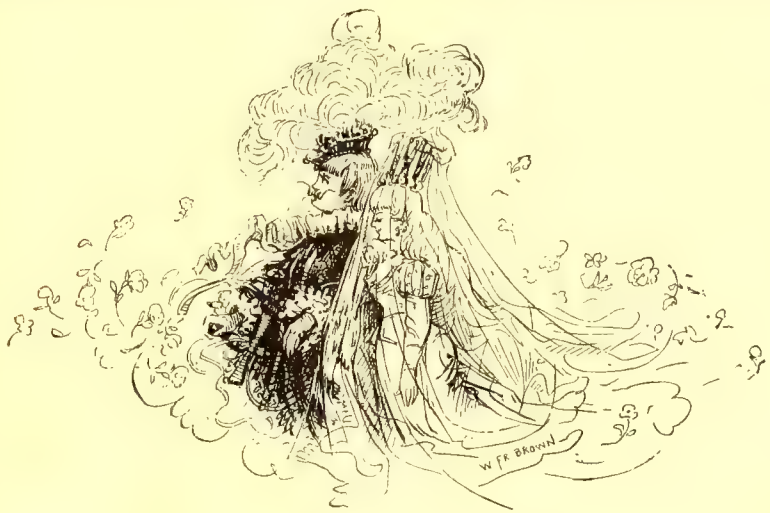
A sudden earthquake convulsed the land, a violent hurricane swept over it. During these changes of nature, everything that had been affected by the unnatural birthdays returned to its former state.



THE CHEMIST PRESENTS THE BEVERAGE TO THE KING.

All remembrance even, connected with them ever so remotely, was wiped from the memory of man.

I am not sure, but I think the prince did afterward visit the island, and was much impressed by its quiet, sylvan life and the incomparable beauty of the princess; and they do say ——



UNDER THE LILACS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XVI.

DETECTIVE THORNTON.

A few days later, Miss Celia was able to go about with her arm in a sling, pale still, and rather stiff, but so much better than any one had expected, that all agreed Mr. Paine was right in pronouncing Dr. Mills "a master hand with broken bones." Two devoted little maids waited on her, two eager pages stood ready to run her errands, and friendly neighbors sent in delicacies enough to keep these four young persons busily employed in disposing of them.

Every afternoon the great bamboo lounging chair was brought out and the interesting invalid conducted to it by stout Randa, who was head nurse, and followed by a train of shawl, cushion, foot-stool, and book bearers, who buzzed about like swarming bees round a new queen. When all were settled, the little maids sewed and the pages read aloud, with much conversation by the way; for one of the rules was, that all should listen attentively, and if any one did not understand what was read, he or she should ask to have it explained on the spot. Whoever could answer these questions was invited to do so, and at the end of the reading Miss Celia could ask any she liked, or add any explanations which seemed necessary. In this way much pleasure and profit was extracted from the tales Ben and Thorny read, and much unexpected knowledge as well as ignorance displayed, not to mention piles of neatly hemmed towels for which Bab and Betty were paid like regular sewing-women.

So vacation was not all play, and the little girls found their picnics, berry parties, and "goin' a visitin'," all the more agreeable for the quiet hour spent with Miss Celia. Thorny had improved wonderfully, and was getting to be quite energetic, especially since his sister's accident; for while she was laid up he was the head of the house, and much enjoyed his promotion. But Ben did not seem to flourish as he had done at first. The loss of Sancho preyed upon him sadly, and the longing to go and find his dog grew into such a strong temptation that he could hardly resist it. He said little about it; but now and then a word escaped him which might have enlightened any one who chanced to be watching him. No one was, just then, so he brooded over this fancy, day by day, in silence and solitude, for there was no riding and driving now. Thorny was busy with his sister trying to show her that he remembered how good she had been to him

when he was ill, and the little girls had their own affairs.

Miss Celia was the first to observe the change, having nothing to do but lie on a sofa and amuse herself by seeing others work or play. Ben was bright enough at the readings, because then he forgot his troubles; but when they were over and his various duties done, he went to his own room or sought consolation with Lita, being sober and quiet, and quite unlike the merry monkey all knew and liked so well.

"Thorny, what is the matter with Ben?" asked Miss Celia, one day, when she and her brother were alone in the "green parlor," as they called the lilac-tree walk.

"Fretting about Sanch, I suppose. I declare I wish that dog had never been born! Losing him has just spoilt Ben. Not a bit of fun left in him, and he wont have anything I offer to cheer him up."

Thorny spoke impatiently, and knit his brows over the pressed flowers he was neatly gumming into his herbal.

"I wonder if he has anything on his mind? He acts as if he was hiding a trouble he did n't dare to tell. Have you talked with him about it?" asked Miss Celia, looking as if *she* was hiding a trouble *she* did not like to tell.

"Oh, yes, I poke him up now and then, but he gets peppery, so I let him alone. May be he 's longing for his old circus again. Should n't blame him much if he was; it is n't very lively here, and he 's used to excitement, you know."

"I hope it is n't that. Do you think he would slip away without telling us, and go back to the old life again?"

"Don't believe he would. Ben is n't a bit of a sneak, that 's why I like him."

"Have you ever found him sly or untrue in any way?" asked Miss Celia, lowering her voice.

"No; he 's as fair and square a fellow as I ever saw. Little bit low, now and then, but he does n't mean it, and wants to be a gentleman, only he never lived with one before, and it 's all new to him. I'll get him polished up after a while."

"Oh, Thorny, there are *three* peacocks on the place, and you are the finest!" laughed Miss Celia, as her brother spoke in his most condescending way with a lift of the eyebrows very droll to see.

"And *two* donkeys, and Ben 's the biggest, not to know when he is well off and be happy!" retorted the "gentleman," slapping a dried specimen on the page as if he were pounding discontented Ben.

"Come here and let me tell you something which worries me. I would not breathe it to another soul, but I feel rather helpless, and I dare say you can manage the matter better than I."

Looking much mystified, Thorny went and sat on the stool at his sister's feet, while she whispered confidentially in his ear: "I 've lost some money out of my drawer, and I 'm *so* afraid Ben took it."

"But it 's always locked up and you keep the keys of the drawer and the little room?"

"It is gone, nevertheless, and I 've had my keys safe all the time."

"But why think it is he any more than Randa, or Katy, or me?"

"Because I trust you three as I do myself. I 've known the girls for years, and you have no object in taking it since all I have is yours, dear."

"And all mine is yours, of course. But, Celia, how *could* he do it? He can't pick locks, I know, for we fussed over my desk together, and had to break it after all."

"I never really thought it possible till to-day when you were playing ball and it went in at the upper window, and Ben climbed up the porch after it; you remember you said, 'If it had gone in at the garret gable you could n't have done that so well;' and he answered, 'Yes, I could, there is n't a spout I can't shin up, or a bit of this roof I have n't been over.'"

"So he did; but there is no spout near the little room window."

"There is a tree, and such an agile boy as Ben could swing in and out easily. Now, Thorny, I *hate* to think this of him, but it has happened twice, and for his own sake I must stop it. If he is planning to run away, money is a good thing to have. And he may feel that it is his own; for you know he asked me to put his wages in the bank, and I did. He may not like to come to me for that, because he can give no good reason for wanting it. I 'm so troubled I really don't know what to do."

She looked troubled, and Thorny put his arms about her as if to keep all worries but his own away from her.

"Don't you fret, Cely, dear; you leave it to me. I'll fix him—ungrateful little scamp!"

"That is not the way to begin. I 'm afraid you will make him angry and hurt his feelings, and then we can do nothing."

"Bother his feelings! I shall just say, calmly and coolly: 'Now, look here, Ben, hand over the money you took out of my sister's drawer, and we 'll let you off easy,' or something like that."

"It would n't do, Thorny; his temper would be up in a minute, and away he would go before we could find out whether he was guilty or not. I wish I knew how to manage."

"Let me think," and Thorny leaned his chin on the arm of the chair, staring hard at the knocker as if he expected the lion's mouth to open with words of counsel then and there.

"By Jove, I do believe Ben took it!" he broke out suddenly; "for when I went to his room this

morning to see why he did n't come and do my boots, he shut the drawer in his bureau as quick as a flash, and looked red and queer, for I did n't knock, and sort of startled him."

"He would n't be likely to put stolen money there. Ben is too wise for that."

"He would n't *keep* it there, but he might be looking at it and pitch it in when I called. He 's hardly spoken to me since, and when I asked him what his flag was at half-mast for, he would n't answer. Besides, you know in the reading this afternoon he did n't listen, and when you asked what he was thinking about, he colored up and muttered something about Sanch. I tell you, Celia, it looks bad—very bad," and Thorny shook his head with a wise air.

"It does, and yet we may be all wrong. Let us wait a little and give the poor boy a chance to clear himself before we speak. I 'd rather lose my money than suspect him falsely."

"How much was it?"

"Eleven dollars; a one went first, and I supposed I 'd miscalculated somewhere when I took some out; but when I missed a ten, I felt that I ought not to let it pass."

"Look here, sister, you just put the case into my hands and let me work it up. I wont say anything to Ben till you give the word; but I 'll watch him, and now my eyes are open, it wont be easy to deceive *me*."

Thorny was evidently pleased with the new play of detective, and intended to distinguish himself in that line; but when Miss Celia asked how he meant to begin, he could only respond with a blank expression: "Don't know! You give me the keys and leave a bill or two in the drawer, and may be I can find him out somehow."

So the keys were given, and the little dressing-room where the old secretary stood was closely watched for a day or two. Ben cheered up a trifle, which looked as if he knew an eye was upon him, but otherwise he went on as usual, and Miss Celia, feeling a little guilty at even harboring a suspicion of him, was kind and patient with his moods.

Thorny was very funny in the unnecessary mystery and fuss he made; his affectation of careless indifference to Ben's movements and his clumsy attempts to watch every one of them; his dodgings up and down stairs, ostentatious clanking of keys, and the elaborate traps he set to catch his thief, such as throwing his ball in at the dressing-room window and sending Ben up the tree to get it, which he did, thereby proving beyond a doubt that he alone could have taken the money, Thorny thought. Another deep discovery was, that the old drawer was so shrunken that the lock could be pressed down by slipping a knife-blade between the hasp and socket.

"Now it is as clear as day, and you 'd better let me speak," he said, full of pride as well as regret, at this triumphant success of his first attempt as a detective.

"Not yet, and you need do nothing more. I 'm afraid it was a mistake of mine to let you do this; and if it has spoiled your friendship with Ben, I shall be very sorry; for I do not think he is guilty," answered Miss Celia.

"Why not?" and Thorny looked annoyed.

"I 've watched also, and he does n't act like a deceitful boy. To-day I asked him if he wanted any money, or should I put what I owe him with the rest, and he looked me straight in the face with such honest, grateful eyes, I could not doubt him when he said: 'Keep it, please, I don't need anything here, you are all so good to me.'"

"Now, Celia, don't you be soft-hearted. He 's a sly little dog, and knows my eye is on him. When *I* asked him what he saw in the dressing-room, after he brought out the ball, and looked sharply at him, he laughed, and said: 'Only a mouse,' as saucy as you please."

"Do set the trap there, I heard the mouse nibbling last night, and it kept me awake. We must have a cat or we shall be overrun."

"Well, shall I give Ben a good blowing up, or will you?" asked Thorny, scorning such poor prey as mice, and bound to prove that he was in the right.

"I 'll let you know what I have decided in the morning. Be kind to Ben, meantime, or I shall feel as if I had done you harm in letting you watch him."

So it was left for that day, and by the next, Miss Celia had made up her mind to speak to Ben. She was just going down to breakfast when the sound of loud voices made her pause and listen. It came from Ben's room, where the two boys seemed to be disputing about something.

"I hope Thorny has kept his promise," she thought, and hurried through the back entry, fearing a general explosion.

Ben's chamber was at the end, and she could see and hear what was going on before she was near enough to interfere. Ben stood against his closet door looking as fierce and red as a turkey-cock; Thorny sternly confronted him, saying in an excited tone, and with a threatening gesture: "You are hiding something in there, and you can't deny it."

"I don't."

"Better not; I insist on seeing it."

"Well, you wont."

"What have you been stealing now?"

"Did n't steal it,—used to be mine,—I only took it when I wanted it."

"I know what that means. You 'd better give it back or I 'll make you."

"Stop!" cried a third voice, as Thorny put out his arm to clutch Ben, who looked ready to defend

himself to the last gasp. "Boys, I will settle this affair. *Is* there anything hidden in the closet, Ben?" and Miss Celia came between the belligerent parties with her one hand up to part them.

Thorny fell back at once, looking half ashamed



MISS CELIA BECOMES PEACE-MAKER.

of his heat, and Ben briefly answered, with a gulp as if shame or anger made it hard to speak steadily:

"Yes 'm, there is."

"Does it belong to you?"

"Yes 'm, it does."

"Where did you get it?"

"Up to Squire's."

"That 's a lie!" muttered Thorny to himself.

Ben's eye flashed, and his fist doubled up in spite of him, but he restrained himself out of respect to Miss Celia, who looked puzzled, as she asked another question, not quite sure how to proceed with the investigation: "Is it money, Ben?"

"No 'm, it is n't."

"Then what *can* it be?"

"Meow!" answered a fourth voice from the closet, and as Ben flung open the door a gray kitten walked out, purring with satisfaction at her release.

Miss Celia fell into a chair and laughed till her eyes were full; Thorny looked foolish, and Ben folded his arms, curled up his nose, and regarded his accuser with calm defiance, while pussy sat down to wash her face as if her morning toilette had been interrupted by her sudden abduction.

"That 's all very well, but it does n't mend matters much, so you need n't laugh, Celia," began

'horny, recovering himself, and stubbornly bent on fting the case to the bottom, now he had begun.

"Well, it would, if you 'd let a feller alone. She id she wanted a cat, so I went and got the one ıey gave me when I was at the Squire's. I went ırly and took her without asking, and I had a right ı," explained Ben, much aggrieved by having his ırprise spoiled.

"It was very kind of you, and I 'm glad to have ıis nice kitty. Give her some breakfast, and then e will shut her up in my room to catch the mice at plague me," said Miss Celia, picking up the ttle cat, and wondering how she would get her o angry boys safely down-stairs.

"The dressing-room, she means; *you* know the ay, and *you* don't need keys to get in," added horny, with such sarcastic emphasis that Ben felt me insult was intended, and promptly resented it.

"You wont get me to climb any more trees after *ur* balls, and my cat wont catch any of *your* ice, so you need n't ask me."

"Cats don't catch thieves, and they are what m after!"

"What do you mean by that?" fiercely deanded Ben.

"Celia has lost some money out of her drawer, d you wont let me see what 's in yours; so I ought, perhaps, you 'd got it!" blurted out ıorny, finding it hard to say the words, angry as was, for the face opposite did not look like a ilty one.

For a minute, Ben did not seem to understand m, plainly as he spoke; then he turned an angry rlet, and, with a reproachful glance at his mis-ss, opened the little drawer so that both could e all that it contained.

"They aint anything; but I 'm fond of 'em—ey are all I 've got—I was afraid he 'd laugh at that time, so I would n't let him look—it was her's birthday, and I felt bad about him and nch ——"

Ben's indignant voice got more and more indisct as he stumbled on, and broke down over the t words. He did not cry, however, but threw k his little treasures as if half their sacredness s gone; and, making a strong effort at self-ntrol, faced around, asking of Miss Celia, with a eved look:

'Did *you* think I 'd steal anything of yours?"

'I tried not to, Ben, but what could I do? It was ne, and you the only stranger about the place.'

'Was n't there *any one* to think bad of but ?" he said, so sorrowfully that Miss Celia made her mind on the spot that he was as innocent the theft as the kitten now biting her buttons, other refreshment being offered.

'Nobody, for I know my girls well. Yet, eleven lars are gone, and I cannot imagine where or how; for both drawer and door are always locked, because my papers and valuables are in that room."

"What a lot! But how could *I* get it if it was locked up?" and Ben looked as if that question was unanswerable.

"Folks that can climb in at windows for a ball, can go the same way for money, and get it easy enough when they 've only to pry open an old lock!"

Thorny's look and tone seemed to make plain to Ben all that they had been suspecting, and, being innocent, he was too perplexed and unhappy to defend himself. His eye went from one to the other, and, seeing doubt in both faces, his boyish heart sunk within him; for he could prove nothing, and his first impulse was to go away at once.

"I can't say anything, only that I *did n't* take the money. You wont believe it, so I 'd better go back where I come from. *They* were n't so kind, but *they* trusted me, and knew I would n't steal a cent. You may keep my money, and the kitty, too; I don't want 'em," and, snatching up his hat, Ben would have gone straight away, if Thorny had not barred his passage.

"Come, now, don't be mad. Let 's talk it over, and if I 'm wrong I 'll take it all back and ask your pardon," he said, in a friendly tone, rather scared at the consequences of his first attempt, though as sure as ever that he was right.

"It would break my heart to have you go in that way, Ben. Stay at least till your innocence is proved, then no one can doubt what you say now."

"Don't see how it can be proved," answered Ben, appeased by her evident desire to trust him.

"We 'll try as well as we know how, and the first thing we will do is to give that old secretary a good rummage from top to bottom. I 've done it once, but it is just possible that the bills may have slipped out of sight. Come, now, I can't rest till I 've done all I can to comfort you and convince Thorny."

Miss Celia rose as she spoke, and led the way to the dressing-room, which had no outlet except through her chamber. Still holding his hat, Ben followed with a troubled face, and Thorny brought up the rear, doggedly determined to keep his eye on "the little scamp" till the matter was satisfactorily cleared up. Miss Celia had made her proposal more to soothe the feelings of one boy and to employ the superfluous energies of the other, than in the expectation of throwing any light upon the mystery; for she was sadly puzzled by Ben's manner, and much regretted that she had let her brother meddle in the matter.

"There," she said, unlocking the door with the key Thorny reluctantly gave up to her, "this is the room and that is the drawer on the right. The lower ones have seldom been opened since we came, and hold only some of papa's old books. Those upper ones you may turn out and investi-

gate as much as you —— Bless me! here 's something in your trap, Thorny!" and Miss Celia gave a little skip as she nearly trod on a long, gray tail, which hung out of the hole now filled by a plump mouse.

But her brother was intent on more serious things, and merely pushed the trap aside as he pulled out the drawer with an excited gesture, which sent it and all its contents clattering to the floor.

"Confound the old thing! It always stuck so I had to give a jerk. Now, there it is, topsy-turvy!" and Thorny looked much disgusted at his own awkwardness.

"No harm done; I left nothing of value in it. Look back there, Ben, and see if there is room for a paper to get worked over the top of the drawer. I felt quite a crack, but I don't believe it is possible for things to slip out; the place was never full enough to overflow in any way."

Miss Celia spoke to Ben, who was kneeling down to pick up the scattered papers, among which were two marked dollar bills,—Thorny's bait for the thief. Ben looked into the dusty recess, and then put in his hand, saying carelessly:

"There 's nothing but a bit of red stuff."

"My old pen-wiper —— Why, what 's the matter?" asked Miss Celia, as Ben dropped the handful of what looked like rubbish.

"Something warm and wiggly inside of it," answered Ben, stooping to examine the contents of the little scarlet bundle. "Baby mice! Aint they funny? Look just like mites of young pigs. We 'll have to kill 'em if you 've caught their mammy," he said, forgetting his own trials in boyish curiosity about his "find."

Miss Celia stooped also, and gently poked the red cradle with her finger; for the tiny mice were nestling deeper into the fluff with small squeaks of alarm. Suddenly she cried out: "Boys, boys, I 've found the thief! Look here, pull out these bits and see if they wont make up my lost bills."

Down went the motherless babies as four ruthless hands pulled apart their cosey nest, and there, among the nibbled fragments, appeared enough finely printed, greenish paper, to piece out parts of two bank bills. A large cypher and part of a figure one were visible, and that accounted for the ten; but though there were other bits, no figures could be found, and they were willing to take the other bill on trust.

"Now, then, *am* I a thief and a liar?" demanded Ben, pointing proudly to the tell-tale letters spread forth on the table, over which all three had been eagerly bending.

"No; I beg your pardon, and I'm very sorry that we did n't look more carefully before we spoke, then we all should have been spared this pain."

"All right, old fellow, forgive and forget. I 'll never think hard of you again,—on my honor I wont."

As they spoke, Miss Celia and her brother held out their hands frankly and heartily. Ben shook both, but with a difference; for he pressed the soft one gratefully, remembering that its owner had always been good to him; but the brown paw he gripped with a vengeful squeeze that made Thorny pull it away in a hurry, exclaiming, good-naturedly in spite of both physical and mental discomfort:

"Come, Ben, don't you bear malice; for you 've got the laugh on your side, and we feel pretty small. I do, anyway; for, after my fidgets, all I 've caught is a mouse!"

"And her family. I 'm so relieved I 'm almost sorry the poor little mother is dead—she and her babies were so happy in the old pen-wiper," said Miss Celia, hastening to speak merrily, for Ben still looked indignant, and she was much grieved at what had happened.

"A pretty expensive house," began Thorny, looking about for the interesting orphans, who had been left on the floor while their paper-hanging were examined.

No further anxiety need be felt for them, however, Kitty had come upon the scene; and as judge, jury, and prisoner, turned to find the little witnesses, they beheld the last pink mite going down Pussy's throat in one mouthful.

"I call that summary justice,—the whole family executed on the spot! Give Kit the mouse also, and let us go to breakfast. I feel as if I had found my appetite, now this worry is off my mind," said Miss Celia, laughing so infectiously that Ben had to join in spite of himself, as she took his arm and led him away with a look which mutely asked his pardon over again.

"Rather lively for a funeral procession," said Thorny, following with the trap in his hand and Puss at his heels, adding, to comfort his pride as a detective: "Well, I said I 'd catch the thief, and I have, though it is rather a small one!"

Chapter XVII.

Betty's Bravery.

"Celia, I 've a notion that we ought to give Ben something. A sort of peace-offering, you know; for he feels dreadfully hurt about our suspecting him," said Thorny, at dinner that day.

"I see he does, though he tries to seem as bright and pleasant as ever. I do not wonder, and I 've been thinking what I could do to soothe his feelings. Can you suggest anything?"

"Cuff-buttons. I saw some jolly ones over at Berryville,—oxidized silver, with dogs' heads on them, yellow eyes, and all as natural as could be. Those, now, would just suit him for his go-to-

meeting white shirts,—neat, appropriate, and *in memoriam*."

Miss Celia could not help laughing, it was such a boyish suggestion; but she agreed to it, thinking Thorny knew best, and hoping the yellow-eyed dogs would be as balm to Ben's wounds.

"Well, dear, you may give those, and Lita shall give the little whip with a horse's foot for a handle, if it is not gone. I saw it at the harness shop in town, and Ben admired it so much that I planned to give it to him on his birthday."

"That will tickle him immensely; and if you 'd just let him put brown tops to my old boots and stick a cockade in his hat when he sits up behind the phaeton, he 'd be a happy fellow!" laughed Thorny, who had discovered that one of Ben's ambitions was to be a "tip-top groom."

"No, thank you; those things are out of place in America, and would be absurd in a small country place like this. His blue suit and straw hat please me better for a boy, though a nicer little groom, in livery or out, no one could desire, and you may tell him I said so."

"I will, and he 'll look as proud as Punch; for he thinks every word you say worth a dozen from any one else. But wont *you* give him something? Just some little trifle, to show that we are both eating humble pie, feeling sorry about the mouse money."

"I shall give him a set of school-books, and try to get him ready to begin when vacation is over. An education is the best present we can make him, and I want you to help me fit him to enter as well as we can. Bab and Betty, began, little dears,—ent him their books and taught all they knew; so Ben got a taste, and, with the right encouragement, would like to go on, I am sure."

"That 's so like you, Celia. Always thinking of the best thing and doing it handsomely. I 'll help like a house a-fire, if he will let me; but, all day, he 's been as stiff as a poker, so I don't believe he forgives *me* a bit."

"He will in time, and if you are kind and patient he will be glad to have you help him; I shall make a sort of favor to me on his part, to let you see to his lessons, now and then. It will be quite true, for I don't want you to touch your Latin or algebra till cool weather; teaching him will be play to you."

Miss Celia's last words made her brother unbend his brows, for he longed to get at his books again, and the idea of being tutor to his "man-servant" did not altogether suit him.

"I 'll tool him along at a great pace, if he will only go. Geography and arithmetic shall be my share, and you may have the writing and spelling; it gives me the fidgets to set copies and hear children make a mess of words. Shall I get the books when I buy the other things? Can I go this afternoon?"

"Yes, here is the list, Bab gave it to me. You can go if you will come home early and have your tooth filled."

Gloom fell at once upon Thorny's beaming face, and he gave such a shrill whistle that his sister jumped in her chair, as she added, persuasively:

"It wont hurt a bit, now, and the longer you leave it the worse it will be. Dr. Mann is ready at any time, and once over you will be at peace for months. Come, my hero, give your orders, and take one of the girls to support you in the trying hour. Have Bab, she will enjoy it and amuse you with her chatter."

"As if I needed girls around for such a trifle as that!" returned Thorny, with a shrug, though he groaned inwardly at the prospect before him, as most of us do on such occasions. "I would n't take Bab at any price; she 'd only get into some scrape and upset the whole plan. Betty is the chicken for me,—a real little lady, and as nice and purry as a kitten."

"Very well; ask her mother, and take good care of her. Let her tuck her dolly in, and she will be contented anywhere. There 's a fine air, and the awning is on the phaeton, so you wont feel the sun. Start about three, and drive carefully."

Betty was charmed to go, for Thorny was a sort of prince in her eyes, and to be invited to such a grand expedition was an overwhelming honor. Bab was not surprised, for, since Sancho's loss, she had felt herself in disgrace and been unusually meek; Ben let her "severely alone," which much afflicted her, for he was her great admiration, and had been pleased to express his approbation of her agility and courage so often that she was ready to attempt any fool-hardy feat to recover his regard. But vainly did she risk her neck jumping off the highest beams in the barn, trying to keep her balance standing on the donkey's back, and leaping the lodge gate at a bound; Ben vouchsafed no reward by a look, a smile, a word of commendation, and Bab felt that nothing but Sancho's return would ever restore the broken friendship.

Into faithful Betty's bosom did she pour forth her remorseful lamentations, often bursting out with the passionate exclamation, "If I could only find Sanch and give him back to Ben, I would n't care if I tumbled down and broke all my legs right away!" Such abandonment of woe made a deep impression on Betty, and she fell into the way of consoling her sister by cheerful prophecies and a firm belief that the organ-man would yet appear with the lost darling.

"I 've got five cents of my berry money, and I 'll buy you a orange if I see any," promised Betty, stopping to kiss Bab, as the phaeton came to the door, and Thorny handed in a young lady whose white frock was so stiff with starch that it crackled like paper.

"Lemons will do if oranges are gone. I like 'em to suck with lots of sugar," answered Bab, feeling that the sour sadly predominated in her cup just now.

"Don't she look sweet, the dear!" murmured Mrs. Moss, proudly surveying her youngest.

She certainly did, sitting under the fringed canopy with "Belinda," all in her best, upon her lap, as she turned to smile and nod, with a face so bright and winsome under the little blue hat, that it was no wonder mother and sister thought there never was such a perfect child as "our Betty."

Dr. Mann was busy when they arrived, but would be ready in an hour, so they did their shopping at once, having made sure of the whip as they came along. Thorny added some candy to Bab's lemon, and Belinda had a cake, which her mamma obligingly ate for her. Betty thought that Aladdin's palace could not have been more splendid than the jeweler's shop where the canine cuff-buttons were bought; but when they came to the book-store she forgot gold, silver, and precious stones, to revel in picture-books, while Thorny selected Ben's modest school outfit. Seeing her delight, and feeling particularly lavish with plenty of money in his pocket, the young gentleman completed the child's bliss by telling her to choose whichever one she liked best out of the pile of Walter Crane's toy-books lying in bewildering colors before her.

"This one; Bab always wanted to see the dreadful cupboard, and there 's a picture of it here," answered Betty, clasping a gorgeous copy of "Bluebeard" to the little bosom, which still heaved with the rapture of looking at that delicious mixture of lovely Fatimas in pale azure gowns, pink Sister Annes on the turret top, crimson tyrants, and yellow brothers with forests of plumage blowing wildly from their mushroom-shaped caps.

"Very good; there you are, then. Now, come on, for the fun is over and the grind begins," said Thorny, marching away to his doom, with his tongue in his tooth and trepidation in his manly breast.

"Shall I shut my eyes and hold your head?" quavered devoted Betty, as they went up the steps so many reluctant feet had mounted before them.

"Nonsense, child, never mind me! You look out of window and amuse yourself; we shall not be long, I guess," and in went Thorny, silently hoping that the dentist had been suddenly called away, or some person with an excruciating toothache would be waiting to take ether, and so give our young man an excuse for postponing his job.

But no; Dr. Mann was quite at leisure, and, full of smiling interest, awaited his victim, laying forth his unpleasant little tools with the exasperating alacrity of his kind. Glad to be released from any share in the operation, Betty retired to the back window to be as far away as possible, and for half an hour was so absorbed in her book that poor Thorny might have groaned dismally without disturbing her.

"Done now, directly; only a trifle of polishing off and a look round," said Dr. Mann, at last, and Thorny, with a yawn that nearly rent him asunder, called out:

"Thank goodness! Pack up, Bettykin."

"I 'm all ready," and, shutting her book with a start, she slipped down from the easy-chair in a great hurry.

But "looking round" took time, and before the circuit of Thorny's mouth was satisfactorily made, Betty had become absorbed by a more interesting tale than even the immortal "Bluebeard." A noise of children's voices in the narrow alley-way behind the house attracted her attention; the long window opened directly on the yard, and the gate swung in the wind. Curious as Fatima, Betty went to look; but all she saw was a group of excited boys peeping between the bars of another gate further down.

"What 's the matter?" she asked of two small girls, who stood close by her, longing but not daring to approach the scene of action.

"Boys chasing a great black cat, I believe," answered one child.

"Want to come and see?" added the other, politely extending the invitation to the stranger.

The thought of a cat in trouble would have nerved Betty to face a dozen boys, so she followed at once, meeting several lads hurrying away on some important errand, to judge from their anxious countenances.

"Hold tight, Jimmy, and let 'em peek, if they want to. He can't hurt anybody now," said one of the dusty huntsmen, who sat on the wide coping of the wall, while two others held the gate, as if a cat could only escape that way.

"You peek first, Susy, and see if it looks nice," said one little girl, boosting her friend so that she could look through the bars in the upper part of the gate.

"No; it 's only an ugly old dog!" responded Susy, losing all interest at once, and descending with a bounce.

"He 's mad, and Jud 's gone to get his gun so we can shoot him," called out one mischievous boy, resenting the contempt expressed for their capture.

"Aint, neither!" howled another lad from his perch. "Mad dogs wont drink, and this one is lapping out of a tub of water!"

"Well, he may be, and we don't know him, and he has n't got any muzzle on, and the police will kill him if Jud don't," answered the sanguinary youth who had first started the chase after the poor animal, which had come limping into town, so evidently a lost dog that no one felt any hesitation in stoning him.

"We must go right home; my mother is dreadful 'fraid of mad dogs, and so is yours," said Susy; and, having satisfied their curiosity, the young ladies prudently retired.

But Betty had not had her "peep," and could not resist one look; for she had heard of these unhappy animals, and thought Bab would like to know how they looked. So she stood on tip-toe and got a good view of a dusty, brownish dog, lying on the grass close by, with his tongue hanging out while he panted, as if exhausted by fatigue and fear, for he still cast apprehensive glances at the wall which divided him from his tormentors.



THE STRANGE DOG.

"His eyes are just like Sanch's," said Betty to herself, unconscious that she spoke aloud, till she saw the creature prick up his ears and half rise, as if he had been called.

"He looks as if he knew me, but it is n't our Sancho; *he* was a lovely dog." Betty said that to the little boy peeping in beside her; but before he could make any reply, the brown beast stood straight up with an inquiring bark, while his eyes shone like topaz, and the short tail wagged excitedly.

"Why, that 's just the way Sanch used to do!" cried Betty, bewildered by the familiar ways of this unfamiliar-looking dog.

As if the repetition of his name settled his own doubts, he leaped toward the gate and thrust a pink nose between the bars, with a howl of recognition as Betty's face was more clearly seen. The boys tumbled precipitately from their perches, and the little girl fell back alarmed, yet could not bear to run away and leave those imploring eyes pleading to her through the bars so eloquently.

"He acts just like our dog, but I don't see how it *can* be him. Sancho, Sancho, is it truly you?" called Betty, at her wits' end what to do.

"Bow, wow, wow!" answered the well-known bark, and the little tail did all it could to emphasize the sound, while the eyes were so full of dumb love and joy, the child could not refuse to believe that this ugly stray was their own Sancho strangely transformed.

All of a sudden, the thought rushed into her mind, "How glad Ben would be! — and Bab would feel all happy again. I *must* carry him home."

Never stopping to think of danger, and forgetting all her doubts, Betty caught the gate handle out of Jimmy's grasp, exclaiming eagerly: "He *is* our dog! Let me go in; I aint afraid."

"Not till Jud comes back; he told us we must n't," answered the astonished Jimmy, thinking the little girl as mad as the dog.

With a confused idea that the unknown Jud had gone for a gun to shoot Sanch, Betty gave a desperate pull at the latch and ran into the yard, bent on saving her friend. That it *was* a friend there could be no further question; for, though the creature rushed at her as if about to devour her at a mouthful, it was only to roll ecstatically at her feet, lick her hands, and gaze into her face, trying to pant out the welcome which he could not utter. An older and more prudent person would have waited to make sure before venturing in; but confiding Betty knew little of the danger which she might have run; her heart spoke more quickly than her head, and, not stopping to have the truth

proved, she took the brown dog on trust, and found it was indeed dear Sanch.

Sitting on the grass, she hugged him close, careless of tumbled hat, dusty paws on her clean frock, or a row of strange boys staring from the wall.

"Darling doggy, where have you been so long?" she cried, the great thing sprawling across her lap, as if he could not get near enough to his brave little protector. "Did they make you black and beat you, dear? Oh, Sanch, where *is* your tail—your pretty tail?"

A plaintive growl and a pathetic wag was all the answer he could make to these tender inquiries; for never would the story of his wrongs be known, and never could the glory of his doggish beauty be restored. Betty was trying to comfort him with pats and praises, when a new face appeared at the gate, and Thorny's authoritative voice called out:

"Betty Moss, what on earth are you doing in there with that dirty beast?"

"It 's Sanch, it 's Sanch! Oh, come and see!" shrieked Betty, flying up to lead forth her prize.

But the gate was held fast, for some one said the words, "Mad dog," and Thorny was very naturally alarmed, because he had already seen one. "Don't stay there another minute. Get up on that bench and I 'll pull you over," directed Thorny, mounting the wall to rescue his charge in hot haste; for the dog did certainly behave queerly, limping hurriedly to and fro, as if anxious to escape. No wonder, when Sancho heard a voice he knew, and recognized another face, yet did not meet as kind a welcome as before.

"No, I 'm not coming out till he does. It *is* Sanch, and I 'm going to take him home to Ben," answered Betty, decidedly, as she wet her handkerchief in the rain water to bind up the swollen paw that had traveled many miles to rest in her little hand again.

"You 're crazy, child! That is no more Ben's dog than I am."

"See if it isn't!" cried Betty, perfectly unshaken in her faith; and, recalling the words of command as well as she could, she tried to put Sancho through his little performance, as the surest proof that she was right. The poor fellow did his best, weary and footsore though he was; but when it came to taking his tail in his mouth to waltz, he gave it up, and, dropping down, hid his face in his paws, as he always did when any of his tricks failed. The act was almost pathetic now, for one of the paws was bandaged, and his whole attitude expressed the humiliation of a broken spirit.

That touched Thorny, and, quite convinced both of the dog's sanity and identity, he sprung down from the wall with Ben's own whistle, which gladdened Sancho's longing ear as much as the boy's rough caresses comforted his homesick heart.

"Now, let 's carry him right home, and surprise Ben. Wont he be pleased?" said Betty, so in earnest that she tried to lift the big brute in spite of his protesting yelps.

"You are a little trump to find him out in spite of all the horrid things that have been done to him. We must have a rope to lead him, for he 's got no collar and no muzzle. He *has* got friends though, and I 'd like to see any one touch him *now*. Out of the way, there, boys!" Looking as commanding as a drum-major, Thorny cleared a passage, and with one arm about his neck, Betty proudly led her treasure forth, magnanimously ignoring his late foes, and keeping his eye fixed on the faithful friend whose tender little heart had known him in spite of all disguises.

"I found him, sir," and the lad who had been most eager for the shooting, stepped forward to claim any reward that might be offered for the now valuable victim.

"I kept him safe till she came," added the jailer Jimmy, speaking for himself.

"I said he was n't mad," cried a third, feeling that his discrimination deserved approval.

"Jud aint *my* brother," said the fourth, eager to clear his skirts from all offense.

"But all of you chased and stoned him, I suppose? You 'd better look out or you 'll get reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

With this awful and mysterious threat, Thorny slammed the doctor's gate in the faces of the mercenary youths, nipping their hopes in the bud, and teaching them a good lesson.

After one astonished stare, Lita accepted Sancho without demur, and they greeted one another cordially, nose to nose, instead of shaking hands. Then the dog nestled into his old place under the linen duster with a grunt of intense content, and soon fell fast asleep, quite worn out with fatigue.

No Roman conqueror bearing untold treasures with him, ever approached the Eternal City feeling richer or prouder than did Miss Betty as she rolled rapidly toward the little brown house with the captive won by her own arms. Poor Belinda was forgotten in a corner, "Blue-beard" was thrust under the cushion, and the lovely lemon was squeezed before its time by being sat upon; for all the child could think of, was Ben's delight, Bab's remorseful burden lifted off, "Ma's" surprise, and Miss Celia's pleasure. She could hardly realize the happy fact, and kept peeping under the cover to be sure that the dear dingy bunch at her feet was truly there.

"I 'll tell you how we 'll do it," said Thorny, breaking a long silence as Betty composed herself with an irrepressible wriggle of delight after one of these refreshing peeps. "We 'll keep Sanch hidden, and smuggle him into Ben's old room at your

ıouse. Then I 'll drive on to the barn, and not ıay a word, but send Ben to get something out of hat room. You just let him in, to see what he 'll lo. I 'll bet you a dollar he wont know his own log."

"I don't believe I *can* keep from screaming right ıut when I see him, but I 'll try. Oh, wont it be ıun ! "—and Betty clapped her hands in joyful anicipation of that exciting moment.

A nice little plan, but Master Thorny forgot the :een senses of the amiable animal snoring peacefully among his boots, and, when they stopped at he Lodge, he had barely time to say in a whisper, ' Ben 's coming ; cover Sanch and let me get him ı quick," before the dog was out of the phaeton .ke a bombshell, and the approaching boy went own as if shot, for Sancho gave one leap and the wo rolled over and over, with a shout and a bark f rapturous recognition.

"Who is hurt ? " asked Mrs. Moss, running out ith floury hands uplifted in alarm.

"Is it a bear ? " cried Bab, rushing after her, gg-beater in hand, for a dancing bear was the esire of her heart.

"Sancho 's found ! Sancho 's found ! " shouted horny, throwing up his hat like a lunatic.

"Found, found, found ! " echoed Betty, dancing ildly about as if she too had lost her little wits.

"Where ? How ? When ? Who did it ? " asked frs. Moss, clapping her dusty hands delightedly.

"It is n't ; it 's an old dirty brown thing," stamıered Bab, as the dog came uppermost for a ıinute, and then rooted into Ben's jacket as if he nelt a woodchuck and was bound to have him ut directly.

Then Thorny, with many interruptions from etty, poured forth the wondrous tale, to which ab and her mother listened breathlessly, while ıe muffins burned as black as a coal, and nobody ıred a bit.

"My precious lamb, how did you dare to do ch a thing ? " exclaimed Mrs. Moss, hugging the ıall heroine with mingled admiration and alarm.

"I 'd have dared, and slapped those horrid boys, o. I *wish* I 'd gone ! " and Bab felt that she had rever lost the chance of distinguishing herself.

"Who cut his tail off ? " demanded Ben, in a enacing tone, as he came uppermost in his turn, ısty, red and breathless, but radiant.

"The wretch who stole him, I suppose ; and he serves to be hung," answered Thorny, hotly.

"If ever I catch him, I 'll—I 'll cut his nose off," roared Ben, with such a vengeful glare that Sanch barked fiercely, and it was well that the unknown "wretch" was not there, for it would have gone hardly with him, since even gentle Betty frowned, while Bab brandished the egg-beater menacingly, and their mother indignantly declared that "it was *too* bad ! "

Relieved by this general outburst, they composed their outraged feelings ; and while the returned wanderer went from one to another to receive a tender welcome from each, the story of his recovery was more calmly told. Ben listened with his eye devouring the injured dog ; and when Thorny paused, he turned to the little heroine, saying solemnly, as he laid her hand with his own on Sancho's head :

"Betty Moss, I 'll never forget what you did ; from this minute half of Sanch is your truly own, and if I die you shall have the whole of him," and Ben sealed the precious gift with a sounding kiss on either chubby cheek.

Betty was so deeply touched by this noble bequest, that the blue eyes filled and would have overflowed if Sanch had not politely offered his tongue like a red pocket-handkerchief, and so made her laugh the drops away, while Bab set the rest off by saying, gloomily :

"I mean to play with all the mad dogs I can find ; then folks will think *I 'm* smart and give *me* nice things."

"Poor old Bab, I 'll forgive you now, and lend you my half whenever you want it," said Ben, feeling at peace now with all mankind, including girls who tagged.

"Come and show him to Celia," begged Thorny, eager to fight his battles over again.

"Better wash him up first ; he 's a sight to see, poor thing," suggested Mrs. Moss, as she ran in, suddenly remembering her muffins.

"It will take a lot of washings to get that brown stuff off. See, his pretty pink skin is all stained with it. We 'll bleach him out, and his curls will grow, and he 'll be as good as ever—all but ——"

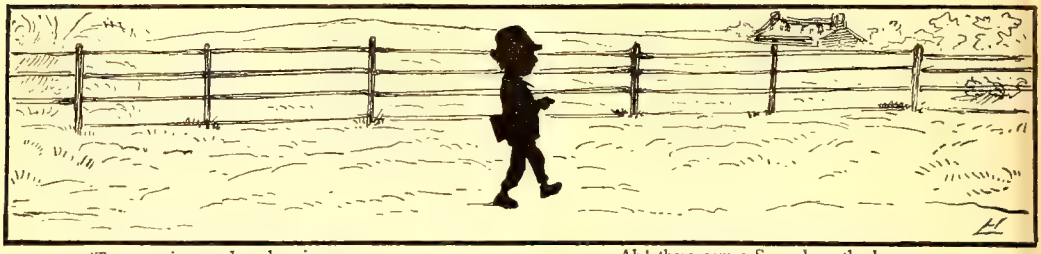
Ben could not finish, and a general wail went up for the departed tassel that would never wave proudly in the breeze again.

"I 'll buy him a new one. Now form the procession and let us go in style," said Thorny, cheerily, as he swung Betty to his shoulder and marched away whistling "Hail ! the conquering hero comes," while Ben and his Bow-wow followed arm-in-arm, and Bab brought up the rear, banging on a milk-pan with the egg-beater.

(To be continued.)

THE YANKEE BOYS THAT DID N'T NUMBER TEN.

By W. M. Bicknell.



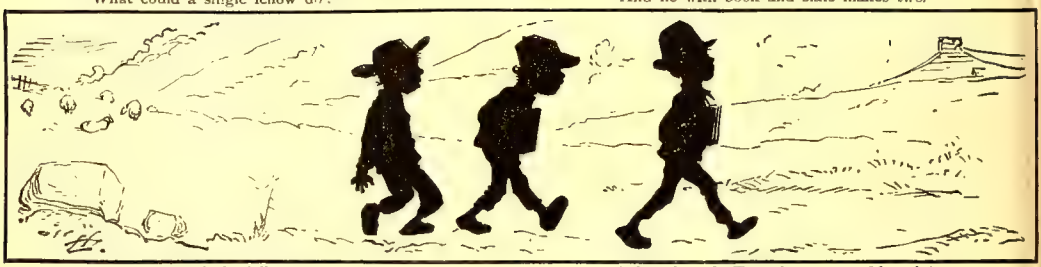
'T is morning, and no boy is seen
In all the street, with play and fun.

Ah! there comes Sam along the lane,
With searching eyes, and he is one.



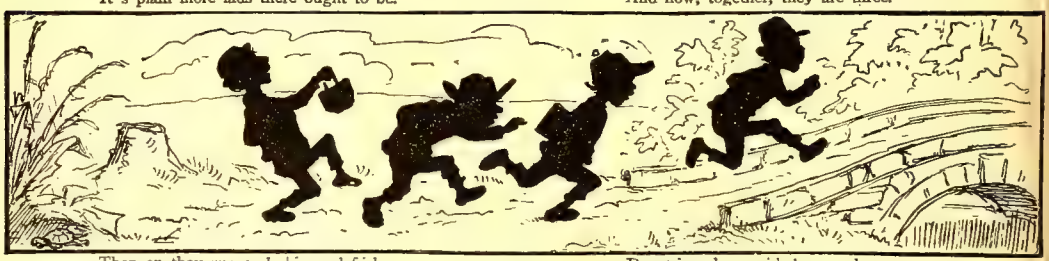
The road to school is lone for him;
What could a single fellow do?

But Ben appears just there away,
And he with book and slate makes two.



Yet not enough for jolly sport;
It 's plain more lads there ought to be.

Why, there is Tom, 'most out of breath!
And now, together, they are three.



Then on they run and skip and frisk,
With eager looks that seek for more;

Dan trips along with joyous shout,—
Now reckon, and you 'll find them four.



They spring and hurry o'er the ground,
All brave to wade or swim or dive.

"Mother, there go the boys," cries Ed;
No sooner said than there were five.



"Not half school-time," they all declare;
"No clock can cheat us with its tricks!

Upon the hill there's waiting Frank!"
Though short and small, yet he made six.



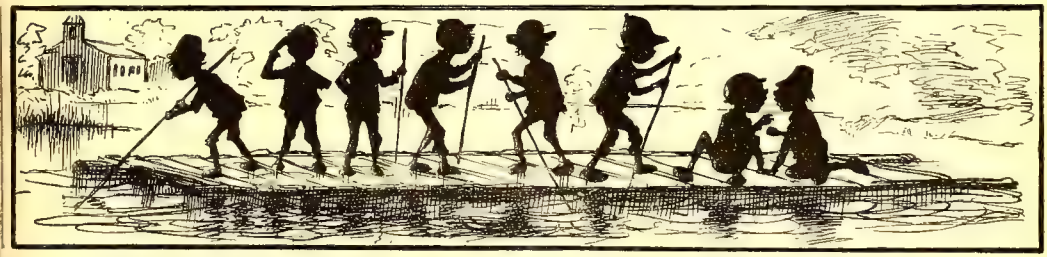
O'er hedge and rocks and field they run;
"Hello!" cries Ben, "see, there is Evan!"

And now, as they rush on, we see,
Like wonders of the world, they're seven.



As if a bird had carried word,
Like birds the boys thus congregate;

To join the rest leaped merry Will,
And, puffing, swelled the count to eight.



Time quickly flew down by the shore,
When boys and raft had fun so fine.

But hark! Too plainly now they heard
The clock! That made the doleful nine.



The crew had all put out from land,
And out put teacher, Mr. Glenn,

With swinging arm and noisy bell,—
No boy was he to make the ten!

THE BARBECUE.

(The "Tolerbul" Bad Boy again.)

By Sarah Winter Kellogg.

MARLEY came bolting into Aunt Silvy's cabin. This is what he usually did when things vexed him.

"It's mean!" he said, snatching off his large straw hat and wiping the perspiration from his brow.

Aunt Silvy was peeling peaches for drying—great, luscious Indian peaches, too, beet-red from down to pit.

"Seems like yer 's al'ays fin'in' somethin' mean," she said, as the long peeling dropped into the pan, and she proceeded to stone the peach, which looked as though pared by machinery. "What 's de matter now? Somethin' 'bout de barb'cue?"

"Yes, the committee 's been 'roun' here to see what Pa 'd subscribe, an' he signed for o–n–e shoat! Think how it 'll look!—'Wm. Coleman, one shoat.' An' the paper 's goin' all over the county; everybody 'll see it,—General Bradshaw, and Mandy, and all the girls! If I could n't give anything but a mean ole shoat, I would n't put my name down 't all."

"Neber had no sich puffawmances at yer granpaw Thompson's. He uster su'scribe a heap er deaf an' dum' an'mals. I 'members one Foaf July he su'scribed,—lem me see ef I kin 'member what all he did su'scribe. Thar wus two oxes an' 'leven milk cows, an' ——"

"I don't b'lieve it," Marley interrupted.

"It 's de bawn troof," said Aunt Silvy, solemnly. "I 'members dar wus n't nuff cows lef' ter git milk fer de white folks' coffee nex' mawnin arter dat barb'cue. But, law, Mah'sr Mawley! dat wus n't haf' yer granpaw Thompson su'scribed. Thar wus fou'teen fat shoats, an'—lem me see how many tuckies; twenty-fou' tuckies, thutty-fou' Muscovy ducks, fawty chickuns, sebenteen geese an' ganders, an' ——"

Marley gave a long whistle.

"Well, if that is n't the biggest story that ever I heard sence I was created!"

"He did so. I could prove it by yer maw, but her wus sich a little gal when it happened, her 's fawgot. I 'members we all did n't hab no geese ter pick arter dat barb'cue, 'cept one ole gander; an' I 'members goin' to de hen-house, an' seein' not a sol'tary human critter lef' in dat dar hen-house 'cept de ole saddle-back rooster. An', law! I fawgot de hams,—a heap er hams,—more 'n a hundud; an' de sheeps—law! I dunno how many sheeps dar wus."

"An' did n't he subscribe a team of mules an' a half-dozen negroes?" said Marley. "An' I want to know where my gran'pa got all the wagons to haul all the things to the barbecue? I reckon it would take fifty wagons to do it; I 'm goin' to ask Pa."

"Law! I would n't go pesterin' master 'bout it. I neber say yer granpaw tuck um ter de barb'cue; I say he su'scribed um."

"Then he did n't pay what he subscribed?"

"Shucks! Mah'sr Mawley. I can't make yer un'erstan' nuffin. Yer neber did know nuffin sca'cely."

"I know why they keep the Fourth of July. You don't, do you?"

"Of cou'se! Law, chile! I 's 'scended from a Rev'lution cullud genulmon what wus presunt at de fuss Foaf July dar ever wus."

Marley laughed and laughed at this till Aunt Silvy began to sulk. He could n't afford to have her offended; he wanted her to do something for him. So he checked his laughter, and said:

"You know everybody in the county is invited to the barbecue."

"Ob cou'se. De suckit-riders gives it out at all de 'p'intments. Ev'ry pusson 's 'vited, cullud pussons an' white folks. Thar 'll be a heap er folks thar."

"Now, look yere, Aunt Silvy; you b'long to me, you know. You always said ——"

"Yer b'longs ter me, mow like; an' yer maw b'longs ter me, too. I nussed her when she wus a baby, an' yer too. Law! I owns yer bofe."

"Well, then, I 'm your boy, an' I want you to do somethin' for me."

"I 'll be boun' yer does."

"I felt so 'shame 'bout Pa's one shoat, that I went out to the front gate, an' when the committee came to gò away, I tole 'em I 'd bring somethin' to the barbecue."

"Mussy! yer aint got nuffin ter take."

"If I had a 'coon-dog, I might catch a 'coon or a 'possum. Look yere! can't you borrow Boston's ole Rum for me?"

Boston was Aunt Silvy's husband, and belonged on another plantation, and Rum was Boston's 'coon-dog.

"Ob cou'se I kin. Bos'on 's mighty good ter min' me. But, law! yer aint 'quainted wid ole Rum; yer could n't manage him no more 'n nuffin. 'Sides, 'coons an' 'possums aint good now tell arter pussimon-time. Folks ud duspise yer 'coon an' 'possum, kase they 's so poo'."

"Well, what can I take? I know Pa would n't let you bake me anything."

"Mussy, no! Law! yer oughter seed de roas'in' an' fryin', an' all de gwyne-ons at yer granpaw Thompson's. One Foaf we all tuck—lem me see, how many cheese-cakes an' tauts wus it?"

"But what can I take?" said Marley, impatiently.

"I reckons some fresh fish would tas' tolerbul good."

"That 's just it," Marley cried, springing to his feet; and he went on talking excitedly about a splendid cat-fish hole, and where he could find perch, and how he could keep them alive, etc. At length he said: "Pa says I can't go unless I take Sukey on behine me. I 'd a heap rather walk than go in that poor folks' way. Mandy Bradshaw ud be sure to see us, an' she 'd turn up her nose higher 'n she did when I rolled the mandrake-apple to her."

"Need n't turn up *her* nose at a ha'f Thompson. I wus 'quainted wid de Bradshaws when dey wus poo' es yaller dirt,—had jis fou' ole niggers, an' dey wus mos' all womens an' childuns."

"But General Bradshaw 's tolerbul rich now,—a heap richer 'n Pa."

"He got rich hoss-racin'," said Aunt Silvy, contemptuously.

But Marley was thinking about the hardship that Sukey was.

"She 's such a coward," he said, "in riding. She hol's on to me so hard that she pinches like sixty, an' mos' tears my clothes off. An' if the horse goes out of a walk, she hollers that she 's goin' to fall off. I don't want to go pokin' up to the barbecue like it was the first time I ever was on horseback in my life. But I 'll have to go that way, or with Sukey clingin' to me an' hollerin'."

"Reckon I might pussuade her ter stay to hum."

"Oh no!" Marley said, warmly. "Sukey must go; she 'd be so disappointed, I 'd a heap rather tan' Mandy's gigglin' than Sukey's cryin'. No; Sukey 's got to go if she rides on my head."

"I 'll tell yer," said Aunt Silvy. "Bos'on 's got eave to tote dat little bay mule uv Patrick's over ere fer me ter ride ter de barb'cue. Her name 's inny, an' her racks tolerbul easy. I kin take Miss ukey in my lap an' Barb'ry Allen on behine."

Marley thought this a capital plan, and went way to make his preparations for the Fourth. He rought an immense cotton-basket from the gin-loft, and nailed it against the side of the little log spring-house, after having half sunk it in the branch that flowed through the building. This is where he meant to put his fish to keep them fresh for the barbecue. Of these he felt sure, for the plantation lay along a noble "run," abounding with creatures. He captured his fish in a way not sportsman-like—by nets and night-hooks; but then there was need of expedition, for there were only two days to the Fourth. When he went to look at his lines, he always took his rifle and Rover; he might, perchance, encounter some game. The first day he shot a red squirrel. But the next day—oh, the next day! It was late in the afternoon when he went to the run. He was about descending the bluff which overhung one of his lines, when he saw something that made his heart stand still, and then leap as though it would jump from his body. He was never so excited in his life. There, with its nostrils in the water, was a strange animal. In an instant, he knew it. Rover, too, knew it, and gave a low growl. Quickly Marley put his hand on the dog's head, and whispered, "Down, Rover, down! good fellow, down!" But the wary creature at the drink had heard something. Two antlers were suddenly flung up, and a face turned to windward. Marley, with his knee on Rover, hardly dared to breathe, yet aimed his rifle. "Down, Rover! good dog, down!" he again whispered. Then the sharp crack of the rifle broke the silence, and Marley, on his feet, strained his eager eyes through the smoke. Was that a fallen deer, or was it the shadow of cypress-knees? He and Rover went running and leaping to the spot. Yes, he had killed a fine buck with ten tines. He was a happy boy, you may believe. Here was a contribution to the barbecue worthy of the glorious day. When he had turned the animal over and over, and wondered where it came from, and how it happened to be there alone, he left Rover to guard it, and hurried back for help to get it home. He ran every step of the way. Then, mounted on black Betts, and accompanied by Jim, he returned to the heroic spot, and there found the faithful Rover and his dead charge. The game was strapped behind Marley's saddle, and old Betts was made to go galloping back to the house. Then, after everybody had looked at the deer, and handled it in every possible way, and wondered about it, and Marley had told over and over the story of the shooting, the game was dressed and put down in the spring-house, to keep cool for the morrow, which was the Fourth.

Marley rose early the next morning, and waked Aunt Silvy by firing his rifle into her cabin. Then he saw the shoat and venison put in the wagon, and a barrel of spring-water, crowded with darting

fishes. After breakfast, he dressed-up in his best clothes, and stuck two cotton-blooms—one white, the other red—in his button-hole. He did not wear these for ornaments, as the cotton-blossom, which opens white and then quickly turns crimson, is as large and coarse as a hollyhock, which it somewhat resembles; but among the planters it is considered an honor to display the first cotton-blooms.

He was early on the barbecue ground, located near a fine clear spring, about which were hung a score of gourd dippers. He found the campers already humming like a hive. There were coaches and buggies and lumber-wagons, and scores upon scores of tethered horses and mules, which had brought people to the scene; and other carriages and riding-horses were momently dashing in. Whole families came on horseback,—not infrequently three riders to a mule or horse. Streams of negroes were pouring in, usually on foot. There were well-dressed gentlemen and gay ladies, and a fair sprinkling of shabby people; and Marley wondered where they all came from. In a short time after his arrival, he caught sight of Aunt Silvy; he knew her by the faded pink satin bonnet which she had worn ever since he could remember. She had Sukey on her shoulder, and was tugging up the hill from the spring. Boston had failed to bring over "pacing Jinny" for his wife to ride, so the faithful negro had brought Sukey all the way on her shoulder. Marley was quite touched when he realized this, and he made up his mind that he'd take Sukey back behind him, if Mandy Bradshaw should giggle her head off about it. Why should he care for her mocking more than for the comfort of Aunt Silvy, his life-long friend? He went over, and offered to escort Sukey around to see the sights, but she preferred to stay with Aunt Silvy; so he felt free to wander where he pleased. And he pleased to wander everywhere, and to see everything. He was greatly interested in all the proceedings,—the spreading of the long, long tables under the oaks and beeches; the unloading of the wagons; the clatter of dishes; the great boiling kettles down by the spring, where negroes were dressing shoats and sheep and great beeves—every animal being left whole, but split to the back-bone.

Then there was a rostrum, covered with forest-boughs and decorated with wreaths and flags, where the Declaration of Independence was to be read and the oration was to be given. "Yankee Doodle" the band was playing from it when Marley strolled by, and about it were the Washington Rifles, in their pretty uniform of blue and white, waiting to open the programme by a salute and some special maneuvering.

But to Marley the most wonderful and interesting of all the sights was the barbecuing. There were long, broad ditches, floored with coals a foot deep, over which the great carcasses of hogs and bullocks were laid on spits, as on a gridiron. Beyond these trenches, great log-fires were kept blazing, that the ditches might be replenished with coals. Ever and anon, an immense iron kettle would be seen, borne between two negro men, and filled with glowing coals. Such hissing and sissing as there was above those lines of fire! What savory odors were in the air! How important and fussy the cooks at the spits! How splendid the great log-heap fires! How grand the high-mounting flames and the columns of blue smoke! Marley was in a mood to enjoy it all, for "the committee" had expressed special pleasure with his contribution; it was the only game on the ground, and they were warm in their compliments of his sportsmanship.

But after a while, Marley, in his strollings about the grounds, saw a written placard tacked to a tree. Of course he read it, and then he stood confounded by the revelation it made to him. Can't you guess what it was? An advertisement for an escaped pet deer! He knew by the description (the ten tines, the slashed ear, etc.) that it was the deer he had shot. To have shot anybody's pet deer, and to know that it was at that moment over the coals, would have been mortification enough; but it was the name at the foot of the advertisement which carried to Marley's heart the sorest dismay he had ever felt in his life. Whose deer had he killed? Guess! Why, Mandy Bradshaw's! He was so chagrined, so bitterly distressed, that he would have said he could never smile again. What was he ever to do about it? Of course, there was but one manly thing to do: confess the whole matter to General Bradshaw. But he felt sure he'd rather die than do this. He went over to where Aunt Silvy was barbecuing the deer, the most melancholy-looking boy, perhaps, that ever was at a barbecue with a cotton-bloom in his button-hole. To her he told the truth, and felt better the instant he had spoken it. But when he asked her advice, she replied:

"I don't devize nuffin. Yer granpaw Thompson uster say thar neber wus no use in devizin' nobody, kase a wise man did n't need no device, an' a fool would n't take no device. But ef I wus yer, I'd jis go ter Mandy an' tell her how it happen."

Marley saw that it must come to this, and wisely decided that the sooner it was done the better. So he began to hover around Mandy, lying about on the grass, sitting on stumps and logs near her, and sauntering back and forth. Finally, he saw her standing alone, her girl mate having run off after a yellow butterfly. He walked in a dizzy kind of way

to her side. He said, "Howdy, Mandy?" and she answered, "Howdy?" looking at him with a question in her look.

Marley knew she was wondering what he had come for, and that he was now committed to some sort of explanation. He blushed and blushed, till it seemed to him he never could stop blushing.

"Don't be mad at me," he said, pleadingly.

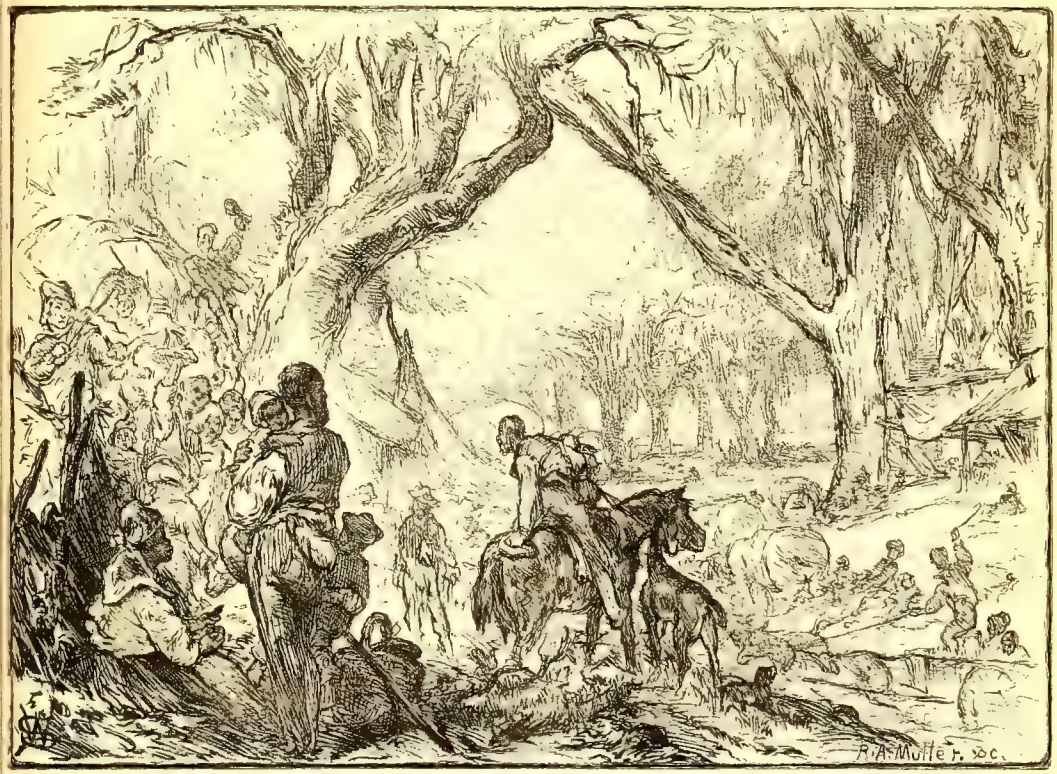
"I'm not mad at you," she said.

"But you will be when I tell you. I did n't go to do it. I would n't have done it for the world, but I thought it was a wild deer and shot it."

"Well, I'm not mad at you. I don't care much about that deer; he used to scare me nearly to death, and Pa was going to bring him to the barbecue. You 've brought him instead of Pa—that 's all the difference. I should n't have thought you 'd have told about it when you felt so badly. I reckon you 're tolerbul plucky. Why don't you ever come over to see brother Bob."

"Don't know; 'cause he never asked me to, I reckon."

"I know he 'd like to have you. Look yere! He 's got some Roman candles he 's goin' to fire



GOING TO THE BARBECUE.

"Oh! you 're talkin' 'bout my deer; you shot my deer?"

"Yes," said Marley, hoarsely. He thought he was going to choke to death. "They are barbecuing it now. I never was so sorry in my life. I 'll pay for it, or I 'll get you another, or I 'll do anything in the world you tell me to."

Mandy burst out laughing, and said: "How absurd to talk so about that deer. But you would n't do anything I tell you. You would n't go up on the rostrum there, an' stan' on your head."

"Yes, I would, if it would keep you from being mad at me," said Marley.

off to-night; so you stop as you go home this evening. It 's right on your way. Can't you?"

"I reckon so," answered Marley, his heart throbbing with pleasure.

"Look here, Marley," Mandy added, suddenly. "Don't say anything about that deer, and I wont tell; so nobody 'll know anything about it."

"I must tell General Bradshaw. There he is coming this way now, to take you to 'the stand.'"

"Well, tell him, and I 'll ask him not to tell."

When Marley had "owned up," the General gave him a hearty slap on the back, calling him a brave lad and a good shot, and promised Mandy

never to tell as long as he lived. When Marley spoke of the antlers, etc., he was told that he should keep them.

Then they went up to "the stand," and not a boy in the assemblage felt in a better mood than Marley for applauding the patriotic music, and the old "Declaration," and Mr. Delaney's ardent oration. At every allusion to the star-spangled banner, Marley cheered; and when the orator apostrophized the national bird, perched with one talon on the Alleghany and the other on the Sierras, dipping his beak now in the Atlantic and now in the Pacific, preening his feathers with the mighty Lakes as his mirror, our Marley shouted in a patriotic transport from a stump, and threw up his cap, and threw it up till it lodged in a tree, and he could toss it no longer. He shook it down just as the marshal of the day announced that he would proceed to blow the horn for dinner, to which everybody, rich and poor, bond and free, was most cordially invited—ladies to be served first, then the gentlemen, then the colored people. They would please form by twos, and march to the tables as the band played "Hail Columbia!"

Then a great bullock's horn, decorated with our blessed colors, was raised to the marshal's lips, and he blew and blew and blew *such* blasts; and when he had ended, the multitude—especially the boys—shouted such shouts as might have leveled the walls of another Jericho, if horn-blasts and shouts could do such things in these days.

Then the people, in long, fantastic line, wound in and out among the trees to the tables in the thick shade; and Marley walked beside Mandy Bradshaw, keeping step to the spirited music, and feeling heroic enough to charge an army.

BIRDS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

By Prof. W. K. Brooks.

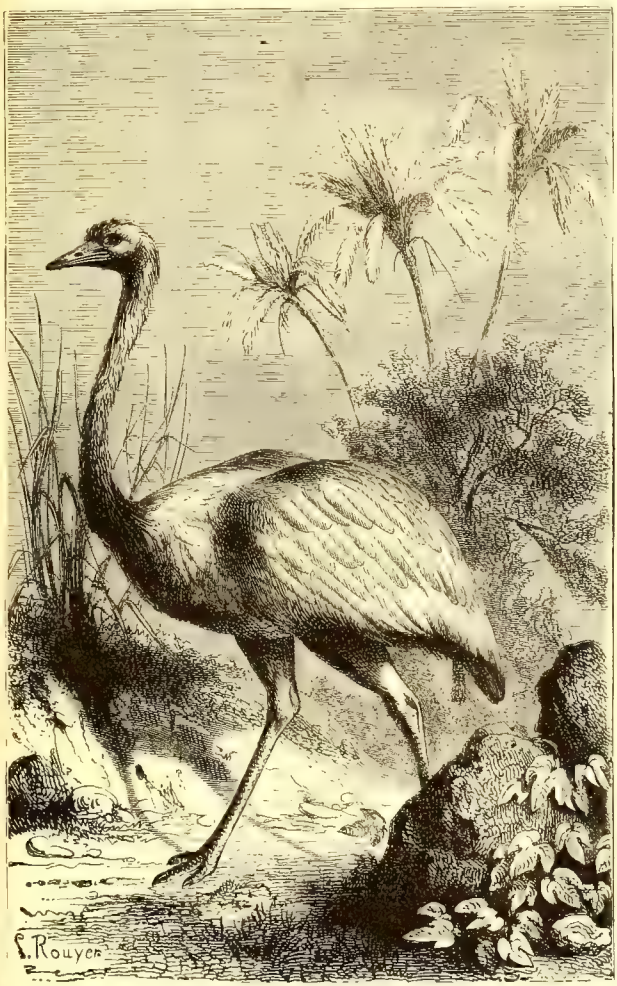
In this paper we will talk a little about the different ways in which birds bring up their children, and will say something, too, about the young birds themselves. There is almost as great a difference in the domestic habits and customs of birds as in those of human beings.

You have all heard how the ostrich lays its eggs in the sand, where the sun can shine upon them, and keep them warm, while the parent birds are away in search of food during the middle of the day. The South American ostrich (an engraving of which is given on the next page) makes use of the warmth of the sun and sand in the same way. According to Darwin, the mother does not show the least affection for her young, but leaves the labor of hatching the eggs entirely to the father, who attends to it very faithfully, but is, of course, compelled to leave the nest occasionally in search of food, selecting the middle of the day for this purpose, as the heat of the sun is then sufficient to keep the eggs from growing cold.

I suppose most of you know that if a quantity of wet decaying leaves or straw is raked together into a large pile, and covered up with a thin layer of sand or earth, and then left exposed to the sun and rain, the heat given off by the decay of the vegetable matter forming the inside of the pile will be retained until, after a few weeks, the interior of the heap becomes so warm that, when the mound is broken open, a thick cloud of smoke and steam will rise from it. The mound-building "brush-turkey" of Australia, New Guinea, and the neighboring islands, has somehow learned this fact; and also, that the steady and equal heat generated is sufficient to hatch its eggs. So, instead of making a nest and sitting upon the eggs until they are hatched, this bird, which has very large and powerful feet, scratches up a huge pile of decaying twigs, leaves and grass, thus making a mound often six or eight feet high, and containing enough material to load several wagons, in which the eggs are buried. The young birds are not helpless when hatched, like the young of most of our singing birds, but are quite strong and active, and able to burrow their way out of the mound, and take care of themselves immediately.

Some birds provide for their young in still another way. They neither sit and hatch their own eggs, nor provide an artificial incubator; but go quietly and drop an egg into the nest of another bird, and allow this bird to act as a nurse, hatching the egg and finding food for the young bird. The most notable example of this habit among birds is the case of the European cuckoo. This bird never

builds a nest, or shows the least love or even recognition of its young. The cuckoo always selects the nest of a bird much smaller than itself, and as its eggs are much smaller than those usually laid by a bird of its size, they are no larger than those which properly belong in the nest; so that the owners do not appear to discover the deception put upon them, but treat all the eggs alike. As soon as the young cuckoo is hatched he begins to grow very fast, and as he is larger and stronger than the other nestlings, he manages to get the lion's share of the food which the old birds bring to the nest. It would seem as if robbing his foster brothers and sisters of part of their nest, of the attention and care of their parents, and of nearly all of their food, might be enough to satisfy the young cuckoo; but it is not. He wants not part, but everything—the whole nest, all the care of the old birds, and all of the food—for himself; so, when the old birds are away, he pushes himself under one of the little nestlings, which is of course too small and weak to help itself, and throws it out of the nest to die. In this way he murders all his foster-brothers, and if any eggs are still unhatched he throws them out too. He now has all the attention of the old birds to himself, for they continue to treat him as affectionately as if he were really one of their own children, and go on bringing him food, and attending to all his wants, long after he has grown to be as large as themselves, or even larger.



SOUTH AMERICAN OSTRICH.

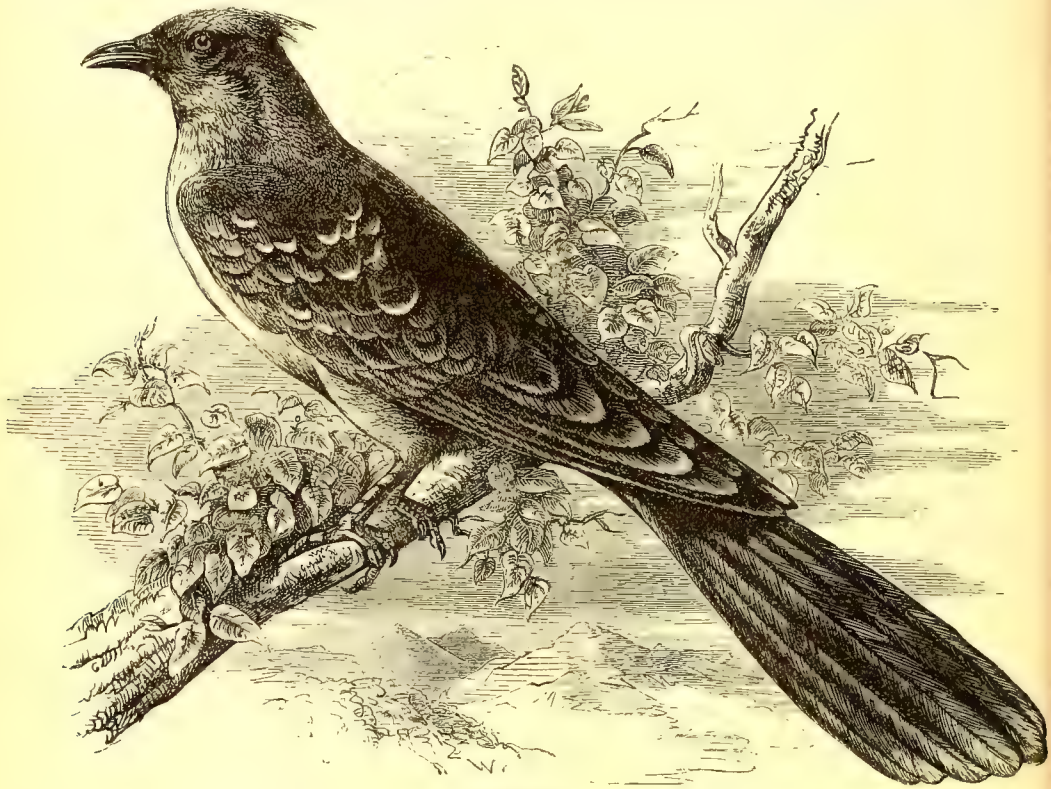
We have two species of cuckoo in the United States, but each of them builds a nest of its own, and rears its own young, although our yellow-billed cuckoo is a very bad nest-builder, and is said often to desert its young, leaving them to starve unless other birds take pity upon them and bring them food. Most of our smaller birds are very sympathetic during the breeding season, and are ready to give food and care to any young bird which needs it, even if it is not one of their own species.

Although our American cuckoos have not, as a general thing, the bad habits of those of Europe, we have another very common bird which is hatched and brought up by strangers. Every boy who lives in the country knows the cow-bird, cow-blackbird, or cow-bunting, for it is called by all these names. It is a small bird, a little larger than the bobolink and of much the same shape. The male has a dark-brown head and a bright greenish-black back and wings, but the female is so much lighter in color that you would hardly believe that they belong to the same species. These birds are very abundant in the spring and summer, and may be seen in flocks flying and feeding in company with the red-winged blackbirds. They are often found among the cattle and sheep in the pastures and barn-yards, and they derive all of their common names from this habit. Although nearly related to the orioles, which make such wonderful nests, the cow-birds make none at all, but lay their eggs in the nests of other birds, such as the blue-bird, chipping-bird, song-sparrow, yellow-bird, and some thrushes and fly-catchers. Like the cuckoo, this bird usually chooses the nest of a bird much smaller than itself, but as its egg is not small, the deception is at once discovered, and the

birds whose nest has been selected for this purpose are very much disturbed. It is necessary for the female cow-bird to find a nest in which the owners have just begun laying, for if the owners have no eggs of their own they will desert the nest, and if their own eggs are somewhat advanced before the cow-bird's egg is laid, their own young will hatch first, and the parents will then leave the nest to hunt for food, thus allowing the cow-bird's egg to become cold and die.

When the female cow-bird is ready to lay her egg, she often has great trouble in discovering a nest in her own vicinity, she goes in search of one, examining every thicket and bush—sometimes for a long distance—until she finds one. A gentleman once followed a cow-bird along the shore of a stream for two miles before she succeeded in finding a nest which satisfied her. Occasionally, two or more cow-birds' eggs are found in the same nest. It is not known whether both of these are laid by the same bird, but it is more probable that in such a case as this two cow-birds have visited the same nest.

The egg of the cow-bird has one interesting and important peculiarity. It is necessary, as we have



THE CUCKOO.

nest at just the right stage. She leaves the flock and perches upon some tree or bush, where she can have a good view of all that is going on. When she discovers a nest by watching the actions of its owners, she waits for an opportunity when both the owners are away, when she approaches it very stealthily, but quickly, keeping a very sharp watch, to be sure that she is not observed. If she finds that the nest is fit for her purpose,—that is, if the birds have laid only a part of their regular number of eggs,—she drops one of her own eggs into it, and then disappears as swiftly and quietly as she came. If she is unable to find a suitable

seen, that this should be hatched before the other eggs; for if it were not, the old birds would stop sitting and allow it to become cold as soon as their own young were hatched. This danger, however, has been provided against, since the egg of the cow-bird needs only eight or nine days of incubation, while the eggs of those birds in whose nests it is usually found require from twelve to fifteen days. A short time after the young cow-bird is hatched, all the other eggs disappear, and they may sometimes be found on the ground, broken, at a considerable distance from the nest,—so far away that the young cow-bird could not possibly have thrown

them there. The way in which they are removed from the nest is not known, as no one has yet watched closely enough to say whether the parents themselves destroy them, or whether the female cow-bird returns to the nest and removes them, to give more room for her own young when hatched.

I have already said that the smaller birds are very much disturbed and troubled when they find one of these eggs in their nest, and are very apt to desert it and go to another place if they have not yet any eggs of their own. Our common yellow-bird, however, is sometimes wise enough to find a better way out of its trouble. It values its neatly finished nest too highly to desert it, and it is not



EGG OF COW-BIRD.

strong enough to lift the big egg and throw it over the edge, so it gathers a new supply of hay and hair, and makes a false bottom to cover up the egg. Then it makes a new lining to the nest, and lays its own eggs upon that, so that the cow-bird's egg does not receive any of the warmth from its body, and never hatches.

I have given you several reasons for believing that birds are able to think for themselves; but I do not see how anything could prove this more clearly than this expedient of the yellow-bird for saving its young from destruction by preventing the hatching of the cow-bird's egg.

Before leaving the subject of birds'-nests, I must say a few words about the immense number of birds which sometimes gather in one place for the purpose of raising their young. The enormous flocks of wild pigeons, which from time to time visit certain parts of the United States, have a definite portion of the woods, often several miles in extent, where they gather every night. This is called the "roost," and here they build their nests and rear their young. There are so many at these roosts that it is not always safe to go under the trees, for large branches are often broken off by the weight of the birds and their nests.

If you wish to know more about these pigeon-roosts, you will find long accounts of them in the books about birds by those two celebrated men, Wilson and Audubon. Audubon's account of a roost which he visited in Kentucky is very interesting and well worth your reading. It is printed in the first volume of his "Ornithological Biography," and also, I believe, in the "Life of Audubon, the Naturalist."

In these books, and in the other works of Audubon and Wilson, you will also find much instructive and entertaining information in regard to all of our common birds. Most of our sea-birds are very wild, as they are much hunted by man, and on this account they build their nests and rear their young on inaccessible and uninhabited rocky islands, and the number of sea-birds which gather upon these islands during the breeding season is almost beyond belief; but the following account of Ailsa Craig, by Nathaniel P. Rodgers (the "Craig" is a rocky island on the west of Scotland), will give some idea of their abundance at such places:

It was a naked rock, rising nine hundred and eighty feet abruptly out of the sea. A little level space projected on one side, with a small house on it. We could not conjecture the use of a habitation there. The captain of the steamer said it was the *governor's* house. We asked him what a governor could do there.

"Take care of the birds," he replied.

"What sort of birds?" we asked him.

"Sea-fowl of all sorts," he said. "They inhabit the Craig, and ye 'll may be see numbers of them. They are quite numerous, and people have been in the habit of firing to alarm the birds, to see them fly."

He ordered his boy to bring the musket. The boy returned, and said it had been left behind at Glasgow.

"Load up the swivel, then," said the captain; "it will be all the better. It will make quite a flight, ye 'll find. Load her up pretty well."

The steamer meanwhile kept nearing the giant craig, which was a bare rock from summit to the sea. We saw caves in the sides of the mountain. We had got so near as to see the white birds flitting across the black entrances of the caverns like bees about a hive. With the spy-glass we could see them distinctly, and in very considerable numbers, and at length approached so that we could see them on the ledges all over the sides of the mountain.

We had passed the skirt of the Craig, and were within half a mile, or less, of its base. With the glass we could now see the entire mountain-side peopled with the sea-fowl, and could hear their whimpering, household cry, as they moved about, or nestled in domestic snugness on the ten thousand ledges. The air, too, about the precipices seemed to be alive with them. Still we had not the slightest conception of their frightful multitude. We got about against the center of the mountain when the swivel was fired, with a reverberation like the discharge of a hundred cannon, and what a sight followed! They rose up from that mountain—the countless millions and millions of sea-birds—in a universal, overwhelming cloud, that covered the



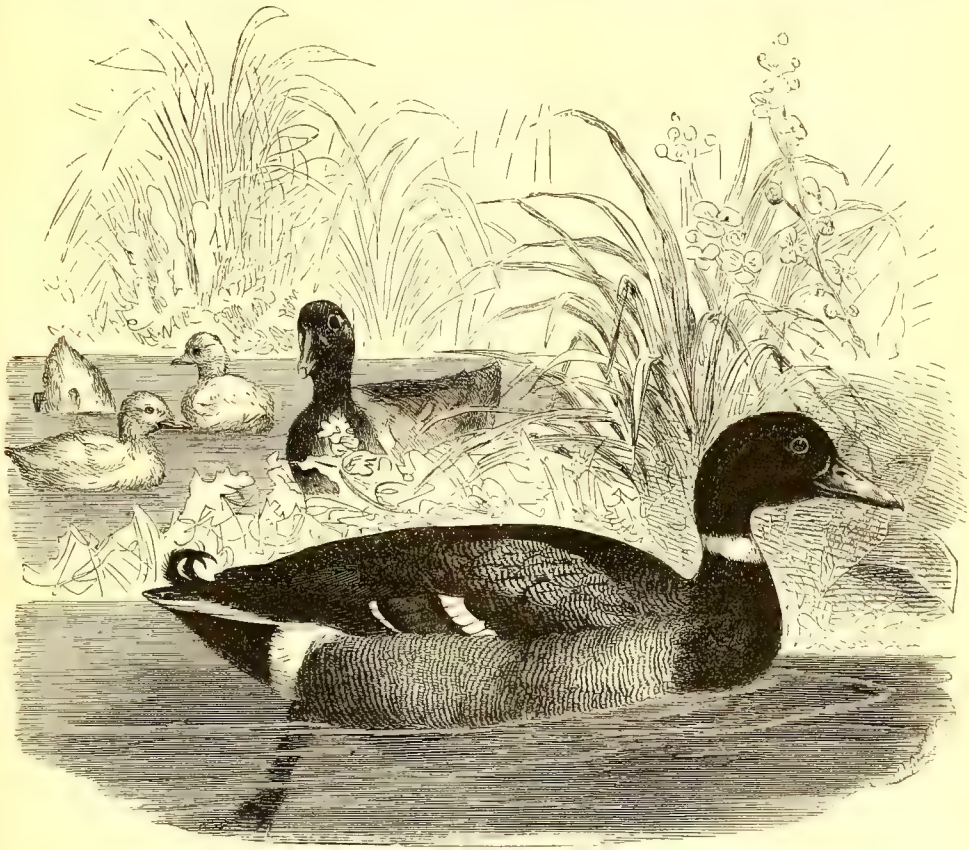
ENGLISH PHEASANT AND YOUNG.

whole heavens, and their cry was like the cry of an alarmed nation. Up they went,—millions upon millions,—ascending like the smoke of a furnace,—countless as the sands on the sea-shore,—awful, dreadful for multitude, as if the whole mountain were dissolving into life and light; and, with an unearthly kind of lament, took up their lines of flight in every direction off to sea! The sight startled the people on board the steamer, who had often witnessed it before, and for some minutes there ensued a general silence. For our own part, we were quite amazed and overawed at the spectacle. We had seen nothing like it before. We had never witnessed sublimity to be compared to that

rising of sea-birds from Ailsa Craig. They were of countless varieties in kind and size, from the largest goose to the small marsh-bird, and of every conceivable variety of dismal note. Off they moved, in wild and alarmed rout, like a people going into exile; filling the air, far and wide, with their reproachful lament at the wanton cruelty which had driven them away.

This is only one of these breeding-places, but most of the rocky, inaccessible cliffs and uninhabited islands of the northern and southern shores of both continents are visited, at certain seasons, by sea-birds in equally great numbers.

No subject connected with the history of birds furnishes more interesting material for study than that of instinct. Young birds of different species show that they have very different degrees of instinctive knowledge. Some are able to take the entire care of themselves, and do not need a mother to watch over them; others, on the contrary, are perfectly helpless, and need teaching before they can do anything for themselves, except breathe, and swallow what is put into their mouths. The young chicken, a short time after it leaves the egg, knows how to take care of itself nearly as well as the young mound-bird. It can run after its mother, use its eyes, pick up food, and answer the call of the old hen; and it does all this without instruction. How different it is in all these respects from the young barn-swallow! This is blind, and unable to run, or even to stand, knowing only enough to open its mouth when it hears the old bird return to the nest, and to swallow the food placed in its open bill. Far from knowing by instinct how to use its wings, as the young chick does its legs, it does not learn this until it is well grown, and has had several lessons in flying; and even then it flies badly, and improves only after long practice. After it has learned to fly, it is still very helpless and baby-like, and very different from the active, bright-eyed, independent



MALLARD DUCKS.

little chick of the barn-yard; and, indeed, the young of all the *Rasores*, or scratching birds, such as the hen, the quail, the partridge, the pheasant and the

turkey. In the admirable picture of an English pheasant and its brood, on page 610, you will see how very much like young chicks the young pheasants are.

The scratching birds are not the only ones which can take care of themselves at an early age. This is true of the running birds, such as the ostrich; and the same is the case with many of the wading birds, such as the woodcock; and among the swimming birds, there are several kinds that take full care of themselves soon after leaving the shell.

In the picture on the preceding page you have a pair of mallard ducks with three young ones, which are all able to swim and dive as well as their parents. You all know that, far from standing in need of instruction, young ducks take to the water by instinct, even when they have been brought up by a hen; and they know that they are perfectly safe upon it, although the anxious hen tries in every way to restrain them and to call them back. There are many ways in which some of our young birds show their really wonderful instincts, but there is nothing more curious in this respect than the habits of the little chickens, which most of us have opportunities of noticing,—if we choose to take the trouble. These little creatures, almost as soon as they are born, understand what their mother "clucks" to them; they know that they must hide when a hawk is about; they often scratch the ground for food before they see their mother or any other chicken do so; they are careful not to catch bees instead of flies; and they show their early smartness in many ways which are well worth watching.

But, sometimes, a brood of these youngsters find something that puzzles them, as when they meet with a hard-shelled beetle, who looks too big to eat and yet too small for a playmate.



RAIN.

By Edgar Fawcett.

Oh, the Rain has many fitful moods
  Ere the merry summer closes,—
From the first chirp of the robin-broods
  To the ruin of the roses!

Through the sunshine's gold her glitter steals,
  In the doubtful April weather,
When the world seems trying how it feels
  To be sad and glad together.

Now and then, on quiet sultry eves,
  From her low persistent patter,
She would seem confiding to the leaves
  An extremely solemn matter.

Then, again, you see her from the sky
  Such a mighty flood unfolding,
That you wonder if Old Earth knows why
  It receives so hard a scolding!

Yet we learn to fancy, day by day,
  As we watch her softly shining,
That she has no cloud, however gray,
  But it wears a silver lining!

For in autumn, though with tears she tells
  How the lands grow sad and darken,
Yet in spring her drops are tinkling bells
  For the sleeping flowers to hearken!

And her tinted bow seems Love's own proof,
  As it gleams with colors seven,—
Like a stately dome upon the roof
  Of her palace, high in heaven!

SNEEZE DODSON'S FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY.

By Mrs. M. H. W. Jaquith.

The usually quiet town of Greenville was in a hurly-burly of excitement on this Fourth of July morning, because of the great Sunday-school picnic, which was to take place on a fine ground, two miles distant. In the fervor of patriotism and the bustle of preparing for the picnic-celebration, almost every house in the village resounded with shouts and noises; and all the children were on the tip-toe of expectation and delight. Deacon Ebenezer Dodson sat in the arm-chair in the "spare room," staring out of the window, and trying to think up the speech he was to make that day. For he had been chosen by the town-committee to open the exercises upon the stand with an appropriate oration; and though he had mused and muttered and studied over it, from the day when he was first requested to "perform" until this eventful morning itself, he had not yet succeeded in composing a speech which satisfied him.

"The flies bother the horses so, I can't practice on it in the field, and my only chance is o' nights," he had often explained to his wife; but his nightly meditations on it had been disturbed by such foreign remarks as this:

"I say, Eb" (that was her family name for him; away from home she always said "Deacon"), "you haint gone off to sleep, be you? I should feel masterly cut up ef my cake should be heavy, an' everybody on the grounds will know it 's mine from the marks o' my name I 'm goin' to put on the frostin',"—by which she meant her initials done in red, white, and blue powdered sugar.

And again:

"Do you remember Mis' Deacon Pogue's pound-cake at the d'nation party las' winter? She 'd bragged on it to every livin' soul, an', when they came to cut it, there was a solid streak of dough right through the middle from eend to eend. She

did n't happin to be 'round when 't was cut, an' I thought it was my duty to let her see a piece, so she 'd know how to better it next time, and she was so mad, she 's turned up her nose at me ever sence."

The Deacon here murmured something beginning "Ninthly," for he had arranged his speech in heads; but she kept on with such inspiring memories, that he had poor chance to get up that "Speech by Deacon Dodson," the sight of which legend on the printed programme had aroused in him a fixed determination to do or die. But it seemed to him, as he sat there, that it would be die; for not one "head" could he call up clearly, and ever and anon his wife would cry out for wood or water, or to state some fact concerning her cake or chickens.

Just now her rusk was the all-absorbing topic of thought. More than twenty times she had looked at the dough and reported its "rise" to the unsympathetic Deacon, who was pumping his arms up and down, and trying to disentangle his "firstly" and "secondly."

"The procession is going to form at nine o'clock punctial, and march to the grounds, and so there 's no use of dressing Bubby twice," Mrs. Dodson had said, so that youth of three summers was wandering around in his night-gown, and had taken so active an interest in the proceedings that Mrs. Dodson had several times sent him to his father, complaining, "I never did see him so upstroferlous before."

Sneeze—so called because he was named for his father, and it was necessary to distinguish them—was hurried in from the barn; his ears were boxed for "not bein' 'round to take care of Bubby," and then he was sent with him to the barn.

Deacon had been duly badgered and pestered about household troubles. He had helped to put on Bubby's shoes—now far too small—and tried to hook Mrs. Dodson's dress—similarly outgrown. But he was at length exasperated into saying:

"By George! I can't think of a word of my speech, you bother me so!"

"You fairly make my blood run cold to be sayin' sech words as that on this Fourth o' July mornin', which you always said was nex' door to swearin'!" replied his wife; but her stream of talk was frozen up for the time, and they were at length dressed, packed, and rattling over the stony hills in a lumber-wagon.

"Wal, this seems quite like Independence Day," she said musingly. "I remember once goin' to a reg'lar picnic when I was about the bigness of Sneeze there, an' we had an awful good time. Mother 'd plegged herself to git up somethin' that nobody else 'd have, an' finally she made a lot o' figger four doughnuts to stand for Fourth o' July, you know, an' Aunt Jane, she that was a Green, Uncle Josiah's first wife, was kind o' jealous 'cause people noticed them more 'n her cookin', an' she said they was shortened with toughening till nobody could n't eat 'em. It come right straight back to mother, an' they never spoke for better 'n a year—no, 't was just a year, come to think, for mother took sick in bed very nex' Fourth, an' then Aunt Jane confessed humble enough, and they made up."

Sneeze had been listening, and while his mother paused for breath, he asked, "What do we keep Fourth of July for, an' what makes 'em call it Independence Day? I heard Reub Blake say that was the true name of it."

"Why, Sneeze, I 'm 'shamed of you that you don't know that much. It is because George Washington was born on that day, or died; which was it, father? An' he fought for our independence. Besides, he never told a lie, as it tells about in the spellin'-book."

"Yes, it was something of that natur'," said the Deacon; "you 'll know all about it to-day when we come to speak and make our orations."

"Yes, Sneeze, an' Cynthia Ann, your father is goin' to be a speaker on the stage; but you mus' n't feel set-up over the other girls an' boys whose fathers an' mothers aint app'inted as speakers an' on the table committee. You must listen to what father says."

They promised faithfully, and this is what Sneeze would have heard if he had kept his pledge; but to tell the truth, he was at that time going around with another boy looking into the baskets, and speculating on the length of time before dinner.

"Deacon Ebenezer Dodson, the first speaker on the programme, will now address the assembly," announced the chairman in a stentorian voice, after the procession had formed, marched, settled down, and were ready for the "exercises of the day." The Deacon stepped forward, and, with very evident shaking of the knees, with coughs and ahems, glancing to the right of him and to the left of him, to the heavens above and the earth beneath, with trembling voice he began:

"Firstly, my friends and fellow-citizens of this great country, this institution which we have come here to celebrate was instituted a great many hundred years ago,—leastways, if not quite so long, since this institution was instituted all men are free and equal"—(a long pause); "and since this institution was instituted in this great country, we have Sunday-schools and can go to church." Another pause.

"Secondly, little children, friends and fellow-citizens of this great country, let us all use rightly

and not abuse the advantages of this institution which has been instituted for us, and go to church and Sunday-school, and—and—I see Deacon Pogue is waiting to make some remarks, and my friends and fellow-citizens of this great country, I will detain you no longer to dwell upon this institution, which was instituted to—to——" Here somebody benevolently thought to cheer, and the "Hip, hip, hurrahs!" were taken up so lustily by the small boys, that the magnetic sound warmed the Deacon into "Thirdly;" but Deacon Pogue had stepped briskly forward, and so with a bow, and "Good-by, my friends and fellow-citizens of this great country," he descended to his delighted wife, who received him with many proud and joyful congratulations.

called this Fourth of July an 'institution.' That was a novel and happy idea. It is an 'institution,' and upon it are founded all of our institutions,—free schools, free religion, free speech, free press, free ballots, free action: freedom everywhere for all men free and equal is founded on this glorious 'institution,' the corner-stone of which was laid Fourth of July, 1776."

At this point so great was Mrs. Dodson's conjugal pride, and so fearful was she that her husband was not attending to the speaker's flattery, that she poked him with her parasol till the Deacon was "fain to cry out," as Bunyan says. When quiet was restored, the speaker continued:

"Another gifted orator has said,"—and, quoting



DEACON DODSON'S ORATION.

Deacon Pogue was more ready and noisy, but spoke quite as much to the point as Deacon Dodson. He was followed by several others, none of whom could be omitted without giving offense, and at length, with a great flourish, the chairman announced "*The* orator of the day, Captain Buzwell, from Thornton, who has kindly consented to honor us," etc.

He was a lawyer with a gift of tongues, and his first few words brought all the hitherto indifferent assembly quietly near the stand. After a few well-put anecdotes, he said: "But to come back to the subject in hand: one of your eloquent speakers has

something from Deacon Pogue's pointless remarks, he made them also seem full of meaning; and so on through the list of "distinguished speakers," till each one felt that he himself had spoken most effectively.

Having thus pleased and interested all parties, he followed with an instructive, historical speech, to which Sneeze, doughnut and cheese in hand, listened so intently, that he found out at last "why they kept Fourth of July."

After the speech and "appropriate instrumental music by the band," which consisted of a drum and a bass-viol, the people dispersed to amuse them-

selves as they saw fit, till dinner should be announced.

Mrs. Dodson, as "Table Committee," was disposed to magnify her office. She kept the Deacon standing guard over her basket till nearly all the rest were emptied, having reserved conspicuous places on the table for her goodies. Taking advantage of her rival's presence, smiling sweetly, she said as she opened the basket, "Mis' Pogue, your vittles look so nice, I 'm real 'shamed to bring mine out at all."

"But all the while I knew she was proud as Lucifer over 'em, and thought she 'd throw me quite in the shade," Mrs. Pogue told her next neighbor that afternoon. "Her big cards of rusk did look nice, but her mince-pies had slipped over into the custards, and they had dripped onto her cake so it looked just awful! and that red-headed Sneeze had squeezed her jelly-cake into flap-jacks, most likely by settin' on the basket. I never see anybody so cut up in my life; her face was redder than a beet."

And Mrs. Dodson said to the Deacon that night, "I did feel despritly morterfied over my squashed vittles, with Mis' Pogue a-lookin' on with all her eyes."

But when "the orator of the day" ate of her rusk, and said, "Mrs. Dodson, these rusk have a peculiar taste, just such as those my dead mother used to make for me when I was a boy, and I want you to give me the recipe for my wife," and he took it down in his note-book, there was full compensation for all her trials.

When all had eaten all they could, the young folks and children swung, played ball, or "chased the squirrel," with the delightful penalty of kissing it when caught, or rambled about at will, while the mothers gathered the dishes together, and exchanged recipes and confidential remarks on somebody's cookin'.

By four o'clock the babies were fretful; children of Bubby's age complained that their shoes and clothes were too tight; somebody suggested going home. In vain the young people protested—an hour from that time the grounds were deserted; the lumber of the stage, made sacred by such oratory, had been gathered up with the seats and tables, and where so much of life had been, all was silence.

A neighbor's hired man was riding home with the Dodsons, but as Mrs. Dodson did not mind him, she at once began to congratulate her husband on his maiden speech. "Cappen Buzwell said you made the best oration there was made to-day, Deacon. Did you pay 'tention, Sneeze, an' hear what he said 'bout your father's speakin'?"

The Deacon modestly put in a faint, "Now, mother, don't," but she interrupted him: "Yis I shall, for it 's so, father, an' I 'm goin' to say my say. Besides, he told me, with tears in his eyes, that my rusk tasted just like his dead mother's. But ef you 'd only seen him tryin' to eat one o' Mis' Pogue's doughnuts as if they was real good, when I could see they was half chokin' of him!"

"That there man from town did make a purty considerable speech," said the Deacon; "not so hefty as some I 've heard, but real instructing. It made me feel as though I wanted to fight somebody—purty much as I used to when I was a boy, and heard my father tell how he fit in the war of eighteen hundred and twelve, and his grandsir in the Revolutionary war."

"I guess you was n't in any o' them wars?" stated the hired man, inquiringly.

"No; I was n't born then, and o' course I could n't; but my father used to tell us about it on trainin'-day nights. Trainin'-day was a great time, with its uniforms and feathers; my father was a sarjint, and we had gingerbread and federal cake."

"Well," burst out Sneeze, "if ever I get a chance I 'm goin' to be a soldier, an' fight for my country, as George Washington did. I just wish we 'd have trainin'-day now, and that Fourth of July came every day. Then, too, when I 'm a man, I 'm goin' to marry Eliza Johnson, for she——"

"Shut up, Sneeze!" put in Mrs. Dodson. "Little boys like you ought to be seen and not heard; when your parents make speeches and rusk at Fourth o' July celebrations that them that was good judges says was most interestin', you had ought to be listenin' to their talkin' and learnin' o' them. Here's Bubby a tunin' for somethin' to eat; give him one of them rusk out of the basket, an' stop your nonsense."

Sneeze's face was as red as his hair, and not another word did he say; but his dreams that night were a mixture of feathers, soldiers and pound-cake, Eliza Johnson, mother and speeches, and thus ended his first memorable Independence Day.

MEADOW-TALK.

By Caroline Leslie.



A BUMBLE-BEE, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red-clover top,
When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good-morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumble-Bee!
You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"
Said the bee with a jerk,
"Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
Only insects like you,
Who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way,
And thoughtfully hunched up his knees;
"Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?
I follow the trade for which I was made;
We all can't be wise bumble-bees.

"There's a time to be sad,
And a time to be glad;
A time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping."

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE WITH TAR MARBLES.

By C. S. N.

ALMOST all boys, at some period of their lives, ote their spare time to playing with marbles, l I certainly was not unlike other boys in this pect. My fondness for marbles began very ly, and when I was about seven years old led into a curious experience, which I am about to te. A great rivalry for acquiring marbles had denly arisen at that time among the boys of the n, and to possess as many of the little round beauties as my oldest brother owned, soon became the desire of my heart and the height of my ambition.

I had already obtained a large number, when one day I overheard my oldest brother telling one of his schoolmates that he had made the important discovery that marbles could be formed from coal-tar, of which there was a large quantity on a certain street in a distant part of the town. He did not

condescend to explain the process of manufacture, but he showed the marbles he had made,—black, round, and glossy. The sight inspired me with ardent desire to possess an unlimited quantity.

My brother told me just where the coveted treasure was to be found, and, in the afternoon, I started off, without confiding to any one my intention, to find the spot and lay in a supply of the raw material, which I could convert into marbles at my leisure. Delightful visions of bags filled with treasure, dancing through my brain, hastened the rate of my speed almost to a run, before I arrived at the goal of my hopes. It was a very hot July afternoon, and I was in a violent heat; but the sight of the heaps of coal-tar put all thoughts of anything unpleasant quite out of my head; it caused me to forget also that I had on a suit of new clothes, of which I had been cautioned by my mother to be extremely careful.

I need hardly remark that I was not very well acquainted with the substance I was handling, and my only idea of its qualities was, that it could be molded into any shape I pleased. I was not aware that it has all the qualities of ordinary tar,—melts with heat, and becomes the toughest, stickiest, most unmanageable of substances with which a small boy can come into contact.

I fell to work to collect what I wanted to carry home. I filled the pockets of my pantaloons, and of my jacket, and lastly, when these were stuffed to their utmost capacity, I filled the crown of my hat so full that it would hardly go on my head. The place was at some distance from my home, and I did not wish to have to return immediately for more.

With a heart filled with triumph, I started off toward home. By this time I began to realize that the weather was not cool. It had been a long walk, and I was pretty tired, but I was also in a great hurry to begin making marbles, so I walked as fast as I could. After a little time I began to be sensible of a disagreeable feeling of stickiness about my waist, and a slight trickling sensation in the region of the knees.

A cloud not bigger than a man's hand flitted across my horizon,—perhaps coal-tar *might* melt?

I resolved to ascertain; and, like the famous old woman with her "yard of black pudding," I very soon found it was much easier to obtain what I wanted, than to know what to do with it when I had it. A very slight inspection of my pockets satisfied me that coal-tar was capable of becoming liquid, and, if I needed further evidence, the sable rivulets that began to meander down the sides of my face gave ample corroboration of the fact. I tried to take off my hat, but it would not come.

I looked down at my new trousers with feelings of dismay. Ominous spots of a dismal hue were certainly growing larger. I tried to get the tar out of my pockets, but only succeeded in covering my hands with the black, unmanageable stuff, which



"I LOOKED DOWN AT MY NEW TROUSERS WITH DISMAY."

at that moment I regarded as one of those inventions of the devil, to entrap little boys, of which I had often been warned, but to which I had given no heed. If it was a trap, I was certainly *caught*, there was no doubt of that. But I was not without some pluck, and in my case, as in that of many another brave, my courage in facing the present calamity was aided by my fear of another still more to be dreaded.

That I should get a whipping for spoiling my new suit, if I could not manage to get the tar off, was quite certain, and I had had no permission to go from home, and on the whole the outlook was not cheerful in that direction. Quite driven to desperation, I seated myself on the ground, and tried to scrape off the black spots, which had now extended to formidable dimensions; while I could feel small streams coming down inside of the collar of my shirt, and causing rather singular suggestions of a rope around my neck. My labor was in vain. I got a good deal off, but there seemed to be an inexhaustible quantity *on*. I gave it up in despair, and burst into uncontrollable sobs. The flow of tears thinned the lava-like fluid, and it now resembled ink, which covered my face like a veil; but in the extremity of my anguish a hope dawned

upon me. I found that I could wipe off with my hand this thinner solution, and if water would do it, water was plenty, and I would wash it off. A cousin of mine lived not very far off, and I knew that in the yard of her house there was a pump. Inspired by this idea, I set off at a run, and did not slacken my pace until I reached the spot. Here another difficulty met me. I could not reach the handle of the pump so as to get the benefit of the stream from its mouth, and it was only a complete shower-bath that would restore me to respectability. I set to work to find a rope, and fastened together quite a complicated piece of machinery, as I thought, by which I managed to pump the ice-cold water upon my devoted head. The effect was not as immediate as I had hoped. But I had faith if a little was good, more must be better. Creak—creak—creak—went the pump-handle, which did more work that afternoon than in half a dozen days' washing.

Creak—creak—creak! But the tar only became harder and harder, until I was encased in sheet-armor, like the famous Black Knight. Presently, my cousin Jenny, an especial friend of mine, hearing such continual pumping, and becoming anxious for the family supply of water, came out to see what was the matter. Seeing a small figure curled up under the spout of the pump, drenched to the skin and black as Othello, she stooped down to investigate the phenomenon. Oh, what was my despair when she discovered who it was, and in what plight!

To say she laughed would be to give a feeble idea of the peals of laughter that succeeded each other as she stood and looked at me. She would try to control her merriment for a moment, only to break forth afresh, until she was obliged to sit down from sheer exhaustion. Every time she glanced at my woe-begone countenance, and drenched condition, she would go into fresh convulsions of fun. At last she recovered breath enough to inquire into my case, and to assure me she would do what she could for me; but she soon found, to my despair, that what she could do was not much to my relief. The clothes could not be got off, and certainly they could never be got clean. She did manage, with a strong pair of shears, to cut off the pockets in my breeches, and then, fearing my mother would be alarmed, she bade me go home, and she would promise to secure me against a whipping.

I fancy she thought this last promise would be easily kept.

Somewhat comforted, I took up my line of march toward the paternal roof, but, as I went along, my heart began to sink again; visions of a rod, with which my not too saintly character had made me somewhat familiar, loomed up before me; but worse than all, the thought of my brother's ridicule made my sensitive spirit quail. I thought I would evade all for that night, however, by going quietly up the back stairs, going to bed, and "playing sick." Fortune favored me. I reached the bedroom without being seen; and, just as I was, with my hat on, for it could only have come off with my scalp, I got into bed, and covered myself entirely up with the bed-clothes. It was now dusk, and I felt for the moment quite safe. Presently my aunt came into the room to get something for which she was looking, and I could hear her give several inquiring sniffs, and as she went out I heard her say: "I certainly do smell tar; where can it come from?" An interval of peace followed, and then in came my mother. "Tar? Smell tar? Of course you do; it's strong enough in this room. Bring a light."

It was the sound of doom!

My mother soon came close up to the bed, and held the light so that it fell full upon me as she tried to turn down the bed-clothing. Probably, if it had not been for several previous scrapes in which I had been involved, she would have been much frightened; but as it was, the sight of her young blackamoor had much the same effect upon her as upon my cousin. Her exclamations and shrieks of laughter brought every member of the household successively to the room, and as one



THE SHOWER-BATH.

after another came in, fresh zest seemed to be given to the merriment of which I was the unfortunate victim.

But every renewal of the fun was an added agony to me, for I clearly foresaw that it would be rehearsed by Jack and Tom to all the boys in the neighborhood. Beside this, I was not in a condition to be hilarious. Plastered with tar from head to foot; streaming with perspiration at every pore; my clothes drenched; my hair matted together, and my straw hat, soaked with water, fastened upon it, and falling limp and wet about my eyes; I was not rendered more comfortable by the fact that I could not move without taking pillow and bed-clothes with me, as, in my desperate desire to conceal myself from view, I had become enwrapped in the bed-clothing like a caterpillar in its chrysalis; and I was conscious of a dim fear that if I sat up, with the pillow stuck fast on the top of my hat, the sight of me might produce fatal results upon the already exhausted family.

At last the point was reached where I thought patience ceased to be a virtue, and I rebelled against being any longer made a spectacle.

I declared if they would all go away but mother, I would tell her all about it. The crowd retired, commissioned to send up a crock of butter, a tub of hot water, and a pair of shears. Maternal love is strong, but I doubt if it was often put to a severer test of its long-suffering than was that of my mother that night.

Suffice it to say that, after my clothes had been cut to ribbons, the sheets torn up, my head well-nigh shaved, and my whole person subjected firs to an African bath of melted butter, and afterwar



"I COVERED MYSELF WITH THE BED-CLOTHES."

to one of hot soap-suds, I had had my fill of bathin for one day, and was, shortly before midnight, pr nounced to be tolerably clean.

P. S.—I never made any marbles of coal-tar.

DAB KINZER: A STORY OF A GROWING BOY.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter V.

During the week which followed the wedding-day, the improvements on the Morris house were pushed along in a way that surprised everybody.

Every day that passed, and with every dollar's worth of work that was done, the good points of the long-neglected old mansion came out stronger and stronger; for Mrs. Kinzer's plans had been a good while getting ready, and she knew exactly what was best to be done.

Before the end of the week Mr. Foster came over, bringing Ford with him, and he soon arrived at an understanding with Dabney's mother.

"A very business-like, common-sense sort of a woman," he remarked to his son. "But what great, dangling, overgrown piece of a boy that i Still, you may find him good company."

"No doubt," said Ford, "and thus I can l useful to him. He looks as if he could learn if l had a fair chance."

"I should say so," responded Mr. Foste thoughtfully; "and we must n't expect too much fellows brought up away out here, as he has been

Ford gravely assented.

There was a surprise in store for the villag people; for, early in the following week it w rumored from house to house, "The Kinzers a all a-movin' over to Ham Morris's."

And before the public mind was settled enough to inquire into the matter, the rumor was changed into, "The Widder Kinzer's moved to Ham's house, bag and baggage."

So it was, although the carpenters and painters and glaziers were still at work, and the piles of Kinzer furniture had to be stowed around as best could be. Some of them had even to be locked up overnight in one of the barns.

The Kinzers, for generations, had been a trifle weak about furniture, and that was one of the reasons why there was so little room for human beings in their house. The little parlor, indeed, had been filled till it put one in mind of a small "furniture store" with not room enough to show the stock on hand, and some of the other parts of the house required knowledge and care to walk about in them.

Bad for a small house, truly, but not so much so when the same articles were given a fair chance to spread themselves.

It was a treat to Dab to watch while the new carpets were put down, one after another, and then to see how much at home and comfortable the furniture looked as it was moved into its new quarters.

Mrs. Kinzer took care that the house she left should speak well of her to the eyes of Mrs. Foster, when that lady came to superintend the arrival of her own household goods.

The character of these, by the way, at once convinced the village gossips that "lawyer Foster must be a good deal forehanded in money matters." And so he was, even more than his furniture indicated. Ford had a wonderful deal to do with the settlement of his family in their new home, and it was not until nearly the close of the week that he found time for more than an occasional glance over the north fence.

"Take the two farms together," his father had said to him, "and they make a really fine estate. I learn, too, that the Kinzers have other property. Your young acquaintance is likely to have a very good start in the world."

Ford had found out nearly as much on his own account, but he had long since learned the uselessness of trying to teach his father anything, however well he might succeed with ordinary people, and so he had said nothing.

"Dabney," said Mrs. Kinzer, that Friday evening, "you 've been a great help all the week. Suppose you take the ponies to-morrow morning, and ask young Foster out for a drive."

"Mother," exclaimed Samantha, "I shall want the ponies myself. I 've some calls to make, and some shopping. Dabney will have to drive."

"No, Sam," remarked Dabney; "if you go out with the ponies to-morrow, you 'll have my old clothes to drive you."

"What do you mean?" asked Samantha.

"I mean, with Dick Lee in them."

"That would be just as well," said Mrs. Kinzer. "The ponies are gentle enough, and Dick drives well. He 'll be glad enough to go."

"Dick Lee, indeed!" began Samantha.

"A fine boy," interrupted Dab, "and he 's beginning to dress well. His new clothes fit him beautifully. All he really needs is a shirt, and I 'll give him one. Mine are getting too small."

"Well, Dabney," said Mrs. Kinzer, "I 've been thinking about it. You ought not to be tied down all the while. Suppose you take next week pretty much to yourself. Samantha wont want the ponies every day. The other horses have all got to work, or I 'd let you have one of them."

Dabney got up, for want of a better answer, and walked over to where his mother was sitting, and gave the thoughtful matron a good, sounding kiss.

At the same time he could not help thinking, "This comes of Ham Morris and my new rig."

"There Dabney, that 'll do," said his mother; "but how 'll you spend Saturday?"

"Guess I 'll take Ford Foster out in the bay a-crabbing, if he 'll go," replied Dabney. "I 'll run over and ask him."

It was not too late, and he was out of the house before there was a chance for further remarks.

"Now, he muttered," as he walked along, "I 'll have to see old lawyer Foster, and Mrs. Foster, and I don't know who all, besides. I don't like that."

Just as he came to the north fence of his former residence, however, he was hailed by a clear, wide-awake voice: "Dab Kinzer, is that you?"

"Guess so," said Dab; "is that you, Ford?"

"I was just going over to your house," said Ford.

"And I was just coming to see you. I 've been too busy all the week, but they 've let up on me at last."

"I 've got our family nearly settled," replied Ford, "and I thought I 'd ask if you would n't like to go out with me on the bay to-morrow. Teach you to catch crabs."

Dab Kinzer drew a long, astonished sort of whistle, but he finished it with, "That 's about what I was thinking of. There 's plenty of crabs, and I 've got a tip-top boat. We wont want a heavy one for just us two."

"All right, then. We 'll begin on crabs; but some other day we 'll go for bigger fish. What are you going to do next week?"

"Got it all to myself," said Dab. "We can have all sorts of a good time. We can have the ponies, too, when we want them."

"That 's about as good as it knows how to be,"

responded the young gentleman from the city. "I 'd like to explore the country. You 're going to have a nice place of it over there, before you get through. Only, if I 'd had the planning of that house, I 'd have set it back further. Not enough trees, either."

Dab came stoutly to the defense of not only that house, but of Long Island architecture generally, and was fairly overwhelmed, for the first time in his life, by a flood of big words from a boy of his own age.

He could have eaten up Ford Foster, if properly cooked. He felt sure of that. But he was no match for him on the building question. On his way home, however, after the discussion had lasted long enough, he found himself inquiring: "That 's all very nice, but what can he teach me about crabs? We 'll see about that to-morrow."

The crab question was one of special importance, beyond a doubt; but one of even greater consequence to Dab Kinzer's future was undergoing discussion at that very hour, hundreds of miles away.

Quite a little knot of people there was, in a hotel parlor; and while the blooming Miranda, now Mrs. Morris, was taking her share of talk very well with the ladies, Ham was every bit as busy with a couple of elderly gentlemen.

"It 's just as I say, Mr. Morris," said one of the latter, with a superfluous show of energy; "there 's no better institution of its kind in the country than Grantley Academy. I send my own boys there, and I 've just written about it to my brother-in-law, Foster, the New York lawyer. He 'll have his boy there this fall. No better place in the country, sir."

"But how about the expenses, Mr. Hart?" asked Ham.

"Fees are just what I told you, sir, a mere nothing. As for board, all I pay for my boys is three dollars a week. All they want to eat, sir, and good accommodations. Happy as larks, sir, all the time. Cheap, sir, cheap!"

If Ham Morris had the slightest idea of going to school at a New England Academy, Miranda's place in the improved house was likely to wait for her; for he had a look on his face of being very nearly convinced.

She did not seem at all disturbed, however, and probably her husband was not looking up the school question on his own account.

That was the reason why it might have been interesting for Dab Kinzer, and even for his knowing neighbor, to have added themselves to the company Ham and Miranda had fallen in with on their wedding tour.

That night, however, Dab dreamed that a gigantic crab was trying to pull Ford Foster out of the boat, while the latter calmly remarked: "There did you ever see anything just like that before?"

CHAPTER VI.

THAT Saturday morning was a sad one for po Dick Lee!

His mother carefully locked up his elegant a parel, the gift of Mr. Dabney Kinzer, the previo night, after Dick was in bed, and, when daylig came, he found his old clothes by his bedside.

It was a hard thing to bear, no doubt, but Di had been a bad boy on Friday. He had sold h fish instead of bringing them home, and then h gone and squandered the money on a brillia new red neck-tie.

"Dat 's good nuff for me to w'ar to meetin' said Mrs. Lee, when her eyes fell on the gorgeo bit of cheap silk. "Reckon it wont be wasted any good-for-nuffin boy. I 'll show ye wot to wid yer fish. You 's gettin' too mighty fine, an how."

Dick was disconsolate for a while, but his humili took the form of a determination to go for cra that day, mainly because his mother had long sin set her face against that tribe of animals.

"Dey 's a wasteful, stravagant sort ob fish," r marked Mrs. Lee, in frequent explanation of h dislike. "Dey 's all clo'es and no body, like son w'ite folks I know on. I don't mean the Kinze Dey 's all got body nuff."

And yet that inlet had a name of its own f crabs. There was a wide reach of shallow wat inside the southerly point at the mouth, wher over several hundred acres of muddy flats, t depth varied from three and a half to eight fe with the ebb and flow of the tides. That was sort of perpetual crab-pasture, and there it w that Richard Lee determined to expend his en gies that Saturday.

Very likely there would be other crabbers on t flats, but Dick was not the boy to object to tha provided none of them should notice the change his raiment. At an early hour, therefore, Dab a Ford were preceded by their colored friend, th themselves waiting for later breakfasts than M Lee was in the habit of preparing.

Dick's ill fortune did not leave him when he g out of sight of his mother. It followed him do to the shore of the inlet, and compelled him to gi up all idea, for that day, of borrowing a respectab boat. There were several belonging to the neig bors, from among which Dick was accustomed take his pick, in return for errands run and oth services done for their owners; but, on this pa ticular morning, not one of them all was availabl Some were fastened with ugly chains and padlock

Two were hauled away above even high-water mark, and so Dick could not have got them into the water even if he had dared to try; and as for the rest, as Dick said, "Guess dar owners must hab borrowed 'em."

The consequence was that the dark-skinned young fisherman was for once compelled to put up with his own boat, or rather his father's.

The three wise men of Gotham were not much worse off when they went to sea in a bowl than was Dick Lee in that rickety little old flat-bottomed punt.

Did it leak?

Well, not so very much, with no heavier weight than Dick's; but there was reason in his remark that "Dis yer's a mean boat to frow down a fish in, w'en you cotch 'im. He 's done gone suah to git drownded."

Yes, and the crabs would get their feet wet and so would Dick; but he resigned himself to his circumstances and pushed away. To tell the truth, he had not been able to free himself from a lingering fear lest his mother might come after him, before he could get afloat, with orders for some duty or other on shore, and that would have been worse than the little old "scow," a good deal.

"Reckon it 's all right," said Dick, as he shoved off. "It 'd be an awful risk to trus' dem nice clo'es in de ole boat, suah."

Nice clothes, nice boats, a good many other nice things, were as yet beyond the reach of Dick Lee, but he was quite likely to catch as many crabs as his more aristocratic neighbors.

As for Dabney Kinzer and his friend from the city, they were on their way to the water-side at an hour which indicated smaller appetites than usual, or greater speed at the breakfast table.

"Plenty of boats, I should say," remarked Ford, as he surveyed the little "landing" and its vicinity with the air of a man who had a few fleets of his own. "All sorts. Any of 'em fast?"

"Not many," said Dab; "the row-boats, big and little, have to be built so they 'll stand pretty rough water."

"How are the sail-boats?"

"Same thing. There 's Ham Morris's yacht."

"That? Why, she 's as big as any in the lot."

"Bigger, but she don't show it," said Dab.

"Can't we make a cruise in her?" said Ford.

"Any time. Ham lets me use her whenever I like. She 's fast enough, but she 's built so she 'll sail and most anything. Safe as a house if she 's handled right."

"Handled!"

Ford Foster's expression of face would have done honor to the Secretary of the Navy, or the chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee in Congress, or any other perfect seaman, Noah included. It seemed to say: "As if any boat could be otherwise than well sailed with me on board."

Dabney, however, even while he had been talking, had been hauling in from its "float and grapnel," about ten yards out at low water, the very stanch-looking little yawl-boat that called him owner. She was just such a boat as Mrs. Kinzer would naturally have provided for her boy,—stout, well made and sensible,—without any bad habits of upsetting, or the like. Not too large for Dabney to manage all alone, the "Jenny," as he called her, and as the name was painted on the stern, was all the better off for having two on board.

"The inlet 's pretty narrow for a long reach through the marsh," said Dabney, "and as crooked as a ram's-horn. I 'll steer and you pull till we 're out o' that, and then I 'll take the oars."

"I might as well row out to the crab-grounds," said Ford, as he pitched his coat forward and took his seat at the oars. "All ready?"

"Ready," said Dab, and the "Jenny" glided gracefully away from the landing with the starting push he gave her.

Ford Foster had had oars in his hands before, but his experience must have been limited to a class of vessels different from the one he was in now.

He was short of something, at all events. It may have been skill, and it may have been legs, or discretion; but, whatever was lacking, at the third or fourth stroke the oar-blades went a little too deeply below the smooth surface of the water; there was a vain tug, a little out of "time," and then there was a boy on the bottom of the boat and a pair of well-polished shoes lifted high in the air.

"You 've got it!" shouted Dabney.

"Got what?" exclaimed an all but angry voice from between the seats.

"Caught the first 'crab,'" replied Dabney,—"that 's what we call it. Can you steer? Guess I 'd better row."

"No you wont," was the very resolute reply, as Ford regained his seat and his oars; "I sha' n't catch any more crabs of that sort. I 'm a little out of practice, that 's all."

"I should say you were, a little. Well, it wont hurt you. 'T is n't much of a pull."

Ford would have pulled it, now, if he had blistered all the skin off his hands in doing so, and he did very creditable work, for some minutes, among the turns and windings of the narrow inlet.

"Here we are," shouted Dabney, at last. "We are in the inlet yet, but it widens out into the bay."

"That 's the bay, out yonder?"

"Yes; and the island between that and the ocean 's no better 'n a mere bar of sand."

"How d' you get past it?"

"Right across there, almost in a straight line. We 'll run it, next week, in Ham's yacht. Splendid weak-fishing, right in the mouth of that inlet, on the ocean side."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Ford. "I 'm in for that. Is the bay deep?"

"Not very," replied Dabney, "but it gets pretty rough sometimes."

Ford was getting red in the face, just then, with his unaccustomed exercise, and his friend added:

"You need n't pull so hard. We 're almost there. Hullo! if there is n't Dick Lee in his dry-goods box! That boat 'll drown him, some day, and his dad, too. But just see him pull in crabs!"

Ford came near "catching" one more as he tried to turn around for the look proposed, exclaiming:

"Dab, let 's get to work as quick as we can. They might go away."

"Might fly?"

"No; but don't they go and come?"

"Well, you go and drop the grapnel over the bows, and we 'll see 'em come in pretty quick."

The grapnel, or little anchor, was thrown over quickly enough, and the two boys were in such an eager haste that they had hardly a word to say to Dick, though he was now but a few rods away.

Now it happened that when Ford and Dab came down to the water that morning, each of them had brought a load. The former had only a neat little japanned tin box, about as big as his head, and the latter, besides his oars, carried a seemingly pretty heavy basket.

"Lots of lunch, I should say," had been Ford's mental comment; but he had not thought it wise to ask questions.

"Plenty of lunch, I reckon," thought Dab at the same time, but only as a matter of course.

And they were both wrong. Lunch was the one thing they had both forgotten.

But the box and the basket?

Ford Foster came out, of his own accord, with the secret of the box, for he now took a little key out of his pocket and unlocked it with an air of

"Look at this, will you?"

Dab Kinzer looked, and was very sure he had never before seen quite such an assortment of brand-new fish-hooks, of many sorts and sizes, and of fish-lines which looked as if they had thus far spent their lives on dry land.

"Tip-top!" he remarked. "I see a lot of things we can use one of these days, but there is n't time to go over 'em now. Let 's go for the crabs. What made you bring your box along?"

"Oh," replied Ford, "I left my rods at home, both of 'em. You don't s'pose I 'd go for a crab with a rod, do you? But you can take your pick of hooks and lines."

"Crabs? Hooks and lines?"

"Why, yes. You don't mean to scoop 'em u in that landing-net, do you?"

Dab looked at his friend for a moment in blar amazement, and then the truth burst upon him f the first time.

"Oh, I see! You never caught any crab Well, just you lock up your jewelry-box, and I show you."

It was not easy for Dab to keep from laughing Ford Foster's face; but his mother had not give him so many lessons in good breeding for nothin and Ford was permitted to close his ambitio "casket" without any worse annoyance than h own wounded pride gave him.

But now came out the secret of the basket.

The cover was jerked off and nothing reveale except a varied assortment of clams, large a small, but mostly of good size; tough old custome that no amount of roasting or boiling would ev have prepared for human eating.

"What are they for,—bait?"

"Yes, bait, weight and all."

"How 's that?"

Dabney's reply was to draw from his pocket couple of long, strong cords, bits of old fishin line. He cracked a couple of clams, one again the other; tied the fleshy part firmly to the en of the cords; tied a bit of shell on, a foot or from the end, for a sinker; handed one to For took the other himself, and laid the long-handl scoop-net he had brought with him down betwe them, saying:

"Now we 're ready. Drop your clam to t bottom and draw it up gently. You 'll get t knack of it in five minutes. It 's all knack. The is n't anything else so stupid as a crab."

Ford watched carefully, and obeyed in silence.

In a minute or so more the operation of t scoop-net was called for, and then the fun began

"The young black rascal!" exclaimed Dabne "If he has n't gone and got a sheep's-head!"

"A sheep's-head?"

"Yes; that 's why he beats us so badly. It better than clams, only you can't always get one.

"But how he does pull 'em in!"

"We 're doing well enough," began Dabne when suddenly there came a shrill cry of pain fro Dick Lee's punt.

"He 's barefooted," shouted Dab, with, it mu be confessed, something like a grin, "and one the little fellows has pinned him with his nippers

There need have been nothing very serious that, but Dick Lee was more than ordinarily aver to anything like physical pain, and the crab whi had seized him by the toe was a very muscular a vicious specimen of his quarrelsome race.

The first consequence was a momentary dance up and down in the punt, accompanied by vigorous howling from Dick, but not a word of any sort from the crab. The next consequence was that the crab let go, but so, at the same instant, did the rotten board in the boat-bottom upon which Dick Lee had so rashly danced.

It let go of the rest of the boat so suddenly that poor Dick had only time for one tremendous yell as it let him right down through to his armpits.



DICK LEE IN TROUBLE.

he water was perfectly smooth, but the boat was ll in an instant, and nearly a bushel of freshly ught and ill-tempered crabs were maneuvering all directions around the woolly head which was l their late captor could now keep in sight.

"Up with the grapnel, Ford," shouted Dab. Take an oar! We 'll both row. He can swim e a duck, but he might split his throat."

"Or get scared to death."

"Or eaten up by the crabs."

CHAPTER VII.

AT the very moment when the angry crab closed s nippers on the bare big toe of Dick Lee, and s shrill note of discomfort rang across the inlet, the shrill whistle of the engine announced the arrival of the morning train at the little station in the village.

A minute or so later, a very pretty young lady was standing beside a trunk on the platform, trying to get some information of the flag-man.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Foster lives?"

"That 's the gimlet-eyed laryer from Yark?"

"Yes, he 's from New York," said the young lady, smiling in his face. "Where does he live?"

"He 's got the sapiest boy, thin. Is it him as took the Kinzer house?"

"I think likely it is. Can you tell me how to get there?"

"Thim Kinzers is foine people. The widdy married one of the gurrels to Misther Morris."

"But how can I get to the house?"

"Is it there ye 're afther goin'? Hey, Michael, me boy, bring up yer owld rattlethrap an' take the leddy's thrunk. She 'll be goin' to the Kinzer place. Sharp, now!"

"I should say it was!" muttered the young lady, as the remains of what had been a carry-all were pulled up beside the platform by the skinny skeleton of what might once have been a horse. "It 's a rattletrap!"

There was no choice, however, for that was the only public conveyance at the station, and the young lady's trunk was already whisked in behind the dashboard, and the driver was waiting for her.

He could afford to wait, as it would be hours before another train would be in.

There was no door to open in that "carriage." It was all door except the top and bottom, and the pretty passenger was neither helped nor hindered in finding her place on the back seat.

If the flag-man was more disposed to ask questions than to answer them, "Michael" said few words of any kind except to his horse. To him, indeed, he kept up a constant stream of encouraging remarks, the greater part of which would have been hard for an ordinary hearer to understand.

Very likely the horse knew what they meant, for he came very near breaking from a limp into a trot several times, under the stimulus of all that clucking and "g' lang now."

The distance was by no means great, and Michael seemed to know the way perfectly. At least, he answered, "Yes 'm, indade," to several inquiries from his passenger, and she was compelled to be satisfied with that.

"What a big house it is! And painters at work on it, too!" she exclaimed, just as Michael added a vigorous jerk of the reins to the "Whoa!" with which he stopped his nag in front of an open gate.

"Are you sure this is the place?"

"Yes 'm, indade. Fifty cints, mum."

By the time the trunk was out and swung inside the gate, the young lady had followed; but for some reason Michael sprang back to his place and whipped up his limping steed. It may have been the fear of being asked to take that trunk into the house, for it was not a very small one. The young lady stood for a moment irresolute, and then left it where it was and walked straight up to the door.

No bell; no knocker. The workmen had not reached that part of their improvements yet. But the door was open, and a very neatly furnished parlor at the left of the hall seemed to say, "Come right in, please," and so in she went.

Such an arrival could not possibly have escaped the notice of the inmates of the house, and, as the young lady from the railway came in at the front, another and a very different looking lady marched through to the parlor from the rear.

Each one would have been a puzzle to the other, if the elder of the two had not been Mrs. Kinzer, and the widow had never been very much puzzled in all her life. At all events, she put out her hand with a cordial smile, saying:

"Miss Foster, is it not? I am Mrs. Kinzer. How could he have made such a mistake?"

"Yes, Miss Annie Foster. But do please ex plain. Where am I, and how do you know me?"

The widow laughed cheerily.

"How do I know you, my dear? Why, yo resemble your mother almost as much as you brother Ford resembles his father. You are onl one door from home here, and I'll have you trunk taken right over to the house. Please, s down a moment. Ah! my daughter Samantha Miss Foster. Excuse me a moment, while I ca one of the men."

By the time their mother was fairly out of th room, however, Keziah and Pamela were also in i and Annie thought she had rarely seen three girl whose appearance testified so strongly to the health ness of the place they lived in.

The flag-man's questions and Annie's answe were related quickly enough, and the cause c Michael's blunder was plain at once.

The parlor rang again with peals of laughter, fo Dab Kinzer's sisters were ready at any time to loo at the funny side of things, and their accident guest saw no reason for not joining them.

"Your brother Ford is out on the bay, crabbing with our Dabney," remarked Samantha, as th widow returned. But Annie's eyes had been fu tively watching her baggage, through the windo and saw it swinging up on a pair of broad, re shirted shoulders just then, and, before she coul bring her mind to the crab question, Keziah e claimed: "If there is n't Mrs. Foster comin through the farm gate!"

"My mother?" And Annie was up and out the parlor in a twinkling, followed by all the ladi of the Kinzer family. It was really quite a pr cession.

Now, if Mrs. Foster was in the least degree su prised by her daughter's sudden appearance, or t her getting to the Kinzer house first instead of t her own, it was a curious fact that she did not sa so by a word or a look.

Not a breath of it. But, for all the thorough bred self-control of the city lady, Mrs. Kinzer kne perfectly well there was something odd and u expected about it all. If Samantha had notice this fact, there might have been some questio asked; but one of the widow's most rigid rules life was to "mind her own business."

The girls, indeed, were quite jubilant over a occurrence which made them at once so well a quainted with their very attractive new neighbo and they might have followed her even beyond th gate in the north fence if it had not been for the mother. All they were allowed to do was to g back to their own parlor and hold a "council war," in which Annie Foster was discussed fro her bonnet to her shoes.

Mrs. Foster had been abundantly affectionate in greeting her daughter; but when once they were alone in the wee sitting-room of the old Kinzer homestead, she put her arms around her, saying:

"Now, my darling, tell me what it all means."

"Why, mother, it was partly my mistake and partly the flag-man's and the driver's, and I 'm sure Mrs. Kinzer was kind. She knew me, before I said a word, by my resemblance to you."

would come home. I had just one pair left white to wear home, and I traveled all night."

Poor Mrs. Foster! A cold shudder went over her at the idea of that ink among the spotless contents of her own collar-box.

"What boys they must be! But, Annie, what did they say?"

"Uncle Joe laughed till he cried, and Aunt Maria said boys will be boys, and I half believe



"THE ONLY PUBLIC CONVEYANCE AT THE STATION."

"Oh, I don't mean that! How is it you are here so soon? I thought you meant to make a long visit at your Uncle Hart's."

"I would but for those boys."

"Your cousins, Annie!"

"Cousins, mother! You never saw such young bears in all your life. They tormented me from morning till night."

"But, Annie, I hope you have not offended——"

"Offended, mother! Aunt Maria thinks they 're perfect, and so does Uncle Joe. They 'd let them pull the house down over their heads, you 'd think."

"But, Annie, what did they do, and what did you say?"

"Do! I could n't tell you in all day; but when they poured ink over my cuffs and collars, I said I they were sorry; but that was only a sort of a winding-up. I would n't stay there another hour."

Annie had other things to tell, and, long before she had finished her story, there was no further fault to be found with her for losing her temper. Still, her mother said, mildly:

"I must write to Maria at once, for it wont do to let those boys make trouble between us."

CHAPTER VIII.

DAB KINZER and his friend were prompt enough in coming to the rescue of their unfortunate fellow-crabber; but to get him out of the queer wreck he had made of that punt was a tough task.

"I is n't drownin'," exclaimed Dick, heroically,

as the other boat came up beside him. "Jest you take yer scoop-net an' save dem crabs."

"They wont drown," said Ford.

"But they 'll get away," said Dab, snatching the scoop. "Dick's head is level on that point."

The side boards of the old punt were under water half the time, but the crabs were pretty well penned in. Even a couple of them that had mistaken Dick's wool for another sheep's-head were secured without difficulty.

"What luck he 'd been having!" said Ford.

"He always does," said Dab. "I say, Dick, how 'll I scoop you in?"

"Has you done got all de crabs?"

"Every pinner of 'em."

"Den jest you wait a minute."

They were quite likely to wait, for the shining black face had instantly disappeared.

"Sunk!" exclaimed Ford.

"There he comes," replied Dab. "He 'd swim ashore from here, and not half try. Why, I could swim twice as far as that, myself."

"Could you? I could n't."

That was the first time Dab had heard his new acquaintance make a confession of inability, and he could see a more than usually thoughtful expression on his face. The coolness and skill of Dick Lee had not been thrown away on him.

"If I had my clothes off," said Ford, "I 'd try that on."

"Dab Kinzer, you 's de best feller dar is. Wot 'll we do wid de ole boat?" burst out Dick on coming to the surface.

"Let the tide carry her in while we 're crabbing. She is n't worth mending, but we 'll tow her home."

"All right," said Dick, as he grasped the gunwale of Dab's boat and began to climb over.

"Hold on, Dick.

"I is a-holdin' on."

"I mean wait a bit. Aint you wet?"

"Ob course I 's wet."

"Well, then, you stay in there till you get dry. It 's well you did n't have your new clothes on."

"Aint I glad about dem!" emphatically exclaimed the young African. "Nebber mind dese clo'es. De water on 'em 's all good, dry water, like de res' ob de bay."

And, so saying, Dick tumbled over in, with a spatter which made Ford Foster tread on two or three crabs in getting away from it. It was not the first time by many that Dick Lee had found himself bathing without time given him to undress.

And now it was discovered that the shipwrecked crabber had never for one instant loosened his hold of the line to the other end of which was fastened his precious sheep's-head.

It was a regular crabbing crew, two to pull up and one to scoop in, and never had the sprawli "game" been more plentiful on that crab pastu or more apparently in a hurry to be captured.

"What on earth shall we do with them all asked Ford.

"Soon 's we 've got a mess for both our foll we 'll quit this and go for some fish," replied Da "The clams are good bait, and we can try so of your tackle."

Ford's face brightened a good deal at the sugg tion, for he had more than once cast a crestfall look at his pretentious box. But he replied:

"A mess! How many crabs can one man eat

"I don't know," said Dab. "It depends a go deal on who he is. Then, if he eats the shells, can't take in so many."

"Eat de shells? Yah, yah, yah! Dat be my mudder! She 's allers a-sayin' wot a waste shells make," laughed Dick. "I jest wish we mig ketch some fish. I das n't kerry home no crabs.

"It does look as if we 'd got as many as we know what to do with," remarked Dab, as he look down on the sprawling multitude in the bottom the boat. "We 'll turn the clams out of the bask and fill that; but we must n't put any crabs in t fish-car. We 'll stow 'em forward."

The basket held more than half a bushel, b there was a "heap" of what Ford Foster call "the crusties" to pen up in the bow of the boat

That duty attended to, and Dick was set at t oars, while Dab selected from Ford's box just t very hooks and lines their owner had made le account of.

"What 'll we catch, Dab?"

"'Most anything. Nobody knows till he 's do it. Perch, porgies, cunners, black-fish, weak-fis may be a bass or a sheep's-head, but more cunn than anything else, except we strike some flound at the turn of the tide."

"That 's a big enough assortment to set up fish-market on."

"If we catch 'em. We 've got a good enou day, anyhow, and the tide 'll be about right by t time we get to work."

"Why not try here?"

"'Cause there 's no fish to speak of, and becau the crabs 'll clean your hook for you as fast as y can put the bait on. We must go out to deep water and better bottom. Dick knows just whe to go. You might hang your line out all day a not get a bite, if you did n't strike the right spot

Ford made no answer, for it was beginning dawn upon him that he could teach the "'lon shore boys," black or white, very little about fis ing. He even allowed Dab to pick out a line f him and put on the hook and sinker, and Dick L showed him how to fix his bait, "So de fust cu

ner dat rubs agin it wont knock it off. Dem 's awful mean fish. Good for nuffin but steal bait."

A merry party they were, and the salt water was rapidly drying from the garments of the colored parsman, as he pulled strongly and skillfully out nto the bay and around toward a deep cove to the north of the inlet mouth.

Then, indeed, for the first time in his life, Ford Foster learned what it was to catch fish.

Not but what he had spent many an hour, and even day, in and about other waters; but he had never had two such born fishermen at his elbow to take him to the right place precisely, and then to show him what to do when he got there.

Fun enough, for the fish bit well, and some of hem were of very encouraging size and weight.

Ford would have given half the hooks and lines n his box if he could have caught from Dick or Dab the curious "knack" they seemed to have of coaxing the biggest of the finny folks to their bait nd then over into the boat.

"Never mind, Ford," said Dab; "Dick and I re better acquainted with 'em. They 're always a ittle shy with strangers at first. They don't really mean to be impolite."

Still, it almost looked like some sort of favoritism, and there was no danger but that Dick would e able to appease the mind of his mother without making any mention of the crabs.

At last, almost suddenly, and as if by common onsent, the fish stopped biting, and the two "'longhore boys" began to put away their lines.

"Going to quit?" asked Ford.

"Time 's up and tide 's turned," responded Dab. Not another bite, most likely, till late this evening. Might as well pull up and go home."

"Mus' look for wot 's lef' ob de ole scow on de ay home," said Dick. "I 'se boun' to ketch it for at good-for-not'in' ole board."

"We 'll find it and tow it in," said Dab, "and erhaps we can get it mended. Anyhow, you can o with us next week. We 're going to make a ruise in Ham Morris's yacht. Will you go?"

"Will I go? Yoop!" almost yelled the excited oy. "Dat 's jest de one t'ing I 'd like to jine. Vont we hab fun! She 's jest de bes' boat on dis ull bay. You aint foolin' me, is yer?"

He was strongly assured that his young white ssociates were in sober earnest about both their urpose and their promise, and, after that, he insted on rowing all the distance home.

On the way, the old punt was taken in tow; but the tide had swept it so far inside the mouth of the inlet, that there was less trouble in pulling it the rest of the way. It was hardly worth the labor, but Dab knew what a tempest the loss of it might bring around the ears of poor Dick.

When they reached the landing and began to overhaul their very brilliant "catch," Dabney said:

"Now, Dick, take your string home, leave that basket of crabs at Mr. Foster's, then come back with the basket and carry the rest to our house. Ford and I 'll see to the rest of the fish."

"I have n't caught half so many as you have, either of you," said Ford, as he saw with what even-handed justice the fish were divided, in three piles, as they were scooped out of the "fish-car."

"What of that?" replied Dabney. "We follow fisherman's rules down this way. Share and share alike, you know. All the luck is outside the boat, they say. Once the fish are landed, your luck 's as good as mine."

"Do they always follow that rule?"

"The man that broke it would n't find company very easily, hereabouts, next time he wanted to go a-fishing. No, nor for anything else. Nobody 'd boat with him."

"Well, if it 's the regular thing," said Ford, hesitatingly. "But I 'll tell who really caught 'em."

"Oh, some of yours are right good ones. Your string would look big enough, some days. Don't you imagine you can pull 'em in every time like we did this morning. Crabs nor fish, either."

"No, I s'pose not. Anyhow, I 've learned some things."

"I guess likely. We 'll go for some more next week. Now for a tug!"

The boat had already been made fast, and the two boys picked up their strings of fish, two for each, after Dick Lee had started for home, and heavy ones they were to carry under that hot sun.

"Come and show the whole lot to my mother," said Ford, "before you take yours into the house. I want her to see them all."

"All right," replied Dab. But he little dreamed of what was coming, for, when he and Ford marched proudly into the sitting-room with their finny prizes, Dabney found himself face to face with, not good, sweet-voiced Mrs. Foster, but, as he thought, the most beautiful young lady he had ever seen.

Ford Foster shouted: "Annie! you here? Well, I never!"

But Dab Kinzer wished all those fish safely back again, swimming in the bay.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF PERSEUS.

(Adapted from the German.)

By Mary A. Robinson.



MANY gods and goddesses were worshiped by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but, besides these, they also believed in *demigods*, so called because, according to tradition, their parentage was half divine and half human. These beings were generally distinguished for beauty, strength, valor or other noble qualities. The stories of their adventures told by ancient writers are as interesting as fairy-tales, and are so often represented in painting and sculpture, and mentioned in books, that it is well for every one to know something about them.

Perseus, one of these demigods, was the son of Jupiter, the highest of the gods, and of Danaë, a mortal woman. It had been prophesied to Danaë's father, Acrisius, king of Argos, that a grandson would take from him both his throne and life, and he therefore caused Danaë and her child to be shut up in a wooden box and thrown into the sea. The box was caught in the net of a fisherman of the isle of Seriphos, by whom its inmates were put safely on shore. The king of the island, whose name was Polydectus, afterward took Danaë under his special care, and brought up her son as if he had been his own.

When Perseus had grown to be a young man, the king urged him to go in search of adventures, and set him the task of bringing him the head of the terrible Gorgon named Medusa. Perseus asked the aid of the gods for this expedition, which he felt obliged to make, and in answer to his prayers, Mercury and Minerva, the patrons of adventurers, led him to the abode of the Grææ, the woman-monsters, so called because they had been born with gray hair. Perseus compelled them to show him where lived the nymphs who had in charge the Helmet of Hades, which rendered its wearer invisible. They introduced Perseus to the nymphs, who at once furnished him with the helmet, and gave him, besides, the winged shoes and the pouch, which he also needed for his task. Then came Mercury, and gave him the Harpe, or curved knife, while Minerva bestowed upon him her polished shield, and showed him how to use it in approaching the Gorgons, that he should not be turned into stone at the sight of them.

Perseus donned his shoes and helmet, and flew until he reached the abode of the Gorgons. These were three hideous daughters of Phorcus, and sisters of the Grææ. One only of them, Medusa, was mortal. Perseus found the monsters asleep. They were covered with dragon scales, and had writhing serpents instead of hair, and, besides these charms, they had huge tusks like those of a boar, brazen hands and golden wings. Whoever looked on them was immediately turned to stone, but Perseus knew this and gazed only on their reflection in his shield. Having thus discovered Medusa, without harm to himself, he cut off her head with his curved knife. Perseus dropped the head of Medusa into the pouch slung over his shoulder, and went quickly on his way. When Medusa's sisters awoke they tried to pursue the young demigod, but the helmet hid him from their sight and they sought him in vain.

At length he alighted in the realm of King Atlas, who was of enormous stature and owned a grove of trees that bore golden fruit, and were guarded by a terrible dragon. In vain did the slayer of Medusa ask the king for food and shelter. Fearful of losing his golden treasure, Atlas refused the wanderer entertainment in his palace. Upon this Perseus became enraged, and taking the head of Medusa from his pouch, held it toward the huge king, who was suddenly turned to stone. His hair and beard changed to forests, his shoulders, hands and bones became rocks, and his head grew up into a lofty mountain-peak. Mount Atlas, in Africa, was believed by the ancients to be the mountain into which the giant was transformed.

Perseus then rose into the air again, continued his journey, and came to Ethiopia, where he beheld a maiden chained to a rock that jutted out into the sea. He was so enchanted with her loveliness that he almost forgot to poise himself in the air with his wings. At last, taking off his helmet so that he and his politeness might be perceived, he said: "Pray tell me, beauteous maiden, what is thy country, what thy name, and why thou art here in bonds?"

The weeping maiden blushed at sight of the handsome stranger, and replied:

"I am Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus, king of

this country. My mother boasted to the nymphs, daughters of Nereus, that she was far more beautiful than they. This roused their anger, and they persuaded Neptune, their friend, to make the sea overflow our shores and send a monster to destroy us. Then an oracle proclaimed that we never should be rid of these evils until the queen's daughter should be given for the monster's prey. The people forced my parents to make the sacrifice, and I was chained to this rock."

As she ceased speaking the waves surged and boiled, and a fearful monster rose to the surface. The maiden shrieked in terror, just as her parents came hastening to her in hopeless anguish, for they could do nothing but weep and moan.

Then Perseus told them who he was, and boldly proposed to rescue the maiden if they would promise to give her to him as his wife.

The king and queen, eager to save Andromeda, at once agreed to this, and said they would give him not only their daughter, but also their own kingdom as her dowry.

Meanwhile, the monster had come within a stone's throw of the shore, so Perseus flew up into the air, put on his helmet, pounced down upon the creature, and killed it, after a fierce struggle. He then sprang ashore and loosed the bonds of Andromeda, who greeted him with words of thanks and looks of love. He restored her to the arms of her delighted parents, and entered their palace a happy bridegroom.

Soon the wedding festivities began, and there was general rejoicing. The banquet was not yet over, however, when a sudden tumult arose in the court of the palace. It was caused by Phineus, brother of Cepheus, who had been betrothed to his niece Andromeda, but had failed her in her hour of need. He now made his appearance with a host of followers and clamored for his bride.

But Cepheus arose and cried:

"Brother, art thou mad? Thou didst lose thy bride when she was given up to death before thy face. Why didst thou not then win back the prize? Leave her now to him who fought for her and saved her."

Phineus held his peace, but cast furious looks both at his brother and at Perseus, as if hesitating which to strike first. Finally, with all his might, he threw a spear at Perseus, but missed the mark. This was the signal for a general combat between the guests and servants of Cepheus and Phineus and his followers. The latter were the more numerous, and at last Perseus was quite surrounded by enemies. He fought valiantly, however, striking down his opponents one after another, until he saw that he could not hold out to the end against such odds. Then he made up his mind to use his last, but surest, means of defense, and crying, "Let those who are my friends turn away their faces," he drew forth the head of Medusa and held it toward his nearest adversary.

"Seek thou others," cried the warrior, "whom thou mayst frighten with thy miracles!"

But in the very act of lifting his spear he grew stiff and motionless as a statue. The same fate came upon all who followed, till at last Phineus repented of his unjust conduct. All about him he saw nothing but stone images in every conceivable posture. He called despairingly upon his friends and laid hands on those near him; but all were silent, cold and stony. Then fear and sorrow seized him, and his threats changed to prayers.

"Spare me—spare my life!" he cried to Perseus, "and bride and kingdom shall be thine!"

But Perseus was not to be moved to mercy, for his friends had been killed before his very face. So Phineus shared the doom of his followers and was turned to stone.

After these events Perseus and Andromeda were married, and together they journeyed to Seriphos, where they heard that the king had been ill-treating Danaë. When, therefore, the tyrant assembled his court to see how Perseus had done his task, the son avenged his mother's wrongs by petrifying the assemblage—king, courtiers and all! Then he gave back to the nymphs the helmet, shoes and pouch they had lent to him, returned the knife to Mercury, and presented Minerva with Medusa's head, which ever after she wore upon her shield.

With his mother and his wife Perseus then sought his timid grandfather Acrisius, and found him, not in his own realm of Argos, but at Larisa, the city of King Teutamias, looking on at some public games. Perseus must needs meddle in the exercises, and so managed to fulfill the old prophecy and accidentally slay his grandfather by an unlucky throw of the discus, a kind of flat quoit.

Perseus, who deeply mourned his grandfather's fate, soon exchanged the kingdom of Argos for Tiryns, and there founded the city of Mycenæ. He lived very happily with his wife, and ruled his kingdom long and wisely.

THE STORY LITTLE NELL READ.

NELL's mother had gone away for a long visit, and had left her little girl with grandma, who loved her so much and was so kind to her that Nell was very happy and very good,—except sometimes. Her naughty times were lesson-times. Grandma, who lived in the country, far away from schools, taught Nell herself; and Nell did n't like it.

That was queer, too, for she dearly loved stories—when grandma read them—and could lie down on the soft rug before the fire, and play with the kitty, and just listen. But when she had to sit up in a chair by the table, and read for herself,—out loud, so that grandma could be sure she got all the long words right,—she would look so cross that it made grandma sad to see her, and long for a way to cure her little girl's naughty temper.

She did find a way. One day, she came home from the store with a beautiful new book, all red and gold outside, and full of pictures within. "There!" she said to Nell, "you 'll surely like to read that!" But Nell did n't think so, and, when grandma opened the book and asked her to read the middle story, she looked crosser than ever.

"Why, it 's the story of 'A Naughty Girl!'" she said. "I don't believe I 'll like that, grandma." But grandma said nothing; only looked as if she were listening very hard, and Nell read on:

"Once up-on a time, there was a naught-y lit-tle girl. She had been naught-y so long that two lit-tle frowns had grown quite fast to her eye-brows, and the cor-ners of her mouth turn-ed down so tight that she on-ly had room for a lit-tle bit of a smile, which did not come ver-y oft-en be-cause it felt so crowd-ed; and, when she was ver-y an-gry, it just slip-ped a-way al-to-geth-er ——"

"Stop there!" said grandma, in such a funny tone that Nell looked up to see what she meant. Grandma stood beside her, holding a little mirror so that Nell could not help seeing her own face in it.

She looked and looked, and her face grew as red as the cover of her book, and she wanted to cry, but at last she thought better of it, and looking up shyly, said:

"Grandma, I know! I 'd do for a picture to put to this girl's story. My face is just like that! But see now!"—and she opened her eyes very wide, and raised up her eyebrows so far that the two little frowns in them got frightened and tumbled off, and the wee smile that came to her lips

found so much room that it stretched itself into a real good laugh, and grandma laughed too, and they were very merry all that day.

Grandma's little mirror taught Nell a lesson, and now, when she feels



"THE FROWNS TUMBLED OFF."

ne frowns coming back, she lifts her eyebrows almost up to her hair, and uns for her red book, and she and grandma both laugh to think how Nell was made into a picture to fit the naughty girl's story.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WELL, here 's July come again, warm and bright and happy, and the children of the Red Schoolhouse are as busy as bees getting ready for the Fourth. I suppose you are, too, my dears. Have as good a time as you can, and help some other body to have a good time, too. But don't blow yourselves up, for that is not the proper way to rise in the world.

For my part, I don't quite see the use of burning so much gunpowder by way of celebrating the Fourth of July. From all I can make out, the mere making sure of that day burned up quite enough of it.

But then, I 'm only a peaceable Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and, of course, I can't be expected to understand all these things.

Now, to work! But take it coolly and quietly, my dears. Don't treat business as though it were a lighted fire-cracker with a short fuse.

First comes a message from Deacon Green about

ARIOSTO'S FAIRY-STORY.

THE Deacon says that, as preaching is warm work just now, he will do no more than give you a text, this time, and you can have a try at the sermon all by yourselves. Here is what he sends you as the text:

Ariosto, the Italian poet, tells a story of a fairy, whose fate obliged her to pass certain seasons in the form of a snake. If anybody injured her during those seasons, he never after shared in the rich blessings that were hers to give; but those who, in spite of her ugly looks, pitied and cared for her, were crowned for the rest of their lives with good fortune, had all their wishes granted, and became truly blessed.

"Such a spirit," adds the Deacon, "is Liberty. And neither we nor our country can be kept safe without her. Since, too, Liberty cannot be kept safe without sincerity and manhood ——"

There, my dears, this gives you a good start. Now go on with the sermon.

A CONGRESS OF BIRDS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have something to tell you about some of your friends the birds, and perhaps your chicks can help answer the questions the anecdote raises.

One summer evening of 1846, at Catskill Village, vast numbers of whip-poor-wills and swallows began to gather from all directions about an hour before sunset, and in a few minutes the sky was dark with their wings. They assembled above a high hill, and over the cemetery which was on this hill they circled and wheeled and mixed together, calling and twittering in a state of great excitement. They were so many that, standing anywhere in the cemetery, which covered about forty acres, one might have knocked them down by hundreds with an ordinary fishing-rod.

The birds, though of such opposite natures, mingled in a friendly way, and seemed to be trying to settle some question of importance to both parties. Soon, the sun sank behind the mountains, and, while his last rays were fading, the birds went off in squads, as they had come, and all quickly disappeared.

Whence they came, whither they went, and why they assembled, are yet mysteries to, your friend, Z. R. B.

MIDSUMMER NOON.

HERE are some lines I heard a summer or two ago. It seems to me that John Clare—the man who wrote them, I believe—must have made them when he was near my pulpit, for they tell just how things are here these sultry noons.

"The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden hushed and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along
Seems weary of its merry song,
And, so soft its waters sleep,
Tired silence sinks in slumber deep.

"The taller grass upon the hill,
And spider's threads, are standing still;
The feathers, dropped from moor-hen's wing,
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream."

PIGS WITH SOLID HOOFS, AND PIGS THAT ARE NOT PIGS.

IN Texas there are pigs whose hoofs are no divided like those of ordinary pigs, but are each in one solid piece; at least, so I 'm informed in a paragram fresh from England.

If this is true, it is a strange thing; but here 's something that seems even stranger still:

The Guinea-pig is not a pig, and there are no Guinea-pigs in Guinea. However, there are plenty in Guiana, and, as the names of these places are very much alike, perhaps people got mixed in calling them. The places are far enough apart though, I believe; but this you can see by your maps.

At any rate, the Guinea-pig is a sort of cousin of the squirrel and rabbit, and is fond of potato and apple peelings, carrot-tops, parsley, and cabbage; but he likes best the leaves from the tea-pot.

JACK.

WELL, well! How much the dictionary men have to answer for! Now, who, without them, ever would have thought that the name "Jack"—my name—is sometimes used in an offensive sense?

For instance, as I 'm told, these fellows make out that "Jack Frost" means a mischievous boy

"Jack Towel" is a servants' towel; and a "Jack" is a machine to do the work of a common workman, to lift heavy weights. Then there 's a "Boot Jack," taking the place of a servant; a "Smoke Jack," another servant, to turn a spit; a "Jack-a-Napes," or saucy fellow; "Jack Tar," a common sailor; and "Jacket," a little Jack or coat.

Now, I 'm half inclined to take this ill of the dictionary men. But perhaps I 'm misinformed about them.

"TAKE THAT!"

THIS is not slang, my dears; not a bit of it. It is but the translation of an inscription on an ancient Egyptian ball, a leaden one, used as a kind of bullet and thrown from a sling. Sometimes the name of the slinger was put on the ball,—so that the wounded could tell whom to thank, perhaps.

The phrase "Take that!" has not entirely gone out of fashion, I believe; and yet the world ought to be old enough to know better, by this time.

ANTS AGAIN.

TALKING about ants last month put me in mind of a scrap, written long ago by the Little Schoolma'am, and which one of my chicks sent to me. Here it is, with the picture that belongs to it:



"AND AWAY WENT THE PIECE OF BREAD!"

"Hurrah!" said an ant to her sister,
"I 've found a nice piece of bread;
We may push and pull, to carry it home,
Where the little ants wait to be fed."

So one pulled till she fell over backward,
And the other pushed with her head,
When down came a thief of a sparrow,
And away went the piece of bread!

AIR THAT SINGS AND TALKS.

No doubt, my dears, you think that it is only ien and phonographs and such things that talk nd sing; so did I until lately. But I 've just eard that there are some places in the world here the air itself sings and talks. This fact, I 'm told, is as old as the hills and woods; and it is easy to prove, too. All you have to do is to go into the open air and blow a horn, or call aloud, or sing in a strong clear voice, among the hills, or by the edge of a wood, or even near a big empty barn.

Give this a good trial, my chicks, and let me know the result. Even if you don't succeed, there 's no doubt the experiment will prove interesting, and you 'll do no harm. Don't be afraid of disturbing the birds; they 're friends of mine, as you know, and, if you tell them you are doing it for me, they will gladly put up with a little extra noise.

PLANTS WITH HAIR.

SOME plants have hairs on their leaves, making them feel rough to the touch, as I 've heard. This can be seen very plainly by looking at a common mallow-leaf through a microscope. And there is the mullein, too, with very stiff hairs.

Now, what are these hairs for? I have been wanting to know this for some time, and should be glad if some of you clever chicks would look into the matter, and tell me what you find out.

AN ODD HYMN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Will you please ask the Little Schoolma'am, Deacon Green, and all your young folks, if they know and can tell me where to find the rest of the verses that go with this one?

"The Choctaw and the Cherokee,
The Kickapoo and Kaw,
Likewise the Pottawatamie,—
O teach them all thy law!"

I think it is part of an old-fashioned missionary hymn. I once heard a boy repeat the whole of it, but this is the only verse I can remember.—Yours truly, L. M. B.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS, ONCE MORE.

F.'S question, in the May number, about when the Ancients left off and the Moderns began, has been answered by Charles J. Brandt, E. L. S., Stevie B. Franklin, H. J. W., "Amneris," S. B. A., Edward Liddon Patterson, A. R. C., C. C. F., and Bessie P.

They all say pretty much the same thing, which is, that Ancient history left off about the year A. D. 476, with the fall of the western Roman Empire; that then came the Middle or Dark Ages; and that the Moderns began about the year A. D. 1450, or a little while before the discovery of America. But, of course, if you don't feel quite sure that these chicks have given correct answers, you 'd do well to look farther into the matter.

THE INCOMPLETE TEXT.

MY DEAR JACK: The letter E is the one to be added to that church-wall text which you gave to your chicks in May. If this vowel is set in at the right places, the text will read:

"Persevere, ye perfect men;
Ever keep these precepts ten!"

This refers, of course, to the Ten Commandments that came through Moses. In a postscript you will find the names of the bright chicks who sent in the whole text in its complete form. Please give them my good wishes.—Yours sincerely, SILAS GREEN.

P. S.—Fred S. Mead, Charles F. Fitts, Mary H. Bradley, Lou D. Denison, H. J. W., Arnold Guyot Cameron, "Nane," A. R. C., "Daisy," Nellie Emerson; Bessie and Charlie Wheeler; Marie Armstrong, Neils E. Hansen, Katie Burnett, Lucy V. McRill, O. K. H., Bessie Dorsey, S. C., Edward A. Page, Bessie P.; Gladys H. Wilkinson, of Manchester, England; and Lane MacGregor.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Boston, Mass., May 2, 1878.

DEAR SAINT NICHOLAS: Will you give me room to rectify a slip of the pen? My "Sing-away Bird," in your May number, is not a thrush, but a sparrow; and I ought to be ashamed of the mistake, for I knew he was a sparrow, and had already spoken of him, in a story in verse, published three or four years ago, as

"Only a sparrow with a snowy throat."

Not only that, I hear his music every year, when I go into the White Mountain region, and consider it one of the chief charms of the wild scenery there. He sang this particular song to me last autumn, on the banks of the Androscoggin at Berlin Falls.

I ask his pardon and yours for the blunder, and send the stanza as I have corrected it to make it tell the truth:

'T was the white-throated sparrow, that sped a light arrow
Of song from his musical quiver;
And the lingering spell slid through every dell
On the banks of the Runaway River.
"O sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
And the trill of the sweet singer had
The sound of a soul that is glad.

I hope there are plenty of the ST. NICHOLAS children who know our wild birds well enough to see for themselves that I must have meant the one commonly known as the "Peabody-bird," so styled because his song seems always to be calling some human estray of that name, who never comes.

But, indeed, I am afraid that none of us know our musical little friends of the fields and woods as well as we should and might know them, if we studied into the matter.—Truly yours,

LUCY LARCOM.

THE story of Perseus, in this number, has been set in a frame of stars by the old astronomers. In Professor Proctor's sky-map in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1877, you will find the constellation.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I find in Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" that he speaks of a "voyage to the country of the Houyhnhnms." Here are six consonants all in a row, and I would like to know if such a word can be correctly pronounced.

If it is pronounced "hoy-nims," and I doubt the possibility of pronouncing it any other way, is there any need of so many consonants? —Yours truly, CHARLES A. REED.

The word "Houyhnhnms" is the name given by Dean Swift to an imaginary race of horses endowed with reason. It is in two syllables, hou-yhnhnms, and may be pronounced "hoo-inmz," with the accent on either syllable, but the voice ought to be quavered in sounding the "n." It is likely that Swift spelled the word so as to get a set of sounds as nearly as possible like the gentle whinny of a horse when pleased.

Aintab, Northern Syria.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a little piece in your magazine, in the department of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," entitled "Persian Stoves," and I thought you would like to know that the native people in Turkey, right here, do just the same; and, to tell the truth, it is very comfortable sometimes. They call it tandoor. I have a brother in Constantinople studying, also a younger brother, and a dear little sister named Isabelle, here. We have taken your magazine ever since it started, and I think I at least shall never tire of it. Love to Jack and the Little Schoolma'am, Deacon Green, and all our old friends.—Your loving friend and reader, ELIZABETH M. TROWBRIDGE.

Portsmouth, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure you will like to hear how a cat adopted a mouse, so here is the whole story for you.

A mother cat, named Tabby, had all her kittens taken away except one, and she loved and petted this one little kitten as much as one little kitten could be loved and petted. But she had a heart so full of love that she could not possibly use it all up on one kitten; so, one day, she brought home the cunningest little mouse I ever saw. That little mouse, when she found herself in the cat's mouth, must have thought there was not much more fun for her, but that Mrs. Cat was taking her home to make a luncheon upon her. But Tabby carried her very carefully, so as not to rumple her smooth coat of fur nor break any of her tiny bones. When Tabby reached home, she dropped the mouse into the warm nest where lay her kitten, and immediately began to wash off the dust of travel, just as she daily bathed Kitty. Mousey liked this so well that she remained very quiet and quickly dropped asleep.

Tabby's mistress soon became interested in the happy family, and supplied bits of cheese and other things that mice like to eat. Now and then she saw this mouse perched on the back of the sleepy little kitten, and nibbling a bit of cheese held between her two front paws. Old Tabby would raise her head from her nap, to see what the little one was doing, and Mousey would hide her lunch in one cheek, and look so innocent that Tabby would go to sleep again. Then Mousey would out with her cheese and go on nibbling. Thus, cat, kitten and mouse lived happily together until, one unfortunate day, Tabby had company; and before she could introduce the company to her family, the company had introduced the pet mouse to itself, and had swallowed her at one mouthful. Tabby tried hard to act as if her company were welcome, but she wore a very sad look during the whole visit. This is a true story.—Yours sincerely, A. J. B.

"THE ST. NICHOLAS CLUB, of Philadelphia," a company of young puzzlers, have sent us four clever metrical answers to Mr. Cranch's poetical charades published in the April number. We are sorry that we have not room to print all these answers, but here are two of them:

FIRST CHARADE.

When swiftly in the *car* you glide,
With friend or lover by your side,
All fear or danger you deride.

But should the car be overset,
You surely will be in a *pet*,
Although no ill betide.

When safely in your home you rest,
With foot upon the *carpet* pressed,
You heed no gloom outside.

THIRD CHARADE.

A man named Nicholas, with heavy *pick*,
On bar of steel scarce made a dent or *nick*.
"Pick, Nick!" a passing jester cried, in pleasant part.
"I wish it were *picnic*," said he, "with all my heart."

ALL the illustrations to the article called "Easter in Germany," printed in the April number, were credited in the table of contents to Mr. J. F. Runge. But the pictures entitled "An Easter Fancy," "An Easter Carriage," and "An Easter Load," were drawn by Miss Fanny E. Corne, the author of the article, and should have been credited to her.

A CORRESPONDENT, H. F. G., sends us the following novel and audacious comparisons of words:

COMPARISONS OF WORDS.

(P. stands for Positive; C., Comparative; S., Superlative.)

P.	A part of the foot	Sole	
C.	Pertaining to the sun	Solar	
S.	Comforted	Solaced	
P.	A river in Scotland	Dee	
C.	An animal	Deer	
S.	One who does not believe in inspiration	Deist	
P.	A negative	No	
C.	A Bible worthy	Noah	
S.	Dost know	Knowest	
P.	To divide	Halve	
C.	A port of France	Havre	
S.	The time of gathering grain and fruit	Harvest	
P.	A grain	Corn	
C.	An angle	Corner	
S.	With an upper molding	Cornised	
P.	A personal pronoun	Ye	
C.	A division of time	Year	
S.	Is used in making bread	Yeast	
P.	A knot	Bow	
C.	A tedious person	Bore	
S.	To make great pretensions	Boast	
P.	A personal pronoun	You	
C.	A pitcher	Ewer	
S.	Accustomed	Used	
P.	A line of things	Row	
C.	A loud, deep voice or sound	Roar	
S.	To cook	Roast	
P.	To move with a lever	Pry	
C.	Previous	Prior	
S.	Appraised	Priced	

P. A secret agent. . . . . Spy
C. A steeple . . . . . Spire
S. Seasoned . . . . . Spiced

P. A body of water. . . Sea
C. A prophet . . . . . Seer
S. At an end . . . . . Ceased

P. A song . . . . . Lay
C. A stratum . . . . . Layer
S. Fastened with a cord Laced

P. A meadow . . . . . Lea
C. One of Shakspeare's royal characters. . . . Lear
S. Rented . . . . . Leased

P. An insect. . . . . Flea
C. To mock . . . . . Fleer
S. Sheared . . . . . Fleeced

P. A path . . . . . Way
C. One who weighs . . . . Weigher
S. Desolate . . . . . Waste

P. A very common abbreviation . . . . . Co
C. The center . . . . . Core
S. Border of the sea . . . . Coast

P. A part of the body . . Neck
C. A river of South-west Germany . . . . . Neckar
S. Nearest . . . . . Next

P. A river in Italy . . . . . Po
C. To examine steadily and earnestly . . . . Pore
S. A pillar . . . . . Post

P. A vowel. . . . . E
C. A spike of corn . . . . . Ear
S. A point of compass. . East

P. A tool. . . . . Hoe
C. Whitish . . . . . Hoar
S. An army . . . . . Host

P. A personal pronoun I
C. Anger . . . . . Ire
S. Cooled with ice . Iced

P. Compensation. . . . Fee
C. Terror. . . . . Fear
S. An entertainment. . . . Feast

P. To clothe. . . . . Indue
C. To suffer . . . . . Endure
S. Persuaded . . . . . Induced

Brattleborough, Vt.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been trying to start a fresh-water aquarium which shall be self-supporting. I have failed, so far, because I have been unable to procure the proper oxygen-producing plants.

The little brook-plants I have tried do not answer the purpose. Can you tell me where I can find the following plants, or their seeds: *Vallisneria spiralis* (or tape-grass), *Callitriche verna* (or water-starwort), and *Anacharis alsinastrum* (or water-thyme)?—Yours truly,

E. M. P.

In general terms, the first and third plants named by E. M. P. are to be sought for in very quiet streams, or in ponds; but, as they are quite submerged, they may escape attention. *Callitriche* is to be found floating on the surfaces of small ponds or pools. But perhaps E. M. P. is a little too far north for *Vallisneria*. *Anacharis* is in Canada, and should, by rights, be in Vermont.

However, E. M. P. need not be restricted to these. In quiet fresh-water streams, and especially in ponds, there are *Myriophyllums* (or water-milfoil), *Ceratophyllums* (or hornwort), the aquatic *Ranunculuses*, and the *Utricularias* (or bladderworts), all of which naturally grow submerged and are quite as good for producing oxygen as those named by E. M. P. Water-cresses will do to get along with until the other plants can be found.

DEAR ST. NICKOLAS: Daisie and me thought we would rite you a letter, and tell you that we did the ansers to some of your puzzles in the May number. We did them most all our own self. We are twin-sisters, and we are both just as old as each other. We go to skool every day. So good by.—From youre little frends,

DOTTIE AND DAISIE.

P. S.—We both send our love to your little girls and boys.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to know how to press flowers. The first thing to do, after you have gathered them, is to lay them smoothly between tissue-paper; then you must have felt drying-paper to put each side of the tissue-paper. The felt must be changed every day. The tissue-paper must not be changed at all, only the felt. Then you must have two pieces of smooth board, to put the papers between, and a box full of stones for a presser. We used a common soap-box, and put in stones to the weight of about thirty-five pounds. The handles were made of rope. I have found this a splendid way to press flowers, as it absorbs the moisture from the flower and does not leave it at all brittle.

Will you publish this, so that all the little girls who take ST. NICHOLAS may have the opportunity of pressing flowers?—and I hope they may enjoy it as much as I did.—Your little friend,

ROSIE S. PALMER.

WE have received letters in answer to Frank R. M.'s question about an English painter, printed in the May "Letter-Box," from Carrie Johnson, M. S. Bagley, Alice Lanigan, Lillie M. Sutphen, Seth K. Humphrey, Hannah I. Powell, Frank R. Bowman, James Hardy Ropes, Grant Beebe, Isabelle Roorbach, and H. A. M.

Some say the name of the painter is Sir Joshua Reynolds; others say it is John Opie, who, also, was a great painter: and one or two think that while Frank R. M.'s anecdote about the reply "With brains, sir!" belongs to Opie, all the rest of the description concerns Reynolds only. And this last seems to be the fact.

John Opie was born at St. Agnes, near Truro, in the county of Cornwall, England, in the year 1761; and died in the city of London, April 9th, 1807.

SEVERAL of our young correspondents seem to have taken to writing poetry of late. The two following letters and poems—printed just as they came to us—will serve as samples of those received:

Winchester, Tenn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS, Seeing so many writing to you of my age I thought I would send you a letter. I am ten years old. and am advanced for my age. I like to read you very much, &c.—Your constant reader

ALBERT MARKS.

P. S.—Please publish this poetry. which I wrote.

1. I looked o'er the
Place where Xerxes
Massed his millions
Before the grecian army,

2. I looked where Xerxes
Massed his hundred of ships
Before the small grecian
Navy. I looked o'er the place

3. Where Xerxes reared a mighty
Throne. I looked where ambitious
Cæsar fell benea the assassin's dagger.
I looked where brave Leonidas braved
The millions of Xerxes.

4. I looked where Vesuvius laid
Pompeii under ashes and Lava. I looked
Where Marco Bozzaris bled for the
liberty of Greece.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS I have taken an idea lately, of writing poetry, and indeed, when I find myself at a loss to know what to do, I take out my little blank book and begin some little verses, some pretty good and others to my dissapointment, the opposite. I first write my poem on paper and if thought good, put it in my book. The following is a little piece on

SPRING.

Oh, look! The grass is getting green
The buds begin to sprout
The blossoms on the oak-tree
Are beginning to come out

But hark! Who is that singing?
It is the robin gay
He has come back to greet us
Upon this happy day

But when we see the streamlet
Released from ice and snow
And down its pebbly routine
In music sweet and low,

And when at last the may flowers
Their sunny faces bring
It makes us feel so happy
And reminds us it is spring

R. S. F.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY:

YUSUF IN EGYPT: AND HIS FRIENDS. By Sara Keables Hunt. Eight full-page illustrations. Yusuf is a boy donkey-driver of Cairo, in Egypt. In telling the story of this brave little fellow's ups and downs in the world, the author describes many interesting scenes and incidents of modern Egyptian life, and conveys in an attractive way much information about the country and its people, customs, ancient temples and history.

NAN'S THANKSGIVING. By Hope Ledyard. Large type; illustrated. A bright and sweet little story of a girl's unselfishness.

SATISFIED. By Catharine M. Trowbridge. Illustrated. AUNT LOU'S SCRAP-BOOK. By Harriet B. McKeever. Large type; illustrated. ANGEL'S CHRISTMAS. By Mrs. O. F. Walton. Illustrated.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail, in the order given, words having the following significations: 1, Arid; 2, to run away; 3, cattle-drivers; 4, to consume; 5, to endeavor. —and leave a complete diamond reading horizontally as follows: 1, A consonant; 2, to cut off; 3, a wanderer; 4, an instrument for writing; 5, a consonant.

CYRIL DEANE.

A CONCEALED BILL-OF-FARE.

IN each of the following sentences, fill the blank with a word to be found concealed in its sentence:

1. Let each guest have some ——. 2. Eating some —— will be effectual in satisfying hunger 3. Nothing but terrible starvation could make one eat such ——! 4. Ah! a morsel of —— will taste good. 5. Give me, I beg, good brown bread and a well-cooked ——. 6. Don't take cold ham; eat some of this freshly cooked, hot ——. 7. Stop! I entreat you! Don't give the child any more ——. 8. What if I should eat more ——? 9. He has had quite enough ——. 10. Let me whisper to you. There sits a lady who, it seems to me, is very fond of ——. 11. You will take, I hope, a spoonful of ——? 12. She has helped me twice to ——.

O'B.

EASY "ANNIVERSARY" PUZZLES.

(Three Anniversaries.)



1.



2.



3.

THESE three pictures represent three annual anniversaries, the names of which are to be found The character of each anniversary is appropriately symbolized in its picture.

CHARL.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. AN article used every day as human food. 2. A current report, generally unauthorized. 3. A mineral much used in polishing metals. 4. Part of the most important organ of the human body. 5. A mythical being, supposed by the ancient Greeks to inhabit lonely woods.

B.

ANAGRAM DOUBLE-DIAMOND AND INCLOSED DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.

FROM the sentence "Mad at pert hens," form a double-diamond of which the center shall be a double word-square.

The diamond must read, across: 1. In profitable. 2. A covering for the head. 3. Paired. 4. An implement used in writing. 5. In profitless.

The word-square must read, downward: 1. A casual event. 2. Partook of food. 3. A spelled number.

C. D.

GEOGRAPHICAL SINGLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials will give one of England's principal sea-ports.

1. A river of Ireland. 2. A river in Farther India. 3. A river in France. 4. The largest river in Western Asia. 5. A river in France. 6. A river in Italy. 7. A river in Prussia. 8. A river in North America. 9. A river in Siberia.

S.

EASY HIDDEN LATIN PROVERB.

FIND in the following sentence a Latin proverb in common use:

The sachem seized a garment on which was embroidered his totem, pushed the Italian, Orfugi, to the ground, and precipitately fled.

S. T.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

M–K–H–Y–H–L–T–E–U–S–I–E–.

EVERY other letter is omitted; the answer is a well-known proverb.

J. M. and E. M.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD an indication of sleepiness, and leave an artificial shade. 2. Behead another indication of sleepiness, and leave an animal 3. Behead need, and leave an insect. 4. Behead an article used in packing crockery, and leave a reckoning. 5. Behead an awkward bow, and leave a kind of cloth. 6. Behead a locality, and leave network. 7. Behead to loiter, and leave a dolt. 8. Behead sudden blows, and leave parts of a horse. 9. Behead to turn, and leave a peg. 10. Behead a stain, and leave a piece of land. 11. Behead a bough, and leave a farm in California. 12. Behead loose, and leave want.

M. G. A.

SHAKSPEAREAN ENIGMA.

My first is in Proteus, also in Thurio;
My second in Thurio, also in Proteus;
My third 's in Alonso, also in Sebastian;
My fourth in Sebastian, also in Alonso;
My fifth is in Oliver, also in Sylvius;
My sixth in Sylvius, also in Oliver;
My seventh is in Ferdinand, also in Dumain;
My eighth in Dumain, also in Ferdinand;
My whole is in Shakspeare's "As You Like It."

E. D. A.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



FROM the eight letters of the word which describes the central picture, spell words which name the sixteen objects shown in the border pictures. R.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

AFTER I had read 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 12 11 13, I was convinced that she was thoroughly conversant with the 1 2 3 4 5 6–7 8 9 10 12 11 13, as she is fond of styling polite literature. C. D.

CHARADE.

BENEATH his lady's window, erst,
In hopeless mood,
A minstrel stood.
As, passionate, he smote my first,
From his sad lips my second passed,
And from my first rang out my last.

A sudden joy possessed his soul.
As down the night air sweetly stole
A strain responsive from my whole. L. W. H.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a square column, and leave an adhesive salve; syncopate the salve, and leave a person found in a bindery; syncopate again, and leave a prayer. 2. A ladies' apartment in a seraglio, and leave injury; again, and leave a meat. 3. A rough fastening, and leave to strike together; again, and leave to cover the top. L. E.

ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name a fragrant flower. 1. A domestic animal. 2. A summer luxury. 3. A troublesome insect. 4. A kind of fruit. 5. A short poem. ISOLA.

DOUBLE, REVERSED ACROSTIC.

A LITTLE verb used every day,
Whose letters spell the same each way;
My next, which means to lengthen out,
Spells just the same if turned about;
At close of day you'll find my third,—
Reversed, you have the self-same word;
My fourth, implying "held supreme,"
The same each way, though strange it seem.
An act, these four initials name,
Backward or forward spelled the same. J. P. B.

ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of twenty-one letters, and is the name of one who is dear to thousands of little folks.

1. The 4 6 2 9 10 12 is a mountain in California. 2. The 5 1 8 13 is part of your face. 3. The 7 17 11 3 19 are parts of harness. 4. The 18 20 16 is a color. 5. The 15 14 21 is a girl's nickname. C. D.

EASY ENIGMA.

My 6 5 4 is wrong-doing. My 3 2 1 is an article of female dress sometimes worn over the hair. My whole is a lively ball-game, not now so popular as formerly. H. H. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name a noted American. 1. A naval officer of high rank. 2. Brigands. 3. A singing-bird of America. 4. Part of a circle. 5. A brave man. 6. A blacksmith's implement. 7. A small wild animal somewhat like a weasel. L. A.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. To perceive. 2. King of Persia. 3. A boy's nickname. 4. A consonant. 5. An enemy. 6. Aches. 7. Subjects to a feudal lord. Centrals, read downward, an Alpine animal. A. C. CRETT.

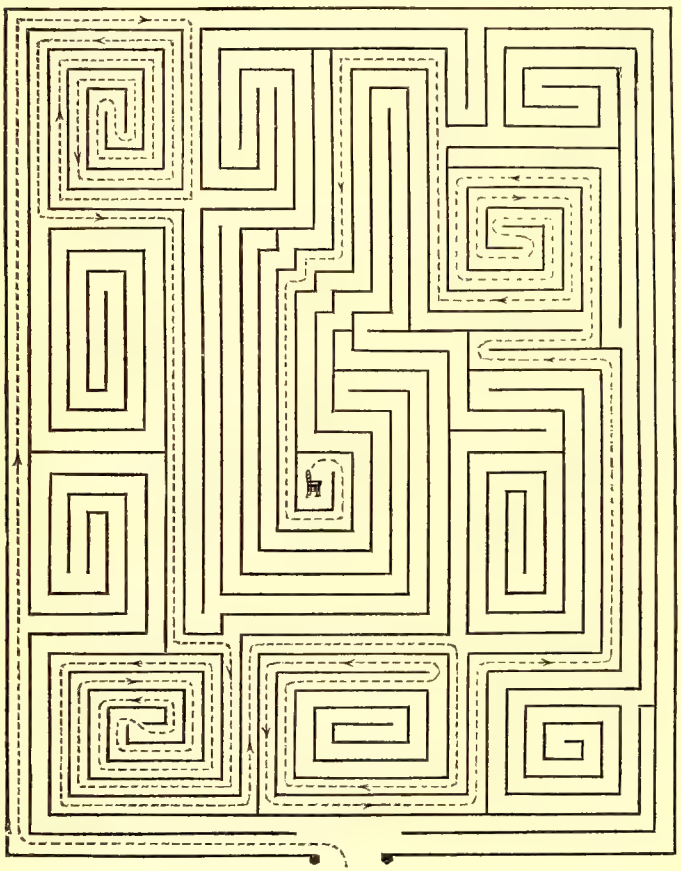
REVERSALS.

1. REVERSE current, and give a wild animal. 2. Reverse part of bridge, and give part of a city. 3. Reverse a swallow, and give stopple. 4. Reverse to praise, and give consisting of two. 5. Reverse an oblique view, and give a lively dance. ISOLA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

EASY BEHEADINGS.—Heart, tear, ear, a.

LABYRINTH.—The dotted line and arrows show the route to the center:



ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.—Metrical Compositions: Pean (hope and) glee (eagle eye); ode (good enough). Portions of Time: Hour (thou rove); eon (June one); era (tower and).

ANAGRAMS.—1. Rhapsody. 2. Numerica 3. Depredation. 4. Exonerates. 5. Derang ing.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—An ox. Turn th picture so that the right-hand edge become the bottom.

MELANGE.—1. Clover, lover. 2. Clove clove. 3. Clover, cover. 4. Clove, lov 5. Lover, lore. 6. Cover, over. 7. Cove core. 8. Over, rove. 9. Rove, roe.

EASY CLASSICAL ACROSTIC.—Demo thenes.

ENIGMA.—"A stitch in time saves nine."

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

A
E L F
A L T E R
F E W
R

CHARADE.—Catacomb; cat, a, comb.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—Levi Nathan; lev athan.

FOUR-LETTER SQUARE-WORD.—

K I N G
I D O L
N O T E
G L E E

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Ohio.

METAGRAM.—1. Batter. 2. Fatter. 3. La ter. 4. Matter. 5. Patter. 6. Tatter. 7. Ra ter.

EASY ACROSTIC.—Constantinople.

BLANK WORD-SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Stagir —tag, sing. 2. Sporting—port, sing. 3. Ro lette—let, route.

CHARADE.—Woman; wo, man.

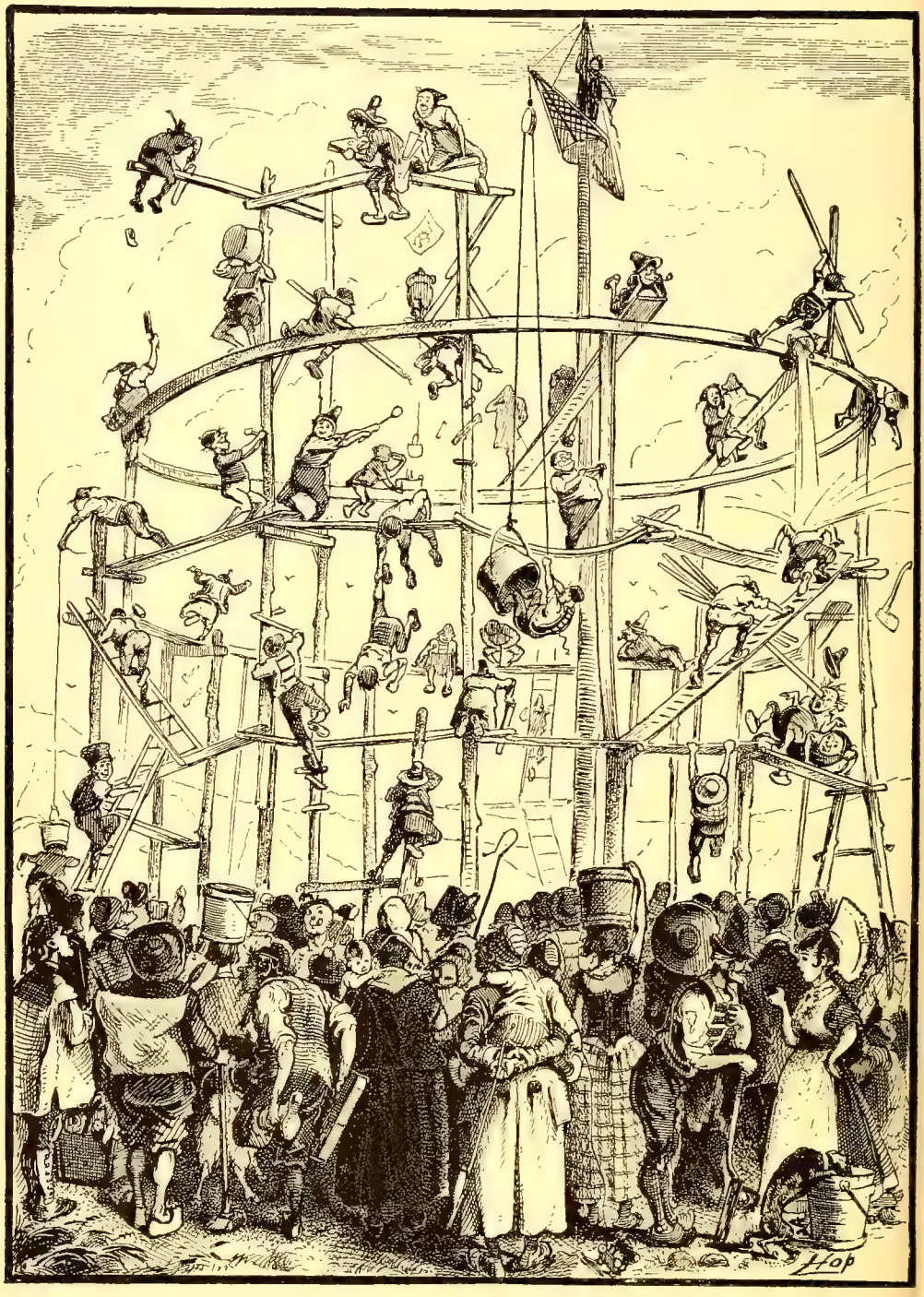
TRANSPOSITIONS OF PROPER NAMES.- 1. Pensacola, clean soap. 2. Taxes, Texa 3. Carolina, an oil-car. 4. Colorado, cool roa 5. Washington; saw nothing, thin wagon 6. Load fir, Florida. 7. New York, worn ke 8. Baltimore, broil meat. 9. Daniel; naile denial. 10. Catherine, in the acre.

SQUARE-WORD.—

L I M E S
I D E A L
M E R G E
E A G L E
S L E E P

ADDITIONS.—1. Imp, ale; impale. 2. Bull eye; bull's-eye. 3. Nan, keen; Nankii 4. P, age; page. 5. Den, Mark; Denmarl 6. Asp, ire; aspire.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 18, from "Pansy," Ben Merrill, Arnold Guyot Cameron; Ma and Charlie Pray; Bessie Hard. Harry H. Wolbert, "Bessie and her Cousin," Nessie E. Stevens, Allie Bertram, Nettie A. Ives, L. E. B Alice Lanigan, M. E. Bagley, Katie Burnett, Bessie Dorsey, "Hard and Tough," E. L. S., Stella N. Stone, Clara S. Gardiner, "Winnie; X. Y. Z., and Bob White; Arthur Stowe, R. T. French, Lizzie Folsom, Lizzie C. Lawrence, Bessie Taylor, Laura Randolph; John L Cress, M. R. Cress, and W. S. Eichelberger; Carrie J. Willcox; Frank and Ralph Bowman; Nellie Emerson, "Black Prince," Neils E Hansen; Bessie and Charlie Wheeler; "Daisy," S. V. Gilbert, Rufus B. Clark, W. H. McGee, Eva Doeblin, Edith Louise Jones, Harol S. MacKaye; Alice B. MacNary and Mary C. Taylor; Florence L. Turrill, "Dottie and Daisie," Nellie C. Graham, S. Norris Knapp Carrie L. Bigelow, George C. Harris, Jr., Eddie F. Worcester, Charles H. Stout, Frank H. Nichols, Susie Hermance, "Birdie and Allie; Allen Bigelow Hathaway and Harold Gray Hathaway; Anna E. Matthewson, H. B. Ayers, Austin D. Mabie, "Kaween," Lewis G. Davis "Beech-Nut," E. M. Fergusson, Julie Baker, Mary H. Bradley, Alfred C. Beebe, Charles N. Cogswell; C. M. Hunter and Frances Hunter "Prebo and Prebo's Uncle," "Cosy Club," Georgine C. Schnitzspahn; V. and G. S.; Floy and Lillie Brown; Austin M. Poole, Georgie B. Eddie Vultee, Bessie L. Barnes, Louisa K. Riedel; and Gladys H. Wilkinson, of Manchester, England.



BUILDING THE CHEESE-PRESS.

[See Page 642.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1878. NO. 10.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

KING CHEESE.

(A Story of the Paris Exhibition of 1867.)

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

WHERE many a cloud-wreathed mountain blanches
Eternally in the blue abyss,
And tosses its torrents and avalanches
Thundering from cliff and precipice,
There is the lovely land of the Swiss,—
Land of lakes and of icy seas,
Of chamois and chalets,
And beautiful valleys,
Musical boxes, watches, and cheese.

Picturesque, with its landscapes green and cool,
Sleek cattle standing in shadow or pool,
And dairy-maids bearing pail and stool,—
That is the quaint little town of Nulle.

There, one day, in the old town-hall,
Gathered the worthy burghers all,
Great and small,
Short and tall,
At the burgomaster's call.

The stout and fat, the lean and lame,
From house and shop, and dairy and pasture,
In queer old costumes, up they came,
Obedient to the burgomaster.

He made a speech—"Fellow-citizens: There is
To be, as you know,
A wonderful show,
Universal Fair, at Paris;
Where every country its product carries,
Whatever most beautiful, useful, or rare is,
To please and surprise,
And perhaps win a prize.

Now here is the question
Which craves your counsel and suggestion—
With you it lies:
So, after wise
And careful consideration of it,
Say, what shall *we* send for our honor and profit?"

Some said this thing, some said that;
Then up rose a burgher, ruddy and fat,
Rounder and redder than all the rest,
With a nose like a rose, and an asthmatic chest;
And says he, with a wheeze,
Like the buzzing of bees:
"I propose, if you please,
That we send 'em a *cheese*."

Then a lithe little man
Took the floor, and began,
In a high, squeaky voice: "I approve of the plan;
But I wish to amend
What's proposed by my friend:
A BIG CHEESE, I think, is the thing we should send."

Then up jumped a third,
To put in a word,
And amend the amendment they had just heard;
"A ROYAL BIG CHEESE" was the phrase he preferred.

The question was moved,
Discussed and approved,
And the vote was unanimous, that it behooved
Their ancient, venerable corporation,

To send such a cheese as should honor the nation.
So ended the solemn convocation;
And, after due deliberation,



"PEASANT GIRLS BRINGING THE MILK."

The burgomaster made proclamation,
Inviting people of every station,
Each according to his vocation,
With patriotic emulation
To join in a general jubilation,
And get up a cheese for the grand occasion.
Then shortly began the preparation.

One morning was heard a mighty clamoring,
With sounds of sawing and planing and hammering.
The painters, forsaking their easels and pallets,
Came to look on, or assist in the labor;
The joiners were there with their chisels and mallets;
Trades of all grades, every man with his neighbor;
The carpenters, coopers,
And stout iron-hoopers,
Erecting a press for the thing to be done in,
A tub big enough to put ton after ton in,
And gutters for rivers of liquid to run in.
March was the month the work was begun in,—
If that could be work they saw nothing but fun in;
'T was finished in April, and long before May
Everything was prepared for the curd and the whey.

Then the bells were set ringing—
The milking began;
All over the land went the dairy-maids singing;
Boy and man,
Cart, pail, and can,
And peasant girls, each in her pretty dress,
From highway and by-way all round, came bringing,
Morning and evening, the milk to the press.
Then it took seven wise-heads together to guess
Just how much rennet, no more and no less,
Should be added, to curdle and thicken the mess.

So, having been properly warmed and stirred,
The cheese was set; and now, at a word,
Ten strong men fell to cutting the curd.
Some whey was reheated;
The cutting repeated;
Each part of the process most carefully treated,
For fear they might find, when the whole was completed,
Their plan had by some mischance been defeated.

Now the weavers come bringing the web they were spinning,
A cloth for the curd, of the stoutest of linen.
The ten men attack it,
And tumble and pack it
Within the vast vat in its dripping gray jacket,
And the press is set going with clatter and racket.
The great screw descends, as the long levers play,
And the curd, like some crushed living creature, gives way;
It sighs in its troubles—
The pressure redoubles!
It mutters and sputters,
And hisses and bubbles,
While down the deep gutters,
From every pore spirted, rush torrents of whey.

The cheese was pressed, and turned, and cured,
And so was made, as I am assured,
The rich-odored, great-girdled Emperor
Of all the cheeses that ever were.

Then, everything ready, what should they have else,
In starting His Majesty on his travels,
But a great procession up and down
Through the streets of the quaint old town?

So they made
A grand parade,
With marching train-band, guild, and trade:
The burgomaster in robes arrayed,
Gold chain, and mace, and gay cockade,
Great keys carried, and flags displayed,
Pompous marshal and spruce young aide,
Carriage and foot and cavalcade;
While big drums thundered and trumpets brayed,
And all the bands of the canton played;
The fountain spouted lemonade,

Children drank of the bright cascade;
Spectators of every rank and grade,
The young and merry, the grave and staid,
Alike with cheers the show surveyed,
From street and window and balustrade,—
Ladies in jewels and brocade,
Gray old grandam, and peasant maid
With cap, short skirt, and dangling braid;
And youngsters shouted, and horses neighed,
And all the curs in concert bayed:
'T was thus with pomp and masquerade,
On a broad triumphal chariot laid,
Beneath a canopy's moving shade,
By eight cream-colored steeds conveyed,
To the ringing of bells and cannonade,
King Cheese his royal progress made.

So to the Paris Exposition,
His Majesty went on his famous mission.

At the great French Fair!
Everything under the sun is there,
Whatever is made by the hand of man:
Silks from China and Hindostan,
Grotesque bronzes from Japan;
Products of Iceland, Ireland, Scotland,
Lapland, Finland, I know not what land—
North land, south land, cold land, hot land,—
From Liberia,
From Siberia,—
Every fabric and invention,
From every country you can mention:



"SO THEY MADE A GRAND PARADE."

From Algeria and Sardinia;
From Ohio and Virginia;
Egypt, Siam, Palestine;
Lands of the palm-tree, lands of the pine;
Lands of tobacco, cotton, and rice,
Of iron, of ivory, and of spice,
Of gold and silver and diamond,—
From the farthest land, and the land beyond.

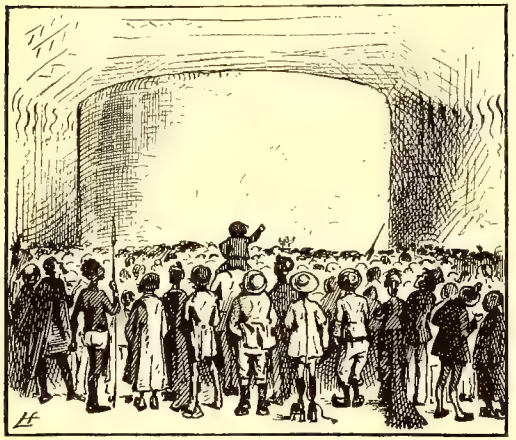
And everybody is there to see:
From Mexico and Mozambique;
Spaniard, Yankee, Heathen Chinee;
Modern Roman and modern Greek;
Frenchman and Prussian,
Turk and Russian,
Foes that have been, or foes to be:
Through miles on miles
Of spacious aisles,
'Mid the wealth of the world in gorgeous piles,
Loiter and flutter the endless files!

Encircled all day by a wondering throng,
That gathers early and lingers long,
Behold where glows, in his golden rind,
The marvel the burghers of Nulle designed!
There chatters the cheery *bourgeoisie;*
And children are lifted high to see;
And "Will it go up in the sky to-night?"
Asks little ma'm'selle, in the arms of her mother,—
"Rise over the houses and give us light?
Is this where it sets when it goes out of sight?"
For she takes King Cheese for his elder brother!

But now it is night, and the crowds have departed;
The vast dim halls are still and deserted;
Only the ghost-like watchmen go,
Through shimmer and shadow, to and fro;
While the moon in the sky,
With his half-shut eye,
Peers smilingly in at his rival below.

At this mysterious hour, what is it
That comes to pay the Fair a visit?

The gates are all barred,
With a faithful guard
Without and within; and yet 't is clear
Somebody—or something—is entering here!



"ENCIRCLED ALL DAY BY A WONDERING THRONG."

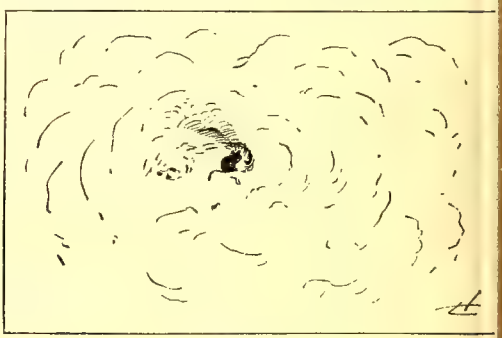
There is a Paris underground,
Where dwells another nation;
Where neither lawyer nor priest is found,
Nor money nor taxation;
And scarce a glimmer, and scarce a sound
Reaches those solitudes profound,
But silence and darkness close it round,—
A horrible habitation!
Its streets are the sewers, where rats abound;
Where swarms, unstifled, unstarved, undrowned,
Their ravenous population.

Underground Paris has heard of the Fair;
And up from the river, from alley and square,
To the wonderful palace the rats repair;
And one old forager, grizzled and spare,—
The wisest to plan and the boldest to dare,
To smell out a prize or to find out a snare,—
In some dark corner, beneath some stair
(I never learned how, and I never knew where),
Has gnawed his way into the grand affair;
First one rat, and then a pair,
And now a dozen or more are there.
They caper and scamper, and blink and stare,
While the drowsy watchman nods in his chair.
But little a hungry rat will care
For the loveliest lacquered or inlaid ware,
Jewels most precious, or stuffs most rare;—
There 's a marvelous smell of cheese in the air!
They all make a rush for the delicate fare;
But the shrewd old fellow squeaks out, "Beware!
'T is a prize indeed, but I say, forbear!
For cats may catch us and men may scare,
And a well-set trap is a rat's despair;
But if we are wise, and would have our share
With perfect safety to hide and hair,
Now listen, and we will our plans prepare."

The watchman rouses, the rats are gone;
On a thousand windows gleams the dawn;
And now once more
Through every door,
With hustle and bustle, the great crowds pour;
And nobody hears a soft little sound,
As of sawing or gnawing, somewhere underground.

At length, the judges, going their round,
Awarding the prizes, enter the hall,
Where, amid cheeses big and small,
Reposes the sovereign of them all.
They put their tape round it, and tap it and
bore it;
And bowing before it,
As if to adore it,
Like worshipers of the sun, they stand,—
Slice in hand,
Pleased and bland,
While their bosoms glow and their hearts expand.
They smell and they taste;
And, the rind replaced,
The foremost, smacking his lips, says: "Mes-
sieurs!
Of all fine cheeses at market or fair,—
Holland or Rochefort, Stilton or Cheshire,
Neufchâtel, Milanese,—
There never was cheese,
I am free to declare,
That at all could compare
With this great Gruyère!"

In short, so exceedingly well it pleases,
They award it a prize over all the cheeses.



"FIRST, ONE RAT."

That prize is the pride of the whole Swiss nation
And the town of Nulle, in its exultation,
Without a dissenting voice, decrees
To the poor of Paris a gift of the cheese.

Paris, in grateful recognition
Of this munificence, sends a commission—
Four stately officials, of high position—
To take King Cheese from the Exhibition,
And, in behalf of the poor, to thank,
With speeches and toasts, the Swiss for their gift.
The speeches they made, the toasts they drank;
Eight Normandy horses, strong and swift,
At the entrance wait
For the golden freight;
And all the porters are there to lift,
Prepared for a long and a strong embrace,
In moving His Greatness a little space.
They strain at the signal, each man in his place:
"Heave, ho!"—when, lo! as light as a feather,
Down tumbles, down crumbles, the King of the Cheeses,
With seven men, all in a heap together!
Up scramble the porters, with laughter and sneezes;
While sudden, mighty amazement seizes
The high officials, until they find
A curious bore
In the platform floor,
And another to match in the nether rind,—
Just one big rat-hole, and no more;
By which, as it seemed, had ventured in
One rat, at first, and a hundred had followed,
And feasted, and left—to the vast chagrin



"DOWN TUMBLES, DOWN CRUMBLES, THE KING OF THE CHEESES."

Of the worthy burghers of Nulle—as thin
And shabby a shell as ever was hollowed;
Now nothing but just
A crushed-in crust,
A cart-load of scraps and a pungent dust!

So the newspapers say; but though they call
King Cheese a hoax, he was hardly that.
And the poor he fed, as you see, after all;
For who is so poor as a Paris rat?

RODS FOR FIVE.

By Sarah Winter Kellogg.

Not birch-rods; fishing-rods. They were going fishing, these five young people, of whom I shall treat "under four heads," as the ministers say,—1, names; 2, ages; 3, appearance; 4, their connection.

1. Their names were John and Elsie Singletree, Puss Leek, Luke Lord, and Jacob Isaac; the last had no surname.

2. John was fifteen and a few months past; Elsie was thirteen and many months past; Puss Leek was fourteen to a day; Luke Lord crowded John so closely, there was small room for superior age to claim precedence, or for the shelter which inferior age makes on certain occasions; Jacob Isaac was "thutteen, gwyne on fou'teen."

3. John Singletree was a dark-eyed, sharp-eyed, wiry, briery boy. Elsie, of the same name, was much like him, being a dark-eyed, sharp-eyed, wiry, briery girl. Her father used to call her Sweet-brier and Sweet-pickle, because, he said, she was sweet but sharp. Puss Leek had long, heavy, blonde hair, that hung almost to her knees when it was free, which it seldom was, for Puss braided it every morning, the first thing,—not loosely, to give it a fat look, hinting of its luxuriance, but just as hard as she could, quite to Elsie's annoyance, who used to say, resentfully, "You 're so afraid that somebody 'll think that you are vain of your hair." Puss's ears were over large for perfect beauty, and her eyes a trifle too deeply set; but I 've half a mind to say that she was a beauty, in spite of these, for, after all, the ears had a generous look, in har-

mony with the frank, open face, and the shadowed eye was the softest, sweetest blue eye I ever saw. She had been called Puss when a baby, because of her nestling, kitten-like way, and the odd name clung to her. Luke Lord was homely; but he did n't care a bit. He was so jolly and good-natured that everybody liked him, and he liked everybody, and so was happy. He had light hair, very light for fifteen years, and a peculiar teetering gait, which was not unmanly, however. It made people laugh at him, but he did n't care a bit. Jacob Isaac was a "cullud pusson," as he would have said, protesting against the word "negro." "Nigger," he used to say, "is de mos' untolerbulis word neber did year." It was the word he applied to whatever moved his anger or contempt. It was his descriptive epithet for the old hen that flew at him for abducting her traipsing chicken; for the spotted pig that led him that hour's chase; for the goat that butted, and the cow that hooked; and for gray Selim when he stood on his hind legs and let Jacob Isaac over the sleek haunches.

But to return to No. 4. John and Elsie Singletree were brother and sister. Puss Leek was Elsie's boarding-school friend, and her guest. Luke Lord was a neighboring boy invited to join the fishing-party, to honor Puss Leek's birthday, and to help John protect the girls. Jacob Isaac was hired to "g'long" as general waiter, to do things that none of the others wanted to do—to do the drudgery while they did the frolicking.

They were all on horseback,—John riding beside Puss Leek, protecting her; Luke riding beside Elsie, and protecting her; Jacob Isaac riding beside his shadow, and protecting the lunch-basket, carried on the pommel of his saddle.

"I keep thinking about the 'snack,'" said Puss Leek's protector, before they had made a mile of their journey.

"What do you think about it?" asked the protected.

"I keep thinking how good it 'll taste. Aunt Calline makes mighty good pound-cake. I do love pound-cake!"

"*Like* it, you mean, John," said his sister Elsie, looking back over her shoulder.

"I *don't* mean like," said John. "If there is anything I love better than father and mother, brother and sister, it 's pound-cake."

"But there is n't anything," said Puss.

"My kingdom for a slice!" said John, with a tragic air. "I don't believe I can stand it to wait till lunch-time."

"Why, it has n't been a half-hour since you ate breakfast. Are you hungry?" Elsie said.

"No, I 'm not hungry; I 'm *ha'nted*." John pronounced the word with a flatness unwritable. "The pound-cake ha'nts me; the fried chicken ha'nts me; the citron ha'nts me. I see 'em!" John glared at the vacant air as though he saw an apparition. "I taste 'em! I smell 'em! I feel moved to call on him" (here Jacob Isaac was indicated by a backward glance and movement) "to yield the *wittles* or his life. Look here!" he added, suddenly reining-up his horse and speaking in dead earnest, "let 's eat the snack now. Halt!" he cried to the advance couple, "we 're going to eat."

"Going to eat?" cried Elsie. "You 're not in earnest?"

"Yes, I am. I can't rest. The cake and things ha'nt me."

"Well, do for pity's sake eat something, and get done with it," Elsie said.

"But you must wait for me," John persisted. "I 'll have to spread the things out on the grass. I keep thinking how good they 'll taste eaten off the grass. There 's where the ha'ntin' comes in."

"Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?" said Elsie to the others. "But I suppose we had better humor him; he wont give us any rest till we do; he 's so persistent. When he gets headed one way, he 's like a pig." Elsie began to pull at the bridle to bring her horse alongside a stump. "Puss and I can get some flowers during the rest past."

"I call this a most peculiar proceeding," said her protector, leaping from his horse, and hastening to help her to "'light."

Jacob Isaac gladly relinquished the lunch-basket, which had begun to make his arm ache, and soon John had the "ha'nting things" spread. Then he sat down Turk-like to eating; the others stood around, amused spectators, while chicken, beaten biscuits, strawberry tart, pound-cake disappeared as though they enjoyed being eaten.

"I believe I 'm getting 'ha'nted,' too," said Luke Lord, whose mouth began to water,—the things seemed to taste so good to John.

"Good for you!" John said, cordially. "Come along! Help yourself to a chicken-wing."

"Why, Luke, you aint going to eating!" Elsie said.

"Yes, I am; John 's made me hungry."

"Me, too," said Jacob Isaac.

"Of course, you 're hungry," said John. "Come along! Hold your two hands."

"Let 's go look for sweet-Williams and blue flags," Puss proposed to Elsie.

"No; if we go away, the boys will eat every thing up. Just look at them! Did ever you see such eatists? You boys, stop eating all the lunch."

"Aint you girls getting 'ha'nted?'" Luke asked. "If you don't come soon, there wont be anything left for you."

"I believe that 's so," said Puss confidentially to Elsie. "I reckon we 'll have to take our share now, or not at all. We 've got to eat in self-defense."

And so it came about that those five ridiculous children sat there, less than a mile on their journey, and less than an hour from their breakfast, and ate, ate, ate, till there was nothing of their lunch left except a half biscuit and a chicken neck. John, fertile in invention, proposed that they should go back home and get something more for dinner; but Puss said everybody would laugh at them, and Elsie thought they would n't be able to eat anything more that day, and, if they should be hungry, they could have a fish-fry.

"Aint no use totin' this yere basekit 'long no mawr," Jacob Isaac suggested. "I 'll leave it hang in this yere sass'fras saplin'." When it was intimated that it would be needed for the remainder of the lunch, he said there was n't any "'mainder." "What 's lef' need n't pester you-all; I 'll jis eat it."

Arrived at the water, the boys baited the hooks, at which the girls gave little shrieks, and hid their eyes, demanding to know of the boys how they would like to be treated as they were treating the worms.

"The poor creatures!" said Puss.

"So helpless!" added Elsie, peeping through her fingers at the boys. "Are n't the hooks ready yet?"

"Yours is," and Luke delivered a rod into her hands.

"And here 's yours, Puss," John said. "Drop it in."

Soon there were five rods extended over the water, and five corks were floating which might have told of robbed molasses-jugs and vinegar-jugs, and five young people were laughing, and talking nonsense by the —— How is nonsense estimated? Everybody kept asking everybody else if he had had a bite, and everybody was guilty of giving false alarms. As for Elsie, she shrieked out, "A bite!" at every provocation,—whenever the current bore unusually against her line, when the floating hook caught bottom or encountered a twig.

"Jupiter!" said John, growing impatient at the idle drifting of his cork. "I can't stand this, Elsie. You girls stop talking. You chatter like magpies; you scare the fish. Girls ought n't ever to go fishing."

Jacob Isaac snickered, and remarked *sotto voce*: "He talks hisse'f maw 'n the res' of the ladies."

Elsie did not heed John's attack. Her eye was riveted on her bobbing cork; her cheeks were glowing with excitement; her heart was beating wildly. There was a pulling at her line.

"Keep quiet!" she called. "I 've got a bite."

"You would have, if I could get at your arm," said John, who did n't believe she had a bite.

"I have, truly," she said, excitedly. "Look!"

All came tramping, crowding about her.

"I feel him pull," she said, eagerly.

"Well, get him out," said Luke.

"Shall I pull him or jerk him?" Elsie was nearly breathless.

"If I knew about his size, I could tell you," said Luke. "If he 's big, give him a dignified pull; if he 's a little chap, jerk him; no business to be little."

"Oh! I 'm afraid it will hurt him," said Puss.

"Out with him!" said Luke.

"I 'm afraid the line will break," said Elsie, all in a quiver.

"No, it wont," said John.

"The rod might snap," said Elsie.

"Here, let me take the rod," John proposed.

"No, no; I 'm going to catch the fish myself," Elsie said, in vehement protest.

"Then jerk, sharp and strong," her brother said.

Elsie made ready; steadied her eager brain; planted her feet firmly; braced her muscles by her will; and then, with a shriek, threw up her rod, "as high as the sky," Puss said. There was a fleeting vision of a dripping white-bellied fish going skyward; and then a faint thud was heard.

"She 's thrown it a half-mile, or less, in the bushes," said Luke.

"And there 's her hook in the top of that tree," said John. "What gumps girls are when you take them out-of-doors!"

All went into the bushes to look for the astonished fish. They looked, and looked, and looked; listened for its beating and flopping against the ground.

After a while, Luke said he thought it must be one of the climbing fish described by Agassiz, and that it had gone up a tree.

"I mos' found it twice't; but it was a frog an' a lizar', 'stead uv the fish," said Jacob Isaac.

To this day, it remains a mystery where Elsie's fish went to.

Jacob Isaac climbed the tree to rescue Elsie's hook and line, while the other boys went down the stream to find a cat-fish hole that they had heard of.

"Don't pull at the line that way," Puss said to the thrasher in the tree-top; "you 'll break it. There, the hook is caught on that twig. You must go out on the limb and unhitch it."

"Lim' hangs over the watto," Jacob Isaac said; but he crawled out on it, and reached for the hook.

Then Elsie shrieked, for crashing through the branches came Jacob Isaac, and splashed backforemost into the water. Then there was con-



"HE KNELT ON THE BANK TO FIX HIS BAIT."

fusion. Jacob called to the girls to help him; they called to the boys to help; the boys, ignorant of the accident, shouted back that they were going on to where they could have quiet, and went tramping away. Then Elsie tried to tell Jacob Isaac how to swim, while Puss Leek darted off to where the horses were tethered. She mounted the one she had ridden—a gentle thing, aged eighteen. Then she came crashing through the bushes and brush, clucking and jerking the bridle, dashed down the bank, and plunged into the stream.

Elsie held her breath at the sight. The water rose to the flanks, but Puss kept her head steady, sat her saddle coolly, and, when Jacob Isaac appeared, put out a resolute hand, and got hold of his jacket,—speaking, meanwhile, a soothing word to the horse, which was now drinking. She got the boy's head above water.

"I 'll hold on to you; and you must hold on to the stirrup and to the horse's mane," she said.

Jacob Isaac, without a word, got hold as directed. Puss held on with a good grip, as she had promised, and the careful old horse pawed through the water to the bank—only a few yards distant, by the way.

"Thankee, Miss Puss," is what Jacob Isaac said, as he stretched himself on a log to dry.

"Puss, you 're a hero," is what Elsie said, adding immediately: "Those hateful boys! Great protectors they are!"

John had found up-stream a deep hole in the shade of some large trees. Just above it the creek tumbled and foamed over a rocky bed. John said to Luke: "It just empties the fish in here by the basketfuls. All we 've got to do is to empty 'em out,"—and he knelt on the bank to fix his bait.

But Luke was not satisfied. "You 'll never catch any fish there," said he. "The current 's too swift." And off went he, to look for a likelier place.

Yet neither of the boys had better luck than when with the girls, and both soon went back to them. When Elsie's vivid account of the rescue had been given, the boys stared at Puss with a new interest, as though she had undergone some transformation in their brief absence.

Then somebody suggested that they must hurry up and catch something for dinner. So all five dropped hooks into the water, everybody pledged to silence. Fishing was now business; it meant dinner or no dinner.

For some moments, the fishers sat or stood in statuesque silence, eyes on the corks. Then Jacob Isaac showed signs of excitement.

"I 's got a fish, show 's yer bawn," he called, dancing about on the bank.

"Let me see it," John challenged.

"Aint pulled it out yit," said Jacob Isaac, jumping and capering.

"What 's the matter with you? What are you cavorting about in that style for?" John asked.

"Playin' 'im!" answered Jacob Isaac, running backward and forward, and every other way.

"Is that the way they play a fish?" Elsie said, gazing. "I never knew before how they did it."

She went over to where the jubilant fisherman was yet skipping about, and asked if she might play the fish a while.

"Law, Miss Elsie! he 'd pull yo' overboa'd! Yo' could n't hol' 'im no maw 'n nuffin. He 's mighty strong; stronges' fish ever did see."

But Elsie teased till Jacob Isaac gave the rod into her hand, when she danced forward and back, chassé-ed, and executed other figures of a quadrille, till Puss Leek came up to play the fish. She was n't so much like a katydid as Elsie, or so much like a wired jumping-jack as Jacob Isaac. She played the fish so awkwardly that John came up and took the rod from her hand. He had no sooner felt the pull at the line than he began to laugh and "pshaw! pshaw!" and said that all in that party were gumps and geese, except himself and Luke.

"You would n't except Luke," Elsie interrupted, "if he was n't a big boy. You 'd call him a gump and a goose, if he was a girl."

"If he was a girl, he would be a gump and a goose," said this saucy John. "This fish," he continued, "which you 've been playing, is a piece of brush. Oh! how you did play it! This is the way that Jacob Isaac played it." John jumped and danced and hopped and strutted and plunged, till everybody was screaming with laughter. "And this is the way that Elsie played it." He got hold of his coat-skirts after the manner of an affected girl with her dress; then he hugged the rod to his bosom, and capered, flitted, pranced. Then, having reproduced Puss Leek's "playing," he said, grandly: "I shall now proceed to land this monster of the deep."

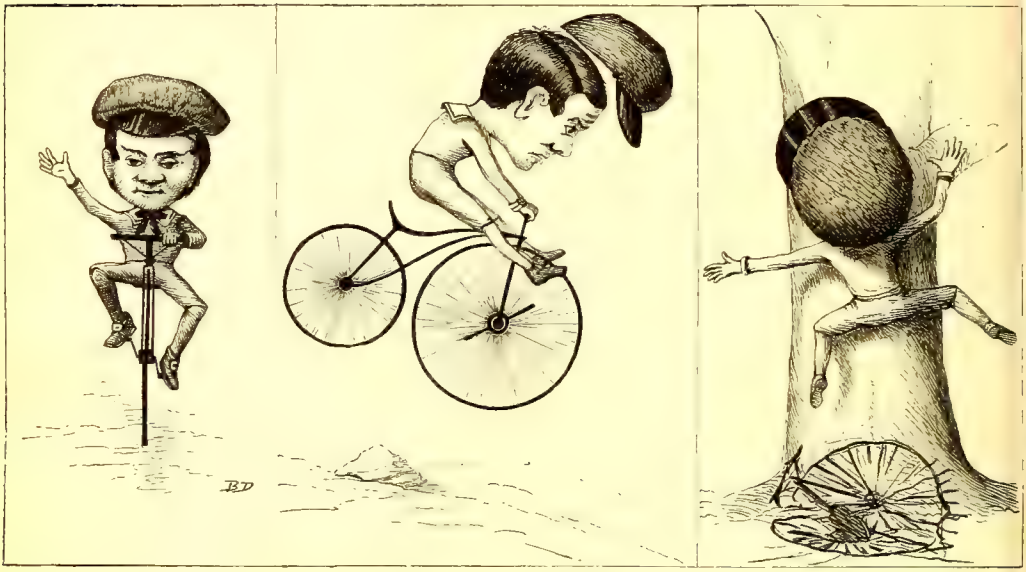
"He made a great show of getting ready, and then pulled, pulled, pulled, pulled,—when out and up there came, not the brush everybody was expecting, but a fine, beautiful fish.

You ought to have heard, then, the cheers of those surprised boys and girls! Jacob Isaac danced, turned somersaults, walked on his hands, and for one supreme half-second stood on his head.

"Looks like he was playing a whale or a sea-serpent," said Luke, between his bursts of laughter.

"You 're all playing a fool that you 've caught," said John, who had joined in the laugh against himself, "and you 've a right to."

JOHN AND HIS VELOCIPEDE.



1.—HE GETS A GOOD START. 2.—HAS A FINE RUN DOWN-HILL, 3.—AND COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP.

HOW TO TRAVEL.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

THIS article does not refer to the journey to Europe, toward which almost all young people are looking. When the opportunity for foreign travel comes, there are plenty of guide-books and letters from abroad which will tell you just what to take with you, and what you ought to do in every situation. This is for short, every-day trips, which people take without much thought; but as there is a right and a wrong way of doing even little things, young folks may as well take care that they receive and give the most pleasure possible in a short journey, and then, when the trip across the ocean comes, they will not be annoying themselves and others by continual mistakes.

As packing a trunk is usually the first preparation for a trip, we will begin with that.

It is a very good way to collect what is most important before you begin, so that you may not leave out any necessary article. Think over what you will be likely to need; for a little care before you start may save you a great deal of inconvenience in the end. Be sure, before you begin, that your trunk is in good order, and that you have the key. And when you shut it for the last time, do not leave the straps sticking out upon the outside. Put your heavy things at the bottom, packing them tightly, so that they will not rattle about when the trunk is reversed. Put the small articles in the tray. Anything which will be likely to be scratched or defaced by rubbing, should be wrapped in a handkerchief and laid among soft things. If you must carry anything breakable, do it up carefully, and put it in the center of the trunk, packing clothing closely about it. Bottles should have the corks tied in with strong twine. Put them near articles which cannot be injured by the contents, if a breakage occurs. Tack on your trunk a card with your permanent address. As this card is to

be consulted only if the trunk is lost, it is not necessary to be constantly changing it. Take in the traveling-bag, pins and a needle and thread, so that, in case of any accident to your clothes, they can be repaired without troubling any one else. A postal-card and a pencil and paper take up but little room, and may be very convenient. The best way to carry your lunch is in a pasteboard box, which can be thrown away after you have disposed of the contents.

Put your money in an inner pocket, reserving in your purse only what you will be likely to need on the way, so that you may be able to press your way through a crowd without fear of pickpockets. Your purse should also contain your name and address.

Try to be ready, so that you will not be hurried at the last moment; and this does not mean that it is necessary to be at the station a long time before the train leaves. To be punctual does not mean to be *too early*, but to be just early enough.

Try to find out, before you start, what train and car you ought to take, and have your trunk properly checked. Put the check in some safe place, but first look at the number, so that you may identify the check if lost by you and found by others. Have your ticket where you can easily get it, and need not be obliged to appear, when the conductor comes, as if it was a perfect surprise to you that he should ask for it.

Of course, you have a right to the best seat which is vacant, and, if there is plenty of room, you can put your bundles beside or opposite you; but remember that you have only paid for one seat, and be ready at once to make room for another passenger, if necessary, without acting as though you were conferring a favor.

If you have several packages, and wish to put any of them in the rack over your head, you will be less likely to forget them, if you put all together, than you will if you keep a part in your hand.

If you *must* read in the cars, never in any circumstances take a book that has not fair, clear type; and stop reading at the earliest approach of twilight. If, as you read, you hold your ticket, or some other plain piece of paper, under the line you are reading, sliding it down as you proceed, you will find that you can read almost as rapidly, and with much less injury to your eyes. A newspaper is the worst reading you can have, as the print is usually indistinct, and it is impossible to hold it still.

You may not care to read in the cars when in motion, but it is convenient to have a book with you, in case the train should be delayed.

If your friends accompany you to the station, be careful that your last words are not too personal or too loud. Young people are apt to overlook this, and thus sometimes make themselves ridiculous before the other passengers by joking and laughing in a way which might be perfectly proper at home, but which before a company of strangers is not in good taste.

If you meet acquaintances, do not call out their names so distinctly as to introduce them to the other passengers, as it is never pleasant for people to have the attention of strangers called to them in that way. If you are alone, do not be too ready to make acquaintances. Reply politely to any civil remark or offer of assistance, but do not allow yourself to be drawn into conversation, unless it is with some one of whose trustworthiness you are reasonably sure, and even then do not forget that you are talking to a perfect stranger.

If you cannot have everything just as you prefer, remember that you are in a public conveyance, and that the other passengers have as much right to their way as you have to yours. If you find that your open window annoys your neighbor, do not refuse to shut it; and if the case is reversed, do not complain, unless you are really afraid of taking cold, and cannot conveniently change your seat. Above all things, do not get into a dispute about it, like the two women, one of whom declared that she should die if the window was open, and the other responded that she should stifle if it was shut, until one of the passengers requested the conductor to open it a while and kill one, and then shut it and kill the other, that the rest might have peace.

There are few situations where the disposition is more thoroughly shown than it is in traveling. A long journey is considered by some people to be a perfect test of the temper. There are many ways in which an unselfish person will find an opportunity to be obliging. It is surprising to see how people who consider themselves kind and polite members of society can sometimes forget all their good manners in the cars, showing a perfect disregard of the comfort—and even the rights—of others, which would banish them from decent society if shown elsewhere.

To return to particular directions: Do not entertain those who are traveling with you by constant complaints of the dust or the heat or the cold. The others are probably as much annoyed by these things as you are, and fault-finding will only make them the more unpleasant to all. Be careful what you say about those near you, as a thoughtless remark to a friend in too loud a tone may cause a real heartache. Many a weary mother has been pained by hearing complaints of a fretful child, whose crying most probably distresses her more than any one else. Instead of saying, "Why will people travel with babies?" remember that it is sometimes unavoidable, and do not disfigure your face by a

frown at the disturbance, but try to do what you can to make the journey pleasant for those around you, at least by a serene and cheerful face. A person who really wishes to be helpful to others, will find plenty of opportunities to "lend a hand" without becoming conspicuous in any way.

Do not ask too many questions of other passengers. Keep your eyes and ears open, and you will know as much as the rest do. If you wish to inquire about anything, let it be of the conductor, whose business it is to answer you, and do not detain him unnecessarily. Remember what he tells you, that you may not be like the woman Gail Hamilton describes, who asked the conductor the same question every time he came around, as if she thought he had undergone a moral change during his absence, and might answer her more truthfully.

If you get out of the car at any station on your way, be sure to observe which car it was, and which train, so that you need not go about inquiring where you belong when you wish to return to your seat.

A large proportion of the accidents which happen every year are caused by carelessness. Young people are afraid of seeming timid and anxious, and will sometimes, in avoiding this, risk their lives very foolishly. They step from the train before it has fairly stopped, or put their heads out of the window when the car is in motion, or rest the elbow on the sill of an open window in such a way that a passing train may cause serious, if not fatal, injury. Sometimes they pass carelessly from one car to another when the train is still, forgetting that it may start at any moment and throw them off their balance. Many similar exposures can be avoided by a little care and thought.

These are very plain, simple rules, which it may be supposed are already known to every one; but a little observation will show that they are not always put in practice.

A great deal has been left unsaid here on the advantages and pleasures of travel; but, without a knowledge of the simple details we have given, one will be sure to miss much of the culture and enjoyment which might otherwise be gained by it.



AN EXCITING RIDE.

THE SWALLOWS.

By Dora Read Goodale.

Dear birds that greet us with the spring,
  That fly along the sunny blue,
That hover round your last year's nests,
  Or cut the shining heavens thro',
That skim along the meadow grass,
  Among the flowers sweet and fair,
That croon upon the pointed roof,
  Or, quiv'ring, balance in the air;
Ye heralds of the summer days,
  As quick ye dart across the lea,
Tho' other birds be fairer, yet
  The dearest of all birds are ye.

Dear as the messengers of spring
  Before the buds have opened wide,
Dear when our other birds are here,
  Dear in the burning summertide;
But when the lonely autumn wind
  About the flying forest grieves,
In vain we look for you, and find—
  Your empty nests beneath the eaves.

UNDER THE LILACS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XVIII.

BOWS AND ARROWS.

If Sancho's abduction made a stir, one may easily magine with what warmth and interest he was elcomed back when his wrongs and wanderings ere known. For several days he held regular evees, that curious boys and sympathizing girls ight see and pity the changed and curtailed dog. anch behaved with dignified affability, and sat pon his mat in the coach-house pensively eying is guests, and patiently submitting to their ca-esses; while Ben and Thorny took turns to tell the w tragical facts which were not shrouded in the eepest mystery. If the interesting sufferer could nly have spoken, what thrilling adventures and air-breadth escapes he might have related. But, as! he was dumb, and the secrets of that memo-ible month never were revealed.

The lame paw soon healed, the dingy color slowly yielded to many washings, the woolly coat began to knot up into little curls, a new collar handsomely marked made him a respectable dog, and Sancho was himself again. But it was evident that his sufferings were not forgotten; his once sweet temper was a trifle soured, and, with a few exceptions, he had lost his faith in mankind. Before, he had been the most benevolent and hospitable of dogs; now, he eyed all strangers suspiciously, and the sight of a shabby man made him growl and bristle up, as if the memory of his wrongs still burned hotly within him.

Fortunately, his gratitude was stronger than his resentment, and he never seemed to forget that he owed his life to Betty,—running to meet her whenever she appeared, instantly obeying her commands, and suffering no one to molest her when he walked watchfully beside her, with her hand upon his neck,

as they had walked out of the almost fatal back-yard together, faithful friends forever.

Miss Celia called them little Una and her lion, and read the pretty story to the children when they wondered what she meant. Ben, with great pains, taught the dog to spell "Betty," and surprised her with a display of this new accomplishment, which gratified her so much that she was never tired of seeing Sanch paw the five red letters into place, then come and lay his nose in her hand, as if he added: "That 's the name of my dear mistress."

Of course Bab was glad to have everything pleasant and friendly again, but in a little dark corner of her heart there was a drop of envy, and a desperate desire to do something which would make every one in her small world like and praise her as they did Betty. Trying to be as good and gentle did not satisfy her; she must *do* something brave or surprising, and no chance for distinguishing herself in that way seemed likely to appear. Betty was as fond as ever, and the boys were very kind to her; but she felt that they both liked "little Betcinda," as they called her, best, because she found Sanch, and never seemed to know that she had done anything brave in defending him against all odds. Bab did not tell any one how she felt, but endeavored to be amiable while waiting for her chance to come, and when it did arrive made the most of it, though there was nothing heroic to add a charm.

Miss Celia's arm had been doing very well, but it would, of course, be useless for some time longer. Finding that the afternoon readings amused herself as much as they did the children, she kept them up, and brought out all her old favorites, enjoying a double pleasure in seeing that her young audience relished them as much as she did when a child; for to all but Thorny they were brand new. Out of one of these stories came much amusement for all, and satisfaction for one of the party.

"Celia, did you bring our old bows?" asked her brother, eagerly, as she put down the book from which she had been reading Miss Edgeworth's capital story of "Waste not Want not; or, Two Strings to your Bow."

"Yes, I brought all the playthings we left stored away in uncle's garret when we went abroad. The bows are in the long box where you found the mallets, fishing-rods and bats. The old quivers and a few arrows are there also, I believe. What is the idea now?" asked Miss Celia in her turn, as Thorny bounced up in a great hurry.

"I 'm going to teach Ben to shoot. Grand fun this hot weather, and by and by we 'll have an archery meeting, and you can give us a prize. Come on, Ben. I 've got plenty of whip-cord to rig up the bows, and then we 'll show the ladies some first-class shooting."

"*I* can't; never had a decent bow in my life. The little gilt one I used to wave round when I was a Coopid was n't worth a cent to go," answered Ben, feeling as if that painted "prodigy" must have been a very distant connection of the respectable young person now walking off arm-in-arm with the lord of the manor.

"Practice is all you want. I used to be a capital shot, but I don't believe I could hit anything but a barn-door now," answered Thorny, encouragingly.

As the boys vanished, with much tramping of boots and banging of doors, Bab observed, in the young-ladyish tone she was apt to use when she composed her active little mind and body to the feminine task of needlework:

"We used to make bows of whalebone when we were little girls, but we are too old to play so now."

"I 'd like to, but Bab wont, 'cause she 's most 'leven years old," said honest Betty, placidly rubbing her needle in the "ruster," as she called the family emery-bag.

"Grown people enjoy archery, as bow and arrow shooting is called, especially in England. I was reading about it the other day, and saw a picture of Queen Victoria with her bow, so you needn't be ashamed of it, Bab," said Miss Celia, rummaging among the books and papers in her sofa corner to find the magazine she wanted, thinking a new play would be as good for the girls as for the big boys.

"A queen, just think!" and Betty looked much impressed by the fact, as well as uplifted by the knowledge that her friend did not agree in thinking her silly because she preferred playing with a harmless home-made toy to firing stones or snapping a pop-gun.

"In old times, bows and arrows were used to fight great battles with, and we read how the English archers shot so well that the air was dark with arrows, and many men were killed."

"So did the Indians have 'em, and I 've got some stone arrow-heads,—found 'em by the river, in the dirt!" cried Bab, waking up, for battles interested her more than queens.

"While you finish your stints I 'll tell you a little story about the Indians," said Miss Celia, lying back on her cushions, while the needles began to go again, for the prospect of a story could not be resisted.

"A century or more ago, in a small settlement on the banks of the Connecticut,—which means the Long River of Pines,—there lived a little girl called Matty Kilburn. On a hill stood the fort where the people ran for protection in any danger, for the country was new and wild, and more than once the Indians had come down the river in their canoes and burned the houses, killed men, and car-

ried away women and children. Matty lived alone with her father, but felt quite safe in the log-house, for he was never far away. One afternoon, as the farmers were all busy in their fields, the bell rang suddenly,—a sign that there was danger near,—and, dropping their rakes or axes, the men hurried to their houses to save wives and babies, and such few treasures as they could. Mr. Kilburn caught up his gun with one hand and his little girl with the other, and ran as fast as he could toward the fort. But before he could reach it he heard a yell, and saw the red men coming up from the river. Then he knew it would be in vain to try to get in, so he looked about for a safe place to hide Matty till he could come for her. He was a brave man, and could fight, so he had no thought of hiding while his neighbors needed help; but the dear little daughter must be cared for first.

"In the corner of the lonely pasture which they dared not cross, stood a big hollow elm, and there the farmer hastily hid Matty, dropping her down into the dim nook, round the mouth of which young shoots had grown, so that no one would have suspected any hole was there.

"'Lie still, child, till I come; say your prayers and wait for father,' said the man, as he parted the leaves for a last glance at the small, frightened face looking up at him.

"'Come soon,' whispered Matty, and tried to smile bravely, as a stout settler's girl should.

"Mr. Kilburn went away, and was taken prisoner in the fight, carried off, and for years no one knew if he was alive or dead. People missed Matty, but supposed she was with her father, and never expected to see her again. A great while afterward the poor man came back, having escaped and made his way through the wilderness to his old home. His first question was for Matty, but no one had seen her; and when he told where he had left her, they shook their heads as if they thought he was crazy. But they went to look, that he might be satisfied; and he was; for there they found some little bones, some faded bits of cloth, and two rusty silver buckles marked with Matty's name in what had once been her shoes. An Indian arrow lay there, too, showing why she had never cried for help, but waited patiently so long for father to come and find her."

If Miss Celia expected to see the last bit of hem done when her story ended, she was disappointed; for not a dozen stitches had been taken. Betty was using her crash-towel for a handkerchief, and Bab's eye on the ground as she listened with snapping eyes to the little tragedy.

"Is it true?" asked Betty, hoping to find relief in being told that it was not.

"Yes; I have seen the tree, and the mound where the fort was, and the rusty buckles in an old farm-house where other Kilburns live, near the spot where it all happened," answered Miss Celia, looking out the picture of Victoria to console her auditors.

"We 'll play that in the old apple-tree. Betty can scrooch down, and I 'll be the father, and put leaves on her, and then I 'll be a great Injun and fire at her. I can make arrows, and it will be fun, wont it?" cried Bab, charmed with the new drama in which she could act the leading parts.

"No, it wont! I don't like to go in a cobwebby hole, and have you play kill me. I 'll make a nice fort of hay, and be all safe, and you can put Dinah down there for Matty. I don't love her any more, now her last eye has tumbled out, and you may shoot her just as much as you like."

Before Bab could agree to this satisfactory arrangement, Thorny appeared, singing, as he aimed at a fat robin, whose red waistcoat looked rather warm and winterish that August day:

> "So he took up his bow,
> And he feathered his arrow,
> And said: 'I will shoot
> This little cock-sparrow.'"

"But he did n't," chirped the robin, flying away, with a contemptuous flirt of his rusty-black tail.

"That is exactly what you must promise *not* to do, boys. Fire away at your targets as much as you like, but do not harm any living creature," said Miss Celia, as Ben followed armed and equipped with her own long-unused accouterments.

"Of course we wont if you say so; but, with a little practice, I *could* bring down a bird as well as that fellow you read to me about with his woodpeckers and larks and herons," answered Thorny, who had much enjoyed the article, while his sister lamented over the destruction of the innocent birds.

"You 'd do well to borrow the Squire's old stuffed owl for a target; there would be some chance of your hitting him, he is so big," said his sister, who always made fun of the boy when he began to brag.

Thorny's only reply was to send his arrow straight up so far out of sight that it was a long while coming down again to stick quivering in the ground near by, whence Sancho brought it in his mouth, evidently highly approving of a game in which he could join.

"Not bad for a beginning. Now, Ben, fire away."

But Ben's experience with bows was small, and, in spite of his praiseworthy efforts to imitate his great exemplar, the arrow only turned a feeble sort of somersault, and descended perilously near Bab's uplifted nose.

"If you endanger other people's life and liberty in your pursuit of happiness, I shall have to confiscate your arms, boys. Take the orchard for your archery ground; that is safe, and we can see you as we sit here. I wish I had two hands, so that I could paint you a fine, gay target," and Miss Celia looked regretfully at the injured arm, which as yet was of little use.

"I wish you could shoot, too; you used to beat all the girls, and I was proud of you," answered Thorny, with the air of a fond elder brother; though, at the time he alluded to, he was about twelve, and hardly up to his sister's shoulder.

"Thank you. I shall be happy to give my place to Bab and Betty if you will make them some bows and arrows; they could not use those long ones."

The young gentlemen did not take the hint as quickly as Miss Celia hoped they would; in fact, both looked rather blank at the suggestion, as boys generally do when it is proposed that girls—especially small ones—shall join in any game they are playing.

"P'r'aps it would be too much trouble," began Betty, in her winning little voice.

"I can make my own," declared Bab, with an independent toss of the head.

"Not a bit; I 'll make you the jolliest small bow that ever was, Betcinda," Thorny hastened to say, softened by the appealing glance of the little maid.

"You can use mine, Bab; you 've got such a strong fist, I guess you could pull it," added Ben, remembering that it would not be amiss to have a comrade who shot worse than he did, for he felt very inferior to Thorny in many ways, and, being used to praise, had missed it very much since he retired to private life.

"I will be umpire, and brighten up the silver arrow I sometimes pin my hair with, for a prize, unless we can find something better," proposed Miss Celia, glad to see that question settled, and every prospect of the new play being a pleasant amusement for the hot weather.

It was astonishing how soon archery became the fashion in that town, for the boys discussed it enthusiastically all that evening, formed the "William Tell Club" next day, with Bab and Betty as honorary members, and, before the week was out, nearly every lad was seen, like young Norval, "With bended bow and quiver full of arrows," shooting away, with a charming disregard of the safety of their fellow-citizens. Banished by the authorities to secluded



MATTY KILBURN AND HER FATHER AT THE TREE.

spots, the members of the club set up their targets and practiced indefatigably, especially Ben, who soon discovered that his early gymnastics had given him a sinewy arm and a true eye; and, taking Sanch into partnership as picker-up, he got more shots out of an hour than those who had to run to and fro.

Thorny easily recovered much of his former skill, but his strength had not fully returned, and he soon

grew tired. Bab, on the contrary, threw herself into the contest heart and soul, and tugged away at the new bow Miss Celia gave her, for Ben's was too heavy. No other girls were admitted, so the outsiders got up a club of their own, and called it "The Victoria," the name being suggested by the magazine article, which went the rounds as general guide and reference-book. Bab and Betty belonged to his club also, and duly reported the doings of the boys, with whom they had a right to shoot if they chose, but soon waived the right, plainly seeing that their absence would be regarded in the light of a favor.

The archery fever raged as fiercely as the baseball epidemic had done before it, and not only did the magazine circulate freely, but Miss Edgeworth's story, which was eagerly read, and so much admired that the girls at once mounted green ribbons, and the boys kept yards of whip-cord in their pockets, like the provident Benjamin of the tale.

Every one enjoyed the new play very much, and something grew out of it which was a lasting pleasure to many, long after the bows and arrows were forgotten. Seeing how glad the children were to get a new story, Miss Celia was moved to send a box of books—old and new—to the town library, which was but scantily supplied, as country libraries are apt to be. This donation produced a good effect; for other people hunted up all the volumes they could spare for the same purpose, and the dusty shelves in the little room behind the post-office filled up amazingly. Coming in vacation time they were hailed with delight, and ancient books of travel, as well as modern tales, were feasted upon by happy young folks, with plenty of time to enjoy them in peace.

The success of her first attempt at being a public benefactor pleased Miss Celia very much, and suggested other ways in which she might serve the quiet town, where she seemed to feel that work was waiting for her to do. She said little to any one but the friend over the sea, yet various plans were made then that blossomed beautifully by and by.

CHAPTER XIX.

SPEAKING PIECES.

THE first of September came all too soon, and school began. Among the boys and girls who went trooping up to the "East Corner knowledge-box," as they called it, was our friend Ben, with a pile of neat books under his arm. He felt very strange, and decidedly shy; but put on a bold face, and let nobody guess that, though nearly thirteen, he had never been to school before. Miss Celia had told his story to Teacher, and she, being a kind little woman, with young brothers of her own, made things as easy for him as she could. In reading and writing he did very well, and proudly took his place among lads of his own age; but when it came to arithmetic and geography, he had to go down a long way, and begin almost at the beginning, in spite of Thorny's efforts to "tool him along fast." It mortified him sadly, but there was no help for it; and in some of the classes he had dear little Betty to condole with him when he failed, and smile contentedly when he got above her, as he soon began to do,—for she was not a quick child, and plodded through First Parts long after sister Bab was flourishing away among girls much older than herself.

Fortunately, Ben was a short boy and a clever one, so he did not look out of place among the ten and eleven year olders, and fell upon his lessons with the same resolution with which he used to take a new leap, or practice patiently till he could touch his heels with his head. That sort of exercise had given him a strong, elastic little body; this kind was to train his mind, and make its faculties as useful, quick and sure, as the obedient muscles, nerves and eye, which kept him safe where others would have broken their necks. He knew this, and found much consolation in the fact that, though mental arithmetic was a hopeless task, he *could* turn a dozen somersaults, and come up as steady as a judge. When the boys laughed at him for saying that China was in Africa, he routed them entirely by his superior knowledge of the animals belonging to that wild country; and when "First class in reading" was called, he marched up with the proud consciousness that the shortest boy in it did better than tall Moses Towne or fat Sam Kitteridge.

Teacher praised him all she honestly could, and corrected his many blunders so quietly that he soon ceased to be a deep, distressful red during recitation, and tugged away so manfully that no one could help respecting him for his efforts, and trying to make light of his failures. So the first hard week went by, and though the boy's heart had sunk many a time at the prospect of a protracted wrestle with his own ignorance, he made up his mind to win, and went at it again on the Monday with fresh zeal, all the better and braver for a good, cheery talk with Miss Celia in the Sunday evening twilight.

He did not tell her one of his greatest trials, however, because he thought she could not help him there. Some of the children rather looked down upon him, called him "tramp" and "beggar," twitted him with having been a circus boy, and lived in a tent like a gypsy. They did not mean to be cruel, but did it for the sake of teasing, never stopping to think how much such sport can make a fellow-creature suffer. Being a plucky fellow, Ben pretended not to mind; but he did feel it keenly,

because he wanted to start afresh, and be like other boys. He was not ashamed of the old life, but finding those around him disapproved of it, he was glad to let it be forgotten,—even by himself,—for his latest recollections were not happy ones, and present comforts made past hardships seem harder than before.

He said nothing of this to Miss Celia, but she found it out, and liked him all the better for keeping some of his small worries to himself. Bab and Betty came over on Monday afternoon full of indignation at some boyish insult Sam had put upon Ben, and finding them too full of it to enjoy the reading, Miss Celia asked what the matter was. Then both little girls burst out in a rapid succession of broken exclamations which did not give a very clear idea of the difficulty:

"Sam did n't like it because Ben jumped farther than he did ——"

"And he said Ben ought to be in the poor-house."

"And Ben said *he* ought to be in a pig-pen."

"So he had!—such a greedy thing, bringing lovely big apples and not giving any one a single bite!"

"Then he was mad, and we all laughed, and he said, 'Want to fight?'"

"And Ben said, 'No, thanky, not much fun in pounding a feather-bed.'"

"Oh, he was *awfully* mad then and chased Ben up the big maple."

"He 's there now, for Sam wont let him come down till he takes it all back."

"Ben wont, and I do believe he 'll have to stay up all night," said Betty, distressfully.

"He wont care, and we 'll have fun firing up his supper. Nut-cakes and cheese will go splendidly; and may be baked pears would n't get smashed, he 's such a good catch," added Bab, decidedly relishing the prospect.

"If he does not come by tea-time we will go and look after him. It seems to me I have heard something about Sam's troubling him before, have n't I?" asked Miss Celia, ready to defend her protégé against all unfair persecution.

"Yes 'm, Sam and Mose are always plaguing Ben. They are big boys and we can't make them stop. I wont let the girls do it, and the little boys don't dare to, since Teacher spoke to them," answered Bab.

"Why does not Teacher speak to the big ones?"

"Ben wont tell of them or let us. He says he 'll fight his own battles and hates tell-tales. I guess he wont like to have us tell you, but I don't care, for it *is* too bad," and Betty looked ready to cry over her friend's tribulations.

"I 'm glad you did, for I will attend to it and stop this sort of thing," said Miss Celia, after the children had told some of the tormenting speeches which had tried poor Ben.

Just then, Thorny appeared, looking much amused, and the little girls both called out in a breath: "Did you see Ben and get him down?"

"He got himself down in the neatest way you can imagine," and Thorny laughed at the recollection.

"Where is Sam?" asked Bab.

"Staring up at the sky to see where Ben has flown to."

"Oh, tell about it!" begged Betty.

"Well, I came along and found Ben treed, and Sam stoning him. I stopped that at once and told the 'fat boy' to be off. He said he would n't til Ben begged his pardon, and Ben said he would n't do it if he stayed up for a week. I was just preparing to give that rascal a scientific thrashing when a load of hay came along and Ben dropped on to it so quietly that Sam, who was trying to bully me, never saw him go. It tickled me so, I told Sam I guessed I'd let him off that time, and walked away, leaving him to hunt for Ben and wonder where the dickens he had vanished to."

The idea of Sam's bewilderment tickled the others as much as Thorny, and they all had a good laugh over it before Miss Celia asked:

"Where has Ben gone now?"

"Oh, he 'll take a little ride and then slip down and race home full of the fun of it. But I 've gone to settle Sam. I wont have our Ben hectored by any one ——"

"But yourself," put in his sister, with a sly smile for Thorny *was* rather domineering at times.

"He does n't mind my poking him up now and then, it 's good for him, and I always take his part against other people. Sam is a bully and so is Mose, and I 'll thrash them both if they don't stop.

Anxious to curb her brother's pugnacious propensities, Miss Celia proposed milder measures, promising to speak to the boys herself if there was any more trouble.

"I have been thinking that we should have some sort of merry-making for Ben on his birthday. My plan was a very simple one, but I will enlarge it and have all the young folks come, and Ben shall be king of the fun. He needs encouragement in well-doing, for he does try, and now the first hard part is nearly over I am sure he will get on bravely. If we treat him with respect and show our regard for him, others will follow our example, and there will be better than fighting about it."

"So it will! What shall we do to make our party tip-top?" asked Thorny, falling into the trap at once, for he dearly loved to get up theatricals and had not had any for a long time.

"We will plan something splendid, a 'grand combination,' as you used to call your droll mixtures of tragedy, comedy, melodrama and farce," answered his sister, with her head already full of lively plots.

"We 'll startle the natives. I don't believe they ever saw a play in all their lives, hey Bab?"

"I 've seen a circus."

"We dress up and do 'Babes in the Wood,'" added Betty, with dignity.

"Pho! that 's nothing. I 'll show you acting that will make your hair stand on end, and you shall act too. Bab will be capital for the naughty girls," began Thorny, excited by the prospect of producing a sensation on the boards, and always ready to tease the girls.

Before Betty could protest that she did not want her hair to stand up, or Bab could indignantly decline the rôle offered her, a shrill whistle was heard, and Miss Celia whispered, with a warning look:

"Hush! Ben is coming, and he must not know anything about this yet."

The next day was Wednesday, and in the afternoon Miss Celia went to hear the children "speak pieces," though it was very seldom that any of the busy matrons and elder sisters found time or inclination for these displays of youthful oratory. Miss Celia and Mrs. Moss were all the audience on this occasion, but Teacher was both pleased and proud to see them, and a general rustle went through the school as they came in, all the girls turning from the visitors to nod at Bab and Betty, who smiled all over their round faces to see "Ma" sitting up "side of Teacher," and the boys grinned at Ben, whose heart began to beat fast at the thought of his dear mistress coming so far to hear him say his piece.

Thorny had recommended Marco Bozzaris, but Ben preferred John Gilpin, and ran the famous race with much spirit, making excellent time in some parts and having to be spurred a little in others, but came out all right, though quite breathless at the end, sitting down amid great applause, some of which, curiously enough, seemed to come from outside; which in fact it did, for Thorny was bound to hear but would not come in, lest his presence should abash one orator at least.

Other pieces followed, all more or less patriotic and warlike, among the boys; sentimental among the girls. Sam broke down in his attempt to give one of Webster's great speeches. Little Cy Fay boldly attacked

"Again to the battle, Achaians!"

and shrieked his way through it in a shrill, small voice, bound to do honor to the older brother who had trained him, even if he broke a vessel in the attempt. Billy chose a well-worn piece, but gave it a new interest by his style of delivery; for his gestures were so spasmodic he looked as if going into a fit, and he did such astonishing things with his voice that one never knew whether a howl or a growl would come next. When

"The woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;"

Billy's arms went round like the sails of a windmill; the "hymns of lofty cheer" not only "shook the depths of the desert gloom," but the small children on their little benches, and the schoolhouse literally rang "to the anthems of the free!" When "the ocean eagle soared," Billy appeared to be going bodily up, and the "pines of the forest roared" as if they had taken lessons of Van Amburgh's biggest lion. "Woman's fearless eye" was expressed by a wild glare; "manhood's brow, severely high," by a sudden clutch at the reddish locks falling over the orator's hot forehead, and a sounding thump on his blue checked bosom told where "the fiery heart of youth" was located. "What sought they thus afar?" he asked, in such a natural and inquiring tone, with his eye fixed on Mamie Peters, that the startled innocent replied, "Dunno," which caused the speaker to close in haste, devoutly pointing a stubby finger upward at the last line.

This was considered the gem of the collection, and Billy took his seat proudly conscious that his native town boasted an orator who, in time, would utterly eclipse Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips.

Sally Folsom led off with "The Coral Grove," chosen for the express purpose of making her friend Almira Mullet start and blush, when she recited the second line of that pleasing poem,

"Where the purple *mullet* and gold-fish rove."

One of the older girls gave Wordsworth's "Lost Love" in a pensive tone, clasping her hands and bringing out the "O" as if a sudden twinge of toothache seized her when she ended.

"But she is in her grave, and O,
The difference to me!"

Bab always chose a funny piece, and on this afternoon set them all laughing by the spirit with which she spoke the droll poem, "Pussy's Class," which some of my young readers may have read. The "meou" and the "sptzzs" were capital, and when the "fond mamma rubbed her nose," the children shouted, for Miss Bab made a paw of her hand and ended with an impromptu purr, which was considered the best imitation ever presented to an appreciative public. Betty bashfully murmured "Little

White Lilly," swaying to and fro as regularly as if in no other way could the rhymes be ground out of her memory.

"That is all, I believe. If either of the ladies would like to say a few words to the children, I should be pleased to have them," said Teacher, politely, pausing before she dismissed school with a song.



"THE OCEAN EAGLE SOARED."

"Please 'm, I 'd like to speak my piece," answered Miss Celia, obeying a sudden impulse; and, stepping forward with her hat in her hand, she made a pretty courtesy before she recited Mary Howitt's sweet little ballad, "Mabel on Midsummer Day."

She looked so young and merry, used such simple but expressive gestures, and spoke in such a clear, soft voice that the children sat as if spell-bound, learning several lessons from this new teacher, whose performance charmed them from beginning to end, and left a moral which all could understand and carry away in that last verse:

"'T is good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
'T is good, like Little Mabel,
To have a willing mind."

Of course there was an enthusiastic clapping when Miss Celia sat down, but even while hands applauded, consciences pricked, and undone tasks, complaining words and sour faces seemed to rise up reproachfully before many of the children, as well as their own faults of elocution.

"Now we will sing," said Teacher, and a great clearing of throats ensued, but before a note could be uttered, the half-open door swung wide, and Sancho, with Ben's hat on, walked in upon his hind legs, and stood with his paws meekly folded, while a voice from the entry sang rapidly:

"Benny had a little dog,
His fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Benny went
The dog was sure to go.

"He went into the school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a dog ——"

Mischievous Thorny got no further, for a general explosion of laughter drowned the last words, and Ben's command "Out, you rascal!" sent Sancho to the right-about in double-quick time.

Miss Celia tried to apologize for her bad brother, and Teacher tried to assure her that it did n't matter in the least as this was always a merry time, and Mrs. Moss vainly shook her finger at her naughty daughters; they as well as the others would have

their laugh out, and only partially sobered down when the bell rang for "Attention." They thought they were to be dismissed, and repressed their giggles as well as they could in order to get a good start for a vociferous roar when they got out. But, to their great surprise, the pretty lady stood up again and said, in her friendly way:

"I just want to thank you for this pleasant little exhibition, and ask leave to come again. I also wish to invite you all to my boy's birthday party on Saturday week. The archery meeting is to be in the afternoon, and both clubs will be there, I believe. In the evening we are going to have some fun, when we can laugh as much as we please without breaking any of the rules. In Ben's name I invite you, and hope you will all come, for we mean to make this the happiest birthday he ever had."

There were twenty pupils in the room, but the eighty hands and feet made such a racket at this announcement that an outsider would have thought a hundred children, at least, must have been at it. Miss Celia was a general favorite because she nodded to all the girls, called the boys by their last names, even addressing some of the largest as "Mr.," which won their hearts at once, so that if she had invited them all to come and be whipped they would have gone, sure that it was some delightful joke. With what eagerness they accepted the present invitation one can easily imagine, though they never guessed why she gave it in that way, and Ben's face was a sight to see, he was so pleased and proud at the honor done him that he did not know where to look, and was glad to rush out with the other boys and vent his emotions in whoops of delight. He knew that some little plot was being concocted for his birthday, but never dreamed of anything so grand as asking the whole school, Teacher and all. The effect of the invitation was seen with comical rapidity, for the boys became overpowering in their friendly attentions to Ben. Even Sam, fearing he might be left out, promptly offered the peaceful olive-branch in the shape of a big apple, warm from his pocket, and Mose proposed a trade in jack-knives which would be greatly to Ben's advantage. But Thorny made the noblest sacrifice of all, for he said to his sister, as they walked home together:

"I 'm not going to try for the prize at all. I shoot so much better than the rest, having had more practice, you know, that it is hardly fair. Ben and Billy are next best, and about even, for Ben's strong wrist makes up for Billy's true eye, and both want to win. If I am out of the way Ben stands a good chance, for the other fellows don't amount to much."

"Bab does; she shoots nearly as well as Ben, and wants to win even more than he or Billy. She must have her chance at any rate."

"So she may, but she wont do anything; girls can't, though it 's good exercise and pleases them to try."

"If I had full use of both my arms I 'd show you that girls *can* do a great deal when they like. Don't be too lofty, young man, for you may have to come down," laughed Miss Celia, amused by his airs.

"No fear," and Thorny calmly departed to set his targets for Ben's practice.

"We shall see," and from that moment Miss Celia made Bab her especial pupil, feeling that a little lesson would be good for Mr. Thorny, who rather lorded it over the other young people. There was a spice of mischief in it, for Miss Celia was very young at heart, in spite of her twenty-four years, and she was bound to see that her side had a fair chance, believing that girls can do whatever they are willing to strive patiently and wisely for.

So she kept Bab at work early and late, giving her all the hints and help she could with only one efficient hand, and Bab was delighted to think she did well enough to shoot with the club. Her arms ached and her fingers grew hard with twanging the bow, but she was indefatigable, and being a strong, tall child of her age, with a great love of all athletic sports, she got on fast and well, soon learning to send arrow after arrow with ever increasing accuracy nearer and nearer to the bull's-eye.

The boys took very little notice of her, being much absorbed in their own affairs, but Betty did for Bab what Sancho did for Ben, and trotted after arrows till her short legs were sadly tired, though her patience never gave out. She was so sure Bab would win that she cared nothing about her own success, practicing little and seldom hitting anything when she tried.

CHAPTER XX.

BEN'S BIRTHDAY.

A SUPERB display of flags flapped gayly in the breeze on the September morning when Ben proudly entered his teens. An irruption of bunting seemed to have broken out all over the old house, for banners of every shape and size, color and design flew from chimney-top and gable, porch and gate-way, making the quiet place look as lively as a circus tent, which was just what Ben most desired and delighted in.

The boys had been up very early to prepare the show, and when it was ready enjoyed it hugely, for the fresh wind made the pennons cut strange capers. The winged lion of Venice looked as if trying to fly away home; the Chinese dragon appeared to

brandish his forked tail as he clawed at the Burmese peacock; the double-headed eagle of Russia pecked at the Turkey crescent with one beak, while the other seemed to be screaming to the English royal beast, "Come on and lend a paw." In the hurry of hoisting, the Siamese elephant got turned upside down, and now danced gayly on his head, with the stars and stripes waving proudly over him. A green flag with a yellow harp and sprig of shamrock hung in sight of the kitchen window, and Katy, the cook, got breakfast to the tune of "St. Patrick's day in the morning." Sancho's kennel was half hidden under a rustling paper imitation of the gorgeous Spanish banner, and the scarlet sun-and-moon flag of Arabia snapped and flaunted from the pole over the coach-house, as a delicate compliment to Lita, Arabian horses being considered the finest in the world.

The little girls came out to see, and declared it was the loveliest sight they ever beheld, while Thorny played "Hail Columbia" on his fife, and Ben, mounting the gate-post, crowed long and loud like a happy cockerel who had just reached his majority. He had been surprised and delighted with the gifts he found in his room on awaking, and guessed why Miss Celia and Thorny gave him such pretty things, for among them was a match-box made like a mouse-trap. The doggy buttons and the horsey whip were treasures indeed, for Miss Celia had not given them when they first planned to do so, because Sancho's return seemed to be joy and reward enough for that occasion. But he did not forget to thank Mrs. Moss for the cake she sent him, nor the girls for the red mittens which they had secretly and painfully knit. Bab's was long and thin, with a very pointed thumb, Betty's short and wide, with a stubby thumb, and all their mother's pulling and pressing could not make them look alike, to the great affliction of the little knitters. Ben, however, assured them that he rather preferred odd ones, as then he could always tell which was right and which left. He put them on immediately and went about cracking the new whip with an expression of content which was droll to see, while the children followed after, full of admiration for the hero of the day.

They were very busy all the morning preparing for the festivities to come, and as soon as dinner was over every one scrambled into his or her best clothes as fast as possible, because, although invited to come at two, impatient boys and girls were seen hovering about the avenue as early as one.

The first to arrive, however, was an uninvited guest, for just as Bab and Betty sat down on the porch steps, in their stiff pink calico frocks and white ruffled aprons, to repose a moment before the party came in, a rustling was heard among the lilacs and out stepped Alfred Tennyson Barlow, looking like a small Robin Hood, in a green blouse with a silver buckle on his broad belt, a feather in his little cap and a bow in his hand.

"I have come to shoot. I heard about it. My papa told me what arching meant. Will there be any little cakes? I like them."

With these opening remarks the poet took a seat and calmly awaited a response. The young ladies, I regret to say, giggled, then remembering their manners, hastened to inform him that there *would* be heaps of cakes, also that Miss Celia would not mind his coming without an invitation, they were quite sure.

"She asked me to come that day. I have been very busy. I had measles. Do you have them here?" asked the guest, as if anxious to compare notes on the sad subject.

"We had ours ever so long ago. What have you been doing besides having measles?" said Betty, showing a polite interest.

"I had a fight with a bumble-bee."

"Who beat?" demanded Bab.

"I did. I ran away and he could n't catch me."

"Can you shoot nicely?"

"I hit a cow. She did not mind at all. I guess she thought it was a fly."

"Did your mother know you were coming?" asked Bab, feeling an interest in runaways.

"No; she is gone to drive, so I could not ask her."

"It is very wrong to disobey. My Sunday-school book says that children who are naughty that way never go to heaven," observed virtuous Betty, in a warning tone.

"I do not wish to go," was the startling reply.

"Why not?" asked Betty, severely.

"They don't have any dirt there. My mamma says so. I am fond of dirt. I shall stay here where there is plenty of it," and the candid youth began to grub in the mold with the satisfaction of a genuine boy.

"I am afraid you 're a very bad child."

"Oh yes, I am. My papa often says so and he knows all about it," replied Alfred with an involuntary wriggle suggestive of painful memories. Then, as if anxious to change the conversation from its somewhat personal channel, he asked, pointing to a row of grinning heads above the wall, "Do you shoot at those?"

Bab and Betty looked up quickly and recognized the familiar faces of their friends peering down at them, like a choice collection of trophies or targets.

"I should think you 'd be ashamed to peek before the party was ready!" cried Bab, frowning darkly upon the merry young ladies.

"Miss Celia told *us* to come before two, and be ready to receive folks, if she was n't down," added Betty, importantly.

"It is striking two now. Come along, girls," and over scrambled Sally Folsom, followed by three or four kindred spirits, just as their hostess appeared.

"You look like Amazons storming a fort," she said, as the girls came up, each carrying her bow and arrows, while green ribbons flew in every direction. "How do you do, sir? I have been hoping you would call again," added Miss Celia, shaking hands with the pretty boy, who regarded with benign interest the giver of little cakes.

Here a rush of boys took place, and further remarks were cut short, for every one was in a hurry to begin. So the procession was formed at once, Miss Celia taking the lead, escorted by Ben in the post of honor, while the boys and girls paired off behind, arm in arm, bow on shoulder, in martial array. Thorny and Billy were the band, and marched before, fifing and drumming "Yankee Doodle" with a vigor which kept feet moving briskly, made eyes sparkle, and young hearts dance under the gay gowns and summer jackets. The interesting stranger was elected to bear the prize, laid out on a red pin-cushion, and did so with great dignity, as he went beside the standard-bearer, Cy Fay, who bore Ben's choicest flag, snow white, with a green wreath surrounding a painted bow and arrow, and with the letters W. T. C. done in red below.

Such a merry march all about the place, out at the lodge gate, up and down the avenue, along the winding-paths till they halted in the orchard where the target stood and seats were placed for the archers, while they waited for their turns. Various rules and regulations were discussed, and then the fun began. Miss Celia had insisted that the girls should be invited to shoot with the boys, and the lads consented without much concern, whispering to one another with condescending shrugs—"Let 'em try, if they like, they can't do anything."

There were various trials of skill before the great match came off, and in these trials the young gentlemen discovered that two at least of the girls *could* do something, for Bab and Sally shot better than many of the boys, and were well rewarded for their exertions by the change which took place in the faces and conversation of their mates.

"Why, Bab, you do as well as if I 'd taught you myself," said Thorny, much surprised and not altogether pleased at the little girl's skill.

"A lady taught me, and I mean to beat every one of you," answered Bab, saucily, while her sparkling eyes turned to Miss Celia with a mischievous twinkle in them.

"Not a bit of it," declared Thorny, stoutly; but he went to Ben and whispered, "Do your best, old fellow, for sister has taught Bab all the scientific points, and the little rascal is ahead of Billy."

"She wont get ahead of *me*," said Ben, picking out his best arrow, and trying the string of his bow with a confident air which re-assured Thorny, who found it impossible to believe that a girl ever could, would, or should excel a boy in anything he cared to try.

It really did look as if Bab would beat when the match for the prize came off, and the children got more and more excited as the six who were to try for it took turns at the bull's-eye. Thorny was umpire and kept account of each shot, for the arrow which went nearest the middle would win. Each had three shots, and very soon the lookers on saw that Ben and Bab were the best marksmen, and one of them would surely get the silver arrow.

Sam, who was too lazy to practice, soon gave up the contest, saying, as Thorny did, "It wouldn't be fair for such a big fellow to try with the little chaps," which made a laugh, as his want of skill was painfully evident. But Mose went at it gallantly, and if his eye had been as true as his arms were strong, the "little chaps" would have trembled. But his shots were none of them as near as Billy's, and he retired after the third failure, declaring that it was impossible to shoot against the wind, though scarcely a breath was stirring.

Sally Folsom was bound to beat Bab, and twanged away in great style; all in vain, however, as with tall Maria Newcome, the third girl who attempted the trial. Being a little near-sighted, she had borrowed her sister's eye-glasses, and thereby lessened her chance of success; for the pinch on her nose distracted her attention, and not one of her arrows went beyond the second ring, to her great disappointment. Billy did very well, but got nervous when his last shot came, and just missed the bull's-eye by being in a hurry.

Bab and Ben each had one turn more, and as they were about even, that last arrow would decide the victory. Both had sent a shot into the bull's-eye, but neither was exactly in the middle; so there was room to do better, even, and the children crowded round, crying eagerly, "Now, Ben!" "Now, Bab!" "Hit her up, Ben!" "Beat him, Bab!" while Thorny looked as anxious as if the fate of the country depended on the success of his man. Bab's turn came first, and as Miss Celia examined her bow to see that all was right, the little girl said, with her eyes on her rival's excited face:

"I want to beat, but Ben will feel *so* bad, I 'most hope I sha' n't."

"Losing a prize sometimes makes one happier than gaining it. You have proved that you could do better than most of them, so, if you do not beat, you may still feel proud," answered Miss Celia, giv-

ing back the bow with a smile that said more than her words.

It seemed to give Bab a new idea, for in a minute all sorts of recollections, wishes and plans, rushed through her lively little mind, and she followed a sudden generous impulse as blindly as she often did a willful one.

"I guess he 'll beat," she said, softly, with a quick sparkle of the eyes, as she stepped to her place and fired without taking her usual careful aim.

Her shot struck almost as near the center on the right as her last one had hit on the left, and there was a shout of delight from the girls as Thorny announced it before he hurried back to Ben, whispering anxiously:

"Steady, old man, steady; you *must* beat that, or we shall never hear the last of it."

Ben did not say, "She wont get ahead of me," as he had said at the first; he set his teeth, threw off his hat, and knitting his brows with a resolute expression, prepared to take steady aim, though his heart beat fast, and his thumb trembled as he pressed it on the bow-string.

"I hope you 'll beat, I truly do," said Bab, at his elbow; and as if the breath that framed the generous wish helped it on its way, the arrow flew straight to the bull's-eye, hitting, apparently, the very spot where Bab's best shot had left a hole.

"A tie! a tie!" cried the girls, as a general rush took place toward the target.

"No; Ben's is nearest. Ben 's beat! Hooray!" shouted the boys, throwing up their hats.

There was only a hair's-breadth difference, and Bab could honestly have disputed the decision; but she did not, though for an instant she could not help wishing that the cry had been, "Bab 's beat! Hurrah!" it sounded so pleasant. Then she saw Ben's beaming face, Thorny's intense relief, and caught the look Miss Celia sent her over the heads of the boys, and decided, with a sudden warm glow all over her little face, that losing a prize *did* sometimes make one happier than winning it. Up went her best hat, and she burst out in a shrill, "Rah, rah, rah!" that sounded very funny coming all alone after the general clamor had subsided.



PRACTICING FOR THE MATCH.

"Good for you, Bab! you are an honor to the club, and I 'm proud of you," said Prince Thorny, with a hearty hand-shake; for, as his man had won, he could afford to praise the rival who had put him on his mettle though she *was* a girl.

Bab was much uplifted by the royal commendation, but a few minutes later felt pleased as well as proud when Ben, having received the prize, came to her, as she stood behind a tree sucking her blistered thumb, while Betty braided up her disheveled locks.

"I think it would be fairer to call it a tie, Bab,

for it nearly was, and I want you to wear this. I wanted the fun of beating, but I don't care a bit for this girl's thing, and I 'd rather see it on you."

As he spoke, Ben offered the rosette of green ribbon which held the silver arrow, and Bab's eyes brightened as they fell upon the pretty ornament, for to her "the girl's thing" was almost as good as the victory.

"Oh no; you must wear it to show who won. Miss Celia would n't like it. I don't mind not getting it; I did better than all the rest, and I guess I should n't like to beat *you*," answered Bab, unconsciously putting into childish words the sweet generosity which makes so many sisters glad to see their brothers carry off the prizes of life, while they are content to know that they have earned them and can do without the praise.

But if Bab was generous, Ben was just; and though he could not explain the feeling, would not consent to take all the glory without giving his little friend a share.

"You *must* wear it; I shall feel real mean if you don't. You worked harder than I did, and it was only luck my getting this. Do, Bab, to please me," he persisted, awkwardly trying to fasten the ornament in the middle of Bab's white apron.

"Then I will. Now do you forgive me for losing Pancho?" asked Bab, with a wistful look which made Ben say, heartily:

"I did that when he came home."

"And you don't think I 'm horrid?"

"Not a bit of it; you are first-rate, and I 'll stand by you like a man, for you are 'most as good as a boy!" cried Ben, anxious to deal handsomely with his feminine rival, whose skill had raised her immensely in his opinion.

Feeling that he could not improve that last compliment, Bab was fully satisfied, and let him leave the prize upon her breast, conscious that she had come claim to it.

"That is where it should be, and Ben is a true knight, winning the prize that he may give it to his lady, while he is content with the victory," said Miss Celia, laughingly, to Teacher, as the children ran off to join in the riotous games which soon made the orchard ring.

"He learned that at the circus 'tunnyments,' as he calls them. He is a nice boy, and I am much interested in him; for he has the two things that do most toward making a man, patience and courage," answered Teacher, smiling also as she watched the young knight play leap-frog, and the honored lady tearing about in a game of tag.

"Bab is a nice child, too," said Miss Celia; "she is as quick as a flash to catch an idea and carry it out, though very often the ideas are wild ones. She could have won just now, I fancy, if she had tried, but took the notion into her head that it was nobler to let Ben win, and so atone for the trouble she gave him in losing the dog. I saw a very sweet look on her face just now, and am sure that Ben will never know why he beat."

"She does such things at school sometimes, and I can't bear to spoil her little atonements, though they are not always needed or very wise," answered Teacher. "Not long ago I found that she had been giving her lunch day after day to a poor child who seldom had any, and when I asked her why, she said, with tears, 'I used to laugh at Abby, because she had only crusty, dry bread, and so she would n't bring any. I *ought* to give her mine and be hungry, it was so mean to make fun of her poorness.'"

"Did you stop the sacrifice?"

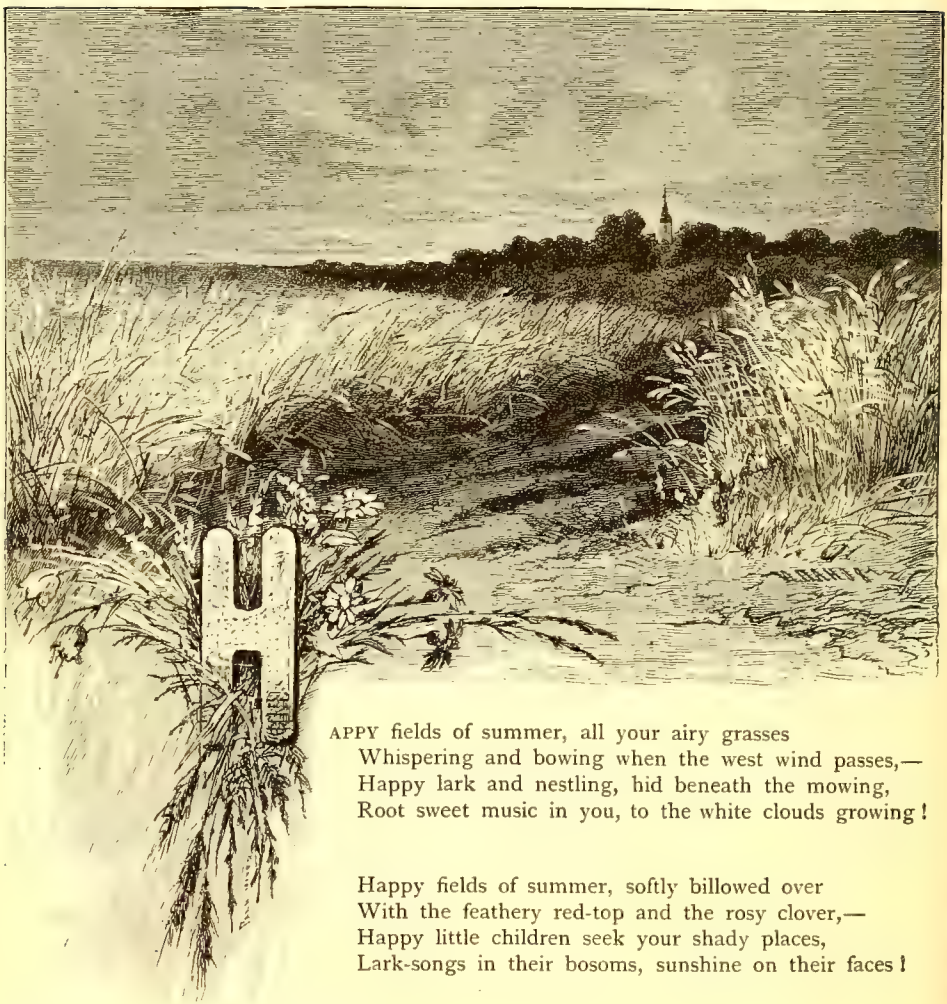
"No; I let Bab 'go halves,' and added an extra bit to my own lunch, so I could make my contribution likewise."

"Come and tell me about Abby's folks. I want to make friends with our poor people, for soon I shall have a right to help them;" and, putting her arm in Teacher's, Miss Celia led her away for a quiet chat in the porch, making her guest's visit a happy holiday by confiding several plans and asking advice in the friendliest way.

(To be continued.)

"HAPPY FIELDS OF SUMMER."

By Lucy Larcom.



HAPPY fields of summer, all your airy grasses
Whispering and bowing when the west wind passes,—
Happy lark and nestling, hid beneath the mowing,
Root sweet music in you, to the white clouds growing!

Happy fields of summer, softly billowed over
With the feathery red-top and the rosy clover,—
Happy little children seek your shady places,
Lark-songs in their bosoms, sunshine on their faces!

Happy little children, skies are bright above you,
Trees bend down to kiss you, breeze and blossom love you;
And we bless you, playing in the field-paths mazy,
Swinging with the harebell, dancing with the daisy!

Happy fields of summer, touched with deeper beauty
As your tall grain ripens, tell the children duty
Is as sweet as pleasure;—tell them both are blended
In the best life-story, well begun and ended!

THE DIGGER-WASPS AT HOME.

BY E. A. E.

JULY had come again, and brought with it such arm, sultry days that it almost seemed as if no ving creature could stir abroad. Nevertheless, ere was a wonderful deal going on in our garden. hrough the air and over the flower-beds hastened ndreds of little people. Some lived in the trees d bushes, others in the ground, and all were hard work.

One morning, especially, there seemed to be mething unusual going on; the buzzing, and mming was fairly deafening.

Whirr-r-r! whirr-r-r! What was that great eature that darted past my face? And here me another, and another; why, the garden was l of them!

Big brown-and-yellow wasps these strangers were, d all in a most desperate hurry. Scores of them re already hard at work digging away in the mly packed sand of the path.

As these new-comers seemed to care very little o watched them at their work, I sat down on an turned flower-pot in the shade of a friendly lilac, termined to make their acquaintance.

Hardly had I settled myself before one of the sps approached. She seemed searching for some- ng, for she flew rapidly back and forth, now ghting for a moment—now darting away again. last she dropped upon the ground close to me d began to bite the earth with her strong jaws. hen quite a little heap lay before her she pushed o one side with her hind feet and then returned her digging. In five minutes she had an open- ; big enough to get into; every time she ap- ared she backed up out of it pushing a huge d of sand as big as herself behind her. Soon around the hole was a high bank of earth, and found it necessary to make a path across it, and sh her loads over that. Two hours' hard work, l the house was finished. It was very simply nned, and had only one room down at the end a long, narrow passage. But simple as it was, s little creature had done more work in the two rs than a man could do in a day. That is, of rse, taking her size into consideration. And did not even now stop to rest. Not she! With last look into the house, to make sure she was ving all as it should be, she flew away. In a mo- nt her strong wings had taken her quite out of ht but it was not long before she re-appeared. k and forth she hastened, at one moment fly- through the grape-arbor, at the next wheeling above the cabbage-bed. All this time the object of her search, a fat young locust, was quietly sitting on a gate-post, quite forgetting, as even locusts sometimes will, that he had an enemy in the world.

A moment later and the wasp's sharp eyes had found him out; and then, quick as lightning, she darted down upon him, and pierced him with her sting. When the locust lay perfectly still, the wasp seized him and flew off. Arrived at her hole, she tumbled him head foremost in at the door, expecting him, of course, to fall quite to the bottom. But her calculations had been slightly at fault; the locust was too fat to go in, and there he stuck with his head and shoulders in the hole and his body in the air. Here was a dilemma! But my wasp friend was evidently not one to be overcome by difficulties of this sort. She flew off again, and this time returned with two other wasps; they crowded round the hole, and began digging away the earth which pressed close about the locust. In a short time they seemed satisfied, for they stood up and pushed at the object of their toils. Slowly he slid down out of sight, and she who had brought him hurried after. She laid an egg close to him in her house; then, hurrying up, began to carry back the earth she had before taken out, and in a short time the door was securely closed. Then she scraped away, and patted down all the loose earth, till she had made it quite impossible for any evil-minded creature to find any traces of her home.

The wasp knew very well that her egg would soon hatch out; that the little white grub, her chick, would at once begin to feed upon the locust, which would supply food till the young one was full-grown.

The following morning I again visited the garden, to see how the home-making progressed. Soon a handsome wasp came running toward my seat, under the lilac, near which was a newly made hole.

"She knows me! she is no longer afraid!" But no; she stopped short and raised her long, delicate antennæ, evidently on the lookout for danger. She could not be the same wasp I had watched yesterday; but how was I to make sure? They seemed all exactly alike.

I was all this time as motionless as if I had been turned to stone.

She came a step or two nearer, and, at last, quite re-assured, hurried down into her hole. What a long time she stayed! but, at last, on watching the opening intently, I saw something coming toward

daylight. It was a great ball of earth, quite filling the hole, that the wasp was forcing up by her hind legs. With one mighty heave the ball rolled out, scattering itself in all directions, as it broke apart.



MAKING A HOME.

I noticed at this time, and afterward, that as the depth of the holes increased and it took longer journeys to reach the surface, the wasps always pressed the earth they wished to get rid of into these compact balls, and so managed to bring up a much greater quantity at once than would otherwise be possible. The wasp now walked entirely round the hole, pushing carefully back the loose sand which seemed likely to fall in again. This done, she was up and away. She was in search now of the insect near which to lay her egg, but although she came in sight of several, she could get no nearer.

The inhabitants of our garden were learning how dangerous these new settlers might be, and kept well out of her way. At last, as she poised herself high in the air, and rested on her broad, strong wings for an instant, she spied, far beneath her, a small grasshopper. It was the work of only a second to pounce upon him, and to lay him out on his back perfectly insensible.

But now a difficulty arose. How could she, borne down by this heavy weight, manage to rise into the air? The locust of the day before had been caught upon a high post, and in order to carry him the wasp had only to fly down. This was a wholly different case. At last an idea seemed to occur to her: she jumped astride of the grasshopper, seized its head with her fore feet, and ran along the ground.

Ha! This was famous; but hard work, nevertheless, and she had often to let go and rest. She entered the broad path in which her house was, but somehow she had become bewildered, and mistook a neighbor's hole for her own. As she dismounted before it, and looked in, the owner angrily darte out, buzzing in a frightful manner. Our poor frien much abashed, proceeded to the next house, an the next, everywhere meeting with the same recep tion.

"How stupid of her," I thought, "not to kno her own home!" but just then she saw the entranc ran swiftly toward it, and in another minute she an her burden were both safely in-doors.

Presently she came out and again flew off. Sh had laid her egg close to the grasshopper, but th amount of provision was not enough, so she ha now gone in search of another insect, with which t fill her larder

As soon as she was out of sight, a tiny creatur flew down into the hole. She, too, had her egg t lay, and here was just the opportunity. Inside o the digger-wasp's egg the little ichneumon fl placed another and a very much smaller one, afte which she darted away, just in time to escape meet ing the returning mother, who, coming back lade with a second grasshopper, placed it close to th first, and set about closing the door. But all he careful work would be of no avail; no child of her would ever come out of this house a perfect ful grown insect like herself.

This is what happened:

In time the two eggs hatched. The youn digger-wasp set to work upon the grasshopper, an the little ichneumon began to eat the wasp-grub At last the young wasp died, and at that momen there flew out from his body a little fly.

It rested a minute, then turned and pushed it



AT THE WRONG HOUSE.

way through the soft earth till it reached daylight It waved its wings gently up and down a few times and darted away and out of sight.

The digger-wasps had been living for some week

our garden, when, one afternoon, there came up earful thunder-storm. The rain poured down in rents. Where had been shortly before neatly pt paths about our house, we saw now rapid little rers tearing up sand and gravel as they raced wn-hill, and doing all the damage their short es would allow. But all of a sudden the sun rst out from the clouds, the rain stopped, and the ter which had fallen sank into the ground.

I did not waste many minutes in reaching the rden. What a sight met my eyes! The broad th stretched itself out before me smooth and wet; t a single hole remained,—all were buried deep der the sand. Instead of the air being, as was ual, fairly alive with busy, happy creatures, there s now, here and there, a miserable mud-covered ect clinging to a leaf, and wearily trying to clean heavy wings.

What a sad ending to the gay, bright summer!

The next day, however, I found a few survivors d at work digging again; but this time every e was sloping instead of perpendicular. After ch thought, I came to the conclusion that these ver little creatures had found the way to prevent h another calamity as had overtaken them the before. Formerly, the first drops of an unally hard shower filled the holes instantly, drowning the inmates. Now, this could not happen, especially if the openings were placed, as most of them were, under the shelter of the big grape-



AFTER THE RAIN-STORM.

leaves which at many points rested on the edge of the path. This all took place two years ago; but each summer since then has brought with it some of our old friends, the digger-wasps.

THE EMERGENCY MISTRESS.

(A Fairy Tale.)

By Frank R. Stockton.

ULES VATERMANN was a wood-cutter, and a good one. He always had employment, for nderstood his business so well, and was so intrious and trustworthy, that every one in the ghborhood where he lived, who wanted wood was glad to get him to do it.

ules had a very ordinary and commonplace life l he was a middle-aged man, and then some- g remarkable happened to him. It happened the twenty-fifth of January, in a very cold er. Jules was forty-five years old, that year, he remembered the day of the month, because he morning, before he started out to his work, ad remarked that it was just one month since istmas.

he day before, Jules had cut down a tall tree, he had been busy all the morning sawing it into logs of the proper length and splitting it up and making a pile of it.

When dinner-time came around, Jules sat down on one of the logs and opened his basket. He had plenty to eat,—good bread and sausage, and a bottle of beer, for he was none of your poor woodcutters.

As he was cutting a sausage, he looked up and saw something coming from behind his wood-pile.

At first, he thought it was a dog, for it was about the right size for a small dog, but in a moment he saw it was a little man. He was a little man indeed, for he was not more than two feet high. He was dressed in brown clothes and wore a peaked cap, and he must have been pretty old, for he had a full white beard. Although otherwise warmly clad, he wore on his feet only shoes and no stock-

ings, and came hopping along through the deep snow as if his feet were very cold.

When he saw this little old man, Jules said never a word. He merely thought to himself: "This is some sort of a fairy-man."

But the little old person came close to Jules, and drawing up one foot, as if it was so cold that he could stand on it no longer, he said:

"Please, sir, my feet are almost frozen."

"Oh, ho!" thought Jules, "I know all about that. This is one of the fairy-folks who come in distress to a person, and if that person is kind to them, he is made rich and happy; but if he turns them away, he soon finds himself in all sorts of misery. I shall be very careful." And then he said aloud: "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"That is a strange question," said the dwarf. "If you were to walk by the side of a deep stream, and were to see a man sinking in the water, would you stop and ask him what you could do for him?"

"Would you like my stockings?" said Jules, putting down his knife and sausage, and preparing to pull off one of his boots. "I will let you have them."

"No, no!" said the other. "They are miles too big for me."

"Will you have my cap or my scarf in which to wrap your feet and warm them?"

"No, no!" said the dwarf. "I don't put my feet in caps and scarfs."

"Well, tell me what you would like," said Jules. "Shall I make a fire?"

"No, I will not tell you," said the fairy-ma "You have kept me standing here long enough.

Jules could not see what this had to do with He was getting very anxious. If he were only quick-witted fellow, so as to think of exactly t right thing to do, he might make his fortune. B he could think of nothing more.

"I wish, sir, that you would tell me just wh you would like for your cold feet," said Jules, in entreating tone, "for I shall be very glad to give to you, if it is at all possible."

"If your ax were half as dull as your brain," sa the dwarf, "you would not cut much wood. Goo day!"—and he skipped away behind the wood-pil



JULES AND THE LITTLE MAN.

Jules jumped up and looked after him, but was gone. These fairy-people have a strange w of disappearing.

Jules was not married and had no home of h own. He lived with a good couple who had a lit house and an only daughter, and that was abo the sum of their possessions. The money Jul paid for his living helped them a little, and th managed to get along. But they were quite poo

Jules was not poor. He had no one but himse to support, and he had laid by a sum of money f himself when he should be too old to work.

But you never saw a man so disappointed as h was that evening as he sat by the fire after suppe

He had told the family all about his meeti with the dwarf, and lamented again and again th he had lost such a capital chance of making h fortune.

"If I only could have thought what it was best to do!" he said, again and again.

"I know what I should have done," said Selma, the only daughter of the poor couple, a girl about eleven years old.

"What?" asked Jules, eagerly.

"I should have just snatched the little fellow up, and rubbed his feet and wrapped them in my shawl until they were warm," said she.

"But he would not have liked that," said Jules. "He was an old man and very particular."

"I would not care," said Selma; "I would n't let such a little fellow stand suffering in the snow, and I would n't care how old he was."

"I hope you 'll never meet any of these fairy-people," said Jules. "You 'd drive them out of the country with your roughness, and we might all whistle for our fortunes."

Selma laughed and said no more about it.

Every day after that, Jules looked for the dwarf-man, but he did not see him again. Selma looked for him, too, for her curiosity had been much excited; but as she was not allowed to go to the woods in the winter, of course she never saw him.

But, at last, summer came; and, one day, as she was walking by a little stream which ran through the woods, whom should she see, sitting on the bank, but the dwarf-man! She knew him in an instant, from Jules' descriptions. He was busily engaged in fishing, but he did not fish like any one else in the world. He had a short pole, which was floating in the water, and in his hand he held a string which was fastened to one end of the pole.

When Selma saw what the old fellow was doing, she burst out laughing. She knew it was not very polite, but she could not help it.

"What 's the matter?" said he, turning quickly toward her.

"I 'm sorry I laughed at you, sir," said Selma, "but that 's no way to fish."

"Much you know about it," said the dwarf. "This is the only way to fish. You let your pole float, with a piece of bait on a hook fastened to the long end of the pole. Then you fasten a line to the little end. When a fish bites, you haul in the pole by means of the string."

"Have you caught anything yet?" asked Selma.

"No, not yet," replied the dwarf.

"Well, I 'm sure I can fish better than that. Would you mind letting me try a little while?"

"Not at all—not at all!" said the dwarf, handing the line to Selma. "If you think you can fish better than I can, do it by all means."

Selma took the line and pulled in the pole. Then she unfastened the hook and bait which was at the end of the pole, and tied it to the end of the line, with a little piece of stone for a sinker. She then took up the pole, threw in the line, and fished like common people. In less than a minute she had a bite, and, giving a jerk, she drew out a fat little fish as long as her hand.

"Hurrah!" cried the little old man, giving a skip in the air; and then, turning away from the stream, he shouted, "Come here!"

Selma turned around to see whom he was calling to, and she perceived another gnome, who was running toward them. When he came near, she saw that he was much younger than the fisher-gnome.

"Hello!" cried the old fellow, "I 've caught one."

Selma was amazed to hear this. She looked at the old gnome, who was taking the fish off the hook, as if she were astonished that he could tell such a falsehood.

"What is this other person's name?" said she to him.

"His name," said the old gnome, looking up, "is Class 60, H."

"Is that all the name he has?" asked Selma, in surprise.

"Yes. And it is a very good name. It shows just who and what he is."

"Well, then, Mr. Class 60, H," said Selma, "that old—person did not catch the fish. I caught it myself."

"Very good! Very good!" said Class 60, H, laughing and clapping his hands. "Capital! See here!" said he, addressing the older dwarf, and he knelt down and whispered something in his ear.

"Certainly," said the old gnome. "That 's just what I was thinking of. Will you mention it to her? I must hurry and show this fish while it is fresh,"—and, so saying, he walked rapidly away with the little fish, and the pole and tackle.

"My dear Miss," said Class 60, H, approaching Selma, "would you like to visit the home of the gnomes,—to call, in fact, on the Queen Dowager of all the Gnomes?"

"Go down underground, where you live?" asked Selma. "Would it be safe down there, and when could I get back again?"

"Safe, dear miss? Oh, perfectly so! And the trip will not take you more than a couple of hours. I assure you that you will be back in plenty of time for supper. Will you go, if I send a trusty messenger for you? You may never have another chance to see our country."

Selma thought that this was very probable, and she began to consider the matter.

As soon as Class 60, H, saw that she was really trying to make up her mind whether or not to go, he cried out:

"Good! I see you have determined to go. Wait here five minutes and the messenger will be

with you," and then he rushed off as fast as he could run.

"I did n't say I would go," thought Selma, "but I guess I will."

In a very few minutes, Selma heard a deep voice behind her say: "Well, are you ready?"

Turning suddenly, she saw, standing close to her, a great black bear!

Frightened dreadfully, she turned to run, but the bear called out: "Stop! You need n't be frightened. I 'm tame."

The surprise of hearing a bear speak overcame poor Selma's terror; she stopped, and looked around.

"Come back," said the bear; "I will not hurt you in the least. I am sent to take you to the Queen Dowager of the Gnomes. I don't mind your being frightened at me. I 'm used to it. But I am getting a little tired of telling folks that I am tame," and he yawned wearily.

"You are to take me?" said Selma, still a little frightened, and very certain that, if she had known a bear was to be sent for her, she never would have consented to go.

"Yes," said the bear. "You can get on my back and I will give you a nice ride. Come on! Don't keep me waiting, please."

There was nothing to be done but to obey, for Selma did not care to have a dispute with a bear, even if he were tame, and so she got upon his back, where she had a very comfortable seat, holding fast to his long hair.

The bear walked slowly but steadily into the very heart of the forest, among the great trees and the rocks. It was so lonely and solemn here that Selma felt afraid again.

"Suppose we were to meet with robbers," said she.

"Robbers!" said the bear, with a laugh. "That 's good! Robbers, indeed! You need n't be afraid of robbers. If we were to meet any of them, you would be the last person they 'd ever meet."

"Why?" asked Selma.

"I 'd tear 'em all into little bits," said the bear, in a tone which quite restored Selma's confidence, and made her feel very glad that she had a bear to depend upon in those lonely woods.

It was not very long before they came to an opening in a bank of earth, behind a great tree. Into this the bear walked, for it was wide enough, and so high that Selma did not even have to lower her head, as they passed in. They were now in a long winding passage, which continually seemed as if it was just coming to an end, but which turned and twisted, first one way and then another, and always kept going down and down. Before long they began to meet gnomes, who very respectfully stepped aside to let them pass. They now went through several halls and courts, cut in the earth, and, directly, the bear stopped before a door.

"You get off here," said the bear; and, when Selma had slid off his back, he rose up on his hind legs and gave a great knock with the iron knocker on the door. Then he went away.

In a moment, the door opened, and there stood a little old gnome-woman, dressed in brown, and wearing a lace cap.

"Come in!" she said; and Selma entered the room. "The Queen Dowager will see you in a few minutes," said the little old woman. "I am her housekeeper. I 'll go and tell her you 're here, and, meantime, it would be well for you to get your answers all ready, so as to lose no time."

Selma was about to ask what answers she meant, but the housekeeper was gone before she could say a word.

The room was a curious one. There were some little desks and stools in it, and in the center stood a great brown ball, some six or seven feet in diameter. While she was looking about at these things, a little door in the side of the ball opened and out stepped Class 60, H.

"One thing I did n't tell you," said he, hurriedly "I was afraid if I mentioned it you would n't come. The Queen Dowager wants a governess for her grandson, the Gnome Prince. Now, please don't say you can't do it, for I 'm sure you 'll suit exactly. The little fellow has had lots of teachers, but he wants one of a different kind now. This is the school-room. That ball is the globe where he studies his geography. It 's only the under part of the countries that he has to know about, and so they are marked out on the inside of the globe. What they want now is a special teacher, and after having come here, and had the Queen Dowager notified, it would n't do to back out, you know."

"How old is the Prince?" asked Selma.

"About seventy-eight," said the gnome.

"Why, he 's an old man," cried Selma.

"Not at all, my dear miss," said Class 60, H. "It takes a long time for us to get old. The Prince is only a small boy; if he were a human boy, he would be about five years of age. I don't look old do I?"

"No," said Selma.

"Well, I 'm three hundred and fifty-two, next Monday. And as for Class 20, P,—the old fellow you saw fishing,—he is nine hundred and sixty."

"Well, you are all dreadfully old, and you have very funny names," said Selma.

"In this part of the world," said the other, "all gnomes, except those belonging to the nobility and the royal family, are divided into classes, and let

ered. This is much better than having names, or you know it is very hard to get enough names o go around, so that every one can have his own. ut here comes the housekeeper," and Class 60, I, retired quickly into the hollow globe.

"Her Majesty will see you," said the housekeeper; and she conducted Selma into the next oom, where, on a little throne, with a high back nd rockers, sat the Queen Dowager. She seemed ather smaller than the other gnomes, and was ery much wrinkled and wore spectacles. She had

Selma, standing there before this little old queen and this little old housekeeper, was somewhat embarrassed, and a question like this did not make her feel any more at her ease. She could not think what qualifications she had. As she did not answer at once, the Queen Dowager turned to the housekeeper and said:

"Put down, 'Asked, but not given.'"

The housekeeper set that down, and then she jumped up and looked over the list of questions.

"We must be careful," said she, in a whisper,



"'ROBBERS!' SAID THE BEAR. 'THAT'S GOOD! ROBBERS, INDEED!'"

uite hair, with little curls on each side, and was ssed in brown silk.

She looked at Selma over her spectacles.

"This is the applicant?" said she.

"Yes, this is she," said the housekeeper.

"She looks young," remarked the Queen Dowager.

"Very true," said the housekeeper, "but she not be any older at present."

"You are right," said Her Majesty; "we will amine her."

So saying, she took up a paper which lay on the le, and which seemed to have a lot of items tten on it.

"Get ready," said she to the housekeeper, who ened a large blank-book and made ready to ord Selma's answers.

The Queen Dowager read from the paper the t question:

"What are your qualifications?"

to the Queen Dowager, "what we ask her. It wont do to put all the questions to her. Suppose you try number twenty-eight?"

"All right," said Her Majesty; and, when the housekeeper had sat down again by her book, she addressed Selma and asked:

"Are you fond of children?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Selma.

"Good!" cried the Queen Dowager; "that is an admirable answer."

And the housekeeper nodded and smiled at Selma, as if she was very much pleased.

"'Eighty-two' would be a good one to ask next," suggested the housekeeper.

Her Majesty looked for "Eighty-two," and read it out:

"Do you like pie?"

"Very much, ma'am," said Selma.

"Capital! capital!" said Her Majesty. "That will do. I see no need of asking her any other

questions. Do you?" said she, turning to the housekeeper.

"None whatever," said the other. "She answered all but one, and that one she did n't really miss."

"There is no necessity for any further bother," said the Queen Dowager. "She is engaged."

And then she arose from the throne and left the room.

"Now, my dear girl," said the housekeeper, "I will induct you into your duties. They are simple."

"But I should like to know," said Selma, "if I 'm to stay here all the time. I can't leave my father and mother ——"

"Oh! you wont have to do that," interrupted the housekeeper. "You will take the Prince home with you."

"Home with me?" exclaimed Selma.

"Yes. It would be impossible for you to teach him properly here. We want him taught Emergencies—that is, what to do in case of the various emergencies which may arise. Nothing of the kind ever arises down here. Everything goes on always in the usual way. But on the surface of the earth, where he will often go, when he grows up, they are very common, and you have been selected as a proper person to teach him what to do when any of them occur to him. By the way, what are your terms?"

"I don't know," said Selma. "Whatever you please."

"That will suit very well,—very well indeed," said the housekeeper. "I think you are the very person we want."

"Thank you," said Selma; and just then a door opened and the Queen Dowager put in her head.

"Is she inducted?" she asked.

"Yes," said the housekeeper.

"Then here is the Prince," said the Queen Dowager, entering the room and leading by the hand a young gnome about a foot high. He had on a ruffled jacket and trousers, and a little peaked cap. His royal grandmother led him to Selma.

"You will take him," she said, "for a session of ten months. At the end of that time we shall expect him to be thoroughly posted in emergencies. While he is away, he will drop all his royal titles and be known as Class 81, Q. His parents and I have taken leave of him. Good-bye!"

And she left the room, with her little handkerchief to her eyes.

"Now, then," said the housekeeper, "the sooner you are off, the better. The bear is waiting."

So saying, she hurried Selma and the Prince through the school-room, and, when they opened the door, there stood the bear, all ready. Selma mounted him, and the housekeeper handed up the Prince, first kissing him good-bye. Then off they started.

The Prince, or, as he must now be called, Class 81, Q, was a very quiet and somewhat bashful little fellow; and, although Selma talked a good deal to him, on the way, he did not say much. The bear carried them to the edge of the woods, and then Selma took the little fellow in her arms and ran home with him.

It may well be supposed that the appearance of their daughter with the young gnome in her arms greatly astonished the worthy cottagers, and they were still more astonished when they heard her story.

"You must do your best, my dear," said her mother, "and this may prove a very good thing for you, as well as for this little master here."

Selma promised to do as well as she could, and her father said he would try and think of some good emergencies, so that the little fellow could be well trained.

Everybody seemed to be highly satisfied, even Class 81, Q, himself, who sat cross-legged on a wooden chair surveying everything about him; but when Jules Vatermann came home, he was very much dissatisfied, indeed.

"Confound it!" he said, when he heard the story. "I should have done all this. That should have been my pupil, and the good luck should have been mine. The gnome-man came first to me, and, if he had waited a minute, I should have thought of the right thing to do. I could teach that youngster far better than you, Selma. What do you know about emergencies?"

Selma and her parents said nothing. Jules had been quite cross-grained since the twenty-fifth of January, when he had met the gnome, and they had learned to pay but little attention to his fault finding and complaining.

The little gnome soon became quite at home in the cottage, and grew very much attached to Selma. He was quiet, but sensible and bright, and knew a great deal more than most children of five. Selma did not have many opportunities to educate him in her peculiar branch. Very commonplace things generally happened in the cottage.

One day, however, the young gnome was playing with the cat, and began to pull his tail. The cat, not liking this, began to scratch Class 81, Q. At this, the little fellow cried and yelled, while the cat scratched all the more fiercely. But Selma, who ran into the room on hearing the noise, was equal to the emergency. She called out, instantly,

"Let go of his tail!"

The gnome let go, and the cat bounded away.

The lesson of this incident was then carefully impressed on her pupil's mind by Selma, who no

thought that she had at last begun to do her duty by him.

A day or two after this, Selma was sent by her mother on an errand to the nearest village. As it would be dark before she returned, she did not take the little gnome with her. About sunset, when Jules Vatermann returned from his work, he found the youngster playing by himself in the kitchen.

Instantly, a wicked thought rushed into the mind of Jules. Snatching up the young gnome, he ran off with him as fast as he could go. As he ran, he thought to himself:

"Now is my chance. I know what to do, this time. I'll just keep this young rascal and make his people pay me a pretty sum for his ransom. I'll take him to the city, where the gnomes never go, and leave him there, in safe hands, while I come back and make terms. Good for you, at last, Jules!"

So, on he hurried, as fast as he could go. The road soon led him into a wood, and he had to go more slowly. Poor little Class 81, Q, cried and besought Jules to let him go, but the hard-hearted wood-cutter paid no attention to his distress.

Suddenly, Jules stopped. He heard something, and then he saw something. He began to tremble. A great bear was coming along the road, directly toward him!

What should he do? He could not meet that dreadful creature. He hesitated but a moment. The bear was now quite near, and, at the first growl it gave, Jules dropped the young gnome, and turned and ran away at the top of his speed. The bear started to run after him, not noticing little Class 81, Q, who was standing in the road; but as he passed the little fellow, who had never seen any bear except the tame one which belonged to the gnomes, and who thought this animal was his old friend, he seized him by the long hair on his legs and began to climb up on his back.

The bear, feeling some strange creature on him, stopped and looked back. The moment the young gnome saw the fiery eyes and the glittering teeth of the beast, he knew that he had made a mistake; this was no tame bear.

The savage beast growled, and, reaching back as far as he could, snapped at the little fellow on his back, who quickly got over on the other side. When the bear reached back on that side, and Class 81, Q, was obliged to slip over again. The bear became very angry, and turned around and around in his efforts to get at the young gnome, who was nearly frightened to death. He could not think what in the world he should do. He could dimly remember that, in a great emergency,—but not quite as bad a one as this,—his teacher had come to his aid with the counsel, "Let go of his tail." He would gladly let go of the bear's tail, but the bear had none—at least, none that he could see. So what was he to do? "Let go of his tail!" cried the poor little fellow, to himself. "Oh, if he only had a tail!"

Before long, the bear himself began to be frightened. This was something entirely out of the common run of things. Never before in his life had he met with a little creature who stuck to him like that. He did not know what might happen next, and so he ran as hard as he could go toward his cave. Perhaps his wife, the old mother-bear, might be able to get this thing off. Away he dashed, and, turning sharply around a corner, little Class 81, Q, was jolted off, and was glad enough to find himself on the ground, with the bear running away through the woods.

The little fellow rubbed his knees and elbows, and, finding that he was not at all hurt, set off to find the cottage of his friend Selma, as well as he could. He had no idea which way to go, for the bear had turned around and around so often that he had become quite bewildered. However, he resolved to trudge along, hoping to meet some one who could tell him how to go back to Selma.

After a while, the moon rose, and then he could see a little better; but it was still quite dark in the woods, and he was beginning to be very tired, when he heard a noise as if some one was talking. He went toward the voice, and soon saw a man sitting on a rock by the road-side.

When he came nearer, he saw that the man was Jules, who was wailing and moaning and upbraiding himself.

"Ah me!" said the conscience-stricken wood-cutter, "Ah me! I am a wretch indeed. I have given myself up into the power of the Evil One. Not only did I steal that child from his home, and from the good people who have always befriended me, but I have left him to be devoured by a wild beast of the forest. Whatever shall I do? Satan himself has got me in his power, through my own covetousness and greed. How—oh! how—can I ever get away from him?"

The little gnome had now approached quite close to Jules, and, running up to him, he said:

"Let go of his tail!"

If the advice was good for him in an emergency, it might be good for others.

Jules started to his feet and stood staring at the youngster he had thought devoured.

"Whoever would have supposed," said he, at last, "that a little heathen midget like that, born underground, like a mole, would ever come to me and tell me my Christian duty. And he's right, too. Satan would never have got hold of me if I had n't been holding to him all these months, hoping to

get some good by it. I 'll do it, my boy. I 'll let go of his tail, now and forever." And, without thinking to ask Class 81, Q, how he got away from the bear, he took him up in his arms and ran home as fast as he could go.

During the rest of the young gnome's stay with Selma, he had several other good bits of advice in regard to emergencies, but none that was of such general application as this counsel to let go of a cat's tail, or the tail of anything else that was giving him trouble.

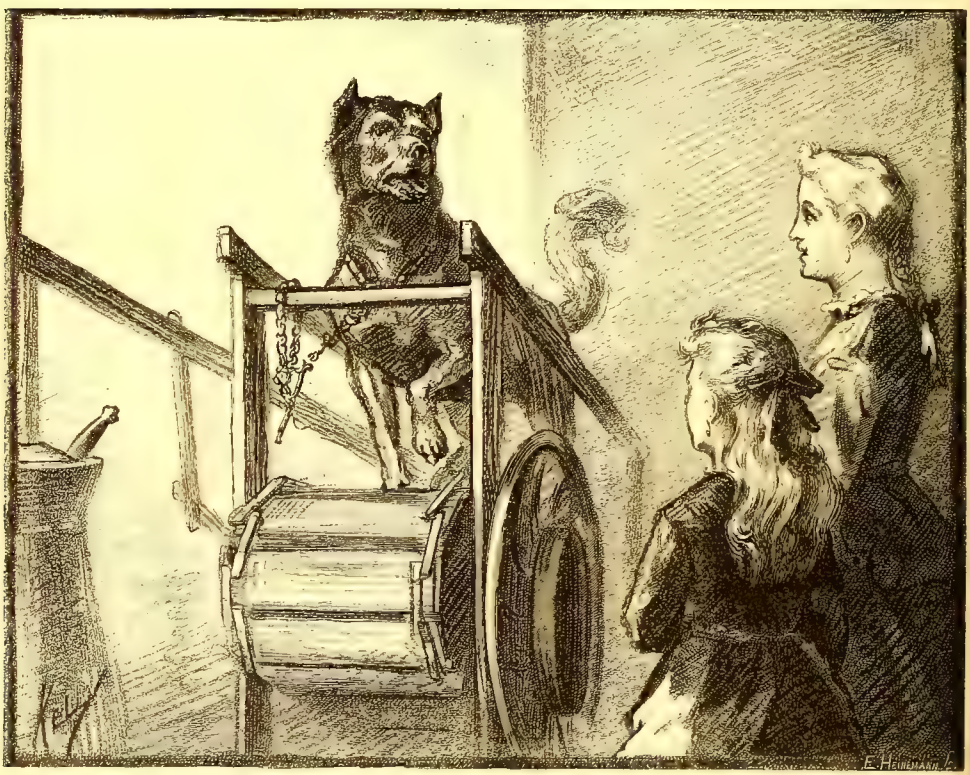
At the expiration of the session, the Queen Dowager was charmed with the improvement in her grandson. Having examined him in regard to his studies, she felt sure that he was now perfectly able to take care of himself in any emergency that might occur to him.

On the morning after he left, Selma, when she awoke, saw lying on the floor the little jacket and trousers of her late pupil. At first, she thought it was the little fellow himself; but when she jumped up and took hold of the clothes, she could not move them. They were filled with gold.

This was the pay for the tuition of Class 81, Q.

CHURNING.

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.



I 'M such an unfortunate dog, oh, dear!
To leave my nap and the sunshine clear,
And down in the cellar—the cold dark place—
I must turn my steps and sorrowful face,
And begin the daily churning.

To be sure, I 've enough to eat, you know,
And I can rest while the men must mow;
But oh! how I 'd like to hide away
When I hear them come to the door and say:
"It 's time for the dog to be churning!"

So here I tread, and the wheel goes round,
And the dasher comes down with a weary sound;
But after awhile the butter is done,
Then off I go to some richer fun
Than this weary, dreary churning.

There 's a lesson, though, in this work of mine,
That thou, little one, may'st take to be thine:
We each have our duties, both great and small,
And, if we want butter for bread at all,
Some one must do the churning.

And then, again, I think that this life,
With its tread-mill of duties, joy and strife,
Is like to a churn.—Press on! Press on!
For by and by the work will be done,—
With no more need of churning.

THE MOON, FROM A FROG'S POINT OF VIEW.

By Fleta Forrester.

Miss Frog sat, in the cool of the evening, under a plantain-leaf, by the side of her blue and placid lake.

The day had been excessively warm, and so, as she sat, she gracefully waved, backward and forward, one of her delicate web feet.

It was a beautiful, natural fan, and served, admirably, the purpose intended.

Around Miss Frog arose the varied warble of other frogs. The little polliwogs had all been put to bed; and now, came stealing on, the season for silent thoughts. Always anxious to improve her mind, Miss Frog gazed about her to find a subject on which to fasten her attention.

She had been once sent to a southern lake to finish her education, and was really quite superior to ordinary frogs.

"There is no one here, in this mud-hole, to appreciate me," she regretfully sighed, as two silly frogs passed her leaf, flirting so hard that neither of them observed her.

She drew around her her shawl of lace, made from the finest cobwebs of Florida—and sulked.

Just then arose the moon, taking its solitary, silvery way across the sky.

Her attention was arrested at once.

"How like to a polliwog it is!" she rapturously exclaimed, "save that it lacks a tail."

"And a glorified polliwog it is, daughter of the water!" croaked a sudden hoarse voice beside her.

She hopped with fright, and gasped as if about to faint; but calmed herself again as she recognized the tones of the rough-skinned Sage of the Frogs, who dwells alone in some remote corner of the lake. He it is who always sings, "Kerdunk!" when he condescends to sing at all.

This learned hermit, after clearing his throat repeatedly, thus explained himself:

"There is a legend, connected with our race, that runs in this wise:"

"Ahem!"

Upon a time, in a certain valley, where once flowed a considerable stream, the waters suddenly failed and the stream died away.

Upon the unfortunate frogs who dwelt there, in vast numbers, the hot summer sun shone its fiercest rays unhindered.

"Dreadful!" piped Miss Frog.

"Yes, it did!" said the Sage, reproachfully, "and if you wish to hear this story, you must be careful not to interrupt me again, thoughtless girl!"

As Miss Frog was very desirous, indeed, of hearing the story, she remained quiet, and the hermit frog continued:

The waters dried away, and hundreds of wretched frogs died on those scorching fields. Dying fishes gasped with their last breath for a drop of cool water, and joined their wails to those of our suffering kindred.

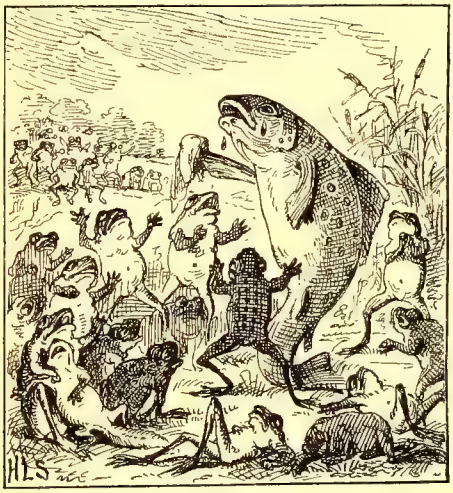
At length, one old trout, who had held out to the last, confessed:

"Miserable I! and wicked! *I* have caused this drouth! And now I have no power to remedy the evil I have done!"

At this, all of the frogs who were not yet dead gathered around the tough old trout, and listened to his words.

"That was an evil day," gasped the speckled sinner, "when I poked my nose out of water to dare a saucy kingfisher, who was mocking the whole fish tribe in his usual dashing manner. 'Catch me, if you can!' I cried, darting about at my ease.

"But the bird beguiled me. He made me believe that, if I would only work a little hole through that dam there, I could descend with the escaping waters to the stream below, and make my way to the sea, where, as I heard, the fishes were all kings, and ate nothing but diamonds for dinner.



"OH-H-H! BOO-HOO-HOO!"

"I enticed all the trout that I could influence to assist me, and we wriggled and wriggled our noses into the gravel for a long time, apparently to no purpose.

"But, at last, a little leak started, and our water dripped away, drop by drop; but not in sufficient volume to carry us with it.

"When the waters had receded, so as to make the stream very low, back came that artful kingfisher, to dive for us in the shallow pools.

"And now, what the drouth had not destroyed that tempter has gorged himself upon.

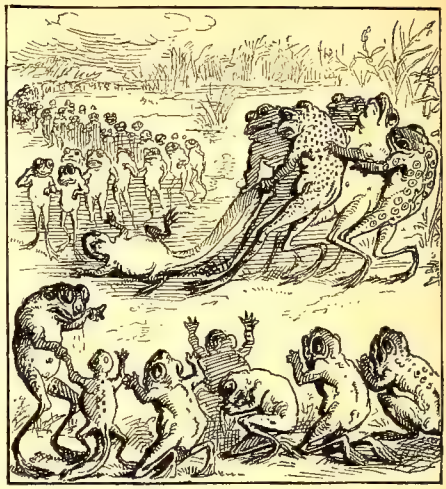
"'Oh-h-h! Boo-hoo-hoo!'"

The frogs freely forgave him because he cried.

But the problem remained, how was the supply of water to be renewed.

At this juncture, an earnest, meek-eyed polliwog flopped feebly, and said: "Show me the place where these waters leak away."

Astonished at her manner, the sobbing trout indicated the spot.



THE TADPOLE TO THE RESCUE.

"Drag me thither by my tail!" exclaimed the heroine, resolutely.

Then the frogs used their last remaining strength to do as she bade them, and waited, in exhausted surprise, to see what would happen next.

"Good-bye!" wept the brave little polliwog, wriggling with feeling, and groaning some. "If any of you survive me, tell it to your children that I laid myself in the breach!"

With these few farewell words she crowded herself into the hole, out of their sight.

Presently, the stream began to rise and the pools to fill up. The frogs sat knee-deep in water, and the fishes swam upon their sides.



"IN THE SKY."

Day by day things improved, and the fishes began to sit up in bed, while the frogs were heard incessantly blessing the little polliwog. One night,

ıe appeared to them in the sky, as you see her
›-night; returning nightly, for many nights, to
eam at them; growing larger and brighter at
very appearance.

"Such," said the Sage, concluding, "is our
egend of the Moon!" And he leaped into the
aves with a resounding plump!

Miss Frog felt so many different sensations at once that she dropped her lower jaw involuntarily, and sat so, unconscious of aught until awakened from her reverie by a cricket jumping suddenly into her throat.

Hastily gulping him down, she gathered her shawl about her, and, with a spring, sprawled graciously toward her wave.

DAB KINZER: A STORY OF A GROWING BOY.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter IX.

Ham Morris was a thoughtful and kind-hearted
llow, beyond a doubt, and a valuable friend for
growing boy like Dab Kinzer. It is not every-
›dy's brother-in-law who would find time, during
s wedding trip, to hunt up even so very pretty a
ew England village as Grantley, and inquire into
iestions of board and lodging and schooling.

Mrs. Myers, to the hospitalities of whose cool and
›my-looking boarding-house Ham had been com-
ended by Mr. Hart, was so crowded with "sum-
er boarders," liberally advertised for in the great
:y, that she hardly had a corner for Ham and his
ide. She was glad enough that she had made
e effort to find one, however, when she learned
ıat was the nature of the stranger's business.
ıere was a look of undisguised astonishment on
e faces of the regular guests, all around, when
ey gathered for the next meal. It happened to
; supper, but they all looked at the table and then
one another; and it was a pity Ham and Miranda
l not understand those glances, or make a longer
it. They might have learned more about Mrs.
yers if not the Academy. As it was, they only
ined a very high opinion of her cookery and hos-
ality, as well as an increase of respect for the
nstitution of learning," and for that excellent
ntleman, Mr. Hart, with a dim hope that Dabney
nzer might enjoy the inestimable advantages
ered by Grantley and Mrs. Myers, and the so-
ty of Mr. Hart's two wonderful boys.

Miranda was inclined to stand up for her brother,
newhat, but finally agreed with Ham that—

"What Dabney needs is schooling and polish,
r dear. It 'll be good for him to board in the
ne house with two such complete young gentle-
›n."

"Of course, Ham. And then he 'll be sure of having plenty to eat. There was almost too much on the table."

"Not if the boarders had all been boys of Dab's age and appetite. Mrs. Myers is evidently accustomed to them, I should say."

So she was, indeed, as all the summer boarders were ready to testify at the next morning's breakfast-table. There was one thing, among others, that Mrs. Myers failed to tell Mr. and Mrs. Morris. She forgot to say that the house she lived in, with the outlying farm belonging to it and nearly all the things in it, were the property of Mr. Joseph Hart, having cost that gentleman very little more than a sharp lawsuit. Neither did she say a word about how long or short a time Mr. Hart had given her to pay him his price for it. All that would have been none of Ham's business or Miranda's. Still, it might have had its importance.

So it might, if either or both of them could have been at the breakfast-table of the Hart homestead the morning after Annie Foster's sudden departure. The table was there with the breakfast things on it, and husband and wife, one at either end, as usual; but the side-seats were vacant.

"Where are Joe and Foster, Maria?" asked Mr. Hart.

"Gone on some errand of their own, I think. Something about Annie."

"About Annie! Look here, Maria, if Annie can't take a joke——"

"So I say," began his wife; but just then a loud voice sounded in the entry, and the two boys came in and took their places at the table. In a moment more "Fuz" whispered to his brother:

"I 'm glad Annie 's gone, for one. She was too stiff and steep for any kind of comfort."

"Boys," said Mr. Hart, observing them, "what have you been up to now? I 'm afraid there wont

be much comfort for anybody till you fellows get back to Grantley."

"Well," replied Joe, "so we did n't have to board at Mother Myers', I would n't care how soon we go."

"Well, your cousin is sure to go, and I 'm almost certain of another boy besides the missionary's son. That 'll fill up Mrs. Myers' house, and you can board somewhere else."

"Hurrah for that!" exclaimed the young gentleman whose name, from that of his lawyer relative, had been shortened to mere "Fuz." And yet they were not so bad-looking a pair, as boys go. The elder, Joe,—a loud, hoarse-voiced, black-eyed boy of seventeen,—was, nevertheless, not much taller than his younger brother. The latter was as dark in eyes and hair as Joe, but paler, and with a sidewise glance of his unpleasant eyes, which suggested a perpetual state of inquiry whether anybody else had anything he wanted. The two boys were the very sort to play the meanest kind of practical jokes, and yet there was something of a resemblance between their mother and her sister, the mother of Ford and Annie Foster. There 's really no accounting for some things, and the two Hart boys were, as yet, among the unaccountables.

Not one of that whole list of boys, however, inland or on the sea-shore, had any notion whatever of what things the future was getting ready for them. Dab Kinzer and Ford Foster, particularly, had no idea that the world contained such a place as Grantley, or such a landlady as Mrs. Myers.

As for Dabney, it would hardly be fair to leave him standing there any longer, with his two strings of fish in his hands, while Ford Foster volubly narrated the stirring events of the day.

"Are you sure the black boy was not hurt, Ford?" asked his kind-hearted mother.

"Hurt, mother? Why, he seems to be a kind of fish. They all know him, and went right past my hook to his all the while."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, "I forgot. Annie, this is Ford's friend, Dabney Kinzer, our neighbor."

"Wont you shake hands with me, Mr. Kinzer?" asked Annie, with a malicious twinkle of fun in her merry blue eyes.

Poor Dabney! He had been in quite a "state of mind" for at least three minutes; but he would hardly have been his own mother's son if he had let himself be entirely "posed." Up rose his long right arm with the heavy string of fish at the end of it, and Annie's fun burst out into a musical laugh, just as her brother exclaimed:

"There, now, I 'd like to see the other boy of your size can do that. Look here, Dab, where 'd you get your training?"

"I must n't drop the fish, you see," began Dab, but Ford interrupted him with:

"No, indeed. You 've given me half I 've got, as it is. Annie, have you looked at the crabs? You ought to have seen Dick Lee with a lot of 'em gripping in his hair."

"In his hair?"

"When he was down through the bottom of his boat. They 'd have eaten him up if they 'd had a chance. You see he 's no shell on him."

"Exactly," said Annie, as Dab lowered his fish. "Well, Dabney, I wish you would thank your mother for sending my trunk over. Your sisters, too. I 've no doubt we shall be very neighborly."

It was wonderfully pleasant to be called by his first name, and yet it seemed to bring something into Dabney Kinzer's throat.

"She considers me a boy, and she means I 'd better take my fish home," was the thought which came to him, and he was right to a fraction. So the great lump in his throat took a very wayward and boyish form, and came out as a reply, accompanied by a low bow.

"I will, thank you. Good afternoon, Mrs. Foster. I 'll see you to-night, Ford, about Monday and the yacht. Good afternoon, Annie."

And then he marched out with his fish.

"Mother, did you hear him call me 'Annie?'"

"Yes; and I heard you call him 'Dabney.'"

"But he 's only a boy——"

"I don't care!" exclaimed Ford, "he 's an odd fellow, but he 's a good one. Did you see how wonderfully strong he is in his arms? I could n't lift those fish at arm's length to save my life."

It was quite likely that Dab Kinzer's rowing, and all that sort of thing, had developed more strength of muscle than even he himself was aware of; but, for all that, he went home with his very ears tingling. "Could she have thought me ill-bred or impertinent?" he muttered to himself.

Thought?

Poor Dab Kinzer! Annie Foster had so much else to think of, just then, for she was compelled to go over, for Ford's benefit, the whole story of her tribulations at her uncle's, and the many rudenesses of Joe Hart and his brother Fuz.

"They ought to be drowned," said Ford.

"In ink," added Annie; "just as they drowned my poor cuffs and collars."

CHAPTER X.

"LOOK at Dabney Kinzer," whispered Jenny Walters to her mother, in church, the next morning. "Did you ever see anybody's hair as smooth as that?"

And smooth it was, certainly; and he looked, all

over, as if he had given all the care in the world to his personal appearance. How was Annie Foster to guess that he had got himself up so unusually on her account? She did not guess it; but when she met him at the church door, after service, she was careful to address him as "Mr. Kinzer," and that made poor Dabney blush to his very eyes.

"There!" he exclaimed; "I know it."

"Know what?" asked Annie.

"Know what you 're thinking."

"Do you, indeed?"

"Yes, you think I 'm like the crabs."

"What *do* you mean?"

mit her son to go out in that way if she did not feel safe about him. He 's been brought up to it, you know, and so has the colored boy who is to go with them."

"Yes, mother," argued Ford, "there is n't half the danger there is in driving around New York in a carriage."

"There might be a storm."

"The horses might run away."

"Or you might upset."

"So might a carriage."

But the end of it all was that Ford was to go, and Annie was more than half sorry she could not go



GOING THROUGH THE BREAKERS. [SEE PAGE 683.]

"You think I was green enough till you spoke to me, and now I 'm boiled red in the face."

Annie could not help laughing,—a little, quiet, Sunday morning sort of a laugh,—but she was beginning to think her brother's friend was not a bad specimen of a Long Island "country boy." Ford, indeed, had come home, the previous evening, from a long conference with Dab, brimful of the proposed yachting cruise, and his father had freely given his consent, much against the will of Mrs. Foster.

"My dear," said the lawyer, "I feel sure a woman of Mrs. Kinzer's good sense would not per-

with him. She said so to Dabney, as soon as her little laugh was ended, that Sunday morning.

"Some time or other, I 'd be glad to have you," replied Dab, "but not this trip."

"Why not?"

"We mean to go right across the bay and try some fishing."

"Could n't I fish?"

"Well, no. I don't think you could."

"Why could n't I?"

"Because,—well, because you 'd most likely be too sea-sick by the time we got there."

Just then a low, clear voice, behind Dabney,

quietly remarked: "How smooth his hair is!" And Dab's face turned red again. Annie Foster heard it as distinctly as he did, and she walked right away with her mother, for fear she should laugh again.

"It 's my own hair, Jenny Walters," said Dab, almost savagely.

"I should hope it was."

"I should like to know what you go to church for, anyhow?"

"To hear people talk about sailing and fishing. How much do you s'pose a young lady like Miss Foster cares about small boys?"

"Or little girls either? Not much; but Annie and I mean to have a good sail before long."

"Annie and I!"

Jenny's pert little nose seemed to turn up more than ever as she walked away, for she had not beaten her old playfellow quite as badly as usual. There were several sharp things on the very tip of her tongue, but she was too much put out and vexed to try to say them just then. As for Dabney, a "sail" was not so wonderful a thing for him, and that Sunday was therefore a good deal like all others; but Ford Foster's mind was in a sort of turmoil all day. In fact, just after tea, that evening, his father asked him:

"What book is that you are reading, Ford?"

"Captain Cook's 'Voyages.'"

"And the other in your lap?"

"'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Well, you might have worse books than they are, even for Sunday, that 's a fact, though you ought to have better; but which of them do you and Dabney Kinzer mean to imitate to-morrow?"

"Crusoe," promptly responded Ford.

"I see. And so you 've got Dick Lee to go along as your Man-Friday."

"He 's Dab's man, not mine."

"Oh, and you mean to be Crusoe number two? Well, don't get cast away on too desolate an island, that 's all."

Ford slipped into the library and put the books away. It had been Samantha Kinzer's room, and had plenty of shelves, in addition to the very elegant "cases" Mr. Foster had brought from the city with him.

The next morning, within half an hour after breakfast, every member of the two families was down at the landing to see their young sailors make their start, and they were all compelled to admit that Dab and Dick seemed to know precisely what they were about. As for Ford, that young gentleman was wise enough, with all those eyes watching him, not to try anything he was not sure of, though he explained that "Dab is captain, Annie, you know. I 'm under his orders to-day."

Dick Lee was hardly the wisest fellow in the world, for he added, very encouragingly: "An' you 's doin' tip-top for a green hand, you is."

The wind was blowing right off shore, and did not seem to promise anything more than a smart breeze. It was easy enough to handle the little craft in the inlet, and in a marvelously short time she was dancing out upon the blue waves of the spreading "bay." It was a good deal more like a land-locked "sound" than any sort of a bay, with that long, low, narrow sand-island cutting it off from the ocean.

"I don't wonder Ham Morris called her the 'Swallow,'" remarked Ford. "How she skims! Can you get in under the deck, there, forward? That 's the cabin?"

"Yes, that 's the cabin," replied Dab; "but Ham had the door put in with a slide, water-tight. It 's fitted with rubber. We can put our things in there, but it 's too small for anything else."

"What 's it made so tight for?"

"Oh, Ham says he 's made his yacht a life-boat. Those places at the sides and under the seats are all air-tight. She might capsize, but she 'd never sink. Don't you see?"

"I see. How it blows!"

"It 's a little fresh. How 'd you like to be wrecked?"

"Good fun," said Ford. "I got wrecked on the cars the other day."

"On the cars?"

"Why, yes. I forgot to tell you about that."

And then followed a very vivid and graphic description of the sad fate of the pig and the locomotive. The wonder was how Ford should have failed to tell it before. No such failure would have been possible if his head and tongue had not been so wonderfully busy about so many other things ever since his arrival.

"I 'm glad it was I instead of Annie," he said, at length.

"Of course. Did n't you tell me your sister came through all alone?"

"Yes; she ran away from those cousins of mine. Oh, wont I pay them off when I get to Grantley!"

"Where 's that? What did they do?"

The "Swallow" was flying along nicely now, with Dab at the tiller and Dick Lee tending sail, and Dab could listen with all his ears to Ford Foster's account of his sister's tribulations.

"Aint they older and bigger than you?" asked Dabney, as Ford closed his recital. "What can you do with two of 'em?"

"They can't box worth a cent, and I can. Anyhow, I mean to teach them better manners."

"You can box?"

"Had a splendid teacher."

"Will you show me how, when we get back?"

"We can practice all we choose. I've two pair gloves."

"Hurrah for that! Ease her, Dick! It's blowing pretty fresh. We'll have a tough time tacking home against such a breeze as this. May be it'll change before night."

"Capt'in Dab," calmly remarked Dick, "we's got a mile to run."

"Well, what of it?"

"Is you goin' fo' de inlet?"

"Of course. What else can we do? That's what we started for."

"Looks kind o' dirty, dat's all."

So far as Ford could see, both the sky and the water looked clean enough, but Dick was right about the weather. In fact, if Captain Dabney Kinzer had been a more experienced and prudent seaman, he would have kept the "Swallow" inside the bar, that day, at any risk of Ford Foster's good opinion. As it was, even Dick Lee's keen eyes scarcely comprehended how threatening was the foggy haze that was lying low on the water, miles and miles away to seaward.

It was magnificently exciting fun, at all events, and the "Swallow" fully merited all that had been said in her favor. The "mile to run" was a very short one, and it seemed to Ford Foster that the speed of it would bring them up high and dry on the sandy beach.

The narrow "strait" of the inlet was hardly visible at any considerable distance. It opened to view, however, as they drew near, and Dab Kinzer rose higher than ever in his friend's good opinion as the swift little vessel shot unerringly into the contracted channel.

"Pretty near where we're to try our fishing, isn't we?" he asked.

"Just outside, there. Get ready, Dick. Sharp now!"

And then, in another minute, the white sails were down, jib and main, the "Swallow" was drifting along under "bare poles," and Dick Lee and Ford were waiting for orders to drop the grapnel.

"Heave!"

Over went the iron.

"Now for some weak-fish. It's about three fathoms, and the tide's near the turn."

Alas for human calculations! The grapnel caught on the bottom, surely and firmly; but the moment there came any strain on the seemingly stout hawser that held it, the latter parted like a thread, and the "Swallow" was adrift!

"Somebody's done gone cut dat rope!" shouted Dick, as he caught up the treacherous bit of hemp. There was an anxious look on Dab's face for a moment, as he shouted: "Sharp now, boys, or we'll be rolling in the surf in three minutes! Haul away, Dick! Haul with him, Ford! Up with her! There, that'll give us headway."

Ford Foster looked out to seaward, even as he hauled his best on the sail halliards. All along the line of the coast, at distances varying from a hundred yards or so to nearly a mile, there was an irregular line of foaming breakers. An awful thing for a boat like the "Swallow" to run into.

Perhaps; but ten times worse for a larger craft, for the latter would be shattered on the shoals where the bit of a yacht would find plenty of water under her, if she did not at the same time find too much *over* her.

"Can't we go back through the inlet in the bar?" asked Ford.

"Not with this wind in our teeth, and it's getting worse every minute. No more will it do to try and keep inside the surf."

"What can we do, then?"

"Take the smoothest places and run 'em. The sea isn't very rough outside. It's our only chance."

Poor Ford Foster's heart sank within him, but he saw a resolute look on "Captain Kinzer's" face which gave him a little confidence, and he turned to look at the surf. The only way for the "Swallow" to penetrate that dangerous barrier of broken water was to "take it nose on," as Dick Lee expressed it, and that was clearly what Dab Kinzer intended.

There were places of comparative smoothness, here and there, in the foaming and plunging line, but they were bad enough, at the best, and would have been a great deal worse but for that stiff breeze off shore.

Bows foremost, full sail, rising like a cork on the long, strong billows, which would have rolled her over and over if she had not been really so skillfully handled,—once or twice pitching dangerously, and shipping water enough to wet her brave young mariners to the skin, and call for vigorous baling afterward,—the "Swallow" battled gallantly with her danger for a few minutes, and then Dab Kinzer shouted:

"Hurrah, boys! We're out at sea!"

"Dat's so," said Dick.

"So it is," remarked Ford, a little gloomily; "but how will we ever get ashore again?"

"Well," replied Dab, "if it does n't come on to blow too hard, we'll run right on down the coast. If the wind lulled, or whopped around a little, we'd find our way in, easy enough, long before night. We might have a tough time beating home across the bay. Anyhow, we're safe enough now."

"How about fishing?"

"Guess we wont bother 'em much, but you

might try for a blue fish. Sometimes they 're capital fun, right along here."

CHAPTER XI.

THERE 'S no telling how many anxious people there may have been in that region, after tea-time that evening, but of two or three circles we may be reasonably sure. Good Mrs. Foster could not endure to stay at home, and her husband and Annie were very willing to go over to the Kinzers' with her, and listen to the encouraging talk of Dabney's stout-hearted and sensible mother.

"O, Mrs. Kinzer, do you think they are in any danger?"

"I hope not. I don't see why they need be, unless they try to return across the bay against this wind."

"But don't you think they 'll try? Do you mean they wont be home to-night?" exclaimed Mr. Foster, himself.

"I sincerely hope not," said the widow, calmly. "I should hardly feel like trusting Dabney out in the boat again if he should do so foolish a thing."

"But where can he stay?"

"At anchor, somewhere, or on the island. Almost anywhere but tacking on the bay. He 'd be really safer out at sea than trying to get home."

"Out at sea!"

There was something dreadful in the very idea of it, and Annie Foster turned pale enough when she thought of the gay little yacht, and her brother out on the broad Atlantic in it, with no better crew than Dab Kinzer and Dick Lee. Samantha and her sisters were hardly as steady about it as their mother, but they were careful to conceal their misgivings from their neighbors, which was very kindly, indeed, in the circumstances.

There was little use in trying to think or talk of anything else besides the boys, however, with the sound of the "high wind" in the trees out by the road-side, and a very anxious circle was that, up to the late hour at which the members of it separated for the night.

But there were other troubled hearts in that vicinity. Old Bill Lee himself had been out fishing, all day, with very poor luck; but he forgot all about that when he learned that Dick and his young white friends had not returned. He even pulled back to the mouth of the inlet, to see if the gathering darkness would yield him any signs of his boy. He did not know it; but, while he was gone, Dick's mother, after discussing her anxieties with some of her dark-skinned neighbors, half weepingly unlocked her one "clothes-press," and took out the suit which had been the pride of her absent son. She had never admired them half as much before, but they seemed to need a red neck-tie to set them off; and so the gorgeous result of Dick's fishing and trading came out of its hiding-place, and was arranged on the white coverlet of her own bed with the rest of his best garments.

"Jus' de t'ing for a handsome young feller like Dick," she muttered to herself:

"Wot for 'd an ole woman like me want to put on any sech fool finery. He 's de bestest boy in de worl', he is. Dat is, onless dar aint not'in' happened to 'im."

But if the folks on shore were uneasy about the "Swallow" and her crew, how was it with the latter themselves, as the darkness closed around them, out there upon the tossing water?

Very cool, indeed, had been Captain Dab Kinzer, and he had encouraged the others to go on with their blue-fishing, even when it was pretty tough work to keep the "Swallow" from "scudding." He was anxious not to get too far from shore, for there was no telling what sort of weather might be coming. It was curious, too, what very remarkable luck they had, or rather, Ford and Dick; for Dab would not leave the tiller a moment. Splendid fellows were those blue-fish, and work it was to pull in the heaviest of them. That 's just the sort of weather they bite best in; but it is not often such young fishermen venture to take advantage of it. Only the stanchest and best-seasoned old salts of Montauk or New London would have felt altogether at home, that afternoon, in the "Swallow."

"Don't fish any more," said Dabney, at last. "You 've caught ten times as many as we ever thought of catching. Whoppers, too, some of 'em."

"Biggest fishing ever I did," remarked Ford, as if that meant a great deal.

"Or mos' anybody else out dis yer way," added Dick. "I is n't 'shamed to show dem fish anywhar."

"No more I aint," said Dab; "but you 're getting too tired, and so am I. We must have a good hearty lunch, and put the "Swallow" before the wind for a while. I dare n't risk any more of these cross-seas. We might get pitched over any minute."

"Dat 's so," said Dick. "And I 's awful hungry."

The "Swallow" was well enough provisioned, not to speak of the blue-fish, and there was water enough on board for several days, if they should happen to need it; but there was very little danger of that, unless the wind should continue to be altogether against them.

It was blowing hard when the boys finished their dinner, but no harder than it had already blown, several times, that day, and the "Swallow" seemed to be putting forth her very best qualities as a "sea-boat." No immediate danger, apparently; but there was one "symptom" which Dab discerned, as he glanced around the horizon, which gave him

more anxiety than either the stiff breeze or the rough sea.

The coming darkness?

No; for stars and light-houses can be seen at night, and steering is easy enough by them.

A fog is the darkest thing at sea, whether by night or day, and Dabney saw signs of one coming. Rain might come with it, but that would be of small account.

"Boys," said Dabney, "do you know we 're out of sight of land at last?"

"Oh no, we 're not," replied Ford, confidently; 'look yonder.

"That is n't land, Ford; that 's only a fog-bank, and we shall be all in the dark in ten minutes. The wind is changing, too, and I hardly know where we are."

"Look at your compass."

"That tells me the wind is changing a little, and it 's going down; but I would n't dare to run toward the shore in a fog and in the night."

"Why not?"

"Why? Don't you remember those breakers? Would you like to be blown through them, and not see where you were going?"

"No," said Ford. "I rather guess I would n't."

"Jest you let Capt'in Kinzer handle dis yer boat," almost crustily, interposed Dick Lee. "He 's de on'y feller on board dat un'erstands nagivation."

"Should n't wonder if you 're right," said Ford, good humoredly. "At all events I sha' n't interfere. But, Dab, what do you mean to do?"

"Swing a lantern at the mast-head and sail right along. You and Dick get a nap, by and by, if you can. I wont try to sleep till daylight."

"Sleep! Catch me sleeping!"

"You must, and so must Dick, when the time comes. Wont do to get all worn out together. Who 'd handle the boat?"

Ford's respect for Dabney Kinzer was growing, hourly. Here was this overgrown gawk of a green country boy, just out of his roundabouts, who had never spent more than a day at a time in the great city, and never lived in any kind of a boarding-house: in fact, here was a fellow who had had no advantages whatever, coming out as a sort of a hero. Even Ford did not quite understand it, Dab was so quiet and matter-of-course about it all; and as for the youngster himself, he had no idea that he was behaving any better than any other boy would, should and would have behaved, in those very peculiar circumstances.

At all events, however, the gay and buoyant little 'Swallow," with her signal-lantern swinging at her mast-head, was soon dancing away through the deepening darkness and the fog, and her steady young commander was congratulating himself that there seemed to be a good deal less of wind and sea, even if more of mist.

"I could n't expect everything to suit me," he said to himself. "And now I hope we sha'n't run down anybody. Hullo! Is n't that a red light, though the haze, yonder?"

Chapter XII.

There was yet another "gathering" of human beings on the wind-swept surface of the Atlantic, that evening, to whose minds it had come with no small degree of anxiety. Not, perhaps, as great as that of the three families over there on the shore of the bay, or even of the boys, tossing along in their bubble of a yacht; but the officers, and not a few of the passengers and crew, of the great, iron-builded ocean steamer, were anything but easy in their minds.

Had they no pilot on board? To be sure they had, but they had, somehow, seemed to bring that fog along with them, and the captain had a half-defined suspicion that neither he nor the pilot knew exactly where they were. That is a bad condition for a great ship to be in, and that, too, so near a coast which requires good seamanship and skillful pilotage in the best of weather. Not that the captain would have confessed his doubt to the pilot, or the pilot to the captain, and that was where the real danger lay. If they could only have permitted themselves to speak of their possible peril, it would probably have disappeared.

The steamer was French and her captain a French naval officer, and very likely he and the pilot did not understand each other any too well. That speed should be lessened, under the circumstances, was a matter of course; but not to have gone on at all would have been even wiser. Not to speak of the shore they were nearing, they might be sure they were not the only craft steaming or sailing over those busy waters, and vessels have sometimes run against one another in a fog as thick as that. Something could be done in that direction, and lanterns with bright colors were freely swung out; but the fog was likely to diminish their usefulness, somewhat. None of the passengers were in a mood to go to bed, with the end of their voyage so near, and they seemed, one and all, disposed to discuss the fog. All but one, and he a boy.

A boy of about Dab Kinzer's age, slender and delicate looking, with curly, light-brown hair, blue eyes, and a complexion which would have been fair but for the traces it bore of a hotter sun than that of either France or America. He seemed to be all alone, and to be feeling very lonely, that night;

and he was leaning over the rail, peering out into the mist, humming to himself a sweet, wild air, in a strange, musical tone.

Very strange. Very musical. Perhaps no such words had ever before gone out over the waves of that part of the Atlantic; for Frank Harley was a missionary's son, "going home to be educated," and the sweet, low-voiced song was a Hindustanee hymn which his mother had taught him in far-away India.

Suddenly the hymn was cut short by the hoarse voice of the look-out, as it announced: "A white light, close aboard, on the windward bow."

And that was rapidly followed by even hoarser hails, replied to by a voice which was clear and strong enough but not hoarse at all. The next moment something, which was either a white sail or a ghost, came slipping along through the fog, and then the conversation did not require to be shouted any longer. Frank could even hear one person say to another, out there in the mist: "Aint it a big thing, Ford, that you know French. I mean to study it as soon as we get home."

"It's as easy as eating. Shall I tell 'em we've got some fish?"

"Of course. Sell 'em the whole cargo."

"Sell them? Why not make them a present?"

"We may need the money to get home with. They're a splendid lot. Enough for the whole cabin full."

"Dat's a fack. Capt'in Dab Kinzer's de man for me, he is."

"How much then?"

"Twenty-five dollars for the lot. They're worth it. 'Specially if we lose Ham's boat."

Dab's philosophy was a little out of gear, but a perfect rattle of questions and answers followed, in French, and, somewhat to Frank Harley's astonishment, the bargain was promptly concluded.

How were they to get the fish on board? Nothing easier, since the little "Swallow" could run along so nicely under the stern of the great steamer, while a large basket was swung out at the end of a long, slender spar, with a pulley to lower and raise it. Even the boys from Long Island were astonished at the number and size of the prime, freshly caught bluefish to which they were treating the passengers of the "Prudhomme," and the basket had to come and go again and again.

The steamer's steward, on his part, avowed that he had never before met so honest a lot of Yankee fishermen. Perhaps not; for high prices and short weight are apt to go together where "luxuries" are selling. The pay itself was handed out in the same basket which went for the fish.

The wind was not nearly as high as it had been, and the sea had for some time been going down.

Twenty minutes later, Frank Harley heard, for he understood French very well:

"Hallo, the boat! What are you following us for?"

"Oh, we wont run you down. Don't be alarmed. We've lost our way out here, and we're going to follow you in. Hope you know where you are."

And then there was a cackle of surprise and laughter among the steamer's officers, in which Frank and some of the passengers joined, and the saucy little "fishing-boat" came steadily on in the wake of her gigantic guide.

"This is grand for us," remarked Dab Kinzer to Ford, as he kept his eyes on the after-lantern of the "Prudhomme." "They pay all our pilot fees."

"But they're going to New York."

"So are we, if to-morrow does n't come out clear and with a good wind to go home by."

"It's better than crossing the Atlantic in the dark, anyhow. But what a price we got for those fish!"

"They're ready to pay well for such things at the end of the voyage," said Dab. "I expected they'd try and beat us down a peg. They generally do. We only got about fair market price, after all, only we got rid of our whole catch at one sale."

Hour followed hour, and the "Swallow" followed the steamer, and the fog followed them both so densely that sometimes even Dick Lee's keen eyes could with difficulty make out the "Prudhomme's" light. And now Ford Foster ventured to take a bit of a nap, so sure did he feel that all the danger was over, and that "Captain Kinzer" was equal to what Dick Lee called the "nagivation" of that yacht. How long he had slept he could not have guessed, but he was suddenly awakened by a great cry from out the mist beyond them, and the loud exclamation of Dab Kinzer, still at the tiller:

"I believe she's run ashore!"

It was a loud cry, indeed, and there was good reason for it. Well for all on board the great French steamship that she was running no faster at the time, and that there was no hurricane of a gale to make things worse for her. Pilot and captain had both together missed their reckoning,—neither of them could ever afterward tell how,—and there they were stuck fast in the sand, with the noise of breakers ahead of them and the dense fog all around.

Frank Harley peered anxiously over the rail again, but he could not have complained that he was "wrecked in sight of shore;" for the steamer was anything but a wreck yet, and there was no such thing as a shore in sight.

"It's an hour to sunrise," said Dab to Ford, after the latter had managed to comprehend the situa-

tion. "We may as well run further in and see what we can see."

It must have been aggravating to the people on the steamer to see that cockle-shell of a yacht dancing safely along over the shoal on which their "leviathan" had struck, and to hear Ford Foster sing out: "If we 'd known you meant to run in here, we 'd have followed some other pilot."

"They 're in no danger at all," said Dab. "If their own boats don't take 'em all ashore, the coast-wreckers will."

"The Government life-savers, I s'pose you mean?"

"Yes, they 're all along here, everywhere. Hark! there goes the distress gun. Bang away! It sounds a good deal more mad than scared."

So it did, and so they really were—captain, pilot, passengers and all.

"Captain Kinzer" found that he could safely run in for a couple of hundred yards or so; but there were signs of surf beyond, and he had no anchor to hold on by. His only course was to tack back and forth, as carefully as possible, and wait for daylight, as the French sailors were doing, with what patience they could command.

In less than half an hour, however, a pair of long, graceful, buoyant-looking life-boats, manned each by an officer and eight rowers, came shooting through the mist, in response to the repeated summons of the steamer's cannon.

"It 's all right now," said Dab. "I knew they would n't be long in coming. Let 's find where we are."

That was easy enough. The steamer had gone ashore on a sand-bar a quarter of a mile from the beach and a short distance from Seabright, on the Jersey coast; and there was no probability of any worse harm coming to her than the delay in her voyage, and the cost of pulling her out from the sandy bed into which she had so blindly thrust herself. The passengers would, most likely, be taken ashore with their baggage, and sent to the city overland.

"In fact," said Ford Foster, "a sand-bar is n't as bad for a steamer as a pig is for a locomotive."

"The train you was wrecked in," said Dab, "was running fast. Perhaps the pig was. Now, the sand-bar was standing still, and the steamer was going slow. My! what a crash there 'd have been, if she 'd been running ten or twelve knots an hour with a heavy sea on."

By daylight there were plenty of other craft around, including yachts and sail-boats from Long Branch, and "all along shore," and the Long Island boys treated the occupants of these as if they had sent for them and were glad to see them.

"Seems to me, your 're inclined to be inquisitive, Dab," said Ford, as his friend peered sharply into and around one craft after another, but just then Dabney sung out:

"Hullo, Jersey, what are you doing with two grapnels? Is that boat of yours balky?"

"Mind your eye, youngster. They 're both mine, I reckon."

"You might sell me one cheap," continued Dab, "considering how you got 'em. Give you ten cents for the big one."

Ford thought he understood the matter, and said nothing; but the "Jersey wrecker" had "picked up" those two anchors, one time and another, and had no objection at all to talking "trade."

"Ten cents! Let you have it for fifty dollars."

"Is it gold, or only silver gilt?"

"Pure gold, my boy, but seein' it 's you, I 'll say ten dollars."

"Take your pay in clams?"

"Oh, hush, I haint no time to gabble. Mebbe I 'll git a job here, 'round this yer wreck. If you want the grapn'l, what 'll you gimme?"

"Five dollars, gold, take it or leave it," said Dab, as he pulled out a coin from the pay he had taken for his blue-fish.

In three minutes more the "Swallow" was furnished with a much larger and better anchor than the one she had lost the day before, and Dick Lee exclaimed:

"It jes' takes Capt'in Kinzer!"

For some minutes before this, as the light grew clearer and the fog lifted a little, Frank Harley had been watching them from the rail of the "Prudhomme" and wondering if all the fisher-boys in America dressed as well as these two.

"Hullo, you!" was the greeting which now came to his ears. "Go ashore in my boat?"

"Not till I have eaten some of your fish for breakfast," replied Frank. "What 's your name?"

"Captain Dabney Kinzer, of 'most anywhere on Long Island. What 's yours?"

"Frank Harley, of Rangoon."

"I declare!" almost shouted Ford Foster, "if you 're not the chap my sister Annie told me of. You 're going to Albany, to my uncle, Joe Hart's, are n't you?"

"Yes, to Mr. Hart's, and then to Grantley, to school."

"That 's it. Well, you just come along with us, then. Get your kit out of your state-room. We can send over to the city for the rest of your baggage after it gets in."

"Along with you, where?"

"To my father's house, instead of ashore among those wreckers and hotel-people. The captain 'll tell you it 's all right."

It was a trifle irregular, no doubt, but there was

the "Prudhomme" ashore, and all "landing rules" were a little out of joint by reason of that circumstance. The "Swallow" lay at anchor while Frank got his breakfast, and such of his baggage as was not "stowed away," and, meantime, Captain Kinzer and his "crew" made a very deep hole in their own supplies, for their night of danger and excitement had made them wonderfully hungry.

"Do you mean to sail home?" asked Ford, in some astonishment.

"Why not? If we could do it in the night and probable at that season. And so, with genuine boyish confidence in boys, after some further conversation over the rail, Frank Harley went on board the "Swallow" as a passenger, and the gay little craft slipped lightly away from the neighborhood of the very forlorn-looking stranded steamer.

"They 'll have her off in less 'n a week," said Ford to Frank. "My father 'll know just what to do about your baggage, and so forth."

There were endless questions to be asked and answered on both sides, but at last Dab yawned a very sleepy yawn and said: "Ford, you 've had



THE WELCOME ON THE BEACH.

in a storm, we surely can in a day of such splendid weather as is coming. The wind 's all right too, what there is of it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE wind was indeed "all right," but even Dab forgot, for the moment, that the "Swallow" would go further and faster before a gale than she was likely to with the comparatively mild southerly breeze which was blowing. He was by no means likely to get home by dinner-time. As for danger, there would be absolutely none, unless the weather should again become stormy, which was not at all

your nap. Wake up Dick there, and let him take his turn at the tiller. The sea 's as smooth as a lake, and I believe I 'll go to sleep for an hour or so. You and Frank keep watch while Dick steers."

Whatever Dab said was "orders," now, on board the "Swallow," and Ford's only reply was: "If you have n't earned a good nap, then nobody has."

In five minutes more the patient and skillful young "captain" was sleeping like a top.

"Look at him," said Ford Foster to Frank Harley. "I don't know what he 's made of. He 's been at that tiller for twenty-three hours, by the watch, in all sorts of weather, and never budged."

"They don't make that kind of boy in India," replied Frank.

"He 's de best feller you ebber seen," added Dick Lee. "I 's jes' proud of 'im, I is."

Smoothly and swiftly and safely the "Swallow" was bearing her precious cargo across the summer sea, but the morning had brought no comfort to the two homes at the head of the inlet, or the cabin in the village. Old Bill Lee was out in the best boat he could borrow, by early daylight, and more than one of his sympathizing neighbors followed him a little later. There was no doubt at all that a thorough search would be made of the bay and the island, and so Mr. Foster wisely remained at home to comfort his wife and daughter.

"That sort of boy," mourned Annie, "is always getting into some kind of mischief."

"Annie," exclaimed her mother, "Ford is a good boy, and he does not run into mischief."

"I did n't mean Ford; I meant that Dabney Kinzer. I wish we 'd never seen him, or his sail-boat either."

"Annie," said her father, reprovingly, "if we live by the water, Ford *will* go out on it, and he 'd better do so in good company. Wait a while."

Summer days are long, but some of them are a good deal longer than others, and that was one of the longest any of those people had ever known. For once, even dinner was more than half neglected in the Kinzer family circle. At the Fosters' it was forgotten almost altogether. Long as the day was, and so dreary, in spite of all the bright, warm sunshine, there was no help for it; the hours would not hurry, and the wanderers would not return. Tea-time came at last, and with it the Fosters all came over to Mrs. Kinzer's again, to take tea and to tell her of several fishermen who had returned from the bay without having discovered a sign of the "Swallow" or its crew.

Stout-hearted Mrs. Kinzer talked bravely and encouragingly, nevertheless, and did not seem to abate an ounce of her confidence in her son. It seemed as if, in leaving off his roundabouts, Dabney must have suddenly grown a great many "sizes" in his mother's estimation. Perhaps that was because he did not leave them off too soon.

There they sat, the two mothers and the rest, looking gloomy enough, while, over there in her bit of a brown house in the village, Mrs. Lee sat in very much the same frame of mind, trying to relieve her feelings by smoothing imaginary wrinkles out of her boy's best clothes, and planning for him any number of bright red neck-ties, if he would only come back to wear them.

The neighbors were becoming more than a little interested and even excited about the matter; but what was there to be done?

Telegrams had been sent to other points on the coast, and all the fishermen notified. It was really one of those puzzling cases where even the most neighborly can do no better than "wait a while."

Still, there were nearly a dozen people, of all sorts, including Bill Lee, lingering around the "landing" as late as eight o'clock, when some one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"There's a light, coming in."

And others followed with: "And a boat under it." "Ham's boat carried a light." "I 'll bet it 's her." "No, it is n't." "Hold on and see."

There was not long to "hold on," for in three minutes more the "Swallow" swept gracefully in with the tide, and the voice of Dab Kinzer shouted merrily: "Home again! Here we are!"

Such a ringing volley of cheers answered him! It was heard and understood away there in the parlor of the Morris house, and brought every soul of that anxious circle right up standing.

"Must be it 's Dab!" exclaimed Mrs. Kinzer.

"Oh, mother," said Annie, "is Ford safe?"

"They would n't cheer like that, my dear, if anything had happened," remarked Mr. Foster, but, in spite of his coolness, the city lawyer forgot to put his hat on, as he dashed out of the front gate, and down the road toward the landing.

Then came one of those times that it takes a whole orchestra and a gallery of paintings to tell anything about, for Mrs. Lee as well as her husband was at the beach, and within a minute after "Captain Kinzer" and his crew had landed, poor Dick was being hugged and scolded within an inch of his life, and the other two boys found themselves in the midst of a tumult of embraces and cheers.

Frank Harley's turn came soon, moreover, for Ford Foster found his balance, and introduced the "passenger from India" to his father.

"Frank Harley!" exclaimed Mr. Foster, "I 've heard of you, certainly, but how did you—boys, I don't understand ——"

"Oh, father, it 's all right! We took Frank off the French steamer after she ran ashore."

"Ran ashore?"

"Yes; down the Jersey coast. We got in company with her in the fog, after the storm. That was yesterday evening."

"Down the Jersey coast! Do you mean you 've been out at sea?"

"Yes, father; and I 'd go again, with Dab Kinzer for captain. Do you know, father, he never left the rudder of the 'Swallow' from the moment we started until seven o'clock this morning?"

"You owe him your lives!" almost shouted Mr. Foster; and Ford added, "Indeed, we do."

It was Dab's own mother's arms that had been around him from the instant he made his ap-

pearance, and Samantha and Keziah and Pamela had had to be content with a kiss or so apiece; but dear old Mrs. Foster stopped smoothing Ford's hair and forehead, just then, and gave Dab a right motherly hug, as if she could not express herself in any other way.

As for Annie Foster, her face was suspiciously red at the moment, but she walked right up to Dab, after her mother released him, and said:

"Captain Kinzer, I 've been saying dreadful things about you, but I beg pardon."

"I 'll be entirely satisfied, Miss Annie," returned Dabney, "if you 'll ask somebody to get us something to eat."

"Eat!" exclaimed Mrs. Kinzer, "Why, the poor fellows! Of course they 're hungry."

Of course they were, every one; and the supper-table, after all, was the best place in the world to hear the particulars of their wonderful cruise.

Meantime, Dick Lee was led home to a capital supper of his own, and as soon as that was over he was rigged out in his Sunday clothes,—red silk neck-tie and all,—and invited to tell the story of his adventures to a roomful of admiring neighbors.

He told it well, modestly ascribing pretty much everything to Dab Kinzer; but there was no reason, in anything he said, for one of his father's friends to ask, next morning:

"Bill Lee, does you mean for to say as dem boys run down de French steamah in dat ar' boat?"

"Not dat, not zackly."

"'Cause, if you does, I jes' want to say I 's been down a-lookin' at her, and she aint even snubbed her bowsprit."

(To be continued.)

GERTY.

By Margaret W. Hamilton.

Ugh! How cold it was!—sleet driving in your face, wind whistling about your ears, cold penetrating everywhere! "A regular nipper," thought Dick Kelsey, standing in a door-way, kicking his feet in toeless boots to warm them, and blowing his chilled fingers, for in the pockets of his ragged trousers the keen air had stiffened them. He was revolving a weighty question in his mind. Which should he do,—go down to "Ma'am Vesey's" and get one of her hot mutton pies, or stray a little farther up the alley, where an old sailor kept a little coffee-house for the benefit of newsboys and bootblacks such as he? Should it be coffee or mutton pie?

"I 'll toss up for it!" said Dick, finally; and, fumbling in his pockets, the copper was produced ready for the test.

Just then, his attention was suddenly diverted. Close to him sounded a voice, weak and not very melodious, but bravely singing:

> "There is a happy land
> Far, far away,
> Where saints in glory stand
> Bright, bright as day!"

Dick listened in silence till the last little quaver had died away, and then said: "Whew! That was purty, anyhow. Where is the piper, I wonder!" He looked about for the musician, but could see no one. He was the only person in the alley.

Again the song began, and this time he traced the voice to the house against which he had been leaning. The window was just at his right, and through one of the broken panes came the notes. Dick's modesty was not a burden to him, so it was the work of only a moment to put his face to the hole in the window and take a view.

A small room, not very nice to see, was what he saw; then, as his eye became used to the dim light, he espied on a low bed in the corner a little girl gazing at him with a pair of big black eyes.

"I say, there! Was it you pipin' away so fine?" began Dick, without the slightest embarrassment.

"If you mean, was I a-singin'?—I was," answered the child from the bed, not seeming at all surprised at this sudden intrusion upon her privacy.

"I say, who are you, anyhow?"

"I 'm Gerty, and I stay here all the day while mother is away washing; and she locks the door so no one can't get in," explained the girl.

"My eye!" was Dick's return. "And what are you in bed for?"

"Oh, I have a pain in my back, an' I lie down most of the time," replied Gerty in the most cheerful manner possible, as if a pain in the back were the one desirable thing, while Dick withdrew his head to ponder over this new experience.

A girl locked in a room like that, lying in bed with pain most of the time, with nothing to do, yet cheerful and bright—this was something he

could not understand. All at once his face brightened. Back went his eyes to the window.

"I say, got anything to eat in there?"

"Oh yes, some crackers; and to-night may be mother 'll buy some milk."

"Pooh!" said Dick, with scorn. "Crackers and milk! Did you ever eat a mutton pie?"

"A mutton pie," repeated Gerty, slowly. "No, I guess not."

"Oh, they 're bully! Hot from Ma'am Vesey's! Tip-top! Wait a minute,"—a needless caution, for Gerty could not possibly have done anything else.

Away ran Dick down the alley and around the corner, halting breathless before Ma'am Vesey.

"Gi'e me one, quick!" he cried. "Hot, too. No, I wont eat it; put it in some paper." The old woman had offered him one from the oven.

"Seems to me we 're gettin' mighty fine," she said; for Dick was an old customer, and never before had he waited for a pie to be wrapped up.

"Never you mind, old lady," was his good-natured, if somewhat disrespectful, reply; and, dropping some pennies, he seized his treasure and was off again.

Gerty's eager fingers soon held the pie, which Dick dexterously tossed on the bed, and Dick's eyes fairly shone as he watched the half-starved little one swallow the dainty in rapid mouthfuls.

"Oh, I never in all my life tasted anything half so good! Don't you want some?" questioned the child, whose enjoyment was so keen she feared it hardly could be right.

"No, indeed!"—this with hearty emphasis. "I 've had 'em. I 'm goin' now," he added, reluctantly, "but I 'll come back again 'fore long."

"Oh, do!" said Gerty, "an' I 'll sing you some more of 'Happy Land,' if you want me; and I know another song, too. I learned them up to the horspital when I was there. You see, I was peddlin' matches and shoe-strings, and it was 'most dark and awful slippery, and the horses hit me afore I knowed it; and then they picked me up, and I did n't know nothin', and could n't tell where I lived, and so they took me to the horspital; and the next day I told 'em where mother was, and she came. But the doctors said I had better stay, and p'r'aps they could help me. But they could n't, you know, cos the pain in my back was too bad. And mother, she washes, and I watch the daylight, and wait for night, and sing; and when the pain aint too bad, the day don't seem so very long."

"My eye!" was all Dick could say, as he beat a hasty retreat, rubbing the much appealed-to member with a corner of his ragged coat.

"Well, them 's hard lines, anyhow," he soliloquized, as he went to the printing-office. "An' she 's chipper, too. Game as anything," he went on to himself. "Now, I 'm just goin' to keep my eye on that little un, and some o' my spare coppers 'll help her, I guess."

How he worked that night! His papers fairly flew, he sold them so fast; and when, under a friendly street-lamp, he counted his gains, a prolonged whistle was his first comment.

"More 'n any night this week," he pondered. "Did me good to go 'thout the pie. Gerty 'll have an orange to-morrow."

So, next morning, when the last journal had been sold, a fruit-stand was grandly patronized.

"The biggest, best orange you got, and never mind what it costs." Then but a few moments to reach Gerty's alley, and Gerty's window.

Yes, there she was, just the same as yesterday, and the pinched face grew bright when she saw her new friend peering at her.

"Oh! you 're come, are you?" joyfully. "Mother said you would n't, when I told her, but I said you would. She would n't leave the door unlocked, cos she did n't know nothing about you; but she said, if you came to-day, you could come back to-night when she was home, and come in."

"Oh, may I?" said Dick, rather gruffly; for he hardly liked the idea of meeting strangers.

"Yes," went on Gerty; "I 'll sing lots, if you want; and mother 'll be glad to see you, too."

"All right; mebbe I 'll come. And say, here 's suthin for ye," and the orange shot through the window.

"Oh, my!" she gasped, "how nice! Is it really for me?" And Dick answered, "Yes, eat it now."

Half his pleasure was in watching her eager relish of the fruit; and as Gerty needed no second bidding, the orange rapidly disappeared, she pausing now and again to look across gratefully at Dick and utter indistinct expressions of delight.

"Now shall I sing?" she asked, when the last delicious mouthful was fairly swallowed; for she was anxious to make some return for the pleasure he had given her.

"All right," responded Dick, "I 'm ready."

So the thin little voice began again the old refrain; Gerty singing with honest fervor, Dick listening in rapt attention. Following "Happy Land" came "I want to be an angel," "Little drops of water," etc.; and when full justice had been done to these well-worn tunes, Dick suggested a change.

"Don't you sing 'Mulligan Guards'?" he questioned, at the close of one of the hymns.

"No," said Gerty, perplexed. "They did n't sing that up to the horspital."

"Oh, mebbe they don't sing it to the horspital; but I 've heard 'em sing it bully to the circus. I say," he went on suddenly, "was you ever there—to the circus, I mean?"

"No," said Gerty, eagerly. "What do they do?"

"Oh, it's beautiful!" was Dick's answer. "All bright, you know, and warm, and the wimmin is dressed awful fine, and the men, too; and the horses prance around; and they have music and tumbling, and—oh, lots of things!"

"My! and you've been there?"

"Oh yes, I've been!" Then, as he watched her sparkling eyes, "Look here, I'll take you. I could carry you, you know, and we'd go early, and I'd put you up against a post, and —— Don't you want to go?"

"Want to go?" she repeated with rapture. "Oh, it's too good to be true! I was scared just a-thinkin' of it. Oh, if mother 'd let me an' I could! Would n't I be too heavy? Mother says I 'm light as a feather,—and I would n't weigh more 'n I could help," she added, wistfully.

"Never you mind," was Dick's hearty reply. "I'll come to-night and see the old lady,—your mother, I mean,—and we 'll go next week, if she 'll let you."

So it was decided; and when Dick said "good-bye," and ran off, Gerty settled back with a sigh, half of delight and half of anxiety, lest her wild, wonderful hope should never be fulfilled.

But Dick came that night, and Gerty's mother, when she saw Dick's honest, earnest face, and her little girl's eager, pleading eyes, gave consent.

The next Monday night was fixed upon, and this was Thursday. "Four days," counted Gerty on her fingers; and oh, they seemed so long! But even four days *will* crawl away, and Monday night came at last. By seven o'clock, Dick appeared, his face clean and shining, radiant with delight.

Gerty was dressed in the one dress owned by her mother beside her working one, and the shrunken little figure looked pathetically absurd in its ample proportions. It was much too long for her, of course, but her mother pinned up the skirt. Good old Peggotty Winters, the apple-woman, who lived in the back room, had lent her warm shawl for the occasion, and the little French hair-dresser on the top floor had loaned a knitted hood which had quite an elegant effect. So Gerty considered herself dressed in a style befitting the event; and if she and Dick were satisfied, no one else need criticise.

"Pooh!" was Dick's comment as he lifted her in his arms. "Like a baby, aint you?"

"Oh, I 'm so glad you don't think I 'm heavy! It's the first time I ever was glad to be thin," sighed Gerty, clinging around his neck.

Then away they went, out through alleys and across side-streets to the main artery of travel, where Dick threaded his way slowly through throngs of gay people. At length, after what seemed miles to Gerty, they halted in front of a brilliantly lighted building, and in another moment were in the dazzling entrance-way.

On went Dick slowly, patiently, with his burden, down the aisle, as near to the front as possible, and—they were there!

Gerty was carefully set down in a corner place, and her shawl opened a little to serve as a pillow; and then she began to look about her, gazing with awe-struck curiosity at the great arena and the mysterious doors.

After a while the house seemed full, the musicians came out and took their places, the gas suddenly blazed more brightly, and the band struck up a gay popular air. Gerty felt as if she must scream with delight and expectation.

Presently, the music stopped, there was a bustle of preparation, a bell tinkled, and the great doors slowly swung open. Gerty saw beautiful ladies, all bright and glittering with spangles, and handsome horses in gorgeous trappings, and great strong men in tights, all the wonders and sights of the circus, and the funny jokes and antics of the clown and pantaloon. And Gerty had never known anything half so fine; and there was riding and jumping and tumbling, and all manner of fun, until the doors shut again.

"Was n't it lovely?" whispered Gerty. "Is that all?"

"Not half," said Dick; and Gerty leaned back to think it all over and watch for the repetition. But the next scene was different; there came an immense elephant, some little white poodle-dogs, and some mules, and everybody clapped hands and laughed, and was delighted. At last, the climax of ecstasy was reached,—a beautiful procession of all the gayly dressed and glittering performers, with their wonderful steeds, the wise old elephant, the queer little poodles, and the fun-provoking mules; and the band struck up some stirring music, and Gerty was dumb with admiration. But in another minute the arena was empty, the heavy doors had shut out all the life and magnificence, the band was hushed, the lights were dimmed, and Dick told her it was over.

Carefully he folded her in the shawl again, and once more the cold night air blew in her face. Not a word could she say all the way home, but when she sank in her mother's arms it was with the whisper, "I 've seen 'Happy Land';" and Dick felt, somehow, as if no other comment were needed.

And the winter days went on, Dick's faithful service and devotion never ceasing. The window was mended, but Dick had a key to the door, and spent many an hour with the sufferer. As spring approached, the two watchers noted a change in the girl. She was weaker, and her pain constant; and when Dick carried her out to the park in the

April sunshine, he was shocked to find her weight almost nothing in his arms.

Yes, Gerty was dying, slowly but surely; and Dick grew exceeding sorrowful. By and by, she even could not be carried out-of-doors, but lay all day on her little couch. Then Dick brought soon after got into a quarrel with a fellow newsboy who had hinted that his eyes were red. Anon he was back with some fresh gift, only to struggle again with the choking grief.

And then came the end—quietly, peacefully. Near the close of a July day, when the setting sun



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CIRCUS.

flowers and fruit, and talked gayly of the next winter, when, said he, "We 'll go every week to the circus, Gerty."

"No, Dick," said the child, quietly, "I shall never go there again. But oh! 't 'll be suthin better!"—at which Dick rushed off hastily, and glorified every corner of the room, Gerty left her pain, and, with a farewell sigh, was at rest.

"Oh, Gerty!" sobbed Dick, "don't forget me!"

Ah, Dick, you are held in everlasting remembrance, and more than one angel is glad at thoughts of you, in the "Happy Land!"

THE CROW THAT THE CROW CROWED.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

"Ho! ho!"
Said the crow:
"So I 'm not s'posed to know
Where the rye and the wheat
And the corn kernels grow-
Oh! no,
Ho! ho!

"He! he!
Farmer Lee,
When I fly from my tree,
Just you see where the tops
Of the corn-ears will be·
Watch me!
He! he!"

Switch–swirch,
With a lurch,
Flopped the bird from his perch
As he spread out his wings
And set forth on his search—
His search—
Switch–swirch.

Click!–bang!—
How it rang,
How the small bullet sang
As it sped through the air—
And the crow, with a pang,
Went spang—
Chi–bang.

THE TAIL FEATHERS.

Now know,
That to crow
Often brings one to woe;
Which the lines up above
Have been put there to show,
And so,
Don't crow.

THE LONDON MILK-WOMAN.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

VERY sturdy in form and honest in face is the London milk-woman shown in our picture. She has broad English features, smoothly parted hair, and a nice white frill running round her old-fashioned, curtained bonnet. Her boots are strong, and her dress is warm—the petticoats cut short to prevent them from draggling in the mud. A wooden yoke fits to her shoulders, which are almost as broad as a man's, and from the yoke hang her cans, filled with milk and cream, the little ones being hooked to the larger ones.

The London day has opened on a storm, and the snow lies thick on the area railings, the lamp-posts and the roofs; but the morning is not too cold or stormy for her. Oh, no! the mornings never are. It may rain, or blow, or snow the hardest that ever was known, no inclemency of weather keeps her from her morning round, and in the dull cold of London frosts and the yellow obscurity of London fogs, she appears in the streets, uttering her familiar cry, "Me–oh! me–oh!" which is her way of calling milk.

Pretty kitchen-maids come up the area steps with their pitchers to meet her, and detain her with much gossip. The one in the picture, whose arms are comfortably folded under her white apron, may be telling her that the mistress's baby is sick, and that the doctor despairs of its life. She may even be saying to her: "The only thing it can swallow, poor little dear, is a little milk and arrowroot, and the doctor says unless it can have this it must die." A great deal of the London milk is adulterated, and, perhaps, this honest-looking milk-woman knows that water has been added to hers. May be, she has babies of her own, and then her heart must be sore when she realizes that the little sick one upstairs may perish through her employer's greed for undue profits.

To-morrow, she may find the blinds drawn close down at that house, and the maid-of-all-work red-eyed and tearful; then she will turn away, bitterly feeling the pressure of her yoke on her shoulders, although, from her looks, she herself appears to be incapable of dishonesty; she is, and more than that,



AT THE AREA GATE.

kindly, cheery, and industrious. Her cans are polished to the brilliancy of burnished silver, and betoken the most scrupulous cleanliness. Many breakfast-tables depend upon her for that rich cream which emits a delicious flavor from her cans, in the sharp morning air. "Me–oh! me–oh!" We turn over in bed when we hear her, and know that it is time to get up.

ALICE'S SUPPER.



FAR down in the valley the wheat grows deep,
And the reapers are making the cradles sweep;
And this is the song that I hear them sing,
While cheery and loud their voices ring:
"'T is the finest wheat that ever did grow,
And it is for Alice's supper—ho! ho!"



Far down by the river the old mill stands,
And the miller is rubbing his dusty old hands;
And these are the words of the miller's lay,
As he watches the mill-stones grinding away:
"'T is the finest flour that money can buy,
And it is for Alice's supper—hi! hi!"



Down-stairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow,
And cook is a-kneading the soft white dough;
And this is the song she is singing to-day,
As merry and busy she 's working away:
"'T is the finest dough whether near or afar,
And it is for Alice's supper—ha! ha!"



To the nursery now comes mother, at last,—
And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?
'T is a plateful of something, all yellow and white,
And she sings as she comes, with her smile so bright:
"'T is the best bread and butter I ever did see,
And it is for Alice's supper—he! he!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"WARM!" you say?
Don't mention it, but take it good-naturedly.
And, now, let 's be quiet and have a talk about

HEARING FLIES WALK.

"HO, ho; nobody can do that!"

But anybody *can* do that,—with a microphone.

"And what 's a microphone?"

Why, it 's a machine by which very low sounds, that don't seem to be sounds at all, may be made to grow so loud and clear that you can easily hear them. If any of you come across one of these things, my dears, just take it to some quiet green spot, and coax it to let you hear the grass grow.

There 's one feature of the microphone that is likely to be troublesome; it makes loud noises sound hundreds of times louder. Something must be done, therefore, to prevent the use of these machines on any Fourth of July. That would be what nobody could stand, I should think.

A CRAB THAT MOWS GRASS.

IS N'T this dreadful? In India—a long way off, I 'm glad to say—there is a kind of crab that eats the juicy stalks of grass, rice, and other plants. He snips off the stalks with his sharp pincers, and, when he has made a big enough sheaf, sidles off home with it to his burrow in the ground, to feast upon it.

Ugh! I hope I shall never hear the cruel click of his pincers anywhere near me!

WASHERWOMEN IN TUBS.

OVER here, as I 've heard, the clothes to be washed are put in tubs, and the washerwomen or washermen stand outside at work. But I 'm told that in some parts of Europe the washerwomen themselves get into the tubs. They do this to keep their feet dry. The tubs or barrels are empty, and are set along the river banks in the water, and each washerwoman stands in her tub and washes the clothes in the river, pounding, and soaping, and rinsing them, on a board, without changing her position.

MICE IN A PIANO.

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR JACK: I have long wished to tell you of a little incident that occurred in our family.

About a year ago we bought an upright grand piano, and after we had had it a few months we noticed that one of the keys would stay down when touched, unless struck very quickly and lightly, and the next day another acted in the same way. That evening, after the boys had gone to bed, father and myself were sitting by the grate fire, when we thought we heard a nibbling in the corner of the room where the piano stood. I exclaimed, "Do you think it possible a mouse can be in the piano?" "Oh no!" he said; "it is probably behind it." We moved the piano, and found a little of the carpet gnawed, and a few nut-shells. Then we examined the piano inside, as far as possible, but found no traces there. I played a noisy tune, to frighten the mouse away, and we thought no more about it.

Two or three days after, more of the keys stayed down, and I said, "That piano must be fixed." The tuner came, and the children all stood around him, with curious eyes, as he took the instrument apart. Presently I heard a great shout. What do you think? In one corner, on the key-board, where every touch of the keys must have jarred it, was a mouse's nest, with five young ones in it! Those mice must have been fond of music! The mother mouse sprang out and escaped; but the nest and the little ones were destroyed.

Well, what do you suppose the nest was made of? Bits of felt and soft leather from the hammers and pedal; and the mouse had gnawed in two most of the strips of leather that pull back the hammers! So, when the piano had been fixed, there was a pretty heavy bill for repairs.—Very truly yours, P. L. S.

RATTLE-BOXES.

YOU 'D hardly believe how old-fashioned rattle-boxes are,—those noisy things that babies love to shake. Why, they are almost as old-fashioned as some of the very first babies would look nowadays. A few very ancient writers mention these toys, but, instead of calling them, simply, "rattle-boxes," they refer to them as "symbols of eternal agitation, which is necessary to life!"

Deacon Green says that this high-sounding saying may have been wise for its times, when the sleepy young world needed shaking, perhaps, to get it awake and keep it lively. "But, in these days," he adds, "the boot is on the other leg. People are a little too go-ahead, if anything, and try to do too much in too short time. Real rest, and plenty of it, is just as necessary to life as agitation can be."

Remember this, my chicks, all through vacation; but don't mistake laziness for rest.

A MOTHER WITH TWO MILLION CHILDREN.

NO, not the old woman who lived in a shoe,—though old parties of the kind I mean have been found with their houses fixed to old rubber high-boots,—but a quiet old mother, who never utters a word, and whose house is all door-way, as I 'm told. Every year she opens the door and turns two million wee bairns upon the world.

Away they rush, the door snaps shut behind them, and they can never come back any more! They don't seem to mind that very much, however, for they go dancing away in countless armies, without ever jostling, or meeting, or even touching one another.

And how large a ball-room do you suppose a

troop of them would need? One drop of water is large enough for thousands upon thousands of them to sport in!

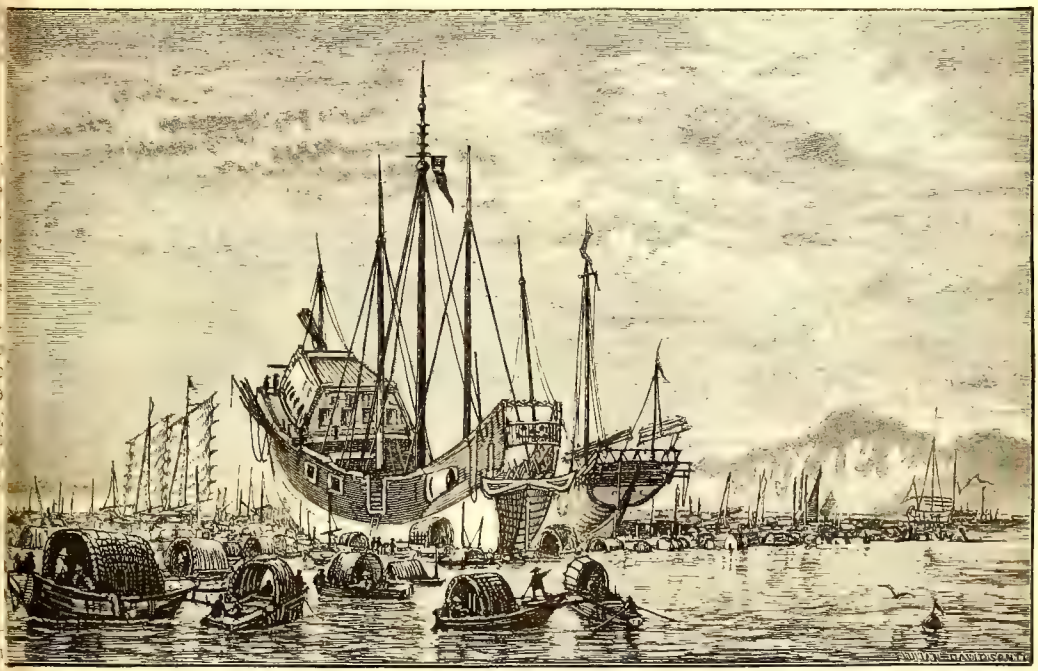
The mother is the oyster, and her children are the little oysters, and a curious family they must be, if all this is true, as I 'm led to believe.

A CHINESE FLOATING VILLAGE.

THE Little Schoolma'am wishes you a good and lively vacation, and sends you a picture of a Chinese Floating Village,—a cool and pleasant kind of village to live in through the summer, I 've no doubt, with plashing water, and fresh breezes, all about you. She goes on to say:

"In China, where there are about four hundred and fifty millions of people, not only the land, but also much of the water, is covered with towns and streets; and, although the Chinese are more than eleven times as numerous as the people of the United States, their country is not half as large as ours,—even leaving Alaska out of the count. So that China is pretty well crowded.

"In the picture, the little boats belong to poor



A CHINESE FLOATING VILLAGE.

people, but the big ones, called 'junks,' belong to folks who are better off. Sometimes junks are used by rich people for traveling, and then they are built almost as roomy, and fitted up quite as comfortably, as the homes on shore.

"There are no railroads in China worth mentioning, so traveling has to be done by highroad, or by river and canal; and, as this last, though easy, is a very slow way, it is a good thing when, like the snail, a traveler can take his house with him."

INFORMATION WANTED.

Providence, R. I.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: SIR: I write to ask if any of your little birds ever crossed the Equator; and, when just above it, whereabouts in the sky did they look for the sun at noon?

If you will answer this you will oblige me very much, as I have been wondering for about a month past.

Don't think this foolish. EDWIN S. THOMPSON.

None of my feathered friends ever told me about this; but, perhaps, some of you smart chicks who have just passed good examinations can answer Edwin's question. If so, I 'd be glad to hear from you; especially if you 'd let me know, also, what kind of a thing the equator *is*, and by what marks or signs a bird or anybody might make sure he had pitched upon it?

A BIRD THAT SEWS.

Sandy Spring, Md.

DEAR JACK: Have you ever heard of a bird that sews? Perhaps you have, and some of your chicks have not. He is not much larger than the humming-bird, and looks like a ball of yellow worsted flying through the air. For his nest he chooses two leaves on the outside of a tree, and these he sews firmly together, except at the entrance, using a fiber for thread, and his long, sharp bill as a needle. When this is done, he puts in some down plucked from his breast, and his snug home is complete. He is sometimes called the "tailor-bird."—Your friend, M. B. T.

A BEE "SOLD."

TALK about the instinct of animals! I 'm sure my little friends the bees are as bright as any, yet I heard, the other day, a strange thing about one. There was a flower-like sea-anemone, near the top of a little pool of water, when a bee came buzzing along and alighted on the pretty thing, no doubt mistaking it for a blossom. That anemone was an animal, and had no honey. Now, where was the instinct of that bee? That 's what I want to know.

THE LETTER-BOX.

West Roxbury, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in your June number, in the "Letter-Box," an account of a turtle; so I thought I would tell you about "Gopher Jimmy." My uncle brought him from Florida. He is a gopher, and different from the common kind of turtle. His back is yellow, with black ridges on it His feet are yellow and scaly Gophers burrow in the ground; and, when full grown, a man cannot pull one out of its burrow, and a child can ride easily on its back. I feed mine on clover. He likes to bask in the sun. My uncle named him "Gopher Jimmy." When full grown, they can move with a weight of 200 pounds. Jimmy is a young one.—Your devoted reader,

FRANCIS H. ALLEN.

Baltimore, Md

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps the other readers of your magazine have heard of "Tyrian purple," a dye which once sold in the shops of ancient Rome for its own weight in silver. Well, after a while, the way to make this dye was forgotten,—probably because those who had the secret died without telling it to others And now I want to let you know what I have learned lately, in reading, about how the secret was found again, after hundreds of years

A French naturalist, named Lacazo Duthiers, was on board a ship, when, one day, he saw a sailor marking his clothes and the sails of the ship with a sharp-pointed stick, which, every now and then, he dipped into a little shell held in his other hand At first, the lines were only a faint yellow in color; but, after being a few minutes in the sun, they became greenish, then violet, and last of all, a bright, beautiful purple, the exact shade called by the ancients "Tyrian purple"—a color that never fades by washing, or exposure to heat or damp, but ever grows brighter and clearer! The naturalist was rejoiced, and after trial found that he really had discovered again the long-lost secret. He felt well repaid for keeping his eyes open. The little shell was the "wide-mouthed purpura," as some call it, some three inches long, found in the Mediterranean Sea, and on the coasts of France, Ireland and Great Britain. My book says that the difficulty of obtaining and preserving these shells must always render "Tyrian purple" a rare and expensive color.

I remember, too, that the Babylonians thought "Tyrian purple" too sacred for the use of mortals, so they used it only in the dress of their idols. Romulus, king of Rome, adopted it as the regal color, and the Roman emperors forbade any besides themselves to wear it, on penalty of death.—Yours truly,

F. R. F.

THE boys and girls who solved the poetical charade printed on page 639 of the July number, must have noticed that it is an unusually good one, and we are sure that all our readers will admire the charade, after comparing it with its solution, which we publish upon page 704 of this number.

Alexandria, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know who would succeed to the throne in case of Queen Victoria's and her eldest son's deaths. My brother and I sold hickory-nuts and onions to get the ST. NICHOLAS last fall. We have taken it ever since it was published I am ten years old.

WILLIE CASTLE.

Prince Albert Victor, the Prince of Wales's eldest son, if then alive, would succeed to the English throne after Queen Victoria, in case of the previous death of her eldest son,—the Prince of Wales. A general answer to this question will be found in the "Letter-Box" for May, 1877 (Vol. IV., page 509), in a reply to an inquiry from "Julia."

Brunswick, Maine.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has occurred to me that some of my ST. NICHOLAS friends may like to know what I have learned from ancient books about the constellation Ursa Major, or the Dipper, which, in ST NICHOLAS for January, 1877 (vol. iv., p. 168), Professor Proctor has likened to a monkey climbing a pole. It is about the other title of this constellation, "Great Bear." I need not describe the group itself, for that has been done already by Professor Proctor in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1876.

Sailors, in very ancient times, were without compasses and charts, and when voyaging guided themselves by studying the situations and motions of the heavenly bodies. They saw that most of the stars passed up from the horizon and rose toward the zenith, the point right over head, and then dropped westward to hide themselves beyond the earth. After a time they noted some stars which never set, but every night, in fair weather, were seen at that side where the sun never appears, or, in other words, were seen at their left side, when their faces were toward the sun-rise. They did not long hesitate how to use these stars. And when, during foul weather, the sailors were tossed to and fro, these same constant stars, that again appeared after the storm, indicated to them their true position, and, as it were, *spoke to them*. This caused them to give more exact study to the constellations in that same part of the heavens. None appeared more remarkable than that among which they reckoned seven of the brightest stars, taking up a large space. Some who watched this star-group, as it seemed to turn around in the sky, named it the "Wheel," or "Chariot." The Phœnician pilots called it, sometimes, "Parrosis," the Indicator, the Rule, or "Callisto," the Deliverance, the Safety of Sailors. But it was more commonly named "Doubé," signifying the "speaking constellation," or the "constellation which gives advice" Now, the word "Doubé" signified also to the Phœnicians a "she-bear," and the Greeks are supposed to have received and used the word in its wrong sense, and to have passed it down to us without correction. This explanation seems plausible to me; and now, whenever I see the star-group we call the "Dipper," I think how gladly it was hailed by poor storm-tossed sailors upon the narrow seas, in the early ages, before the "lily of the needle pointed to the pole."—Yours truly.

R. A. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The flowers are all in bloom; it looks so pretty. Here is a little piece of poetry:

Lieutenant G——
Was lost in the sea;
He was found in the foam,
But he was carried home
To his wife,
Who was the joy of his life,
His lovely brunette,
His idolized pet.
She went to a ball,
And this is all.

I have a little sister named Henrietta, but we call her "Wackie," because when she cries she goes "Wackie, wackie, wackie!"

I remain, your constant reader,

ROWENA T. EWING.

Camp Grant, A. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army boy. The other day my papa went down to Mexico, and I went with him. The first day I rode fifty-seven miles on a mule; the next day, thirty-five miles; and the third day, forty miles. If you know any boy East, eleven years of age, who can do that, tell me his name. Lots of Indians out here.

PAUL COMPTON.

HERE is an account of how four enterprising girls from an inland district spent ten summer days by themselves at the sea-side.

FOUR "INLAND" GIRLS BY THE SEA.

For boys there are all sorts of real camping-out, fishing and hunting parties, and it's almost enough to set their sisters wild with envy Nevertheless, "we girls"—four of us—succeeded one year in having a deal of holiday enjoyment all by ourselves out of the old sea This is how we did it, what sort of place it was, and how we lived:

We engaged a room in a cottage close to the sea, not fifty miles from Boston. We paid one dollar per day for a medium-sized chamber, with the privilege of parlor, dining-room, kitchen, kitchen utensils and china Our cottage had fine sea-views from three sides, and roomy balconies all around, where the salt breezes came up fresh and strong. We had a large closet for our one trunk, not a Saratoga and not full of finery, for we had run away from work, company, fashion We spent whole days in Balmoral and calico redingotes.

We took with us a few pounds of Graham flour, some fresh eggs pickles, tumbler of jelly, plenty of delicately corned beef,—boiled and pressed,—salt and pepper and French mustard; some tea and coffee and condensed milk. Fresh vegetables, milk and fruits, could be obtained from neighbors; and fun it was to be one's own milkman and market merchant; but still more fun to play gypsy and forage for light driftwood for firing. Then, at a pinch, there were a baker and a fish-man within easy reach

The place was quiet, and nobody disturbed us, by day or by night and it was delightful to go to sleep, lulled by the music of the waves and pleasant breeze

We took turns presiding over the meals of the day, and none but the day's caterer had any thought or care about that day's bill of fare

The oldest of our party was "Aunty True," one of the real folks and a confirmed Grahamite. The next in age was Helen Chapman, the head and front of the quartette; a good botanist and geologist and acquainted with all manner of things that live in the sea, and from her we had delightful object lessons fresh from Nature. Nex

came I, and then Jo, the youngest of us, a girl of fifteen, ready to run wild on the least excuse. She was fairly quelled and awe-struck, however, at her first sight of the sea. "You 'll never get me to go into that!" she exclaimed, fairly shuddering. Yet that very day she was enjoying, bare-foot, the cool, soft sand, and playing with the foamy wavelets as the tide came in. But she screamed like an Indian if but invited to plunge beneath the curling surf. There was every day fresh fun in the water,—we frolicked like fishes in their own element. And what ludicrous sights we enjoyed watching the bathers who came from the hotels and boarding-houses,—whole family parties, big and little!

Our party had fine weather, for in our ten days there was only a half day of cloud and rain; but it would have been a fresh delight to see the ocean in a storm.

The last of our pleasures was watching the sun rise out of the sea, a crimson streak, growing into the great red sun! C. N. Eff.

Charleston, S. C.

Dear St. Nicholas: I would like to tell the boys and girls how to make a pretty little ornament. You take a shell, and bore two holes in each side, then run a piece of ribbon in each hole with a bow on the top, and it has a very pretty effect. It can hold knickknacks, or a plant; but if you want it for a plant, you must bore a hole in the bottom for drainage.—Your friend, Carmen Balaguer.

E. M.—George Washington's wife was called "Lady" Washington out of respect for her husband's high position as President, at a time when titles of courtesy were sometimes given to people not of noble rank who were in authority. The title has always clung to Martha Washington, partly from custom, and partly also from the great reverence of all Americans for General Washington and his wife.

Florence Wilcox, M. B., Isabelle Roorbach, and Lillie M. Sutphen sent answers to E. M.'s question.

Baltimore, Md.

Dear St. Nicholas: I would like to tell you my experience with wild mice. Some time ago I spent the summer in the Sierra Nevada range. Our family had a little cabin right in the woods, built of single boards. One day our servant went to her valise, which had been left slightly open; to her surprise, she found, neatly packed away, in one corner, a small quantity of bird-seed; she at once accused a young friend, who was staying with us, of having put it there for fun; but the accused pleaded "not guilty," and the matter began to look mysterious. One day my papa took down a pair of heavy mining boots, which were hung from the rafters; he went to put his foot in, and found he could n't; then he turned the boot upside down. A lot of bird-seed ran out! The mystery thickened. Another time a little dish of uncooked rice was left in the kitchen overnight. The next morning the rice had disappeared. Then we began to suspect mice, and hunted for the rice. It was three or four days before we found it, in a box containing sewing materials, on the top shelf of a cupboard. Then we took the same rice and put it in with some broken bits of cracker, and tied a string to one of the pieces. Papa left all on the kitchen floor. It had disappeared the next day, except the bit with the string; this the wise little mice had not touched. That night we heard pattering all over the house. Next day we began to hunt for the rice again; but it was only just before we left the cabin that we found it. It was in the tray of a trunk; and the end of the matter was, that the poor mice had all their trouble for nothing.

I am a little girl just nine and a half, and have every number of St. Nicholas, and have them all bound, and love it dearly.—Yours truly, Lizette A. Fisher.

A correspondent sends us the following description of what she calls the "Island of Juan Fernandez," near Paris.

One of the most attractive places for out-door amusement, just outside of Paris, is a spot fitted out to be a counterpart of the Island of Juan Fernandez, described by Daniel de Foe in his story of Robinson Crusoe.

After leaving the railroad depot, you enter an omnibus on which are painted the words "Robinson Crusoe." This leaves you at an arch-way bearing the curious inscription: "A mimic island of Juan Fernandez, the abode of Robinson Crusoe, dear to the heart of childhood, and a reminder of our days of innocence." You pass under this with high hope, and are not disappointed.

Inside, you find a kind of gypsy camp. Groups of open "summer-houses," built of bark, unhewn wood, and moss, are clustered here and there. Some stand on the earth, others are in grottoes or by shady rocks, and some are even among the branches of the great trees. All these houses are meant for resting-places while you are being served with such delicacies as pleasure-seekers from Paris are wont to require. In each of those huts, which are in the trees, stands a waiter who draws up the luncheon, the creams, or ices, in a kind of bucket, which has been filled by another waiter below. All is done deftly and silently, and you are as little disturbed as was Elijah by the ravens who waited on him.

The trees in which these houses are built are large old forest-trees, each strong enough in the fork to hold safely the foundation of a small cottage; and the winding stairs by which you get up into the tree are hidden by a leafy drapery of ivy, which covers the trunk also, and hangs in fluttering festoons from limb to limb.

From one of these comfortable perches you look down upon a lively scene of foliage, flowers, greensward, gay costumes and frolicking children. The view is wide, and has many features that would be strange to "dear old Robinson Crusoe." His cabin is multiplied into a hamlet, and his hermit life is gone. But you still recognize the place as a modernized portrait of the island of De Foe's wonderful book. And, as if to furnish you with a fresh piece of evidence, yonder appears Robinson Crusoe himself, in his coat of skins, and bearing his musket and huge umbrella.

Instead of Man Friday, Will Atkins, and the rest, you see donkeys carrying laughing children and led by queer-looking old women. And you heave a little sigh when you think: "How few of these French boys and girls really know old Crusoe and his adventures! To them this charming place has nothing whatever to do with running away to sea, shipwrecks, cannibals, mutinies, and such things. It is nothing but a new kind of pleasure-ground to them."

However, everybody feels at home here, and so everybody is happy; for, after all, looking for happiness is much like the old woman's search for her spectacles, which all the time are just above her nose.

O dear delightful island, how glad we were to chance upon you right here in gay, care-free Paris! And what an enchanted day we spent amid your thousand delights and thronging memories!

C. V. N. C. U.

Here are two welcome little letters received some time ago from a boy and girl in Europe:

Nice, France.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am in Europe now, in Nice. I have seen a great deal already. Nice is a nice place. And it is the only city in the world that one may call "Nice" always. I can talk French now a little, enough to be understood. I go to the "Promenade des Anglais" by the sea every morning, and I like it very much. Nice is situated in the south-eastern part of France, very near Italy. It once did belong to Italy. It was given to Napoleon III. as a reward for helping the late king of Italy, Victor Emanuel II., to the throne of Sardinia. I get the St. Nicholas sent from home, and like the stories very much.—Your loving subscriber, Charles Jastron.

(Age 12.)

Nice, France.

Darling St. Nicholas: I am a little girl seven years old, and I live in Nice. I enjoy myself very much here, and have a great deal of fun. I have nothing to do. I like it here very much. There are a great many mountains here, but now I do not know any more to write.—Your loving reader, Nellie Jastron.

Pittsburgh, Penn.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have never written to you before, but I have thought about it several times. I live in the east end of the city. I like your magazine very much, and always read it through. I had a dispute to-day with a boy friend of mine. It was about the gypsies, who camp near our place every year. He said that not all people who lived that way were gypsies; but that only those who were descended from the Egyptians were so named. I did not agree with him, because, in the first place, I do not think that they are descended from the Egyptians, and, in the second place, I think that all people who live in that way are called gypsies, no matter what country they come from. I must now close.—Your constant reader,

Frank Ward.

New York, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: Did you know that we once had musical watchmen in this country? Less than fifty years ago, it was quite usual in Pennsylvania for the watchmen to sing the passing hours during the night. I suppose the custom was brought over by the Germans, who settled in the Keystone State. I fancy it must have been sleepy work for the poor watchman, calling the quiet hours, and adding, as he always did, his little weather report; at least, he invented a very drowsy, sing-song sort of tune for it.

In these days of telegraphing, and other scientific improvements, we should think it a very uncertain, and rather stupid, way to judge of the weather, to say it was "past ten o'clock on a starry evening," or "a cloudy evening," or "a frosty morning." Now, we have only to pick up the morning paper, and consult "Old Probabilities," who nearly always forecasts truly. But in those times there were no telegraph wires running the length and breadth of the land, and no Signal Service, either, so that the regular cry of the watchman may have been held in high esteem; and, perhaps, the sleepy folk would raise an ear from the pillow to hear the "probabilities" for the coming day, and lie down again to arrange business or pleasure accordingly.

A hundred years ago the people of Philadelphia were startled by a

famous cry of a watchman at dead of night, making every one who heard it wild with joy. It was just after the battle of Yorktown, the last of the Revolution, when Lord Cornwallis and his army surrendered to Washington. The bearer of the news of victory, entering Philadelphia, stopped an old watchman to ask the way to the State House, where Congress was in session, waiting for news from the army. As soon as the watchman heard the glad tidings, he started off on his rounds, singing out to his monotonous tune the remarkable words—

"Past four o'clock, Cornwallis is taken!"

Up flew the windows on all sides, and every ear was strained to catch the joyful sound. The old bell sent forth a glad peal, houses were thrown open and illuminated, and the streets were filled with happy people congratulating one another, paying visits, and drinking toasts; so that, could but one thousand of the seven thousand British soldiers captured that day by Washington have entered the city that night, they might have taken it without a struggle.—Yours very truly,

E. A. S.

St. James House, King's Lynn, Norfolk, England.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago my brother and I had a little bazaar which I should like to tell you about. We had been collecting and making things for a good long time, so we had nearly forty, most of which we made ourselves, but some were given to us by friends. I copied some of the things out of "A Hundred Christmas Presents," in ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1877. They were very pretty, especially the little wheelbarrow. We had a little refreshment stall with sweets, ginger-snaps, etc., and they sold more quickly than anything. We got £1, 1s., a guinea, which we sent to an orphan institution in London.

I like your magazine very much. I do not know which part is the best.—Yours truly,

M. Y. GIBSON.

Bay Shore, Long Island.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I lived in Germany over four years, so I know something about it. I should like to tell you about rafts on the Elbe.

They are of several kinds. Some are of boards all ready to be sold, others of round timber, just cut: another kind is of squared logs, and a fourth of both logs and boards. As the Elbe is not a rapid river, the unaided progress of a raft is very slow. So each man on it has a pole with an iron point on one end, while the other end fits to the shoulder; and the men pole along most of the time. To each end of the raft there are fastened three or four oars about twenty feet long; and with these they steer. The Elbe is so shallow that in the summer time boys walk through it; but in the spring the snow melting in the mountains at the river's source (Bohemia) makes freshets which carry off animals, boards, planks and sometimes houses. Under the arch-ways of the bridge at Dresden during these freshets, there are suspended large nets, two corners of each of which are fastened to the railing of the bridge, the lower side is heavily weighted and dropped, and so the net catches anything which comes down the stream.—Yours respectfully,

FRANK BERGH TAYLOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish that you would tell me how to make skeleton leaves. I have seen some done just lovely, and so I think that I should like to try—even if I don't succeed—to make some myself. I am going to the country this summer to stay quite a long time, and so I shall have a chance to get a great many different kinds of leaves.—Your constant reader,

IRENE C. W.

Irene's question is answered in Volume III. of ST. NICHOLAS, pages 115 and 116,—the number for December, 1875.

THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF VASCO DA GAMA. By George M. Towle. Eight Full-page Illustrations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. In 294 pages of clear type this book gives a cleverly condensed account of the most interesting events in the life of Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese navigator who first found the way from Europe to India around the Cape of Good Hope. His daring nobility of character and true and exciting adventures are presented in such a way as to delight boys and girls, and yet the romance that cannot be taken from the story is not allowed to interfere with historical truth. As the first of a series entitled "Heroes of History," this volume makes a good start in a pleasant and fruitful field.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name a flower. 1. A fruit. 2. A Shakspearean character. 3. A neck of land. 4. A spice.

ISOLA.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

IT was 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 to the teacher's 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 me to go home early, that I escaped the shower.

C. D.

PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION PUZZLES.

FIND for each picture a word, or words, that will correctly describe it, and then transpose the letters of the descriptive word so as to form another word, which will answer to the definition given below the picture.

E.



1. Aromatic kernels of a much used kind.



2. Sovereigns.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. IN martin, not in curlew. 2. A rather showy bird. 3. A very showy bird. 4. An Oriental animal. 5. In sparrow.

C. O.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A WADING-BIRD. 2 A talking-bird. 3. To turn aside. 4. Steadiness of courage, or fortitude. 5. To go in.

R. H. D.

SHAKSPEAREAN REBUS.



A three-line quotation from one of Shakspeare's plays.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials name a large country of Asia, and the finals a country of Europe renowned for its climate.

1. A country of South America. 2. An ancient name for a narrow strait in South-eastern Europe. 3. A British possession in Asia. 4. A kingdom of Northern Hindostan. 5. A North American mountain system.

SEDGWICK.

METAGRAM.

I am a word, with meanings many;
To plunge, is just as good as any.
With new head, I'm a piece of money;
With other head, I'm "sweet as honey."
Another still, I'm a projection;
One more, I sever all connection.
Another change, I'm the teeth to stick in;
Another still, I plague your chicken.
One more new head, and I'm to taste;
One more, and I discharge with haste.

L. W. H.

VERY EASY HIDDEN FURNITURE.

(For Little Folks.)

1. May got a tablet for her Christmas. 2. My father walks so fast! 3. Such air as we breathe in our school-room is hurtful. 4. My brother's tools are always out of place. 5. What! not going to the party to-night? 6. Vic! Ribbons are out of place on school-girls. 7. What spool-cotton is the best to use? 8. Boys, stop that racket! 9. Lily made skips going along to school every day.

C. L. J.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. In shelf, but not in seat;
2. In food, but not in meat;
3. In slow, but not in fast;
4. In model, but not in cast;
5. In hovel, but not in hut;
6. In almonds, but not in nut.

Read this aright, and you will find
Two Yankee poets will come to mind.

L. E.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

In each of the following sentences, fill the first blank, or set of blanks, with an appropriate word, or set of words, the letters of which may be transposed to fill the remaining blanks, as often as these blanks occur.

Thus, in No. 1, the first blank may be appropriately filled with the word "warned." The letters of this word, when transposed once, give "warden" for the second blank, and, transposed again, "wander" for the third.

1. Though —— before setting forth, the church- —— lost his way and continued to —— helplessly for some time.

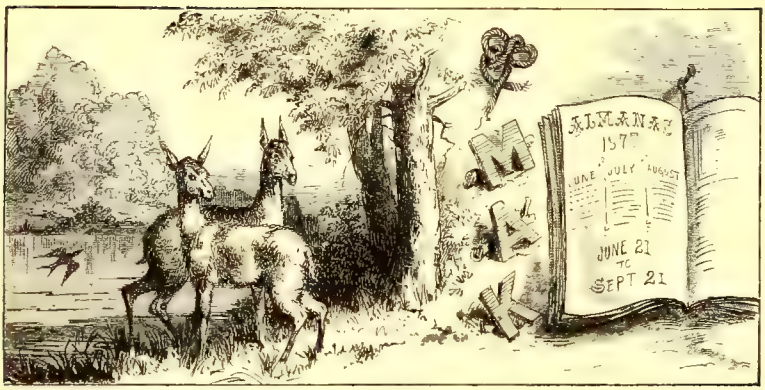
2. If a —— ——, or even a —— had —— at will through that well-kept ——, the plants would have been in great ——.

3. If —— —— grow in the Levantine island of ——, at least —— and —— are to be found there. This was told me as a —— fact.

4. Neither a precious stone such as a —— ——, nor a —— —— of pealed willow, nor even a —— —— of the sweet-pea vine, is of much account to an animal so savage as the ——.

W.

PROVERB REBUS.



CHARADE.

WITHIN my first, by no breeze stirred,
My second, mirrored, saw my third,
And plucked it, juicy, ripe and red,
From a stray branch just overhead.

A town in India, owned by France,
My whole, might well enrich romance.

J. P. B.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

CENTRAL, read downward, an implement formerly used in war and the chase. Horizontals: 1. To sing in solemn measure. 2. Mineral produce. 3. In administrator. 4. A part of a toothed wheel. 5. An arbor.

C. H. S.

CONTRACTIONS.

1. CURTAIL a color, and leave the forehead. 2. Curtail a joiner's tool, and leave a plot or draught. 3. Curtail a machine tool, and leave an article used in house-building. 4. Curtail a shrub, and leave warmth. 5. Curtail another shrub, and leave fog. 6. Curtail an ornament, and leave a fruit. 7. Curtail a badge of dignity or power, and leave a bird. 8. Curtail a thrust, and leave an organ of the human body. 9. Curtail a number, and leave a building for defense.

I. A.

WORD-SYNCOPATIONS.

IN each of the following sentences, remove one of the defined words from the other, and leave a complete word.

1. Take always from a young hare, and leave to allow. 2. Take a tree from random cutting, and leave to throw. 3. Take part of the eye from cuttings, and leave what children often say the kettle does. 4. Take a sty from a workman in wood, and leave a carrier. 5. Take a favorite from floor-coverings, and leave vehicles.

CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—1. Dry. 2. Elope. 3. Drovers. 4. Spend. 5. Try. Remaining diamond: 1. R. 2. Lop. 3. Rover 4. Pen. 5. R.

A CONCEALED BILL-OF-FARE.—1. Tea. 2. Beef. 3. Butter. 4. Ham. 5. Egg. 6. Meat. 7. Pie. 8. Fish. 9. Shad. 10. Salad. 11. Peas. 12. Hash.

EASY "ANNIVERSARY" PUZZLES.—Three anniversaries: 1. Fourth of July; J is a fourth part of the word "July." 2. First of May; M is the first letter of the word "May." 3. Holidays; hollied A's.

GEOGRAPHICAL SINGLE ACROSTIC.—Liverpool. 1. Liffey. 2. Irrawaddy. 3. Vienne. 4. Euphrates. 5. Rhone. 6. Po. 7. Oder. 8. Ohio. 9. Lena.

EASY HIDDEN LATIN PROVERB.—Tempus fugit: (Time flies.) To*tem pu*shed; Or*fugi to*.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—"Make hay while the sun shines."

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Bread. 2. Rumor. 3. Emery. 4. Aorta. 5. Dryad.

ANAGRAM DOUBLE-DIAMOND AND INCLOSED DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.—Diamond, across: 1, R; 2, hat; 3, mated; 4, pen; 5, S. Word-square, downward: 1, Hap; 2, ate; 3, ten.

EASY BEHEADINGS.—1. Y-awning. 2. G-ape. 3. W-ant. 4. C-rate. 5. S-crape. 6. P-lace. 7. L-oaf. 8. S-hocks. 9. S-pin. 10. B-lot. 11. B-ranch. 12. S-lack.

SHAKSPEAREAN ENIGMA.—Rosalind.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Patience: Pan, pence, ape, can, cane, cent, ice, pint, tin, ten, tie, net, pie, tea, cat, cape.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—Belle's letters; *Belles-lettres*.

CHARADE.—Harpsichord: Harp, sigh, chord.

SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Pilaster, plaster, paster, pater. 2. Harem, harm, ham. 3. Clamp, clap, cap.

ACROSTIC.—Mignonette. 1. MaN. 2. IcE. 3. GnaT. 4. NuT. 5. OdE.

DOUBLE, REVERSED ACROSTIC.—

D —t— D
E —k— E
E —v— E
D—eifie—D

ENIGMA.—Hans Christian Andersen. 1. Shasta. 2. Chin. 3. Reins. 4. Red. 5. Nan.

EASY ENIGMA.—Tennis: Sin, net.

BIOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Abraham Lincoln. 1. AdmiraL. 2. BandittI. 3. RobiN. 4. ArC. 5. HerO. 6. AnviL. 7. MarteN.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Chamois. 1. DisCern. 2. ScHah. 3. DAn. 4. M. 5. FOe. 6. PaIns. 7. VasSals.

REVERSALS.—1. Flow, wolf. 2. Draw, ward. 3. Gulp, plug 4. Laud, dual. 5. Leer, reel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 18, from "Allie," Milly E. Adams, Maude Adams, George J. Fiske, Jeanie A. Christie, "Fannie," Edward Vultee, "Aimée," Estella Lohmeyer, Bertha Keferstein, Willie B. Deas, "Winnie," "Vulcan," "St. Nicholas Club," Chas. Carhart, "Patrolman Gilhooley," Harry Price, Frankie Price, M. W. C., "Prebo," "Cozy Club," E. S. G., M. H. G., "Lillian," Gertrude H., Bessie G., Georgie B., Adèle F. Freeman, Nessie E. Stevens, Minnie Thiebaud, Eleanor P. Hughes, Ella Blanke, Kittie Blanke, "Bessie and her Cousin," Alice Robinson, C. S. King, Wm. H. McGee, Adèle G. D., E. F. T., Nettie Kabrick, Debe D. Moore, Neils E. Hansen, Isabel Lauck, "O. K.," Alfred Terry Barnes, Florence Wilcox, Francis H. Earp, Imogene M. Wood, Horace F. W., Rowen S. McClure, Julia Crofton, "The P. L. C.," S. Norris Knapp, "K. Y. Z," "Nameless," W. C. Eichelberger, John Cress, Daisy Briggs, Romeo Friganzi De Plonzies De Flon, G. P. Dravo, Marshall B Clarke, Mary L. Fenimore, Bessie H. Jones, Samuel Hoyt Brady, Edith McKeever, R. Townsend McKeever, Annie L. Volkmar, E. Gilchrist, H. B Ayers, S. A. Gregory, Virgie Gregory, "Caprice," Lewis G Davis, Charles Fritts, Frances Hunter, Ray T. French, Nellie Zimmerman, Kittie Tuers, Etta Taylor, Guardie Kimball, Lulu Loomis, W. A. Ricker, Florence R. Swain, Nellie Baker, Gracie Van Wagenen, Rosie Van Wagenen, C. B. Murray, Gertrude Cheever, Albert T. Emery, Florence Van Rensselaer, "Hard and Tough," Nellie Emerson, Hans Oehme, Paul Oehme, C. N. Cogswell, Louisa Blake, W. H. Patten, Clara F. Allen, Caroline Howard, Helen Jackson, Ethel S. Mason, Helen S. Rodenstein, Harry Durand, Charles H. Stout, Sarah Duffield, Constance Grand-Pierre, "Prince Arthur," Madeleine Boniville, K. Beddle, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, Mamie Robbins, C. L. S. Tingley, A. M Holz, "Black Prince," J. R. Garfield, Anna E. Mathewson, "Adrienne," Grace A. Smith, M. H. Bradley, Gladys H. Wilkinson, and "John Gilpin."

THE LABYRINTH PUZZLE was solved by Esther L. Fiske, "Aimée," Estella Lohmeyer, Bertha Keferstein, "Vulcan," "Patrolman Gilhooley," Chas. H. Stout, M. W. C., "Cozy Club," R. M., Nessie E. Stevens, Minnie Thiebaud, Eleanor P. Hughes, Ella Blanke, Kittie Blanke, "Bessie and her Cousin," Adèle G. D., Horace F. W., S. Norris Knapp, W. C. Eichelberger, John Cress, Romeo Friganzi De Plonzies De Flon, Samuel Hoyt Brady, Eddie K. Earle, R. Townsend McKeever, Nettie F. Mack, "Caprice," C. Maud Olney, Frances Hunter, Charles Fritts, Harvey E. Mason, Lulu B. Monroe, Nellie Baker, Nellie Emerson, Caroline Howard, "Diaconos," Sarah Duffield, Constance Grand-Pierre. William T. Gray, K. Beddle, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, Gladys H. Wilkinson, and H. Martin Vail.



SHIPWRECKED.

Drawn by J. W. Champney.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1878. NO. 11.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

FERN-SEED.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SHE filled her shoes with fern-seed,
This foolish little Nell,
And in the summer sunshine
Went dancing down the dell.
For whoso treads on fern-seed,—
So fairy stories tell,—
Becomes invisible at once,
So potent is its spell.
A frog mused by the brook-side:
"Can you see me!" she cried;
He leaped across the water,
A flying leap and wide.
"Oh, that 's because I asked him!
I must not speak," she thought,
And skipping o'er the meadow
The shady wood she sought.
The squirrel chattered on the bough,
Nor noticed her at all,
The birds sang high, the birds sang low,
With many a cry and call.
The rabbit nibbled in the grass,
The snake basked in the sun,
The butterflies, like floating flowers,
Wavered and gleamed and shone.
The spider in his hammock swung,
The gay grasshoppers danced;
And now and then a cricket sung,
And shining beetles glanced.
'T was all because the pretty child
So softly, softly trod,—
You could not hear a foot-fall
Upon the yielding sod.
But she was filled with such delight—
This foolish little Nell!
And with her fern-seed laden shoes,
Danced back across the dell.
"I 'll find my mother now," she thought,
"What fun 't will be to call
'Mamma! mamma!' while she can see
No little girl at all!"
She peeped in through the window,
Mamma sat in a dream:
About the quiet, sun-steeped house
All things asleep did seem.
She stept across the threshold;
So lightly had she crept,
The dog upon the mat lay still,
And still the kitty slept.
Patient beside her mother's knee
To try her wondrous spell
Waiting she stood, till all at once,
Waking, mamma cried "Nell!
"Where have you been? Why do you gaze
At me with such strange eyes?"
"But can you see me, mother dear?"
Poor Nelly faltering cries.
"See you? Why not, my little girl?
Why should mamma be blind?"
And little Nell unties her shoes,
With fairy fern-seed lined,
And tosses up into the air
A little powdery cloud,
And frowns upon it as it falls,
And murmurs half aloud,
"It was n't true, a word of it,
About the magic spell!
I never will believe again
What fairy stories tell!"

MACKEREL-FISHING.

By Robert Arnold.

When I was a boy, I lived on the rugged coast of New England. The sea abounded in cod, hake, mackerel, and many other kinds of fish. The mackerel came in "schools" in late summer, and sometimes were very plentiful. One day, my uncle James determined to go after some of these fish, with his son George, and invited me to go with them. We were to start before day-break the next morning. I went to bed that night with an impatient heart, and it was a long time before I could go to sleep. After I did get asleep, I dreamed of the whale that swallowed Jonah, and all kinds of fishes, big and little. I was awakened by somebody calling, in a very loud voice, "Robert! Robert!" I jumped out of bed, with my eyes not more than half opened, and fell over the chair on which I had put my clothes. This made me open my eyes, and I soon realized that the voice proceeded from my cousin George, who had come to arouse me for the fishing-voyage.

I dressed as quickly as possible, and went downstairs. All was quiet in the house except the old clock ticking in the kitchen. I went out-of-doors and found the stars still shining. It was half-past three o'clock in the morning. There was no sign of daylight, and even the cocks had not begun to crow. In the darkness I espied George, who said, "Come, it is time to start. Father is waiting for you."

We walked across the fields to my uncle's house. Taking each a basket and knife, we began our journey, and soon entered the pine-woods. As we walked along in the darkness, we could scarcely see each other or the path. The wind was sighing mournfully among the tree-tops, and, as we gazed upward, we could see the stars twinkling in the clear sky.

We soon emerged from the forest, and came to a sandy plain. Before us was the ocean, just discernible. There were two or three lights, belonging to vessels that were anchored near the shore. We could see the waves and hear their murmur, as they broke gently upon the shore. A soft breeze was blowing from the west, and the sea was almost as smooth as a pond.

When we reached the beach, we found that it was low water. The boat was at high-water mark. What should we do? We did as the fishermen in that region always do in the same circumstances —took two rollers, perhaps six inches in diameter, lifted the bow of the boat, put one of the rollers under it, and the other upon the sand about eight feet in front of it. We then pushed the boat until it reached the second roller, and rolled it upon that until the other was left behind. Then the first was put in front of the boat, and so we kept on until our craft reached the water. Uncle James and George took the oars, and I sat in the stern, with the tiller in my hand, to steer.

We got out over the breakers without difficulty, and rowed toward the fishing-ground. It is queer that fishermen call the place where they fish, "the ground," but that is only one of the many queer things that they do. By this time, daylight had come. The eastern sky was gorgeous with purple and red, and hues that no mortal can describe. Soon a red arc appeared, and then the whole glorious sun, looking more grand and beautiful than can be thought of by one who has never seen the sun rise over the sea.

"How glorious!" I exclaimed, impulsively.

"Yes; it is a first-rate morning for fishing," said my uncle, whose mind was evidently upon business, and not upon the beauties of nature.

After rowing about three miles, we stopped, and prepared for fishing. Each of us had two lines, about twenty feet long. The hooks were about as big as large trout-hooks. Pewter had been run around the upper part of them, so that "sinkers" were not required. The pewter answered a double purpose; it did duty as a sinker, and, being bright, attracted the notice of the fish. Uncle James had brought with him some clams, which we cut from their shells and put on the hooks. We threw in our lines and waited for a bite. We did not wait long, for, in less than a minute, George cried out, in the most excited manner, "There 's a fish on my hook!"

"Pull, then!" shouted his father.

He was too agitated to pull at first, but, at length, managed to haul in his line, and, behold, a slender fish, about eight inches long, showing all the colors of the rainbow, as he held it up in the morning sun! It was our first mackerel. While admiring George's prize, I suddenly became aware of a lively tug at one of my own lines. I pulled it in, and found that I had caught a fish just like the other, only a little larger. No sooner had I taken it from the hook than my other line was violently jerked. I hauled it in hurriedly, and on the end

of it was—not a mackerel, but a small, brown fish, with a big head and an enormous mouth. I was about to take it from the hook when my uncle called, "Look out!" He seized it, and showed me the long, needle-like projections on its back, with which, but for his interference, my hand might have been badly wounded. This unwelcome visitor was a sculpin. Sculpins are very numerous in this region.

Uncle James explained how I happened to catch one of them. They swim at a much greater depth than mackerel usually do, and, while I was busy with one line, the other had sunk some twelve or fifteen feet down where the sculpins dwelt.

When mackerel are inclined to take the bait, they are usually close to the surface of the water. They began now to bite with the greatest eagerness, and gave us all the work that we could do. As soon as I had taken a fish from one line, the other demanded my attention. I did not have to *wait* for a bite. Indeed, as soon as the hook was thrown into the water, several mackerel would dart for it. As George said, they were very anxious to be caught. This was very different from my previous experience in fishing for trout in the little brooks near my home. I used to fish all day and not get more than two or three trout, and often I would not get one. Those that I did catch were not more than four or five inches long. I guess some of my boy readers have had the same experience.

The only drawback was baiting the hook whenever a fish was taken from it. Uncle James soon remedied this difficulty. He cut from the under side of a dead mackerel six thin pieces, about half an inch in diameter, and gave each of us two. We put them on our hooks, and they served for bait a long time. When they were gone, we put on more of the same kind. Mackerel will bite at any very small object, almost, that they can see, and sometimes fishermen fasten a small silver coin to their hooks, which will do duty as bait for days. They wish to catch as many fish as they possibly can, while they are biting, for mackerel are very notional. Sometimes they will bite so fast as to tire their captors, and, ten minutes after, not one can be felt or



MACKEREL-BOATS.

seen. Usually, they can be caught best in the morning and toward evening. I suppose they have but two meals a day, breakfast and supper, going without their dinner. In this respect, they resemble trout and many other kinds of fish.

They are caught in great numbers off the coast of Maine and Massachusetts in the months of August and September. Hundreds of schooners, large and small, and thousands of men and boys are employed in the business. Standing upon the shore, near Portland, and looking out upon the Atlantic, on a bright summer's day, you can sometimes see more white, glistening sails of "mackerel-catchers" than you can count. At the wharves of every little village on the sea-shore, or on a river near the shore, boats and fishermen abound. Of late years, immense nets or "seines" have been used, and often, by means of them, enormous quantities of fish have been secured in one haul. The season is short, but most of the fishermen, before the mackerel come and after they go, engage in fishing for cod and hake, which are plentiful also. Mackerel-catching has its joys, but it also has its sorrows and uncertainties. One vessel may have excellent luck while another may be very unfortunate. In short, those engaged in the pursuit of mackerel have to content themselves with "fishermen's luck."

While we were busily fishing, George called my attention to a dark fin, projecting a few inches above the water, and gradually approaching the boat with a peculiar wavy motion. Just before reaching us it sank out of sight. I cast an inquiring glance at my cousin, who said, in a low tone of voice, "A shark!" A feeling of wonder and dread came over me, and doubtless showed itself in my face, for my uncle said, in an assuring voice, "He will not harm us."

The mackerel stopped biting all at once. Our fishing was over. It was now about ten o'clock, and the sun had become warm. Half a mile from us was a small island, with a plenty of grass and a few trees, but no houses. Uncle James proposed that we should row to it, which we gladly did. Its shores were steep and rocky, and we found much difficulty in landing; but at last we got ashore and pulled the boat up after us. Among the rocks we found a quantity of drift-wood; we gathered some, and built a fire. Uncle James produced some bread and crackers from his basket, and, after roasting some of the nice, fat mackerel on sharp sticks before the fire, we sat down to what seemed to us a delicious breakfast. We were in excellent spirits, and George and I cracked jokes and laughed to our hearts' content. After our hunger had been satisfied, we wandered over the island, which we christened Mackerel Island, and, sitting upon a high cliff, watched the seals as they bobbed their heads out of the water, and turned their intelligent, dog-like faces, with visible curiosity, toward us. They did not seem to be at all afraid, for they swam close to the rock upon which we sat. We whistled, and they were evidently attracted by the sound. These seals are numerous in some of the bays on the New England coast. Most of them are small, but occasionally one is seen of considerable size. Their fur is coarse and of little value, but they are sought after by fishermen for the sake of their oil, which commands a ready sale for a good price. After we had got fully rested, we launched our boat, rowed homeward, and soon landed upon the beach.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

In Spring we note the breaking
  Of every baby bud;
In Spring we note the waking
  Of wild flowers of the wood;
In Summer's fuller power,
  In Summer's deeper soul,
We watch no single flower,—
  We see, we breathe the whole.

THE AX OF RANIER.

By Thomas Dunn English.

Once upon a time, there lived on the borders of a forest an old woman named Jehanne, who had an only son, a youth of twenty-one years, who was called Ranier. Where the two had originally come from no one knew; but they had lived in their little hut for many years. Ranier was a wood-cutter, and depended on his daily labor for the support of himself and mother, while the latter eked out their scanty means by spinning. The son, although poor, was not without learning, for an old monk in a neighboring convent had taught him to read and write, and had given him instructions in arithmetic. Ranier was handsome, active and strong, and very much attached to his mother, to whom he paid all the honor and obedience due from a son to a parent.

One morning in spring, Ranier went to his work in the forest with his ax on his shoulder, whistling one of the simple airs of the country as he pursued his way. Striding along beneath the branches of the great oaks and chestnuts, he began to reflect upon the hard fate which seemed to doom him to toil and wretchedness, and, thus thinking, whistled no longer. Presently he sat down upon a moss-covered rock, and laying his ax by his side, let his thoughts shape themselves into words.

"This is a sad life of mine," said Ranier. "I might better it, perhaps, were I to enlist in the army of the king, where I should at least have food and clothing; but I cannot leave my mother, of whom I am the sole stay and support. Must I always live thus,—a poor wood-chopper, earning one day the bread I eat the next, and no more?"

Ranier suddenly felt that some one was near him, and, on looking up, sprang to his feet and removed his cap. Before him stood a beautiful lady, clad in a robe of green satin, with a mantle of crimson velvet on her shoulders, and bearing in her hand a white wand.

"Ranier!" said the unknown, "I am the fairy, Rougevert. I know your history, and have heard your complaint. What gift shall I bestow on you?"

"Beautiful fairy," replied the young man, "I scarcely know what to ask. But I bethink me that my ax is nearly worn out, and I have no money with which to buy another."

The fairy smiled, for she knew that the answer of Ranier came from his embarrassment; and, going to a tree hard by, she tapped on the bark with her wand. Thereupon the tree opened, and she took from a recess in its center, a keen-edged ax with an ashen handle.

"Here," said Rougevert, "is the most excellent ax in the world. With this you can achieve what no wood-chopper has ever done yet. You have only to whisper to yourself what you wish done, and then speak to it properly, and the ax will at once perform all you require, without taxing your strength, and with marvelous quickness."

The fairy then taught him the words he should use, and, promising to farther befriend him as he had need, vanished.

Ranier took the ax, and went at once to the place where he intended to labor for the day. He was not sure that the ax would do what the giver had promised, but thought it proper to try its powers. "For," he said to himself, "the ranger has given me a hundred trees to fell, for each of which I am to receive a silver groat. To cut these in the usual way would take many days. I will wish the ax to fell and trim them speedily, so,"—he continued aloud, as he had been taught by the fairy,—"Ax! ax! chop! chop! and work for my profit!"

Thereupon the ax suddenly leapt from his hands, and began to chop with great skill and swiftness. Having soon cut down, trimmed and rolled a hundred trees together, it returned, and placed itself in the hands of Ranier.

The wood-chopper was very much delighted with all this, and sat there pleasantly reflecting upon his good fortune in possessing so useful a servant, when the ranger of the forest came along. The latter, who was a great lord, was much surprised when he saw the trees lying there.

"How is this?" asked the ranger, whose name was Woodmount. "At this time yesterday these trees were standing. How did you contrive to fell them so soon?"

"I had assistance, my lord," replied Ranier; but he said nothing about the magic ax.

Lord Woodmount hereupon entered into conversation with Ranier, and finding him to be intelligent and prompt in his replies, was much pleased with him. At last he said:

"We have had much difficulty in getting ready the timber for the king's new palace, in consequence of the scarcity of wood-cutters, and the slowness with which they work. There are over twenty thousand trees yet to be cut and hewn, and for every tree fully finished the king allows a noble

of fifty groats, although he allows but a groat for the felling alone. It is necessary that they should be all ready within a month, though I fear that is impossible. As you seem to be able to get a number of laborers together, I will allot you a thousand trees, if you choose, should you undertake to have them all ready to be hauled away for the builders' use, within a month's time'"

"My lord," answered Ranier, "I will undertake to have the whole twenty thousand ready before the time set."

"Do you know what you say?" inquired the ranger, astonished at the bold proposal.

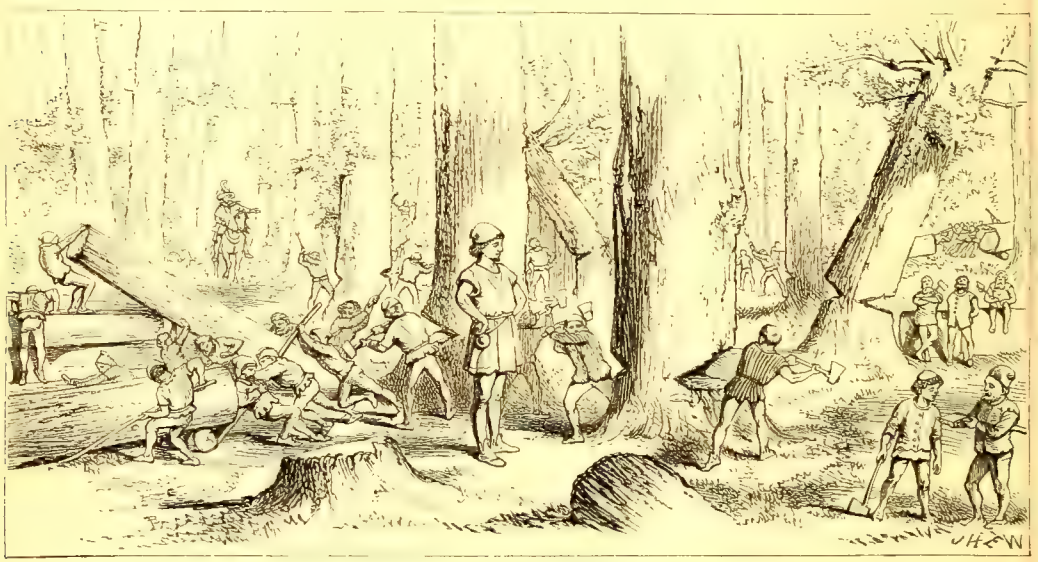
"Perfectly, my lord," was the reply. "Let me undertake the work on condition that you will cause the forest to be guarded, and no one to enter save they have my written permission. Before the end of the month the trees will be ready."

"Well," said Lord Woodmount, "it is a risk for me to run; but, from what you have done already, it is possible you may obtain enough woodmen to complete your task. Yet, beware! If you succeed, I will not only give you twenty thousand nobles of gold, but also appoint you—if you can write, as you have told me—the deputy-ranger here; and for every day less than a month in which you finish your contract I will add a hundred nobles; but, if you fail, I will have you hanged on a tree. When will you begin?"

"To-morrow morning," replied Ranier.

The next morning, before daylight, Ranier took his way to the forest, leaving all his money save three groats with his mother, and, after telling her that he might not return for a day or so, passed the guard that he found already set, and plunged into the wood. When he came to a place where the trees were thickest and loftiest, he whispered to himself what he had to do, and said to the ax: "Ax! ax! chop! chop! and work for my profit." The ax at once went to work with great earnestness, and by night-fall over ten thousand trees were felled, hewn, and thrown into piles. Then Ranier, who had not ceased before to watch the work, ate some of the provisions which he had brought with him, and throwing himself under a great tree, whose spreading boughs shaded him from the moonlight, drew his scanty mantle around him, and slept soundly till sunrise.

The next morning Ranier arose, and looked with delight at the work already done; then, speaking again to the ax, it began chopping away as before.



FELLING THE TREES.

Now, it chanced that morning that the chief ranger had started to see how the work was being done, and, on reaching the forest, asked the guards if many wood-cutters had entered. They all replied that only one had made his appearance, but he must be working vigorously, since all that morning, and the whole day before, the wood had resounded with the blows of axes. The Lord Woodmount thereupon rode on in great anger, for he thought that Ranier had mocked him. But presently he came to great piles of hewn timber which astonished him much; and then he heard the axes' sound, which astonished him more, for it seemed as though twenty wood-choppers were engaged at once, so great was the din. When he

came to where the ax was at work, he thought he saw—and this was through the magic power of the fairy—thousands of wood-cutters, all arrayed in green hose and red jerkins, some felling the trees, some hewing them into square timber, and others arranging the hewn logs into piles of a hundred each, while Ranier stood looking on. He was so angry at the guards for having misinformed him, that he at once rode back and rated them soundly on their supposed untruth. But as they persisted in the story that but one man had passed, he grew angrier than ever. While he was still rating them, Ranier came up.

"Well, my lord," said the latter, "if you will go or send to examine, you will find that twenty thousand trees are already cut, squared, and made ready to be hauled to the king's palace-ground."

The ranger at once rode back into the forest, and, having counted the number of piles, was much pleased, and ordered Ranier to come that day week when the timber would be inspected, and if it were all properly done he would receive the twenty thousand nobles agreed upon.

"Excuse me, my lord," suggested Ranier, "but the work has been done in two days instead of thirty; and twenty-eight days off at a hundred nobles per day makes twenty-two thousand eight hundred nobles as my due."

"True," replied the ranger; "and if you want money now——"

"Oh no!" interrupted Ranier, "I have three groats in my purse, and ten more at home, which will be quite sufficient for my needs."

At this the ranger laughed outright, and then rode away.

At the end of a week, Ranier sought the ranger's castle, and there received not only an order on the king's treasurer for the money, but also the patent of deputy-ranger of the king's forest, and the allotment of a handsome house in which to live. Thither Ranier brought his mother, and as he was now rich, he bought him fine clothing, and hired him servants, and lived in grand style, performing all the duties of his office as though he had been used to it all his life. People noticed, however, that the new deputy-ranger never went out without his ax, which occasioned some gossip at first; but some one having suggested that he did so to show that he was not ashamed of his former condition, folk were satisfied,—though the truth was that he carried the ax for service only.

Now it happened that Ranier was walking alone one evening in the forest to observe whether any one was trying to kill the king's deer, and while there, he heard the clash of swords. On going to the spot whence the noise came, he saw a cavalier richly clad, with his back to a tree, defending himself as he best might, from a half dozen men in armor, each with his visor down. Ranier had no sword, for, not being a knight, it was forbidden him to bear such a weapon; but he bethought him of his ax, and hoped it might serve the men as it had the trees. So he wished these cowardly assailants killed, and when he uttered the prescribed words, the ax fell upon the villains, and so hacked and hewed them that they were at once destroyed. But it seemed to the knight thus rescued that it was the arm of Ranier that guided the ax, for such was the magic of the fairy.

So soon as the assailants had been slain, the ax came back into Ranier's hand, and Ranier went to the knight, who was faint with his wounds, and offered to lead him to his house. And when he examined him fully, he bent on his knee, for he discovered that it was the king, Dagobert, whom he had seen once before when the latter was hunting in the forest.

The king said: "This is the deputy-ranger, Master Ranier. Is it not?"

"Yes, sire!" replied Ranier.

The king laid the blade of his sword on Ranier's shoulder, and said:

"I dub thee knight. Rise up, Sir Ranier! Be trusty, true and loyal."

Sir Ranier arose a knight, and with the king examined the faces of the would-be assassins, who were found to be great lords of the country, and among them was Lord Woodmount.

"Sir Ranier," said the king, "have these wretches removed and buried. The office of chief ranger is thine."

Sir Ranier, while the king was partaking of refreshments at Ranier's house, sent trusty servants to bury the slain. After this, King Dagobert returned to his palace, whence he sent the new knight his own sword, a baldrick and spurs of gold, a collar studded with jewels, the patent of chief ranger of the forest, and a letter inviting him to visit the court.

Now, when Sir Ranier went to court, the ladies there, seeing that he was young and handsome, treated him with great favor; and even the king's daughter, the Princess Isauré, smiled sweetly on him, which, when divers great lords saw, they were very angry, and plotted to injure the new-comer; for they thought him of base blood, and were much chagrined that he should have been made a knight, and be thus welcomed by the princess and the ladies of the court; and they hated him more as the favorite of the king. So they conferred together how to punish him for his good fortune, and at length formed a plan which they thought would serve their ends.

It must be understood that King Dagobert was at that time engaged in a war with King Crimball, who reigned over an adjoining kingdom, and that the armies of the two kings now lay within thirty miles of the forest, and were about to give each other battle. As Sir Ranier, it was supposed, had never been bred to feats of arms, they thought if they could get him in the field, he would so disgrace himself as to lose the favor of the king and the court dames, or be certainly slain. For these lords knew nothing of the adventure of the king in the forest,—all those in the conspiracy having been slain,—and thought that Ranier had either rendered some trifling service to the king, or in some way had pleased the sovereign's fancy. So when the king and some of the great lords of the court were engaged in talking of the battle that was soon to be fought, one of the conspirators, named Dyvorer, approached them, and said:

"Why not send Sir Ranier there, sire; for he is, no doubt, a brave and accomplished knight, and would render great service?"

The king was angry at this, for he knew that Ranier had not been bred to arms, and readily penetrated the purpose that prompted the suggestion. Before he could answer, however, Sir Ranier, who had heard the words of Dyvorer, spoke up and said:

"I pray you, sire, to let me go; for, though I may not depend much upon my lance and sword, I have an ax that never fails me."

Then the king remembered of the marvelous feats which he had seen Ranier perform in his behalf, and he replied:

"You shall go, Sir Ranier; and as the Lord Dyvorer has made a suggestion of such profit, he shall have the high honor of attending as one of the knights in your train, where he will, doubtless, support you well."

At this, the rest laughed, and Dyvorer was much troubled, for he was a great coward. But he dared not refuse obedience.

The next morning, Sir Ranier departed along with the king for the field of battle, bearing his ax with him; and, when they arrived, they found both sides drawn up in battle order, and waiting the signal to begin. Before they fell to, a champion of the enemy, a knight of fortune from Bohemia, named Sir Paul, who was over seven feet in height, and a very formidable soldier, who fought as well with his left hand as with his right, rode forward between the two armies, and defied any knight in King Dagobert's train to single combat.

Then said Dyvorer: "No doubt, here is a good opportunity for Sir Ranier to show his prowess."

"Be sure that it is!" exclaimed Sir Ranier; and he rode forward to engage Sir Paul.

When the Bohemian knight saw only a stripling, armed with a woodman's ax, he laughed. "Is this girl their champion, then?" he asked. "Say thy prayers, young sir, for thou art not long for this world, I promise thee."

But Ranier whispered to himself, "I want me this braggart hewn to pieces, and then the rest beaten;" and added, aloud: "Ax! ax! chop! chop! and work for my profit!" Whereupon the ax leapt forward, and dealt such a blow upon Sir Paul that it pierced through his helmet, and clave him to the saddle. Then it went chopping among the enemy with such force that it cut them down by hundreds; and King Dagobert with his army falling upon them, won a great victory.

Now the magic of the ax followed it here as before, and every looker-on believed he saw Sir Ranier slaying his hundreds. So it chanced when the battle was over, and those were recalled who pursued the enemy, that a group of knights, and the great lords of the court who were gathered around the king, and were discussing the events of the day, agreed as one man, that there never had been a warrior as potent as Sir Ranier since the days of Roland, and that he deserved to be made a great lord. And the king thought so, too. So he created him a baron on the field, and ordered his patent of nobility to be made out on their return, and gave him castles and land; and, furthermore, told him he would grant him any favor more he chose to ask, though it were half the kingdom.

When Dyvorer and others heard this, they were more envious than ever, and concerted together a plan for the ruin of Lord Treefell, for such was Sir Ranier's new title. After many things had been proposed and rejected, Dyvorer said: "The Princess Isauré loves this stripling, as I have been told by my sister, the Lady Zanthe, who attends on her highness. I think he has dared to raise his hopes to her. I will persuade him to demand her hand as the favor the king has promised. Ranier does not know our ancient law, and, while he will fail in his suit, the king will be so offended at his presumption that he will speedily dismiss him from the court."

This plan was greatly approved. Dyvorer sought out Ranier, to whom he professed great friendship, with many regrets for all he might have said or done in the past calculated to give annoyance. As Dyvorer was a great dissembler, and Ranier was frank and unsuspicious, they became very intimate. At length, one day when they were together, Dyvorer said:

"Have you ever solicited the king for the favor he promised?"

And Ranier answered, "No!"

"Then," said Dyvorer, "it is a pity that you do not love the Princess Isauré."

"Why?" inquired Ranier.

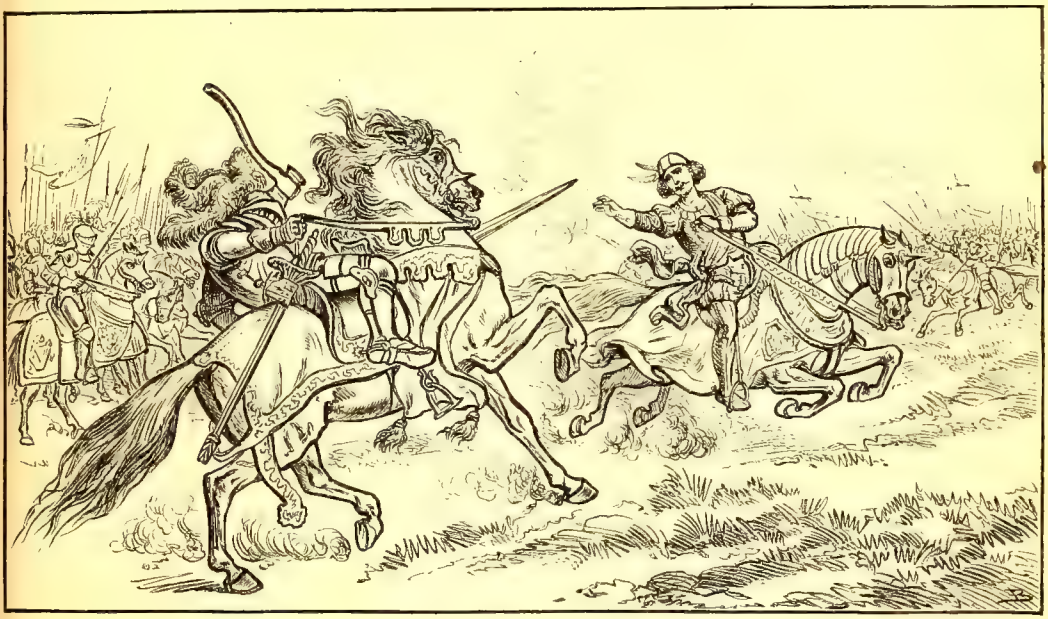
"Because," replied Dyvorer, "the princess not only favors you, but, I think, from what my sister Zanthe has said, that the king has taken this mode of giving her to you at her instance."

Ranier knew that the Lady Zanthe was the favorite maiden of the princess, and, as we are easily persuaded in the way our inclinations run, he took heart and determined to act upon Dyvorer's counsel.

About a week afterward, as the king was walking in the court-yard of his palace, as he did at times, he met with Ranier.

"You have never asked of me the favor I promised, good baron," said King Dagobert.

"It is true, your majesty," said Ranier; "but it was because I feared to ask what I most desired."



THE COMBAT WITH SIR PAUL.

"Speak," said the king, "and fear not."

Therefore Ranier preferred his request for the hand of the princess.

"Baron," replied the king, frowning, "some crafty enemy has prompted you to this. The daughter of a king should only wed with the son of a king. Nevertheless, there is an ancient law, never fulfilled, since the conditions are impossible, which says that any one of noble birth, who has saved the king's life, vanquished the king's enemies in battle, and built a castle forty cubits high in a single night, may wed the king's daughter. Though you have saved my life and vanquished my enemies, yet you are not of noble birth, nor, were you so, could you build such a castle in such a space of time."

"I am of noble blood, nevertheless," said Ranier, proudly, "although I have been a wood-chopper. My father, who died in banishment, was the Duke of Manylands, falsely accused of having conspired against the late king, your august father; and I can produce the record of my birth. Our line is as noble as any in your realm, sire, and nobler than most."

"If that be true, and I doubt it not," answered King Dagobert, "the law holds good for you. But you must first build a palace where we stand, and that in a single night. So your suit is hopeless."

The king turned and entered the palace, leaving Ranier in deep sorrow, for he thought the condition impossible. As he stood thus, the fairy, Rougevert, appeared.

"Be not downcast," she said; "but build that castle to-night."

"Alas!" cried Ranier, "it cannot be done."

"Look at your ax," returned the fairy. "Do you not see that the back of the blade is shaped like a hammer?"

So she taught Ranier what words to use, and vanished.

When the sun was down, Ranier came to the court-yard, and raising his ax with the blade upward, he said aloud: "Ax! ax! hammer! hammer! and build for my profit!" The ax at once

leapt forward with the hammer part downward, and began cracking the solid rock on which the court-yard lay, and shaping it into oblong blocks, and heaping them one on the other. So much noise was made thereby that the warders first, and then the whole court, came out to ascertain the cause. Even the king himself was drawn to the spot. And it seemed to them, all through the magic of the fairy, that there were hundreds on hundreds of workmen in green cloth hose and red leather jerkins, some engaged in quarrying and shaping, and others in laying the blocks, and others in keying arches, and adjusting doors and windows, and making oriels and towers and turrets. And still as they looked, the building arose foot by foot, and before dawn a great stone castle, with its towers and battlements, its portcullis, and its great gate, forty cubits high, stood in the court-yard.

When King Dagobert saw this, he embraced Ranier, continued to him the title of his father, whose ducal estates he restored to the son, and sending for the Princess Isauré, who appeared radiant with joy and beauty, he betrothed the young couple in the presence of the court.

So Ranier and Isauré were married, and lived long and happily; and, on the death of Dagobert, Ranier reigned. As for the ax, that is lost, somehow, and although I have made diligent inquiry, I have never been able to find where it is. Some people think the fairy took it after King Ranier died, and hid it again in a tree; and I recommend all wood-choppers to look at the heart of every tree they fell, for this wonderful ax. They cannot mistake it, since the word "Boldness" is cut on the blade, and the word "Energy" is printed, in letters of gold, on the handle.

THE PAINTER'S SCARE-CROW.

By C. P. Cranch.

Miss Arabella Vandyke Brown
Had a small studio in the town,
Where, all the winter, blithe and gay,
She drew and painted day by day.
She envied not the rich. Her art
And work made sunshine in her heart.
Upon her canvas, many a scene
Of summers past, in golden green
Was wrought again. The snow and rain
Pelted upon her window-pane;
But she within her cozy room
With joyous toil dispelled the gloom;
And, sometimes, in an undertone,
Sang to herself there, all alone.

But, when the spring and summer came,
Her studio grew so dull and tame
She sought the rural solitudes
Of winding streams and shady woods;
For painters' works contract a taint
Unless from Nature's self they paint.

So out Miss Arabella went,
To sketch from Nature fully bent.
It was a lovely summer's day;
A lovely scene before her lay;

Her folding-stool and box she took,
And, seated in a quiet nook,
Her white umbrella o'er her head
(Like a tall giant mushroom spread),
Began to paint; when, lo! a noise
She heard. A troop of idle boys
Came flocking round her, rough and rude.
Some o'er her shoulders leaned; some stood
In front of her, and cried: "Paint *me!*—
My picter I should like to see."
Some laughed, some shouted. "What a set!"
Said Arabella, in a pet:
And no policeman within hail
To send these ruffian imps to jail."
In fine, she could not work, so went
Straight homeward in great discontent.
She had no brother to defend her,
Nor country cousin to attend her.



A plan occurred to her next day
To keep these idle scamps away.
An easel by her side she placed,
And over it she threw in haste
A hat and cloak:—and there it stood
In bold and threatening attitude.
The rabble at a distance spied
The scare-crow standing by her side;
And, thinking 't was the town-police,
They left Miss A. V. Brown in peace.

MORAL.

Sometimes, an innocent pretense
Is the best means of self-defense,
And if a scare-crow keeps the peace,
What need to summon the police?



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

UNDER THE LILACS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XXI.

CUPID'S LAST APPEARANCE.

A PICNIC supper on the grass followed the games, and then, as twilight began to fall, the young people were marshaled to the coach-house, now transformed into a rustic theater. One big door was open, and seats, arranged lengthwise, faced the red table-cloths which formed the curtain. A row of lamps made very good foot-lights, and an invisible band performed a Wagner-like overture on combs, tin trumpets, drums, and pipes, with an accompaniment of suppressed laughter.

Many of the children had never seen anything like it, and sat staring about them in mute admiration and expectancy; but the older ones criticised freely, and indulged in wild speculations as to the meaning of various convulsions of nature going on behind the curtain.

While Teacher was dressing the actresses for the tragedy, Miss Celia and Thorny, who were old hands at this sort of amusement, gave a "Potato" pantomime as a side show.

Across an empty stall a green cloth was fastened, so high that the heads of the operators were not seen. A little curtain flew up, disclosing the front

of a Chinese pagoda painted on pasteboard, with a door and window which opened quite naturally. This stood on one side, several green trees with paper lanterns hanging from the boughs were on the other side, and the words "Tea Garden," printed over the top, showed the nature of this charming spot.

Few of the children had ever seen the immortal Punch and Judy, so this was a most agreeable novelty, and before they could make out what it meant, a voice began to sing, so distinctly that every word was heard:

"In China there lived a little man,
His name was Chingery Wangery Chan."

Here the hero "took the stage" with great dignity, clad in a loose yellow jacket over a blue skirt, which concealed the hand that made his body. A pointed hat adorned his head, and on removing this to bow he disclosed a bald pate with a black queue in the middle, and a Chinese face nicely painted on the potato, the lower part of which was hollowed out to fit Thorny's first finger, while his thumb and second finger were in the sleeves of the yellow jacket, making a lively pair of arms. While he saluted, the song went on:

"His legs were short, his feet were small,
And this little man could not walk at all."

Which assertion was proved to be false by the agility with which the "little man" danced a jig in time to the rollicking chorus:

"Chingery changery ri co day,
Ekel tekel happy man;
Uron odesko canty oh, oh,
Gallopy wallopy China go."

At the close of the dance and chorus, Chan retired into the tea garden, and drank so many cups of the national beverage, with such comic gestures, that the spectators were almost sorry when the opening of the opposite window drew all eyes in that direction. At the lattice appeared a lovely being; for this potato had been pared, and on the white surface were painted pretty pink cheeks, red lips, black eyes, and oblique brows; through the tuft of dark silk on the head were stuck several glittering pins, and a pink jacket shrouded the plump figure of this capital little Chinese lady. After peeping coyly out, so that all could see and admire, she fell to counting the money from a purse, so large her small hands could hardly hold it on the window seat. While she did this, the song went on to explain:

"Miss Ki Hi was short and squat,
She had money and he had not;
So off to her he resolved to go,
And play her a tune on his little banjo."

During the chorus to this verse Chan was seen tuning his instrument in the garden, and at the end sallied gallantly forth to sing the following tender strain:

"Whang fun li,
Tang hua ki,
Hong Kong do ra me!
Ah sin lo,
Pan to fo,
Tsing up chin leute!"

Carried away by his passion, Chan dropped his banjo, fell upon his knees, and, clasping his hands, bowed his forehead in the dust before his idol. But, alas! —

"Miss Ki Hi heard his notes of love,
And held her wash-bowl up above:
It fell upon the little man,
And this was the end of Chingery Chan."

Indeed it was; for, as the doll's basin of real water was cast forth by the cruel charmer, poor Chan expired in such strong convulsions that his head rolled down among the audience. Miss Ki Hi peeped to see what had become of her victim, and the shutter decapitated her likewise, to the great delight of the children, who passed around the heads, pronouncing a "Potato" pantomime "first-rate fun."

Then they settled themselves for the show, having been assured by Manager Thorny that they were about to behold the most elegant and varied combination ever produced on any stage. And when one reads the following very inadequate description of the somewhat mixed entertainment, it is impossible to deny that the promise made was nobly kept.

After some delay and several crashes behind the curtain, which mightily amused the audience, the performance began with the well-known tragedy of "Blue-beard"; for Bab had set her heart upon it, and the young folks had acted it so often in their plays that it was very easy to get up with a few extra touches to scenery and costumes. Thorny was superb as the tyrant with a beard of bright blue worsted, a slouched hat and long feather, fur cloak, red hose, rubber boots, and a real sword which clanked tragically as he walked. He spoke in such a deep voice, knit his corked eyebrows, and glared so frightfully, that it was no wonder poor Fatima quaked before him as he gave into her keeping an immense bunch of keys with one particularly big, bright one, among them.

Bab was fine to see, with Miss Celia's blue dress sweeping behind her, a white plume in her flowing hair, and a real necklace with a pearl locket about her neck. She did her part capitally, especially the shriek she gave when she looked into the fatal closet, the energy with which she scrubbed the tell-

tale key, and her distracted tone when she called out: "Sister Anne, O, sister Anne, *do* you see anybody coming?" while her enraged husband was roaring: "Will you come down, madam, or shall I come and fetch you?"

Betty made a captivating Anne,—all in white muslin, and a hat full of such lovely pink roses that she could not help putting up one hand to feel them as she stood on the steps looking out at the little window for the approaching brothers, who made such a din that it sounded like a dozen horsemen instead of two.

Ben and Billy were got up regardless of expense in the way of arms; for their belts were perfect arsenals, and their wooden swords were big enough

This piece was rapturously applauded, and all the performers had to appear and bow their thanks, led by the defunct Blue-beard, who mildly warned the excited audience that if they "did n't look out the walls would break down, and then there'd be a nice mess." Calmed by this fear they composed themselves, and waited with ardor for the next play, which promised to be a lively one, judging from the shrieks of laughter which came from behind the curtain.

"Sanch 's going to be in it, I know, for I heard Ben say, 'Hold him still; he wont bite,'" whispered Sam, longing to "jounce" up and down, so great was his satisfaction at the prospect, for the dog was considered the star of the company.



THE BLUE-BEARD GROUP.

to strike terror into any soul, though they struck no sparks out of Blue-beard's blade in the awful combat which preceded the villain's downfall and death.

The boys enjoyed this part intensely, and cries of "Go it, Ben!" "Hit him again, Billy!" "Two against one isn 't fair!" "Thorny's a match for em." "Now he's down, hurray!" cheered on the combatants, till, after a terrific struggle, the tyrant fell, and with convulsive twitchings of the scarlet legs, slowly expired, while the ladies sociably fainted in each others arms, and the brothers waved their swords and shook hands over the corse of their enemy.

"I hope Bab will do something else, she is so funny. Was n't her dress elegant?" said Sally Folsom, burning to wear a long silk gown and a feather in her hair.

"I like Betty best, she 's so cunning, and she peaked out of the window just as if she *really* saw somebody coming," answered Liddy Peckham, privately resolving to tease mother for some pink roses before another Sunday came.

Up went the curtain at last, and a voice announced "A Tragedy in Three Tableaux." "There 's Betty!" was the general exclamation, as the audience recognized a familiar face under the little red

hood worn by the child who stood receiving a basket from Teacher, who made a nice mother with her finger up, as if telling the small messenger not to loiter by the way.

"I know what that is!" cried Sally; "it's 'Mabel on Midsummer Day.' The piece Miss Celia spoke; don't you know?"

"There is n't any sick baby, and Mabel had a 'kerchief pinned about her head.' *I* say it 's Red Riding Hood," answered Liddy, who had begun to learn Mary Howitt's pretty poem for her next piece, and knew all about it.

The question was settled by the appearance of the wolf in the second scene, and such a wolf! On few amateur stages do we find so natural an actor for that part, or so good a costume, for Sanch was irresistibly droll in the gray wolf-skin which usually lay beside Miss Celia's bed, now fitted over his back and fastened neatly down underneath, with his own face peeping out at one end, and the handsome tail bobbing gayly at the other. What a comfort that tail was to Sancho, none but a bereaved bow-wow could ever tell. It reconciled him to his distasteful part at once; it made rehearsals a joy, and even before the public he could not resist turning to catch a glimpse of the noble appendage, while his own brief member wagged with the proud consciousness that though the tail did not match the head, it was long enough to be seen of all men and dogs.

That was a pretty picture, for the little maid came walking in with the basket on her arm, and such an innocent face inside the bright hood that it was quite natural the gray wolf should trot up to her with deceitful friendliness, that she should pat and talk to him confidingly about the butter for grandma, and then that they should walk away together, he politely carrying her basket, she with her hand on his head, little dreaming what evil plans were taking shape inside.

The children encored that, but there was no time to repeat it, so they listened to more stifled merriment behind the red table-cloths, and wondered whether the next scene would be the wolf popping his head out of the window as Red Riding Hood knocks, or the tragic end of that sweet child.

It was neither, for a nice bed had been made, and in it reposed the false grandmother, with a ruffled nightcap on, a white gown, and spectacles. Betty lay beside the wolf, staring at him as if just about to say, "Why, grandma, what great teeth you 've got!" for Sancho's mouth was half open and a red tongue hung out, as he panted with the exertion of keeping still. This tableau was so very good, and yet so funny, that the children clapped and shouted frantically; this excited the dog, who gave a bounce and would have leaped off the bed to bark at the rioters, if Betty had not caught him by the legs, and Thorny dropped the curtain just at the moment when the wicked wolf was apparently in the act of devouring the poor little girl, with most effective growls.

They had to come out then, and did so, both much disheveled by the late tussle, for Sancho's cap was all over one eye, and Betty's hood was anywhere but on her head. She made her courtesy prettily, however; her fellow-actor bowed with as much dignity as a short night-gown permitted, and they retired to their well-earned repose.

Then Thorny, looking much excited, appeared to make the following request: "As one of the actors in the next piece is new to the business, the company must all keep as still as mice, and not stir till I give the word. It 's perfectly splendid! so don't you spoil it by making a row."

"What *do* you suppose it is?" asked every one, and listened with all their might to get a hint, if possible. But what they heard only whetted their curiosity and mystified them more and more. Bab's voice cried in a loud whisper, "Is n't Ben beautiful?" Then there was a thumping noise, and Miss Celia said, in an anxious tone, "Oh, do be careful," while Ben laughed out as if he was too happy to care who heard him, and Thorny bawled "Whoa!" in a way which would have attracted attention if Lita's head had not popped out of her box, more than once, to survey the invaders of her abode, with a much astonished expression.

"Sounds kind of circusy, don't it?" said Sam to Billy, who had come out to receive the compliments of the company and enjoy the tableau at a safe distance.

"You just wait till you see what 's coming. It beats any circus *I* ever saw," answered Billy, rubbing his hands with the air of a man who had seen many instead of but one.

"Ready? Be quick and get out of the way when she goes off!" whispered Ben, but they heard him and prepared for pistols, rockets or combustibles of some sort, as ships were impossible under the circumstances, and no other "she" occurred to them.

A unanimous "O–o–o–o!" was heard when the curtain rose, but a stern "Hush!" from Thorny kept them mutely staring with all their eyes at the grand spectacle of the evening. There stood Lita with a wide flat saddle on her back, a white headstall and reins, blue rosettes in her ears, and the look of a much-bewildered beast in her bright eyes. But who the gauzy, spangled, winged creature was, with a gilt crown on its head, a little bow in its hand, and one white slipper in the air, while the other seemed merely to touch the saddle, no one could tell for a minute, so strange and splendid did

the apparition appear. No wonder Ben was not recognized in this brilliant disguise, which was more natural to him than Billy's blue flannel or Thorny's respectable garments. He had so begged to be allowed to show himself "just once," as he used to be in the days when "father" tossed him up on bare-backed old General, for hundreds to see and admire, that Miss Celia had consented, much against her will, and hastily arranged some bits of spangled tarletan over the white cotton suit which was to simulate the regulation tights. Her old dancing slippers fitted, and gold paper did the rest, while Ben, sure of his power over Lita, promised not to break his bones, and lived for days on the thought of the moment when he could show the boys that he had not boasted vainly of past splendors.

Before the delighted children could get their breath, Lita gave signs of her dislike to the foot-lights, and, gathering up the reins that lay on her neck, Ben gave the old cry, "Houp-la!" and let her go, as he had often done before, straight out of the coach-house for a gallop round the orchard.

"Just turn about and you can see perfectly well, but stay where you are till he comes back," commanded Thorny, as signs of commotion appeared in the excited audience.

Round went the twenty children as if turned by one crank, and sitting there they looked out into the moonlight where the shining figure flashed to and fro, now so near they could see the smiling face under the crown, now so far away that it glittered like a fire-fly among the dusky green. Lita enjoyed that race as heartily as she had done several others of late, and caracoled about as if anxious to make up for her lack of skill by speed and obedience. How much Ben liked it there is no need to tell, yet it was a proof of the good which three months of a quiet, useful life had done him, that even as he pranced gayly under the boughs thick with the red and yellow apples almost ready to be gathered, he found this riding in the fresh air with only his mates for an audience pleasanter than the crowded tent, the tired horses, profane men, and painted women, friendly as some of them had been to him.

After the first burst was over, he felt rather glad, on the whole, that he was going back to plain clothes, helpful school, and kindly people, who cared more to have him a good boy than the most famous Cupid that ever stood on one leg with a fast horse under him.

"You may make as much noise as you like, now; Lita 's had her run and will be as quiet as a lamb after it. Pull up, Ben, and come in; sister says you 'll get cold," shouted Thorny, as the rider came cantering round after a leap over the lodge gate and back again.

So Ben pulled up, and the admiring boys and girls were allowed to gather about him, loud in their praises as they examined the pretty mare and the mythological character who lay easily upon her back. He looked very little like the god of love now; for he had lost one slipper and splashed his white legs with dew and dust, the crown had slipped down upon his neck, and the paper wings hung in an apple-tree where he had left them as he went by. No trouble in recognizing Ben, now; but somehow he did n't want to be seen, and, instead of staying to be praised, he soon slipped away, making Lita his excuse to vanish behind the curtain while the rest went into the house to have a finishing-off game of blindman's-buff in the big kitchen.

"Well, Ben, are you satisfied?" asked Miss Celia, as she stayed a moment to unpin the remains of his gauzy scarf and tunic.

"Yes 'm, thank you, it was tip-top."

"But you look rather sober. Are you tired, or is it because you don't want to take these trappings off and be plain Ben again?" she said, looking down into his face as he lifted it for her to free him from his gilded collar.

"I *want* to take 'em off; for somehow I don't feel respectable," and he kicked away the crown he had help to make so carefully, adding with a glance that said more than his words: "I 'd rather be 'plain Ben' than any one else, if you 'd like to have me."

"Indeed I do; and I 'm so glad to hear you say that, because I was afraid you 'd long to be off to the old ways, and all I 've tried to do would be undone. *Would* you like to go back, Ben?" and Miss Celia held his chin an instant, to watch the brown face that looked so honestly back at her.

"No, I would n't — unless — *he* was there and wanted me."

The chin quivered just a bit, but the black eyes were as bright as ever, and the boy's voice so earnest, she knew he spoke the truth, and laid her white hand softly on his head, as she answered in the tone he loved so much, because no one else had ever used it to him:

"Father is not there; but I know he wants you, dear, and I am sure he would rather see you in a home like this than in the place you came from. Now go and dress; but, tell me first, has it been a happy birthday?"

"Oh, Miss Celia! I did n't know they *could* be so beautiful, and this is the beautifulest part of it; I don't know how to thank you, but I 'm going to try ——" and, finding words would n't come fast

enough, Ben just put his two arms round her, quite speechless with gratitude; then, as if ashamed of his little outburst, he knelt down in a great hurry to untie his one shoe.



MISS CELIA AND BEN.

But Miss Celia liked his answer better than the finest speech ever made her, and went away through the moonlight, saying to herself:

"If I can bring one lost lamb into the fold, I shall be the fitter for a shepherd's wife, by and by."

CHAPTER XXII.

A BOY'S BARGAIN.

IT was some days before the children were tired of talking over Ben's birthday party; for it was a great event in their small world; but, gradually, newer pleasures came to occupy their minds, and they began to plan the nutting frolics which always followed the early frosts. While waiting for Jack to open the chestnut burrs, they varied the monotony of school life by a lively scrimmage long known as "the wood-pile fight."

The girls liked to play in the half-empty shed, and the boys, merely for the fun of teasing, declared that they should not, so blocked up the door-way as fast as the girls cleared it. Seeing that the squabble was a merry one, and the exercise better for all than lounging in the sun or reading in school during recess, Teacher did not interfere, and the barrier rose and fell almost as regularly as the tide.

It would be difficult to say which side worked the harder; for the boys went before school began to build up the barricade, and the girls stayed after lessons were over to pull down the last one made in afternoon recess. They had their play-time first, and, while the boys waited inside, they heard the shouts of the girls, the banging of the wood, and the final crash as the well-packed pile went down. Then, as the lassies came in, rosy, breathless, and triumphant, the lads rushed out to man the breach, and labor gallantly till all was as tight as hard blows could make it.

So the battle raged, and bruised knuckles, splinters in fingers, torn clothes, and rubbed shoes, were the only wounds received, while a great deal of fun was had out of the maltreated logs, and a lasting peace secured between two of the boys.

When the party was safely over, Sam began to fall into his old way of tormenting Ben by calling names, as it cost no exertion to invent trying speeches and slyly utter them when most likely to annoy; Ben bore it as well as he could, but fortune favored him at last, as it usually does the patient, and he was able to make his own terms with his tormentor.

When the girls demolished the wood-pile they performed a jubilee chorus on combs, and tin kettles played like tambourines; the boys celebrated their victories with shrill whistles, and a drum accompaniment with fists on the shed walls. Billy brought his drum, and this was such an addition that Sam hunted up an old one of his little brother's, in order that he might join the drum corps. He had no sticks, however, and, casting about in his mind for a good substitute for the genuine thing, bethought him of bulrushes.

"Those will do first-rate, and there are lots in the ma'sh, if I can only get 'em," he said to himself, and turned off from the road on his way home to get a supply.

Now, this marsh was a treacherous spot, and the tragic story was told of a cow who got in there and sank till nothing was visible but a pair of horns above the mud, which suffocated the unwary beast. For this reason it was called "Cowslip Marsh," the wags said, though it was generally believed to be so named for the yellow flowers which grew there in great profusion in the spring.

Sam had seen Ben hop nimbly from one tuft of grass to another when he went to gather cowslips for Betty, and the stout boy thought he could do the same. Two or three heavy jumps landed him, not among the bulrushes as he had hoped, but in a pool of muddy water where he sank up to his middle with alarming rapidity. Much scared, he tried to wade out, but could only flounder to a tussock of grass and cling there while he endeavored

to kick his legs free. He got them out, but struggled in vain to coil them up or to hoist his heavy body upon the very small island in this sea of mud. Down they splashed again, and Sam gave a dismal groan as he thought of the leeches and water-snakes which might be lying in wait below. Visions of the lost cow also flashed across his agitated mind, and he gave a despairing shout very like a distracted "Moo!"

Few people passed along the lane, and the sun was setting, so the prospect of a night in the marsh nerved Sam to make a frantic plunge toward the bulrush island, which was nearer than the main-land, and looked firmer than any tussock around him. But he failed to reach this haven of rest, and was forced to stop at an old stump which stuck up, looking very like the moss-grown horns of the "dear departed." Roosting here, Sam began to shout for aid in every key possible to the human voice. Such hoots and howls, whistles and roars, never woke the echoes of the lonely marsh before, or scared the portly frog who resided there in calm seclusion.

He hardly expected any reply but the astonished "Caw!" of the crow, who sat upon a fence watching him with gloomy interest, and when a cheerful "Hullo, there!" sounded from the lane, he was so grateful that tears of joy rolled down his fat cheeks.

"Come on! I'm in the ma'sh. Lend a hand and get me out!" bawled Sam, anxiously waiting for his deliverer to appear, for he could only see a hat bobbing along behind the hazel-bushes that fringed the lane.

Steps crashed through the bushes, and then over the wall came an active figure, at the sight of which Sam was almost ready to dive out of sight, for, of all possible boys, who should it be but Ben, the last person in the world whom he would like to have see him in his present pitiful plight.

"Is it you, Sam? Well, you *are* in a nice fix!" and Ben's eyes began to twinkle with mischievous merriment, as well they might, for Sam certainly was a spectacle to convulse the soberest person. Perched unsteadily on the gnarled stump, with his muddy legs drawn up, his dismal face splashed with mud, and the whole lower half of his body as black as if he had been dipped in an inkstand, he presented such a comically doleful object that Ben danced about, laughing like a naughty will-o'-the-wisp who, having led a traveler astray, then fell to jeering at him.

"Stop that or I'll knock your head off," roared Sam, in a rage.

"Come on and do it, I give you leave," answered Ben, sparring away derisively as the other tottered on his perch and was forced to hold tight lest he should tumble off.

"Don't laugh, there 's a good chap, but fish me out somehow or I shall get my death sitting here all wet and cold," whined Sam, changing his tone, and feeling bitterly that Ben had the upper hand now.

Ben felt it also, and though a very good natured boy, could not resist the temptation to enjoy this advantage for a moment at least.

"I wont laugh if I can help it, only you do look so like a fat, speckled frog I may not be able to hold in. I'll pull you out pretty soon, but first I'm going to talk to you, Sam," said Ben, sobering down as he took a seat on the little point of land nearest the stranded Samuel.

"Hurry up, then; I'm as stiff as a board now, and it's no fun sitting here on this knotty old thing," growled Sam, with a discontented squirm.

"Dare say not, but 'it is good for you,' as you say when you rap me over the head. Look here, I've got you in a tight place, and I don't mean to help you a bit till you promise to let me alone. Now then!" and Ben's face grew stern with his remembered wrongs as he grimly eyed his discomfited foe.

"I'll promise fast enough if you wont tell any one about this," answered Sam, surveying himself and his surroundings with great disgust.

"I shall do as I like about that."

"Then I wont promise a thing! I'm not going to have the whole school laughing at me," protested Sam, who hated to be ridiculed even more than Ben did.

"Very well; good-night!" and Ben walked off with his hands in his pockets as coolly as if the bog was Sam's favorite retreat.

"Hold on, don't be in such a hurry!" shouted Sam, seeing little hope of rescue if he let this chance go.

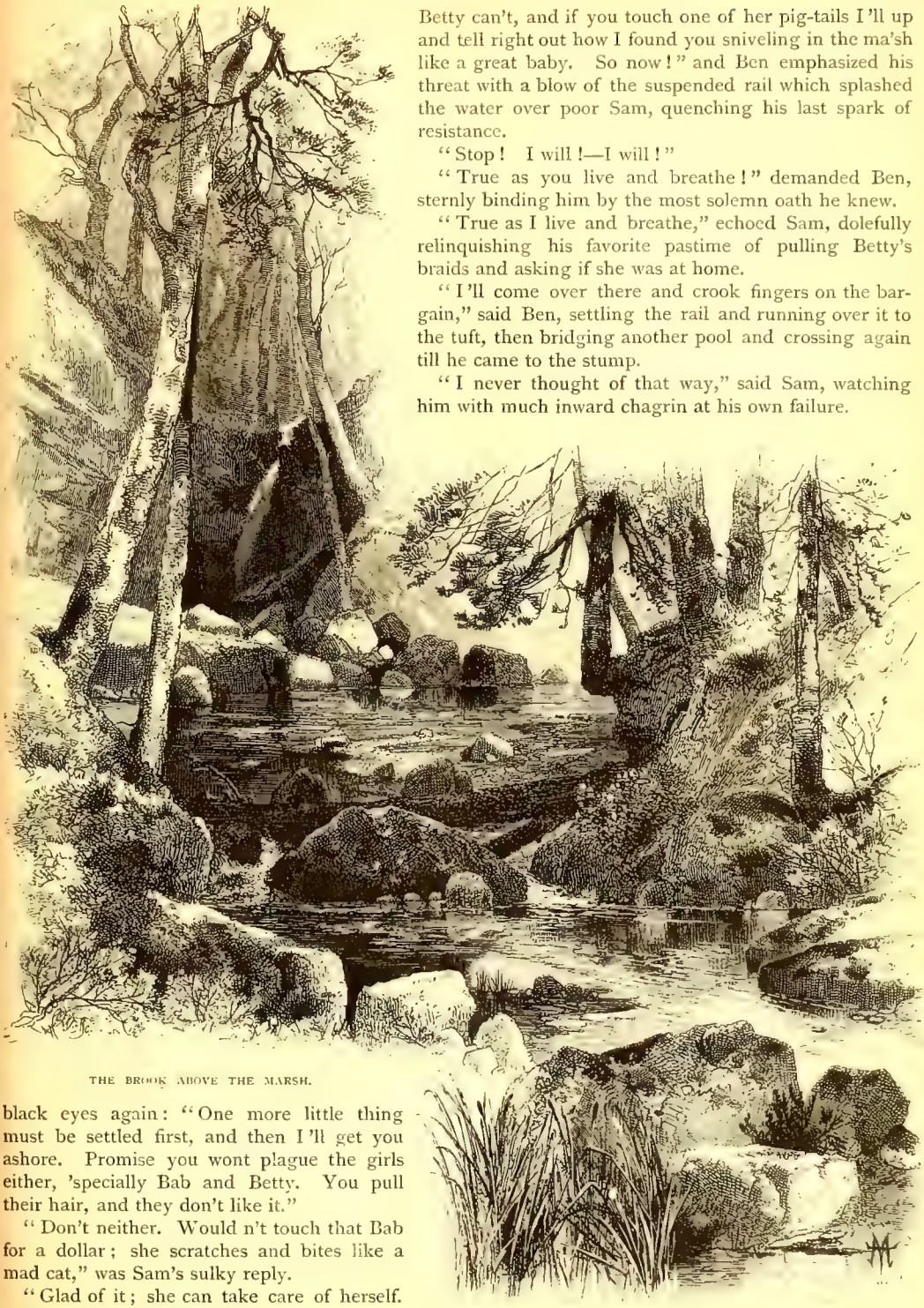
"All right!" and back came Ben ready for further negotiations.

"I'll promise not to plague you if you 'll promise not to tell on me. Is that what you want?"

"Now I come to think of it, there is one thing more. I like to make a good bargain when I begin," said Ben, with a shrewd air. "You must promise to keep Mose quiet, too. He follows your lead, and if you tell him to stop it he will. If I was big enough I'd *make* you hold your tongues. I aint, so we 'll try this way."

"Yes, yes, I 'll see to Mose. Now, bring on a rail, there 's a good fellow. I've got a horrid cramp in my legs," began Sam, thinking he had bought help dearly, yet admiring Ben's cleverness in making the most of his chance.

Ben brought the rail, but just as he was about to lay it from the main-land to the nearest tussock, he stopped, saying, with the naughty twinkle in his



THE BROOK ABOVE THE MARSH.

black eyes again: "One more little thing must be settled first, and then I 'll get you ashore. Promise you wont plague the girls either, 'specially Bab and Betty. You pull their hair, and they don't like it."

"Don't neither. Would n't touch that Bab for a dollar; she scratches and bites like a mad cat," was Sam's sulky reply.

"Glad of it; she can take care of herself. Betty can't, and if you touch one of her pig-tails I 'll up and tell right out how I found you sniveling in the ma'sh like a great baby. So now!" and Ben emphasized his threat with a blow of the suspended rail which splashed the water over poor Sam, quenching his last spark of resistance.

"Stop! I will!—I will!"

"True as you live and breathe!" demanded Ben, sternly binding him by the most solemn oath he knew.

"True as I live and breathe," echoed Sam, dolefully relinquishing his favorite pastime of pulling Betty's braids and asking if she was at home.

"I 'll come over there and crook fingers on the bargain," said Ben, settling the rail and running over it to the tuft, then bridging another pool and crossing again till he came to the stump.

"I never thought of that way," said Sam, watching him with much inward chagrin at his own failure.

"I should think you'd written 'Look before you leap,' in your copy-book often enough to get the idea into your stupid head. Come, crook," commanded Ben, leaning forward with extended little finger.

Sam obediently performed the ceremony, and then Ben sat astride one of the horns of the stump while the muddy Crusoe went slowly across the rail from point to point till he landed safely on the shore, when he turned about and asked with an ungrateful jeer:

"Now, what 's going to become of you, old Look-before-you-leap?"

"Mud-turtles can only sit on a stump and bawl till they are taken off, but frogs have legs worth something, and are not afraid of a little water," answered Ben, hopping away in an opposite direction, since the pools between him and Sam were too wide for even his lively legs.

Sam waddled off to the brook above the marsh to rinse the mud from his nether man before facing his mother, and was just wringing himself out when Ben came up, breathless but good-natured, for he felt that he had made an excellent bargain for himself and friends.

"Better wash your face; it's as speckled as a tiger-lily. Here 's my handkerchief if yours is wet," he said, pulling out a dingy article which had evidently already done service as a towel.

"Don't want it," muttered Sam, gruffly, as he poured the water out of his muddy shoes.

"*I* was taught to say 'Thanky' when folks got *me* out of scrapes. But *you* never had much bringing up, though you do 'live in a house with a gambrel roof,'" retorted Ben, sarcastically quoting Sam's frequent boast; then he walked off, much disgusted with the ingratitude of man.

Sam forgot his manners, but he remembered his promise, and kept it so well that all the school wondered. No one could guess the secret of Ben's power over him, though it was evident that he had gained it in some sudden way, for at the least sign of Sam's former tricks Ben would crook his little finger and wag it warningly, or call out "Bulrushes!" and Sam subsided with reluctant submission, to the great amazement of his mates. When asked what it meant, Sam turned sulky; but Ben had much fun out of it, assuring the other boys that those were the signs and pass-word of a secret society to which he and Sam belonged, and promised to tell them all about it if Sam would give him leave, which, of course, he would not.

This mystery, and the vain endeavors to find it out, caused a lull in the war of the wood-pile, and before any new game was invented something happened which gave the children plenty to talk about for a time.

A week after the secret alliance was formed, Ben ran in one evening with a letter for Miss Celia. He found her enjoying the cheery blaze of the pine-cones the little girls had picked up for her, and Bab and Betty sat in the small chairs rocking luxuriously as they took turns to throw on the pretty fuel. Miss Celia turned quickly to receive the expected letter, glanced at the writing, post-mark and stamp, with an air of delighted surprise, then clasped it close in both hands, saying, as she hurried out of the room:

"He has come! he has come! Now you may tell them, Thorny."

"Tell us what?" asked Bab, pricking up her ears at once.

"Oh, it 's only that George has come, and I suppose we shall go and get married right away," answered Thorny, rubbing his hands as if he enjoyed the prospect.

"Are *you* going to be married?" asked Betty, so soberly that the boys shouted, and Thorny, with difficulty, composed himself sufficiently to explain.

"No, child, not just yet; but sister is, and I must go and see that is all done up ship-shape, and bring you home some wedding-cake. Ben will take care of you while I 'm gone."

"When shall you go?" asked Bab, beginning to long for her share of cake.

"To-morrow, I guess. Celia has been packed and ready for a week. We agreed to meet George in New York, and be married as soon as he got his best clothes unpacked. We are men of our word, and off we go. Wont it be fun?"

"But when will you come back again?" questioned Betty, looking anxious.

"Don't know. Sister wants to come soon, but I 'd rather have our honeymoon somewhere else,—Niagara, Newfoundland, West Point, or the Rocky Mountains," said Thorny, mentioning a few of the places he most desired to see.

"Do you like him?" asked Ben, very naturally wondering if the new master would approve of the young man-of-all-work.

"Don't I? George is regularly jolly; though now he 's a minister, perhaps he 'll stiffen up and turn sober. Wont it be a shame if he does?" and Thorny looked alarmed at the thought of losing his congenial friend.

"Tell about him; Miss Celia said you might," put in Bab, whose experience of "jolly" ministers had been small.

"Oh, there is n't much about it. We met in Switzerland going up Mount St. Bernard in a storm, and——"

"Where the good dogs live?" inquired Betty, hoping they would come into the story.

"Yes; we spent the night up there, and George

gave us his room; the house was so full, and he would n't let me go down a steep place where I wanted to, and Celia thought he 'd saved my life, and was very good to him. Then we kept meeting, and the first thing I knew she went and was engaged to him. I did n't care, only she would come home so he might go on studying hard and get through quick. That was a year ago, and last winter we were in New York at uncle's; and then, in the spring, I was sick, and we came here, and that's all."

"Shall you live here always when you come back?" asked Bab, as Thorny paused for breath.

"Celia wants to. I shall go to college, so *I* don't mind. George is going to help the old minister here and see how he likes it. I 'm to study with him, and if he is as pleasant as he used to be we shall have capital times,—see if we don't."

"I wonder if he will want me round," said Ben, feeling no desire to be a tramp again.

"*I* do, so you need n't fret about that, my hearty," answered Thorny, with a resounding slap on the shoulder which re-assured Ben more than any promises.

"I 'd like to see a live wedding, then we could play it with our dolls. I 've got a nice piece of mosquito netting for a veil, and Belinda's white dress is clean. Do you s'pose Miss Celia will ask us to hers?" said Betty to Bab, as the boys began to discuss St. Bernard dogs with spirit.

"I wish I could, dears," answered a voice behind them, and there was Miss Celia, looking so happy that the little girls wondered what the letter could have said to give her such bright eyes and smiling lips. "I shall not be gone long, or be a bit changed when I come back, to live among you years I hope, for I am fond of the old place now, and mean it shall be home," she added, caressing the yellow heads as if they were dear to her.

"Oh, goody!" cried Bab, while Betty whispered with both arms round Miss Celia:

"I don't think we *could* bear to have anybody else come here to live."

"It is very pleasant to hear you say that, and I mean to make others feel so, if I can. I have been trying a little this summer, but when I come back I shall go to work in earnest to be a good minister's wife, and you must help me."

"We will," promised both children, ready for anything except preaching in the high pulpit.

Then Miss Celia turned to Ben, saying, in the respectful way that always made him feel, at least, twenty-five:

"We shall be off to-morrow, and I leave you in charge. Go on just as if we were here, and be sure nothing will be changed as far as you are concerned when we come back."

Ben's face beamed at that; but the only way he could express his relief was by making such a blaze in honor of the occasion that he nearly roasted the company.

Next morning, the brother and sister slipped quietly away, and the children hurried to school, eager to tell the great news that "Miss Celia and Thorny had gone to be married, and were coming back to live here forever and ever."

(To be continued.)



SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

LITTLE BEAR.

By Samuel W. Duffield.



THERE lives with us an Indian—
A Paw-knee, I declare—
And he utters dreadful war-whoops,
And his name is Little Bear.

A braver foe in a battle,
When his hands are in your hair,
There is none in all my knowledge
Than this same Little Bear.

But when the firelight shining
Lights the room up with its glare,
I often camp on the hearth-rug,
Good friends with Little Bear.

And I 'm very sure I should miss him
If ever he was n't there—
This irrepressible Indian,
By the name of Little Bear!

MY ST. GEORGE.

By Alice Maude Eddy.

IT is ten years ago to-day since Georgie May and I went to "Captain Kidd's Cave" after sea-urchins. Georgie was a neighbor's child with whom I had played all my short life, and whom I loved almost as dearly as my own brothers. Such a brave, bright face he had, framed by sunny hair where the summers had dropped gold dust as they passed him by. I can see him now as he stood that day on the firm sand of the beach, with his brown eyes glowing and his plump hand brandishing a wooden sword which he himself had made, and painted with gorgeous figures of red and yellow.

"You see, Allie," he was saying, "his name was Saint George, and he was a knight. And so there was a great dragon with a fiery crest. And so he went at him, and killed him; and he married the

princess, and they lived happy ever after. I 'd have killed him, too, if I 'd been there!"

"*Could* you kill a dragon?" I asked, rather timidly.

"Course I could!" replied the young champion. "I 'd have a splendid white horse,—no, a black one,—and a sword like Jack the Giant Killer's, and—and—oh, and an invisible ring! I 'd use him up pretty quick. Then I 'd cut off his head and give it to the princess, and we 'd have a feast of jelly-cake, and cream candy, and then I would marry her!"

I could only gasp admiringly at this splendid vision.

"But mamma said," went on Georgie, more thoughtfully, "that there are dragons now; and she said she would like me to be a Saint George. She 's going to tell some more to-night, but there 's getting angry, that 's a dragon, and wanting to be head of everything, that 's another, and she and me are going to fight 'em. We said so."

"But how?" I asked, with wide open eyes. "I don't see any dragon when I 'm angry!"

"Oh, you 're a girl," said Georgie, consolingly; and we ran on contentedly, wading across the shallow pools of salt water, clambering over the rocks, and now and then stopping to pick up a bright pebble or shell. The whole scene comes vividly before me as I think of it now:—the gray and brown cliffs, with their sharp crags and narrow clefts half choked up by the fine, sifting sand, the wet "snappers" clinging to the rocks along the water's edge; the sea itself clear and blue in the bright afternoon, and the dancing lights where the sunbeams struck its rippling surface. A light wind blew across the bay. It stirred in Georgie's curls, and swept about us both as if playing with us. We grew happier and happier, and when at last we saw "Captain Kidd's Cave" just before us, we were in the wildest spirits, and almost sorry that our walk was ended.

There was plenty to be seen in the cave, however, beside the excitement of searching for the pirate's treasures, which the country people said were buried there. The high rocks met, forming a wide, arched cavern with a little crevice in the roof, through which we could just see the clear sky. The firm floor was full of smaller stones, which we used for seats, and one high crag almost hid the entrance. It was delicious to creep through the low door-way, and to sit in the cool twilight that reigned there, listening to the song of the winds and waters outside, or to clamber up and down the steep sides of the cave, playing that we were cast-aways on a desert island. We played, also, that I was a captive princess, and Georgie killed a score of dragons in my defense. We were married, too, with the little knight's sword stuck in the sand for the clergyman. Quite tired out, at last, we went into the cave and sat on the sand-strewn floor, telling stories and talking of dragons and fairies, until a drop of rain suddenly fell through the cleft in the roof. Georgie sprang up.

"We must go home, Allie!" he cried. "What if we were to be caught in a shower!"

Just as he was speaking, a peal of thunder crashed and boomed right above us, and I clung to the boy, sobbing for very terror.

"O Georgie!" I cried, "don't go out. We 'll be killed! Oh, what shall we do?"

But Georgie only laughed blithely, saying, "No, we wont go if you don't want to. Let 's play it 's a concert and the thunder 's a drum. It will be over in a minute," and he began to whistle "Yankee Doodle," in which performance I vainly endeavored to join. But as time went on, and the storm became more violent, we were both frightened, and climbing to a ledge about half-way up the wall, sat silent, clinging to each other, and crying a little as the lightning flashed more and more vividly. Yet, even in his own terror, Georgie was careful for me, and tried to cheer me and raise my heart. Dear little friend, I am grateful for it now!

At last, leaning forward, I saw that the water was creeping into the cave and covering the floor with shallow, foaming waves. Then, indeed, we were frightened. What if the rising tide had covered the rocks outside? We should have to stay all night in that lonely place; for, though the tide went down before midnight, the way was long and difficult, and we could not return in the darkness.

"Hurry, Allie!" cried Georgie, scrambling down the side of the cave. "We can wade, may be."

I followed him, and we crept out upon the beach. The water had risen breast high already, and I was nearly thrown down by the force with which it met me.

"Lean on me, Allie," said Georgie, throwing his arm about me and struggling onward. "We must get to the rocks as soon as we can."

It was with great difficulty that we passed over the narrow strip of sand below the high cliffs. I clung wildly to Georgie, trying in vain to keep a firm footing on the treacherous sand, that seemed slipping from beneath my feet at every step.

The water had reached my neck. I cried out with terror as I felt myself borne from my feet. But Georgie kept hold of me, and bracing ourselves against the first low rock, we waited the coming of the great green wave that rolled surging toward us, raising its whitening crest high over our heads. It broke directly above us, and for a moment we stood dizzy with the shock, and half blinded by the dashing salt spray. Then we ran on as swiftly as was

possible in the impeding water. Fortunately for us, the next wave broke before it reached us, for in the rapidly rising tide we could not have resisted it.

We were thoroughly exhausted when, after a few more struggles, we at last climbed the first cliff and sat on the top, resting and looking about us for a means of escape. It was impossible for us to scale the precipice that stretched along the beach. We must keep to the lower crags at its foot for a mile before we could reach the firm land. This, in the gathering twilight, was a difficult and dangerous thing to attempt. Yet there was no other way of escape. We could not return to the cave. I shuddered as I looked at the foaming waves that rolled between us and it.

"What shall we do, Georgie?" I cried. "I *can't* be drowned!"

"Hush, Allie!" answered Georgie, bravely; "we must go right on, of course. This place will be covered soon. Take off your shoes. You can climb easier. There now! take hold of my hand. I'll jump over to that rock and help you to come on, too!"

Well was it for me that Georgie was a strong, agile boy, head and shoulders taller than I. I needed all his help in the homeward journey. I tremble even yet as I think of the perils of the half mile that we traversed before darkness fell. The rough rocks tore our hands and feet as we clambered painfully over them. They were slippery with sea-weed and wet with the waves that from time to time rolled across them. More than once I slipped and would have fallen into the raging water below, but for Georgie's sustaining arm. Looking back now to that dark evening, Georgie's bravery and presence of mind seem wonderful to me. He spoke little, only now and then directing me where to place my feet, but his strong, boyish hand held mine in a firm grasp, and his clear eyes saw just when to seize the opportunity, given by a receding wave, to spring from one rock to another.

"Georgie, shall we *ever* reach home?" I sighed at last as we gained the end of a spur of rock over which we had been walking. Georgie made no answer, and I turned, in surprise, to look at him. His face was very white, and his great eyes were staring out into the twilight with such a frightened gaze that I looked about me with a sudden increase of terror. I had thought the worst of the way over, and in the gathering darkness had hardly noticed where we were going, following Georgie with perfect trust in his judgment. Now I suddenly saw that we could proceed no farther. We stood, as I have said, on a long ridge of rock. Before us, at our very feet, was the wildly surging water, tearing at the rocks as if to wrest them from their foundation. Beyond, we could see the strong cliffs again, but far out of reach. Behind were only the narrow rocks over which we had come; and on either side the cruel sea cut us off from all hope of gaining the land. I sank on the slippery sea-weed, in an agony of terror, sobbing out my mother's name. Georgie sat down beside me. "Don't cry, Allie!" he said, in a trembling voice. "Please don't! We may be saved yet. Perhaps they 'll come after us in a boat. Or we can stay here till morning."

"But oh! I want to go home! I want mamma," I sobbed; "and I 'm so cold and tired, and my feet ache so! O Georgie, *can't* we go on?"

Georgie was silent for a few moments. "No," he said, at last, "we must stay here, but don't be afraid. Here, I 'm not cold, take my coat, and I 'll tie our handkerchiefs round your feet. There, lean on me, now. We must hold on to the rock, you know, or we might tumble. Now, let 's both scream 'help' as loud as we can. May be, some one will hear us and come."

But though we shouted till we were hoarse, the only answering voices were those of the roaring wind and "the wild sea water."

It was quite dark now. I could see nothing as I clung there, half sitting, half lying, with my face on Georgie's shoulder. Strangely vivid were the pictures that passed before my closed eyes. I saw my pretty nursery, with the clear lamplight falling on the pictured walls and the little white beds; I saw my mother seated by the fire, with the baby in her arms, and heard her low, sweet voice singing:

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father watches the sheep!"

I saw my father, laughing and frolicking with my little brothers, as his wont was on a leisure evening. How I longed to be among them. Then my hair, blowing across my eyes, blotted out the pleasant picture, and the hoarse shouting of the sea drove the sweet cradle-song from my ears.

Georgie's voice stopped my weary sobbing. "Allie," he said, softly, "mamma told me that true knights prayed for help when they were fighting. So I shall ask God to help us now. I think He will."

Then, clear and soft, amid the roaring of the storm, arose the childish voice repeating his evening prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep!
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

I felt a little quieter when he had finished. Georgie's strong, sweet faith strengthened me unawares, and involuntarily I repeated the little prayer after him. Then we were silent for a long time. I was strangely weak and weary. The fear

of death was gone now; I thought no more of even my mother. I think I was fast lapsing into unconsciousness when Georgie's voice half aroused me. "Allie! Allie!" he cried. "Wake up! You are slipping down! O, Allie, dear, do try to get up! You 'll be drowned!" But even this failed to arouse me from the stupor into which I had fallen.



ON THE ROCK.

I felt myself slipping from my seat. Already my feet were in the icy water, and the spray was dashing about my face. I heard Georgie call me once again, felt my hands firmly grasped in his, and then I knew nothing more.

* * * * * * *

"Alice, dear little Alice!" I opened my eyes at the words. Somebody's arms were about me; warm tears were falling on my head, and the scent of roses was in the air. Where was I? Was this my own little bed, with its snowy curtains and soft, fresh pillows? Was Baby Robin lying beside me, stroking my cheek with his tiny hand? I was not dead, then? Where were the water and the cold sea-weed? A kiss fell on my forehead, and a voice murmured soft love-words in my ear. "Allie! my little girl! Mamma's darling!"

Then I raised my head and looked straight into my mother's sweet, tearful eyes. "Mamma," I said, throwing my arms around her neck, "O, mamma, I was so afraid! I wanted you so!"

"But you are safe, Allie, now. Lie down again, dear. You are weak yet."

So I lay back on the soft pillow with a feeling of rest and content in my heart, such as had never been there before. I cared to ask no questions. It was enough that I was safe, with my mother beside my bed and the early sunbeams flickering on the wall opposite. It was a long time before I thought of even Georgie. When I asked for him, mamma's eyes filled with tears. "Dear Allie," she said, "Georgie saved your life. My little girl would have been taken away from me, but for him. He caught you when you slipped, and, tired as he was, held you up till help came. He fainted as soon as papa took him into the boat. We thought you were both dead!" Her voice broke in a sob, and she clasped me closer in her arms. "He is better now," she went on. "Allie, we must never forget his courage. Thank God, he was with you!"

"Mamma, O mamma!" I cried, "he said he was trying to be like Saint George. *Is n't* he like him? He saved me, and he prayed there in the dark—and, O mamma, I love him so for it!"

"Yes, Allie," answered my mother, "not one of the old knights was braver than ours, and not one of all the saints did better service in the sight of God than our little Saint George last night."

BORN IN PRISON.

By Julia P. Ballard.

I AM only a day old! I wonder if every butterfly comes into the world to find such queer things about him? I was born in prison. I can see right through my walls; but I can't find any door. Right below me (for I have climbed up the wall) lies a queer-looking, empty box. It is clear, and a pale green. It is all in one piece, only a little slit in the top. I wonder what came out of it. Close by it there is another green box, long and narrow, but not empty, and no slit in the top. I wonder what is in it. Near it is a smooth, green caterpillar, crawling on the edge of a bit of cabbage-leaf. I 'm afraid that bright light has hurt my eyes. It was just outside of my prison wall, and bright as the sun. The first thing I remember, even before my wings had opened wide, or I was half through stretching my feet to see if I could use them in climbing, there was a great eye looking at me. Something round was before it, with a handle. I suppose it was a quizzing-glass to see what I was about. I heard somebody say, "Oh! oh!" twice, just as if they wondered I was here. Then they held the great bright light close to the wall till my eyes were dazzled. I don't like this prison. It is n't worth while to fly about. It seems as if I ought to have more room. There must be something inside that green box. It moves! I saw it half tip over then, all of itself. I believe that caterpillar is afraid of it. He creeps off slowly toward the wall. How smooth and green he is! How his rings move when he crawls! Now he is gone up the wall. He has stopped near the roof. How he throws his head from side to side! He is growing broader! He looks just as if he was turning into one of these



THE PRISONERS.

green boxes! How that box shakes! There, I see it begin to open! There is a slit coming in the back! Something peeps out! A butterfly's head, I

declare! Here it comes,—two long feelers, two short ones! Four wings, two round spots on each of the upper pair, and none on the other two. Dressed just like me. I wonder why it hid away in that box?

First Butterfly.—"What made you hide in that green box?"

Second Butterfly.—"What box? I have n't hid anywhere. I don't know what box you mean?"

First Butterfly.—"That one. You just crawled out of it. I saw you."

Second Butterfly.—"That 's the first I knew of it. There are *two* boxes just alike. *Both* empty. May be you were hid in the other!"

First Butterfly.—"Ho! There goes up our prison wall! That 's the big hand that held the bright light. How good the air feels! Now for a chance to try our wings! Away we go!"

HOW LILY-TOES WAS CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

By Emily H. Leland.

Lily-toes, though quite a pet, was the fourth baby, and, consequently, was not so great a wonder in the eyes of her family as she might have been. She and her mamma were on a visit to her grandma's, in the country. As she had been there a week, the excitement attendant on her arrival had so far subsided that grandma was beginning to turn her attention to cheese-making, her two aunties to sew vigorously on their new cambric dresses, and grandpa and the big hired man to become so engaged in the "haying" that they scarcely saw Lily-toes except at supper-time.

Lily-toes, as if to make amends for being the fourth, was a lovely chubby baby of eight months, so full of sunshine and content and blessed good health, that although her two first teeth were just grumbling through, she would sit in her high chair by the window or roll and wriggle about on the floor, singing tuneless songs and telling herself wordless stories, an hour at a time, without making any demands on anybody, so that grandma and the aunties declared that half the time they would not know there was a baby in the house. Perhaps it is sometimes a fault to be too good-natured; for there came a certain afternoon when Lily-toes would have been pleased if somebody had remembered there *was* a baby in the house.

It happened in this way. There was company at grandma's. Not the kind of city company that comes to dine after babies are in bed for the night, but country company,—that comes early in the afternoon and stays and talks over whole life-times before tea. Grandma, mamma, and the aunties were enjoying it all very much; and Lily-toes, who was, if possible, more angelic than ever, had wakened from a blessed nap, lunched on bread and milk and strawberries, and was stationed in her high chair on the back piazza where she could admire the landscape and watch the cows and sheep feeding upon the hill-sides. A honeysuckle swung in the breeze above her head, and little chickens, not big enough to do harm to grandma's flower-beds, ran to and fro in the knot-grass, hunting for little shiny green bugs, and fluttering and peeping in a way that was very interesting to Lily-toes. No baby could be more comfortably situated on a hot summer day; at least, so her mamma thought, as she tied Lily-toes securely in her chair with a soft scarf, and went back to the sitting-room and the busy sewing and talking with her dear old girlhood friends. I presume if Lily-toes had been a first baby, her mamma would have hesitated about leaving her there. She would have feared—may be—that the chickens would eat her up or that she might swallow the paper-weight. As it was, she only kissed the little thing with a sort of mechanical smack and left her alone, as coolly as if lovely Lily-toe babies were an every-day affair.

Meanwhile, and for many days before, great distress was going on in the fields and gardens for lack of rain. The young corn was drooping, the vines fainting, the sweet red roses opening languidly, the grasses growing dry and brittle to the bite of the patient cows and nibbling sheep. Everything, except Lily-toes, was expressing a desire for rain. In fact, all through the night before this story of a wronged baby opens, the hills, woods, fields, and gardens, had been praying for rain according to their individual needs, the maples and elms desiring a "regular soaker," while the lowly pansies lifted their fevered little palms to the stars and begged but a few drops.

And the rain came. Slowly up the western skies rose a solid cloud. No attention was paid it

for some time, it came on so quietly and serenely. But, by and by, the cows came sauntering down to the barn-yard bars as if they thought it was milking-time, and the sheep huddled together under the great elms. Grandpa and his big man commenced raking the hay together vigorously, and a sudden, cool, puffy breeze began to ruffle the little rings of hair on Lily-toes' head, and send the small chickens careening over the knot-grass in such fashion that the careful mother-hen put her head out of

pered out through a side door to snatch some clothes from the grass-plot, and to gather up the bright tin pans and pails that had been sunning on the long benches. Grandma, throwing her apron over her head, ran to see that some precious young turkeys were under shelter. The visitors hurried to the door, bewailing the windows they had left open at home, and hoping their husbands *would* have sense enough to see to things. And the mamma ran upstairs to close the windows and potter over some



LILY-TOES IN THE SHOWER.

her little house and called them in. And still in the cool, pleasant sitting-room, with its cheerful talk and laughter, the approach of the storm was hardly noticed. Grandma, the most thoughtful body present, remarked that she believed it was "clouding up a little," and mamma said she hoped so. And then the talk went on about making dresses and the best way to put up strawberries and spiced currants. But when big drops came suddenly plashing against the windows and a lively peal of thunder rolled overhead, then there was a scattering in the sitting-room. The aunties scam-

collars and ruffles that had blown about, never thinking of baby on the uncovered piazza.

Oh, how it poured! Grandpa and his man got as far as the wagon-shed just as the worst came, and they stayed there. Grandma was weather-bound along with her young turkeys in the granary. And Lily-toes!—no one will ever know what her reflections were for a few moments. I imagine she rather liked the first drops; for she was always fond of plashing about in her bath-tub, and had no fear of water in reasonable quantities. But when the wind began to dash the rain in her face, probably

she first gasped in astonishment, and then kicked, and, eventually, as everybody knew, screamed! Yes; aunties, visitors, and mamma, as they met in the hall and shrieked to each other about the storm, heard, at last, in the lull of the gale, a sound of indignant squalling.

Then there was another scamper. Lily-toes was snatched in-doors and borne along amid a tempest of astonishment and pity, until one visitor burst out laughing; and then all laughed except the mamma, who kept a straight face until baby stopped crying and smiled around on them like wet sunlight.

Before grandma could reach the house, Lily-toes had been rubbed very dry and put into dry clothes; but her wrapper and petticoats and stockings and blue shoes, lying in a sopping heap on the floor, told the tale to grandma and grandpa and the hired man, who all agreed it was a burning shame to forget Lily-toes, even for five minutes; and the hired man went so far as to remark that, "If there had been a few more women-folks in the house, she 'd most likely been drown-ded." And Lily-toes looked at him gratefully, as if he had spoken the very words she had longed to say.

"THANKS TO YOU."

By Mary E. Bradley.



EVERY day for a month of Sundays,
Saturdays, Tuesdays, Fridays, Mondays,
Jack had pondered the various means
And methods pertaining to grinding machines,
Until he was sure he could build a wheel
That, given the sort of dam that 's proper,
Would only need some corn in the hopper
To turn out very respectable meal.

Jerry and Jane and Jo, and the others,
Jack's incredulous sisters and brothers,
Gave him credit for good intentions,
But took no stock in the boy's inventions.
In fact they laughed them quite to scorn;
Instead of wasting his time, they said,
He would be more likely to earn his bread
Planting potatoes or hoeing corn!

Bessie alone, when all the rest
Crushed his spirit with gibe and jest,
Whispered softly, "Whatever they say,
I know you will build the wheel some day!"
Chirping crickets and singing birds
Were not so sweet as her heartsome words;
Straight he answered, "If ever I do,
I know it will only be thanks to you!"

Many a time sore heart and brain
Leap at a word, grown strong again.
Thanks to her, as the story goes,
Hope and courage in Jack arose;

Till one bright day in the meadow-brook
There was heard a sound as of water plashing,
And Bessie watched with her happy look
The little wheel in the sunlight flashing.

By and by as the years were fraught
With fruit of his earnest toil and thought,
Brothers and sisters changed their tune,—
"Our Jack," they cried, "will be famous soon!"
Which was nothing more than Bessie knew,
She said, and had known it all the while!
But Jack replied with a kiss and a smile,
"If ever I am, it is thanks to you!"



HOW BIRDS FLY.

By Prof. W. K. Brooks.

In our last talk about birds (in St. Nicholas for July), I told you about birds and their nests. Now I wish to say, first, a few words about the different kinds of birds, and then we will see how birds manage to fly. Naturalists have divided the class, birds, into several smaller groups which are called orders. One of these includes the birds of prey, such as the hawks, eagles, and owls. In the picture of a bird of prey you can see the strong, hooked bill and powerful claws, which are well fitted for seizing and tearing its prey.

The second order includes the climbing birds, such as the woodpeckers. The birds of this order can readily be recognized, since two of the toes of each foot point backward, to give support in climbing.

The next order, that of the perching birds, includes all our common song-birds, such as the robin, bluebird, and blackbird, as well as a few larger birds, like the crow.

The scratching birds form another order, including our domestic fowls and many wild game-birds.

The next order comprises the ostrich and a few other large birds, which have such small wings that they are unable to fly, but with very large and powerful legs, so that they are excellent runners. Although this order includes the largest bird at present living, there were formerly running birds very much larger than any which now exist; for, in Madagascar and New Zealand, the bones, and even the eggs, of gigantic birds have been found. One of these eggs was over a foot in length, and contained more than ten quarts, or as much as six ostrich eggs or one hundred and fifty hen's eggs. A nearly complete skeleton of one of these birds has been found, and this must have belonged to a bird fifteen feet high, or taller than the largest elephant!

The next order includes the wading birds, such as the snipe, plover, woodcock, heron, and rail.

Another order is that of the gulls, ducks, geese, pelicans, penguins, and other swimming birds.

Besides these living birds, fossil birds have been found in the rocks. Some of these are very different from any species now living, and very much like reptiles, so that it is not easy to decide whether they are to be called birds or reptiles.

The chief peculiarity of birds is their power of

flight, and, although there are a few birds which do not fly, most of them do, and the various organs of their bodies are all constructed in such a way as to fit them for a life in the air. Their bodies are very solid and compact, in order that most of their weight shall be near the place where the wings are attached. The feet, legs, head, and neck are light, and so arranged that they may be drawn up close to the body while the bird is flying. As



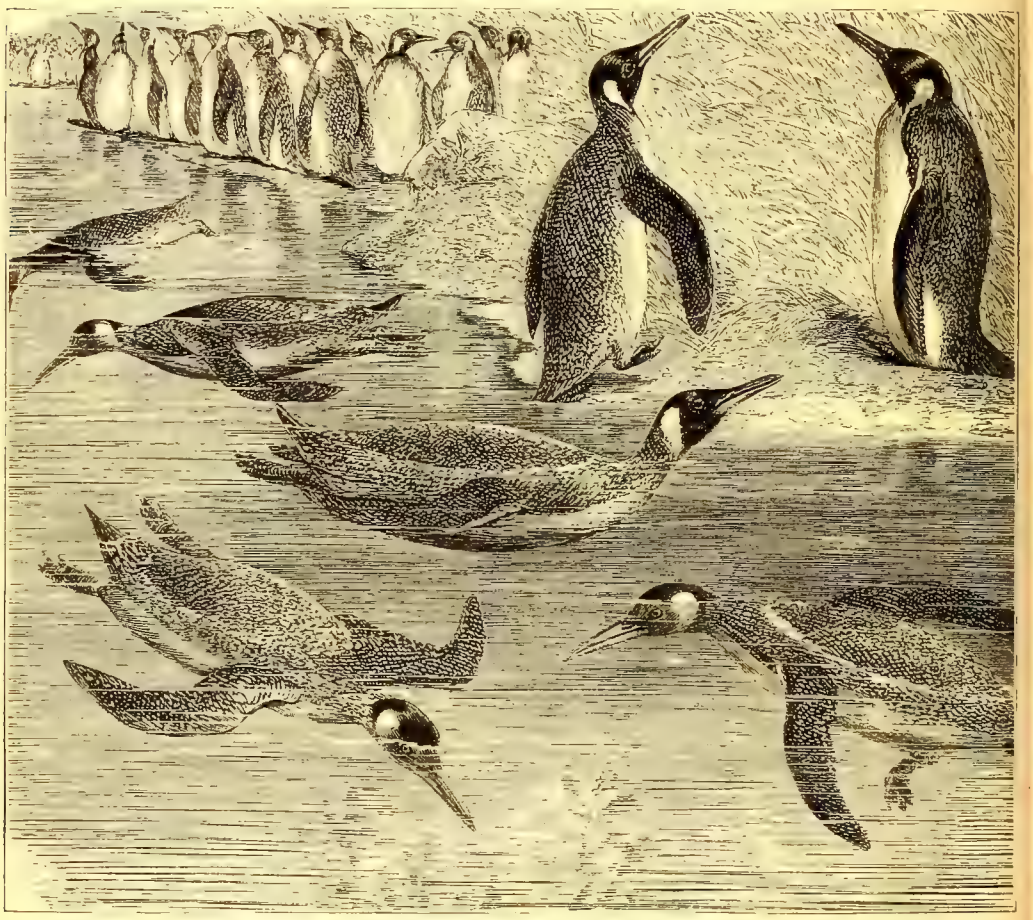
THE EAGLE (BIRD OF PREY).

the neck is long and very flexible, the body does not need to be pliant, as with most creatures having backbones; but it is important that the wings should have a firm support, so the bones of the back are united. The body of a bird must also be well protected from the cold; for, as it ascends and descends through the air, it passes through regions of very different temperatures, and it must be provided with a thick and warm covering in order to be able to endure these sudden changes, and one also which shall be very light and able to shed the water;

for, otherwise, a bird would be unable to fly. The feathers of a bird answer to all these needs, and are so placed upon the body that they form a smooth surface which does not catch against the air when the bird is passing through it. In its rapid ascents and descents, the bird is exposed to another danger even greater than the sudden changes of temperature. You all know that air presses in every direction with great force, and that we do not feel it because there is air in all parts of our bodies as well as outside them, and the pressure of the air inside exactly balances that of the outside air. If we should suddenly take away the outside air in any way, such as covering a person up with an air-pump receiver, and quickly and completely exhausting the air, the consequences of the inside pressure would be very terrible, and if the experiment could be tried quickly enough the body would burst like an exploding gun, with a loud noise.

When people go up rapidly in a balloon or climb

very high mountains, they are troubled by a ringing noise and a feeling of great pressure in the ears and head, and by palpitation of the heart, bleeding at the nose, and fainting. These unpleasant and often dangerous symptoms are caused by the expansion of the air inside their bodies. In ascending very high mountains it is necessary to go very slowly and to stop very often, to give time for some of the expanded air to escape, and equalize the pressure again. Now, many birds, the condor, for example, fly over the tops of the highest mountains, and nearly all birds, either occasionally or habitually, ascend to very great altitudes, and, unless there were some plan for regulating the pressure of the air inside their bodies, they would suffer great inconvenience and even pain and danger. But they are provided with an arrangement by which the air within them can escape easily as it expands and thus keep the pressure within just equal to that outside, so that they can ascend and descend as rapidly as they wish, without feeling the least inconvenience. In the body of the bird there are several large bags, like the lungs, called air-chambers; many of their bones are hollow, and others are pierced with long winding tubes called air-tubes. All these air-chambers and air-tubes are connected with the lungs so that air can pass into and out of them at each breath. The connection between these chambers and the lungs is so complete that a wounded hawk can breathe through a broken wing almost as well as through its mouth. When a bird mounts upward, the air inside its body gradually expands, but the bird does not feel any inconvenience; for, at each breath, part of the air passes from the air-chambers into the lungs, so that the pressure on the inside does not become greater than that on the outside.



PENGUINS (SWIMMERS AND DIVERS).

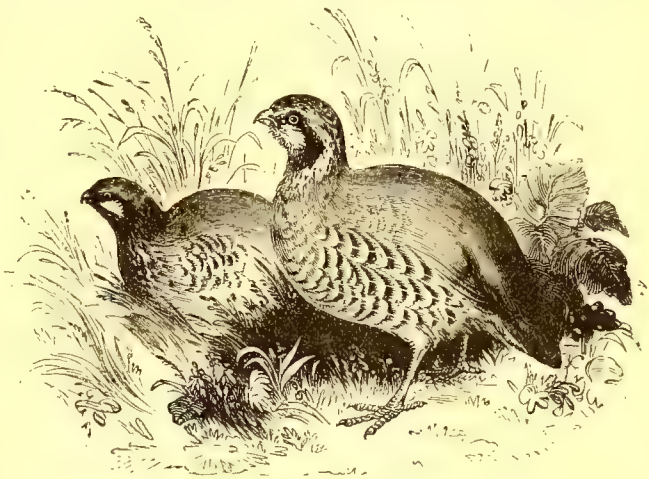
I could easily fill the whole of this chapter with

an account of the different ways in which the body of a bird is fitted for life in the air, but we have room to examine only one of these,—the way in which the wing is adapted to its use.

Did you ever look at a bird's wing carefully, and try to find out from it the way in which it is used? People usually suppose, either that a bird flies because it is lighter than the air, like a balloon, or that it rows itself along as a boat is rowed through the water. Neither of these suppositions is true. A bird is not lighter than the air, and does not float; for when a bird is shot on the wing it falls to the ground just as quickly as a squirrel. On the contrary, a bird flies by its own weight, and could not fly at all if it were not heavier than the air.

You know that when you move a large, flat surface rapidly through the air, it meets with considerable resistance. A bird's wing is so large, and is moved so rapidly, that the resistance of the air is enough to raise the bird a short distance each time the wings are flapped downward; but after each down-flap there must be an up-flap, and the air resists this just as it does the down-flap; so, unless there were some arrangement to prevent it, the bird would drive itself down each time it raised its wings, just as far as it had raised itself by the down-stroke before, so that it would never get into the air at all. To meet this difficulty, the wing is so shaped that it is concave or hollow upon its lower surface, so that it gathers the air together and prevents it from escaping; while the upper surface is convex or bulging, so that the air slides off from it when the wing is moved upward. If you have ever been caught in a sudden squall of wind with an open umbrella, you will easily understand how great a difference in resisting power this difference in the shape of the two sides of the wing will make. As long as you can keep the bulging side of the umbrella pointed toward the wind, you find no difficulty in holding it; but if the wind strikes the hollow under-side of the umbrella, it pulls so violently that, unless you are able to turn around and face the wind, the chances are that the umbrella will either be pulled away from you or turned inside out. But in the latter case, the wind slides out over the edges again, so that there is no trouble in holding on to the umbrella.

The peculiar shape of the wing is only one of the ways by which the down-stroke is made to strike the air with more force than the up-stroke. If you will look at a quill-feather, you will see that, on each side of the central shaft or quill, there is a broad, thin portion, which is called the *vane*. The vane on one side of the shaft is quite broad and flexible, while that on the other side is narrow and stiff; and by looking at a wing with the feathers in their places, you will find that they are placed so that they overlap a little, like the slats on a window-blind. Each broad vane runs under the narrow vane of the feather beside it, so that, when the wing is moved downward, each feather is pressed up against the stiff narrow vane of the one beside it, and the whole wing forms a solid sheet like a blind with the slats closed. After the down-stroke is finished and the up-stroke begins, the pressure is taken off from the lower surface of the wing, and begins to act on the upper surface and to press the feathers downward instead of upward. The broad vanes now have nothing to support them, and they bend down and allow the air to pass through the wing, which is now like a blind with the slats open. By these two contrivances,—the shape of the wing, and the shape and arrangement of the feathers,—the wing resists the air on its down-stroke and raises the bird a little at each flap, but at each up-stroke allows the air to slide off at the sides, and to pass through between the feathers, so that nothing is lost.



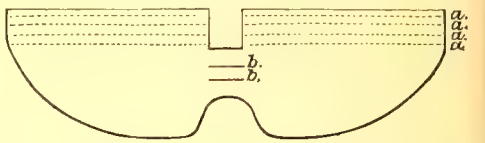
QUAIL (SCRATCHERS).

So much for the way in which the bird is raised into the air. Rising in the air is not flying, for a balloon and a kite rise but do not fly. Now, how is a bird able to move forward? This is not quite as easy to understand as the other, but I hope to be able to make it clear to you. I must first say, however, that it is not done by rowing with the wings, for they move up and down, not backward

and forward, and no amount of rowing up and down would drive a bird forward, any more than rowing backward and forward would lift a boat up into the air.

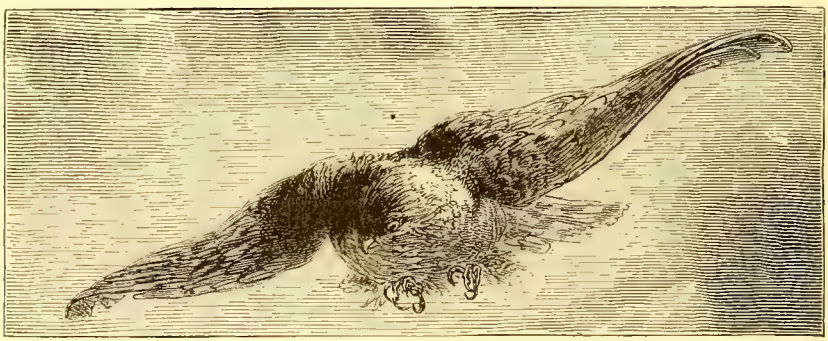
You will find, if you carefully examine a bird's wing, that all the bones and muscles are placed along the front edge, which is thus made very stiff and strong. The quill feathers are fastened in such a way that they point backward, so that the hind edge of the wing is not stiff like the front edge, but is flexible and bends at the least touch. As the air is not a solid, but a gas, it has a tendency to slide out from under the wing when this is driven downward, and of course it will do this at the point where it can escape most easily. Since the front edge of the wing is stiff and strong, it retains its hollow shape, and prevents the air from sliding out in this direction, but the pressure of the air is enough to bend up the thin, flexible ends of the feathers at the hinder border of the wing, so the air makes its escape there, and slides out backward and upward. The weight of the bird is all the time pulling it down toward the earth; so, at the same time that the air slides out upward and backward past the bent edge of the wing, the wing itself, and with it the bird, slides forward and downward off from the confined air. You will have a much better idea of this if you will cut out a little paper model of a bird's wing and watch the way in which it falls through the air.

Take a sheet of stiff paper and cut it in the shape shown in the diagram above, but considerably larger. Be very careful to have the two sides alike, so that they shall balance each other. Now fold up the front margin of each wing, along the dotted lines *a*, *a*, *a*, *a*, to form a stiff rim to represent the rim of bone along the front edge of a bird's wing, and cut out a small strip of wood, about as thick as a match and twice as long, and run this through the two slits, *b*, *b*, to represent the body of the bird. If you hold this model about three feet from the ground, and allow it to fall gently, you will see that, instead of falling straight to the ground, it will slide forward, and strike the ground two or three feet ahead of you. It is really its weight



which causes it to do this, so that the statement that a bird flies by its own weight is strictly true.

This is true, also, of insects and bats. They all have wings with stiff front edges, and flexible hind edges which bend and allow the air to pass out, so that flying is nothing but sliding down a hill made of air. A bird rises, then, by flapping its wings, and it flies by falling back toward the earth and sliding forward at the same time. At the end of each stroke of its wings it has raised itself enough to make up for the distance it has fallen since the last stroke, and accordingly it stays at the same height and moves forward in a seemingly straight line. But if you watch the flight of those birds which flap their wings slowly, such as the woodpecker, you can see them rise and fall, and will have no trouble in seeing that their path is not really a straight line, but is made up of curves; although most birds flap their wings so rapidly that they have no time to fall through a space great enough to be seen. Birds also make use of the wind to aid them in flight, and by holding their wings inclined like a kite, so that the wind shall slide out under them, they can sail great distances without flapping their wings at all. They are supported, as a paper kite is, by the wind, which is continually pushing against their wings, and sliding out backward and downward, thus lifting or holding up the bird, and at the same time driving it forward.



A SKILLFUL FLYER.

The birds are not compelled to face the wind while they are sailing, but by changing the position

of the wings a little they can go in whatever direction they wish, much as a boy changes his direction in skating by leaning a little to one side or the other. Some birds are very skillful at this kind of sailing, and can even remain stationary in the air for some minutes when there is a strong wind; and they do this without flapping their wings at all. It is a difficult thing to do, and no birds except the most skillful flyers can manage it. Some hawks can do it, and gulls and terns may often be seen practicing it when a gale of wind is blowing, and they seem to take great delight in their power of flight.

Of all birds the albatross is the most skillful in the art of sailing in the air. It is a large sea-bird, about the size of a swan, and has very long and powerful wings. It lives far out upon the open ocean, hundreds of miles from land, and spends nearly all of its life in the air, very seldom alighting upon the water. It flies almost entirely by the aid of the wind, and sometimes does not flap its wings for an hour at a time. Albatrosses often follow a ship clear across the ocean, or, rather, they keep company with the ship, for as they are able to fly one hundred miles an hour with ease, the rate at which a ship travels is much too slow for them; so they make long journeys ahead and behind, like a dog taking a walk with his master, returning occasionally to the ship to pick up any food which may have been thrown overboard.

NANCY CHIME.

By S. Smith.



Untarnished by the breath of fame,
Untouched by prose or rhyme,
The world has never heard that name,—
The name of Nancy Chime.

Domestic, friend, and monitor,
She served us long and well;
Not many "helps" could equal her,
And none, perhaps, excel.

No evil lurked within her breast;
Her face was always bright;
Her trusty hands, scarce needing rest,
Were busy day and night.

Her voice was sweet as voice of birds
That to each other call;
And when she spoke, her striking words
Were listened to by all.

E'en Baby Bunting—darling boy,
The happiest of his race—
Would clap his little hands with joy,
And look up in her face.

But none can reach perfection here;
Like all beneath the sun,
She, too, could err, and her career
Was not a faultless one.

She only did, here let me tell,
Each day the best she could;
Would young folks all but do as well,
The world might soon grow good.

But all is past! Ah! cold that face!
That bosom throbs no more!
Oh! must another take her place,
And we our loss deplore?

Nay, nay, we could not bear the pain
Of losing one so true;—
Old Nancy Chime shall tick again,
And be as good as new.

HOW HE CAUGHT HIM.



HANS GETS A FIRST-RATE BITE.



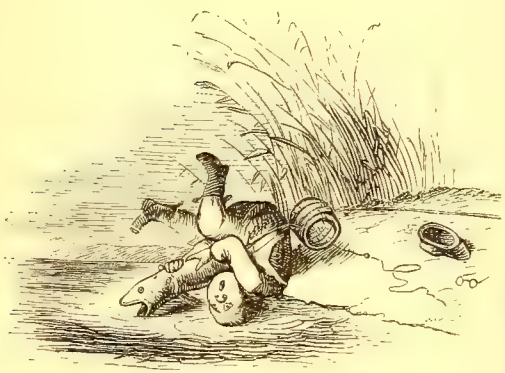
THEN HE CATCHES A FISH AND PULLS HIM OUT.



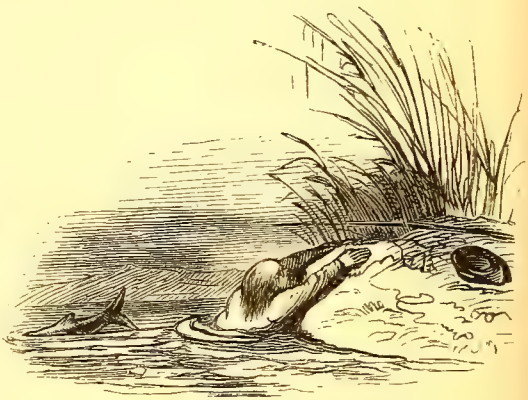
HANS FINDS IT HARDER TO HOLD THE FISH THAN TO CATCH HIM.



THEN HANS BEGINS TO WONDER WHETHER HE OR THE FISH IS CAUGHT.



THE FISH NOW CATCHES HANS AND PULLS HIM IN.



HANS AND THE FISH AGREE TO STOP CATCHING EACH OTHER.

WHO PUT OUT THE TEA-PARTY?

By Ellen Frances Terry.

One day, when I was a small girl, my little sister Katy and I found in the yard a dry-goods box, in which the new carpets had been sent home. As usual, we ran to where grandma sat knitting and nodding:

"Oh, grandma, *may n't* we have it?" cried I.

"Yet hab it, dranma?" echoed Katy.

"You know we never had a baby-house."

"No, nebber had no baby-'ouse."

"Oh, say yes!"

"'Ay 'et!"

"Do, do!"

"Pede do!"

Then, before she knew what she was to do, or say, or what she never had done, or said, we coaxed her to the back door and pointed to our treasure. She could n't refuse us, and the box was given to us.

John made us a card-board chimney, and cut a square window in either end, for, of course, we set it on its feet, turning its back to the lane against whose fence it stood, looking into the yard. Grandma gave us red curtains for the windows, and a big striped apron, which hung across the front and did for a door. We had to have a door, for, when we took tea, the chickens came, without invitation, peeping inside, looking for crumbs. And, seeing what looked like a party, down flew, with a whir and rustle, a flock of doves, saying, "Coo–oo! how do–oo–do!" and prinking themselves in our very faces. Yes, we really had too many of these surprise-parties; for, another time, it was a wasp that came to tea, and flew from me to Katy, and from Katy to me, till we flew, too, to hide our heads in grandma's lap. Then she gave us the apron, which was very grand, though the blue stripes were walking into the red ones, and there were a good many little holes which let small arrows of light fly out. That was when we lighted the chandelier, and they (the holes and the arrows) were the very things to let people know what grand doings there were inside.

Then, when our crockery was arranged on the shelf at the back, a stool set in the middle for a table, our two small green chairs placed one at either end, and a good many nails driven into the "walls" to serve as hooks,—then we gave a party. The dolls were invited, of course, and their invitations Katy wrote on her slate. To be sure, the letters looked a good deal like Jack and Jill,—climbing up hill and tumbling down again,—still the dolls understood us. There were no little girls invited, because little girls could n't have squeezed in, unless they were willing to be hung up, like the extra dollies.

But oh! would n't they have liked to go? We had ice-cream, just made of vanilla, cream-candy, and water,—delicious! Then there was a whole tea-potful of chocolate-tea, which was a chocolate-cream drop scraped fine and mixed with water. Do just try it sometime. Thimble-biscuits, too, and holes with cookies round them. I never expect to be as happy again as I was when I dropped the curtain at half-past four precisely, and lighted the chandelier, which I forgot to say was a candle cut in two, stuck in cologne-bottles of different shapes and colors.

We well knew—for did n't we go out twice to look?—how splendidly the light streamed through the two windows and the eight holes. Why, the chickens knew it, too, on their perches, for they opened one sleepy eye after another, solemnly changed legs, and dozed off again. Those long rays of light, playing truant, ran down the lane and flashed into the very eyes of naughty Billy Quinn, who was going home from a visit, whistling, and with his hands in his pockets.

Of course the dolls arrived promptly, and took off their shawls in the best bedroom, which was that convenient shelf that was turned into anything on short notice. The baby-dolls had to go early to bed under the table, and you can imagine how much pleasanter it is to say, "Bed-time, children!" than to have it said to you. Mrs. Green was a perfect little Mrs. Herod in her treatment of her children. Indeed, their yells under punishment were heart-rending; but when she was only dear Katy she was tender as one of those cooing doves.

So we ate up the ice-cream, and turned the tea-pot upside down to squeeze out the last drop of chocolate-tea. Mrs. Green was just doing this very thing when the most dreadful event happened. Crash!—bang!—clatter!—the whole world had turned upside down. Out went the lights, and everything fell together in a dismal heap; but whether up or down nobody could tell. There was a splash of cold, cold water in my face as the wash-bowl and pitcher fell and crashed beside me. Katy lay with her small nose buried in the butter-plate. *The house had tumbled over!!*

For a few seconds not a sound was heard, but then there was a half-stifled burst of laughter, which quickly died away as some thickly shod feet scam-

pered down the alley. Yes, the beautiful house was tipped over, and the tea-party put out, as an extinguisher is slipped over a candle, or a hat clapped upon a butterfly. Inside, there was a confused heap, with legs uppermost,—table-legs, chair-legs, little legs clad in white stockings, and, mixed hopelessly up with these, the dolls, the dishes, the candles.



THE TEA-PARTY.

This heap, however, was silent only for a moment. Then a feeble cry struggled up through it,—a cry which, reaching the upper air, grew loud, doubled itself, became two cries, and rushed out through a window, which, having lost its way, was where the roof ought to be. Then growing fast and shrill, the cry ran toward the house, waking up the Brown baby, who at once joined in. The rooster waked suddenly, and feeling that something had happened, thought it could do no harm to crow, and that agitated his household to the last hen. Then to the cackling and crowing, Beppo added a bark of duty, and nearly turned inside out, tugging at his chain, and howling between times. The canary began his scales, and the scream grew and grew and rushed into the house through every door and window. Uncle John was reading the paper, but, hearing the fearful uproar, he dashed into the mass of ruins, now hopped merrily up on the tarletan skirts of Alice Isabella, the prettiest of the dolls.

While we were being taken to grandma to be cried over and comforted, and the poor old house lay on its side forgotten, that flame finished off poor dolly, ran up to the roof, ate up the red-striped curtain in the twinkling of an eye, and, in fact, made short work of the whole thing. We knew nothing of this that night, but were so honored and indulged as to make us think everything else had turned a new leaf as well as the house.

The next morning, grandma, coming into the breakfast-room, was called to the window by Uncle John, who was looking at something in the yard. There was a forlorn little figure sitting on a log among the charred embers of the burnt house. It was I, sobbing as if my heart would break, and beside me was Katy, who stood sadly by, trying with a corner of her apron to dry my tears. But

her eyes were wet, too, and in the fat arms were squeezed a leg and shoe, which was all that was left of Alice Isabella.

What wicked eye had watched the festivities through the window, or what cruel heart had yielded to the temptation to turn over the house upon it all, we never knew. I heard that Billy Quinn was punished that night for coming home late to supper, and now, looking impartially at the matter over all these years, I am inclined to think it was that very Billy Quinn, and no other, who put out the tea-party.

THE FOX, THE MONKEY, AND THE PIG.

By Howard Pyle.



The fox, the monkey, and the pig were once inseparable companions. As they were nearly always together, the fox's thefts so far reflected upon his innocent associates, that they were all three held to be wicked animals.

At length, the enemies of these three laid a snare, in a path they were known to use.

The first that came to the trap was the pig. He viewed it with contempt, and, to show his disdain of his enemies and his disregard for their snare, he tried to walk through it with a lofty tread. He found he had undervalued it, however, when, in spite of his struggles, he was caught and strangled.

The next that came was the monkey. He inspected the trap carefully; then, priding himself upon the skill and dexterity of his fingers, he tried to pick it to pieces. In a moment of carelessness, however, he became entangled, and soon met the fate of the unfortunate pig.

The last that came was the fox. He looked at the snare anxiously, from a distance, and, approaching cautiously, soon made himself thoroughly acquainted with its size and power. Then he cried, "Thus do I defeat the machinations of my enemies!"—and, avoiding the trap altogether, by leaping completely over it, he went on his way rejoicing.

DAB KINZER: A STORY OF A GROWING BOY.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter XIV.

The next day's newspapers, from the city, brought full accounts of the stranding of the "Prudhomme," as well as of the safety of her passengers and cargo; but they had nothing whatever to say about the performances of the "Swallow." The yacht had been every bit as well handled as the great steamship, but then she had got home safely, and she was such a little thing, after all. Whatever excitement there had been in the village died out as soon as it was known that the boys were safe; and then, too, Mrs. Lee found time to "wonder wot Dab Kinzer means to do wid all de money he done got for dem blue-fish."

Dab himself had been talking with Ford Foster and Frank Harley, and an original idea of his own was beginning to take some sort of form in his mind. He did not, as yet, mention it to any one, as he wanted very much to consult with Ham Morris about it. As for Frank, Mr. Foster had readily volunteered to visit the steamship office, in the city, when he went over to business, next day, and do whatever might be needed with reference to the young gentleman's baggage. At the same time, Mrs. Foster wrote to her sister, Mrs. Hart, giving a full account of what had happened, and saying she meant to keep Frank as Ford's guest for a while.

The Hart boys hardly knew whether to submit or not, when that letter came, as they had planned for themselves all sorts of rare fun with "the young missionary" in their own home.

"Never mind, Fuz," said Joe, "we 'll serve him out when we get to Grantley."

"Yes," replied Fuz; "I 'd just as lief not see too much of him before that. He wont have any special claim on us if he does n't go there from our house."

Other talk they had together, and the tone of it promised very lively times at Grantley Academy for the stranger from India. But while the Hart boys were laying their plans for the future, they were themselves the subjects of more than one discussion, for Ford Foster gave his two friends the benefit of all he knew of his cousins.

"It 's a good thing for you that the steamer did n't go ashore anywhere near their house," he said to Frank Harley. "They 're a pair of born young wreckers. Just think of the tricks they played on my sister Annie."

After that conversation, it was remarkable what daily care and attention Dab Kinzer and Frank paid to their sparring lessons. It even exceeded the pluck and perseverance with which Dab went to work at his French.

Plenty of fishing, bathing, riding, boxing. Three boys together can find so much more to do than one can alone, and they made it four as often as they could, for Dick Lee had proved himself the best kind of company. Frank Harley's East Indian experience had made him very indifferent to the mere question of color, and Ford Foster had too much manhood to forget that long night of gale and fog and danger on board the "Swallow."

It was only a day or so after the perilous "cruise" that Dab Kinzer met his old playmate, Jenny Walters, just in the edge of the village.

"How well you look, Dabney!" remarked the sharp-tongued little lady. "Drowning must agree with you."

"Yes," said Dab; "I like it."

"Do you know what a fuss they made over you when you were gone? I s'pose they 'd nothing else to do."

"Jenny!" suddenly exclaimed Dab, holding out his hand, "you must n't quarrel with me any more. Bill Lee told me about your coming down to the landing. You may say anything you want to."

Jenny colored and bit her lip, and she would have given her bonnet to know if Bill Lee had told Dab how very red her eyes were as she looked down the inlet for some sign of the "Swallow." Something had to be said, however, and she said it almost spitefully.

"I don't care, Dabney Kinzer. It did seem dreadful to think of you three boys being drowned, and you, too, with your new clothes on. Good-morning, Dab!"

"She 's a right good girl, if she 'd only show it," muttered Dab, as Jenny tripped away; "but she is n't a bit like Annie Foster. How I do wish Ham would come back!"

Time enough for that; and as the days went by, the Morris homestead began to look less and less like its old self, and more and more like a house made for people to live and be happy in. Mrs. Kinzer and her daughters had now settled down into their new quarters as completely as if they had never known any others, and it seemed to Dab, now and then, as if they had taken almost too complete possession. His mother had her room, as a matter of course, and a big one. There could be no objection to that. Then another

big one, of the very best, had to be set apart and fitted up for Ham and Miranda on their return, and Dab delighted in doing all in his power to make that room all it could be made. But, then, Samantha had insisted on a separate domain, and Keziah and Pamela imitated their elder sister to a fraction. The "guest-chamber" had to be provided as well, or what would become of the good old Long Island customs of hospitality?

Dab said nothing for a while, but one day, at dinner, just after the arrival of a letter from Miranda announcing the speedy return of herself and husband, he quietly remarked:

"Now I can't sleep in Ham's room any longer,—I suppose I 'll have to go out on the roof. I wont sleep in the garret or in the cellar."

"That 'll be a good deal as Mrs. Morris says, when she comes," calmly responded his mother.

"As Miranda says!" said Dab, with a long breath.

"Miranda?" gasped Samantha and her sisters.

"Yes, my dears, certainly," said their mother. "This is Mrs. Morris's house, or her husband's,—not mine. All the arrangements I have made are only temporary. She and Ham both have ideas and wills of their own. I 've only done the best I could for the time being."

The girls looked at one another in blank amazement over the idea of Mrs. Kinzer being anything less than the mistress of any house she might happen to be in, but Dabney laid down his knife and fork with:

"It 's all right, then. If Ham and Miranda are to settle it, I think I 'll take the room Sam has now. You need n't take away your books, Sam. I may want to read some of them or lend them to Annie. You and Kezi and Meli had better take that upper room back. The smell of the paint 's all gone now, and there 's three kinds of carpet on the floor."



THE FIRE. [SEE PAGE 748.]

"Dabney!" exclaimed Samantha, reproachfully, and with an appealing look at her mother, who, however, said nothing on either side, and was a woman of too much good sense to take any other view of the matter than that she had announced.

Things were all running on smoothly and pleasantly before dinner was over, but Dab's ideas of the way the house should be divided were likely to result in some changes. Perhaps not exactly the ones he indicated, but such as would give him a better choice than either the garret, the cellar, or the roof. At all events, only three days would now intervene before the arrival of the two travelers, and

everything required for their reception was pushed forward with all the energy Mrs. Kinzer could bring to bear. She had promised Ham that his house should be ready for him, and it was likely to be a good deal more "ready" than either he or his wife had dreamed of.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE of the most troublesome of the annoyances which come to dwellers in the country, within easy reach of the great city, is the kind of patrolling beggar called the "tramp." He is of all sorts and sizes, and he goes everywhere, asking for anything he wants, very much as if it belonged to him, so long as he can ask it of a woman or a sickly-looking man.

There had been very few of these gentry seen in that vicinity that summer, for a wonder, and those who had made their appearance had been reasonably well behaved. Probably because there had been so many healthy-looking men around, as a general thing. But it came to pass, on the very day when Ham and Miranda were expected to arrive, by the last of the evening trains, as Dab Kinzer was coming back from the landing, where he had been for a look at the "Swallow," to be sure she was all right for her owner's eyes, that a very disreputable specimen of a worthless man stopped at Mrs. Kinzer's to beg something to eat, and then sauntered away down the road.

It was a little past the middle of the afternoon, and even so mean-looking, dirty a tramp as that had a perfect right to be walking along then and there. The sunshine and the fresh salt air from the bay were as much his as anybody's, and so was the water in the bay, and no one in all that region of country stood more in need of water than he.

The vagabond took his right to the road, as he had taken his other right to beg his dinner, until, half-way down to the landing, he was met by an opportunity to do more begging.

"Give a poor feller suthin," he impudently drawled, as he stared straight into the sweet, fresh face of Annie Foster. Annie had been out for only a short walk, but she happened to have her pocket-book with her, and she thoughtlessly drew it out, meaning to give the scamp a trifle, if only to get rid of him.

"Only a dime, Miss," whined the tramp, as he shut his dirty hand over Annie's gift. "Come, now, make it a dollar, my beauty. I'll call it all square for a dollar."

The whine grew louder as he spoke, and the wheedling grin upon his disgusting face changed into an expression so menacing that Annie drew back with a shudder, and was about to return her little portemonnaie to her pocket.

"No you don't, honey!"

The words were uttered in a hoarse and husky voice, and were accompanied by a sudden grip of poor Annie's arm with one hand, while with the other he snatched greedily at the morocco case.

Did she scream? How could she help it? Or what else could she have done under the circumstances? She screamed vigorously, whether she would or no, and at the same moment dropped her pocket-book in the grass beside the path, so that it momentarily escaped the vagabond's clutches.

"Shut up, will you!" and other angry and evil words, accompanied with more than one vicious threat, followed thick and fast, as Annie struggled to free herself, while her assailant peered hungrily around after the missing prize.

It is not at all likely he would have attempted anything so bold as that in broad daylight if he had not been drinking too freely, and the very evil "spirit" which had prompted him to his rascality unfitted him for its immediate consequences. These latter, in the shape of Dab Kinzer and the lower "joint" of a stout fishing-rod, had been bounding along up the road from the landing at a tremendous rate for nearly half a minute.

A boy of fifteen assailing a full-grown ruffian?

Why not? Age hardly counts in such a matter, and then it is not every boy of even his "growth" that could have brought muscles like those of Dab Kinzer to the swing he gave that four feet length of seasoned ironwood.

Annie saw him coming, but her assailant did not until it was too late for anything but to turn and receive that first hit in front instead of behind. It would have knocked over almost anybody, and the tramp measured his length on the ground, while Dabney plied the rod on him with all the energy he was master of.

"Oh, don't, Dabney, don't; you'll kill him!" pleaded Annie.

"I would n't want to do that," said Dabney, but he added, to the tramp: "Now you 'd better get up and run for it. If you are caught around here again it 'll be the worse for you."

The vagabond staggered to his feet, looking savagely enough at Dab, but the latter seemed so very ready to put in another hit with that terrible cudgel, and the whole situation was so unpleasantly suggestive of further difficulty, that the youngster's advice was taken without a word.

"Here it is. I 've found my pocket-book," said Annie, as her enemy made the best of his way off.

"He did not hurt you?"

"No, he only scared me, except that I s'pose my arm will be black and blue where he caught it. Thank you ever so much, Dabney! You 're a brave boy. Why, he 's almost twice your size."

"Yes, but the butt end of my rod is twice as hard as his head," replied Dabney. "I was almost afraid to strike him with it, because I might have broken his skull."

"You did n't even break your rod."

"No, and now I must run back for the other pieces and the tip. I dropped them in the road."

"Please, Dabney, see me home first," said Annie. "I know it 's foolish and there is n't a bit of danger, but I must confess to being rather frightened."

Dab Kinzer was a little the proudest boy on Long Island, as he marched along in compliance with her request. He went no further than the gate, to be sure, and then returned for the rest of his rod, but, before he got home, Keziah hurried back from a call on Mrs. Foster, bringing a tremendous account of Dab's heroism, and then his own pride was a mere drop in the bucket compared to that of his mother.

"Dabney is growing wonderfully," she remarked to Samantha. "He 'll be a man before any of us know it."

If Dabney had been a man, however, or if Ham Morris or Mr. Foster had been at home, the matter would not have been permitted to drop there. That tramp ought to have been followed, arrested and shut up where his vicious propensities could have been restrained for a while. As it was, after hurrying on for a short distance and making sure that he was not pursued, he sprang over the fence and sneaked into the nearest clump of bushes. From this safe covert he watched Dab Kinzer's return after the lighter joints of his rod, and then even dared to crouch along the fence until he saw which house his young conqueror went into.

"That 's where he lives, is it?" exclaimed the tramp, with a scowl of the most ferocious vengeance. "Well, they 'll have fun before bed-time, or I 'll know the reason why."

The bushes were a good enough hiding-place for the time, and he went back to them with the air and manner of a man whose mind is made up to something.

Ford Foster and Frank Harley were absent in the city that day, with Mr. Foster, attending to some affairs of Frank's, and when the three came home and learned what had happened, they were all on the point of rushing over to the Morris house to thank Dab, but Mrs. Foster interposed.

"I don't think I would. To-morrow will do as well, and you know they 're expecting Mr. and Mrs. Morris this evening."

It was harder for the boys than for Mr. Foster, that waiting, and they lingered near the north fence two hours later, even though they knew that the whole Kinzer family were down at the railway station waiting for Ham and Miranda.

There was a good deal of patience to be exercised, for that train was behind time, and the darkness of a moonless and somewhat cloudy night had settled over the village and the outlying farms long before the engine puffed its way in front of the station platform. Just at that moment, Ford Foster exclaimed, "What 's that smell?"

"It 's like burning hay," replied Frank.

"Where can it come from, I 'd like to know? We have n't had a light out at our barn."

"Light?" exclaimed Frank. "Just look yonder!"

"Why, it 's that old barn away beyond the Morris and Kinzer house. Somebody must have set it on fire. Hullo! I thought I saw a man running. Come on, Frank."

There was indeed a man running just then, but they did not see him, for he was already very nearly across the field, hidden by the darkness. He had known how to light a fire that would smolder long enough for him to get away. There had been no sort of lingering at the railway station, for Ham and Miranda were as anxious to get at the "surprise" they were told was waiting for them as their friends were to have them come to it. Before they were half-way home, however, the growing light ahead of them attracted their attention, and then they began to hear the vigorous shouts of "Fire" from the throats of the two boys, now re-enforced by Mr. Foster himself. Dabney was driving the ponies, and they had to go pretty fast for the rest of that short run.

"Surprise!" exclaimed Ham. "I should say it was. Did you light it before you started, Dabney?"

"Don't joke, Hamilton," remarked Mrs. Kinzer. "It may be a very serious affair for all of us. But I can't understand how that barn could have caught fire."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Morris farm, as has been said, was a pretty large one, and the same tendency on the part of the owners which had made them set up so very extensive and barn-like a house, had led them, from time to time, to provide the most liberal sort of storage for their crops. The first barn they had ever built, which was now the oldest and the furthest from the stables and the residence, was a pretty large one. It was now in a somewhat dilapidated condition, to be sure, and bowed a little northerly by the weight of years which rested on it, but it had still some hope of future usefulness, if it had not been for that tramp and his box of matches.

"There is n't a bit of use in trying to save it," exclaimed Ham, as they were whirled in through the wide gate. "It 's gone."

"But," said Mrs. Kinzer, "we can save the other

barns, perhaps. Look at the cinders on the long stable. If we could only keep them off somehow."

"We can do it, Ham!" exclaimed Dab, very earnestly. "Mother, will you send me out a broom and a rope, while Ham and I set up the ladder?"

"You 're the boy for me," said Ham. "I guess I know what you 're up to."

The ladder was one the house painters had been using, and was a pretty heavy one, but it was quickly set up against the largest and most valuable of the barns, and the one, too, which was nearest and most exposed to the burning building and its flying cinders. The rope was on hand, and the broom, by the time the ladder was in position.

"Ford," said Dab, "you and Frank help the girls bring water till the men from the village get here. There's plenty of pails. Now, Ham, I 'm ready."

Up they went, and were quickly astride the ridge of the roof. It would have been perilous work for any man to have ventured further unassisted, but Dab tied one end of the rope firmly around his waist, Ham Morris tied himself to the other, and then Dab could slip down the steep roof in any direction without fear of falling.

But the broom? As useful as a small engine. The flying cinders, burning hay or wood, as they alighted on the sun-dried shingles of the roof, needed to be swept off as rapidly as they fell. Here and there the flames had so good a start that the broom alone would have been insufficient, and there the fast-arriving pails of water came into capital play. They had to be used economically, of course, but they did the work as effectually as if they had been the streams of a steam fire-engine. Hard work for Ham and Dab, and now and then the strength and weight and agility of the former were put to pretty severe tests, as Dab danced around under the scorching heat or slipped flat upon the sloping roof.

There were scores and scores of people from the village, now, arriving every moment, and Mrs. Kinzer had all she could do to keep them from "rescuing" every atom of her furniture from the house and piling it up in the road.

"Wait," she said, quietly. "If Ham and Dab save the long barn, the fire wont spread any further. The old barn wont be any loss to speak of, anyhow."

Fiercely as the dry old barn burned, it used itself up all the quicker on that account, and it was less than thirty minutes from the time Ham and Dabney got at work before roof and rafters fell in and the worst of the danger was over. The men and boys from the village were eager enough to do any thing that now remained to be done, but a large share of this was confined to standing around and watching the "bonfire" burn down to a harmless heap of badly smelling ashes. As soon, however, as they were no more wanted on the roof, the two volunteer "firemen" came down, and Ham Morris's first word on reaching the ground was:

"Dab, my boy, how you 've grown!"

Not a tenth of an inch, in mere stature, and yet Ham was correct about it. There was plenty of light, just then, moon or no moon, and Ham's eyes were very busy for a minute. He noted the improvements in the fences, sheds, barns, the blinds on the house, the paint, a host of small things that had changed for the better, and then he simply said: "Come on, Dab," and led the way into the house. Her mother and sisters had already given Miranda a hurried look at what they had done, but Ham was not the man to do anything in haste. Deliberately and silently he walked from room to room and from cellar to garret, hardly seeming to hear the frequent comments of his enthusiastic young wife. That he did hear, however, was manifest, for at last he asked:

"Dab, I 've seen all the other rooms, where 's yours?"

"I 'm going to let you and Miranda have my room," said Dab. "I don't think I shall board here long."

"I don't think you will, either," said Ham, emphatically. "You 're going away to boarding-school. Miranda, is there any reason why Dabney can't have the south-west room, upstairs, with the bay-window?"

That room had been Samantha's choice, and she looked at Dab reproachfully, but Miranda replied:

"No, indeed; not if you wish him to have it."

"Now, Ham," said Dabney, "I 'm not big enough to fit that room. Give me one nearer my size. That 's a little loose for even Sam, and she can 't take any tucks in it."

Samantha's look changed to one of gratitude, and she did not notice the detested nickname.

"Well, then," said Ham, "we 'll see about it. You can sleep in the spare chamber to-night. Mother Kinzer, I could n't say enough about this house business if I talked all night. It must have cost you a deal of money. I could n't have dared to ask it. I guess you 'd better kiss me again."

Curious thing it was that came next. One that nobody could have reckoned on. Mrs. Kinzer—good soul—had set her heart on having Ham's house and Miranda's "ready for them" on their return, and now Ham seemed to be so pleased about it she actually began to cry. She said, too: "I 'm so sorry about the barn!" But Ham only laughed in his quiet way as he kissed his portly mother-in-law, and said:

"Come, mother Kinzer, you did n't set it afire.

Can't Miranda and I have some supper? Dab must be hungry, after all that roof-sweeping."

There had been a sharp strain on the nerves of all of them that day and evening, and they were glad enough to gather around the tea-table, while what was left of the old barn smoldered away, with the village boys on guard. Once or twice Ham or Dab went out to make sure all was right, but there was no danger, unless a high wind should come.

By this time the whole village was aware of Dabney's adventure with the tramp, and it was well for that individual that he had walked fast and far before suspicion settled on him, for men went out to seek for him on foot and on horseback.

"He 's a splendid fellow, anyway."

Odd, was it not, but Annie Foster and Jenny Walters were half a mile apart when they both said that very thing, just before the clock in the village church hammered out the news that it was ten and bed-time. They were not speaking of the tramp.

It was long after that, however, before the lights were out in all the rooms of the Morris mansion.

Chapter XVII.

Sleep?

One of the most excellent things in all the world, and very few people get too much of it nowadays.

As for Dabney Kinzer, he had done his sleeping as regularly and faithfully as even his eating, up to that very night after Ham Morris came home to find the big barn afire. There had been a few, a very few exceptions. There were the nights when he was expecting to go duck-shooting before daylight, and waked up at midnight with a strong conviction that he was already too late about starting. There were perhaps a dozen or so of "eeling" expeditions which had kept him out late enough for a full basket and a proper scolding. There, too, was the night when he had stood so steadily by the tiller of the "Swallow," while she danced through the dark across the rough waves of the Atlantic.

But on the whole, Dab Kinzer had been a good sleeper all his life till then. Once in bed, and there had been an end of all wakefulness.

On that particular night, for the first time, sleep refused to come, late as was the hour when the family circle broke up. It could not have been the excitement of Ham's and Miranda's return. He 'd have gotten over that by this time. No more could it have been the fire, though the smell of the smoldering hay came in pretty strongly, at times, through the wide-open windows. If any one patch of that great roomy bed was better made up for sleeping than the rest of it, Dab would surely have found the spot, for he tumbled and rolled all over it in his restlessness. Some fields on a farm will "grow" better wheat than others, but no part of the bed seemed to grow any sleep. At last Dab got wearily up and took a chair by the window. The night was dark, but the stars were shining, and every now and then the wind would make a shovel of itself and toss up the hot ashes the fire had left, sending a dull red glare around on the house and barns for a moment, and flooding all the neighborhood with a stronger smell of burnt hay.

"If you 're going to burn hay," soliloquized Dab, "it wont do to take a barn for a stove. Not that kind of a barn. But what did Ham Morris mean by saying I was to go to boarding-school? That 's what I 'd like to know."

The secret was out.

He had kept remarkably still, for him, all the evening, and had not asked a question; but if his brains were ever to work over his books as they had over Ham's remark, his future chances for sound sleep were all gone. It had come upon him so suddenly, the very thing he had been wishing for during all those walks and talks and lessons of all sorts with Ford Foster and Frank Harley ever since the cruise of the "Swallow."

It was a wonderful idea, and Dab had his doubts as to the way his mother would take to it when it should be brought seriously before her. Little he guessed the truth. Ham's remark had found other ears as well as Dabney's, and there were reasons, therefore, why good Mrs. Kinzer was sitting by the window of her own room, at that very moment, as little inclined to sleep as was the boy she was thinking of. So proud of him, too, she was, and so full of bright, motherly thoughts of the man he would make "one of these days, when he gets his growth."

There must have been a good deal of sympathy between Dab and his mother, for, by and by, just as she began to feel drowsy and muttered, "Well, well, we 'll have a talk about it to-morrow," Dab found himself nodding against the window-frame, and slowly rose from his chair, remarking:

"Guess I might as well finish that dream in bed. If I 'd tumbled out o' the window I 'd have lit among Mirandy's rose-bushes. They 've got their thorns all on at this time o' night."

It was necessary for them both to sleep hard after that, for more than half the night was gone and they were to be up early. So indeed they were; but what surprised Mrs. Kinzer when she went into the kitchen was to find Miranda there before her.

"You here, my dear? That 's right. I 'll take a look at the milk-room. Where 's Ham?"

"Out among the stock. Dab 's just gone to him."

Curious things people will do at times. Miranda had put down the coffee-pot on the range. There was not a single one of the farm "help" around, male or female, and there stood the blooming

young bride, with her back toward her mother, and staring out through the open door. And then Mrs. Kinzer slipped forward and put her arms around her daughter's neck.

Well, it was very early in the morning for those two women to stand there and cry; but it seemed to do them good, and Miranda remarked, at last, as she kissed Mrs. Kinzer: "O mother, it is all so good and beautiful, and I 'm so happy."

And then they both laughed in a subdued and quiet way, and Miranda picked up the coffee-pot while her mother walked away into the milk-room.

Such cream as there seemed to be on all the pans that morning!

As for Ham Morris, his first visit, on leaving the house, had been to the ashes of the old barn, as a matter of course.

"Not much of a loss," he said to himself; "but it might have been but for Dab. There 's the making of a man in him. Wonder if he 'd get enough to eat if we sent him up yonder. On the whole, I think he would. If he did n't, I don't believe it would be his fault. He 's got to go, and his mother 'll agree, I know. Talk about mothers-in-law. If one of 'em 's worth as much as she is, I 'd like to have a dozen. Don't know, though. I 'm afraid the rest would have to take back seats while Mrs. Kinzer was in the house."

Very likely Ham was right; but just then he heard the voice of Dab Kinzer behind him.

"I say, Ham, when you 've looked at the other things I want to show you the 'Swallow.' I have n't hurt her a bit, and her new grapnel 's worth three of the old one."

"All right, Dab. I think I 'd like a sniff of the water. Come on. There 's nothing else like that smell of the shore with the tide half out."

No more there is, and there have been sea-shore men, many of them, who had wandered away into the interior of the country, hundreds and hundreds of long miles, and settled there, and even got rich and old there, and yet who have come all the way back again just to get another smell of the salt marshes and the sea breeze and the outgoing tide.

Ham actually took a little boat and went on board the "Swallow" when they reached the landing, and Dab kept close by him.

"She 's all right, Ham. But what are you casting loose for?"

"Dab, they wont all be ready for breakfast in two hours. The stock and things can go. The men 'll 'tend to 'em. Just haul on that sheet a bit. Now the jib. Look out for the boom. There. The wind 's a little ahead, but it is n't bad. Ah!"

The last word came out in a great sigh of relief, and was followed by a chuckle which seemed to gurgle up all the way from Ham's boots.

"This is better than railroading," he said to Dabney, as they tacked into the long stretch where the inlet widened toward the bay. "No pounding or jarring here. Talk of your fashionable watering-places! Why, Dab, there aint anything else in the world prettier than that reach of water and the sand island with the ocean beyond it. There 's some ducks and some gulls. Why, Dab, do you see that? There 's a porpoise inside the bar."

It was as clear as daylight that Ham Morris felt himself "at home" again, and that his brief experience of the outside world had by no means lessened his affection for the place he was born in. If the entire truth could have been known, it would have been found that he felt his heart warm toward the whole coast and all its inhabitants, including the clams. And yet it was remarkable how many of the latter were mere empty shells when Ham finished his breakfast that morning. He preferred them roasted, and his mother-in-law had not forgotten that trait in his character.

Once or twice in the course of the sail Dabney found himself on the point of saying something about boarding-schools, but each time his friend suddenly broke away to discuss other topics, such as blue-fish, porpoises, crabs, or the sailing qualities of the "Swallow," and Dab dimly felt it would be better to wait till another time. So he waited.

And then, as they sailed up the inlet, very happy and very hungry, he suddenly exclaimed: "Ham, do you see that? How could they have guessed where we had gone? There 's the whole tribe, and the boys are with 'em, and Annie."

"What boys and Annie?"

"Oh, Ford Foster and Frank Harley. Annie is Ford's sister."

"What 's become of Jenny?"

"You mean my boat? Why, there she is, hitched a little out, there by the landing."

And Dabney did not seem to guess the meaning of Ham's queer, quizzical smile.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE was a sort of council at the breakfast table of the Foster family that morning, and Ford and Annie found themselves "voted down."

"Annie, my dear," said Mrs. Foster, in a gentle but decided way, "I 'm sure your aunt Maria, if not your uncle, must feel hurt about your coming away so suddenly. If we invite Joe and Foster to visit us, it will make it all right."

"Yes!" sharply exclaimed Mr. Foster. "We must have them come. They 'll behave themselves here. I 'll write to their father; you write to Maria."

"They 're her own boys, you know," added Mrs. Foster, soothingly.

"Well, mother," said Annie, "if it must be. But I 'm sure they 'll make us all very uncomfortable."

"I can stand 'em for a week or so," said Ford, with the air of a man who can do or bear more than most people. "I 'll get Dab Kinzer to help me entertain them."

"Excellent," said Mr. Foster, "and I hope they will be civil to him."

"To Dabney?" asked Annie.

"Fuz and Joe civil to Dab Kinzer?" exclaimed Ford.

"Certainly, I hope so."

"Father," said Ford, "may I say just what I was thinking?"

"Speak it right out."

"Well, I was thinking what a good time Fuz and Joe would be likely to have trying to get ahead of Dab Kinzer."

Annie looked at her brother and nodded, and there was a bit of a twinkle in the eyes of the lawyer himself, but he only remarked:

"Well, you must be neighborly. I don't believe the Hart boys know much about the sea-shore."

"Dab and Frank and I will try and educate them."

Annie thought of the ink and her box of ruined cuffs and collars while her brother was speaking. Could it be that Ford meant a good deal more than he was saying? At all events she fully agreed with him on the Dab Kinzer question. That was one council, and it was of peace or war according as events and the Hart boys themselves should determine.

At the same hour, however, matters of even greater importance were coming to a decision around the well-filled breakfast-table in the Morris mansion. Ham had given a pretty full account of his visit to Grantley, including his dinner at Mrs. Myers', and all he had learned of the academy.

"It seems like spending a great deal of money," began Mrs. Kinzer, when Ham at last paused for breath, but he caught her up at once with, "I know you 've been paying out a great deal, Mother Kinzer, but Dab must go if I pay——"

"You pay, indeed, for my boy! I 'd like to see myself. Now I 've found out what he is, I mean he shall have every advantage, if this Grantley 's the right place."

"Mother," exclaimed Samantha, "it 's the very place Mr. Foster is to send Ford to, and Frank Harley."

"Exactly," said Ham. "Mr. Hart spoke of a Mr. Foster,—his brother-in-law,—a lawyer."

"Why," said Keziah, "he 's living in our old house now! Ford Foster is Dab's greatest crony."

"Yes, I heard about it last night, but I had n't put the two together," said Ham. "Do you really mean Dab is to go?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Kinzer.

"Well, if that is n't doing it easy. Do you know it 's about the nicest thing since I got here?"

"Except the barn afire," said Dabney, unable to keep still any longer. "Mother, may I stand on my head a while?"

"You 'll need all the head you 've got," said Ham. "You wont have much time to get ready."

"Books enough after he gets there," exclaimed Mrs. Kinzer. "I 'll risk Dabney."

"And they 'll make him give up all his slang," added Samantha.

"Yes, Sam, when I come back I 'll talk nothing but Greek and Latin. I 'm getting French now from Ford, and Hindoo from Frank Harley. Then I know English and slang and Long Islandish. Think of one man with seven first-rate languages."

But Dabney found himself unable to sit still, even at the breakfast-table. Not that he got up hungry, for he had done his duty by Miranda's cookery, but the house itself seemed too small to hold him, with all his new prospects swelling so within him. Perhaps, too, the rest of the family felt better able to discuss the important subject before them after Dab had taken himself into the open air.

"It beats dreaming all hollow," said the latter to himself, as he stood, with his hands in his pockets, half-way down toward the gate between the two farms. "Now I 'll see what can be done about that other matter."

Two plans in one head, and so young a head as that? Yes, and it spoke very well for Dab's heart, as well as his brains, that plan number two was not a selfish one. The substance of it came out in the first five minutes of the talk he had with Ford and Frank, on the other side of the gate.

"Ford, you know there 's twenty dollars left of the money the Frenchman paid us for the blue-fish."

"Well, what of it? Is n't it yours?"

"One share 's mine; the rest yours and Dick's."

"He needs it more 'n I do."

"Ford, did you know Dick was real bright?"

"'Cute little chap as I ever saw. Why?"

"Well, he ought to go to school."

"Why don't he go?"

"He does, except in summer. He might go to the academy if they 'd take him and he had money enough."

"What academy?"

"Why, Grantley, of course. I 'm going, and so are you and Frank. Why should n't Dick go?"

"You 're going? Hurrah for that! Why did n't you say so before?"

"Was n't sure till this morning. You fellows 'll be a long way ahead of me, but I mean to catch up."

For a few minutes poor Dick was lost sight of in a storm of talk, but Dab came back to him with:

"Dick's folks are dreadful poor, but we might raise it. Twenty dollars to begin with ——"

"I've ten dollars laid up, and I know mother 'll say pass it right in," exclaimed Ford.

It was hardly likely Mrs. Foster would express her assent precisely in that way, but Frank added:

"I think I can promise five."

"I mean to speak to Ham Morris and mother about it," said Dab. "All I wanted was to fix it about the twenty to start on."

"Frank," shouted Ford, "let's go right in and see our crowd."

Ford was evidently excited, and it was hardly five minutes later when he wound up his story with:

"Father, may I contribute my ten dollars to the Richard Lee Education Fund?"

"Of course, but he will need a good deal more than you boys can raise."

"Why, father, the advertisement says half a year for a hundred and fifty. He can board for less than we can. Perhaps Mrs. Myers would let him work out a part of it."

"I can spare as much as Ford can," said Annie.

"Do you leave me out entirely?" asked her mother, with a smile that was even sweeter than usual. As for sharp-eyed lawyer Foster, he had been hemming and coughing in an odd sort of way for a moment, and he had said, "I declare," several times, but he now remarked, somewhat more to the purpose: "I don't believe in giving any man a better education than he will ever know what to do with, but then, this Dick Lee, and you boys,—well, see what you can do, but no one must be allowed to contribute outside of the Foster and Kinzer families and Frank. As for the rest, hem,—ah, I think I 'll say there wont be any difficulty."

"You, father?"

"Why not, Annie? Do you s'pose I'm going to be beaten by a mere country boy like Dab Kinzer?"

"Father," said Ford, "if you 'd seen how Dick behaved, that night, out there on the ocean, in the 'Swallow!'"

"Just as well, just as well, my son!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Ford, "then it's all right, and Dick Lee 'll have a fair shake in the world."

"A what, my son?" exclaimed his mother.

"I did n't mean to talk slang, mother, I only meant,—well, you know how dreadfully black he is, but then he can steer a boat tip-top, and he 's splendid for crabs and blue-fish, and Dab says he 's a good scholar, too."

"Dab 's a very good boy," said Mrs. Foster, "but your friend Dick will need an outfit, I imagine. Clothes and almost everything. I must see Mrs. Kinzer about it."

Meantime Dick Lee's part in the matter had been taken for granted all around. An hour later, however, Mrs. Kinzer's first reply to her son, after a calculation on his part which made it almost seem as if Dick would make money by going to Grantley, was: "What if Mrs. Lee says she can't spare him?"

Dab's countenance fell. He knew Mrs. Lee, but he had not thought so far as that.

"Well, Dabney, if we can make the other arrangements, I 'll see her about it."

Ham Morris had been exchanging remarkable winks with Miranda and Samantha, and now gravely suggested: "May be the academy authorities will refuse to take him."

"They had a blacker boy than he is there last year, Ford says."

"Now, Dab," exclaimed Ham.

"Well, I know he 's pretty black, but it don't come off."

"Mother," said Samantha, "Mrs. Foster and Annie are coming through the gate."

Dab just waited long enough, after that, to learn the news concerning the "Richard Lee Education Fund," and Mr. Foster's offer, and then he was off toward the shore. He knew very well in which direction to go, for, half-way to the landing, he met Dick coming up the road with a basket of eels on his arm.

"Dick, I 'm going to boarding-school, at an academy."

"'Cad'my? Whar?"

"Up in New England. They call it Grantley Academy. Where Ford and Frank are going."

"Dat spiles it all," exclaimed Dick, ruefully. "Now I 's got to fish wid fellers 'at don't know nuffin."

"No you wont. You 're going with us. It 's all fixed, money and all."

Dick would never have thought of questioning a statement made by "Captain Kinzer," but the rueful expression deepened on his face, the basket of eels dropped heavily on the grass, the tough, black fingers twisted nervously together for a moment, and then he sat mournfully down beside the basket.

"It aint no use, Dab."

"No use? Why not?"

"I aint a w'ite boy."

"What of it? Don't you learn well enough over at the school?"

"More dar like me. Wot 'd I do in a place whar all de res' was w'ite?"

"Well as anybody."

"Wot 'll my mudder say, w'en she gits de news? You is n't a jokin', is you, Dab Kinzer?"

"Joking? I guess not."

"You 's lit on me powerful sudden, 'bout dis.

Yonder 's Ford an' Frank a-comin'. Don't tell 'em, not jist yet."

"They know all about it. They helped raise the money."

"Did dey? Well, 'taint no use. All I 's good for is eels and crabs and clams and sech. Har dey come. Oh, my!"

But Ford and Frank brought a fresh gust of enthusiasm with them, and they had Dick and his



"I HAS N'T SAID HE MIGHT GO."

eels up from the grass in short order. "We must see Mrs. Lee right away," said Ford. "It would never do to let Dick tell her."

"Guess dat 's so," said Dick.

Quite an embassy they made, those four boys, with Dab Kinzer for spokesman, and Dick half crouching behind him. Mrs. Lee listened with open mouth while Dab unfolded his plan, but when he had finished she shut her lips firmly together. They were not very thin and not at all used to being shut, and in another instant they opened again.

"Sho! De boy! Is dat you, Dick? Dat 's wot comes of dressin' on him up. How 's he goin' to git clo'es? Wot 's he got to do wid de 'cad'my, anyhow? Wot am I to do, yer, all alone, arter he 's gone, I 'd like to know? Who 's goin' to run err'nds an' do de choahs? Wot 's de use ob bringin' up a boy 'n' den hab 'im go trapesin' off to de 'cad'my? Wot good 'll it do 'im?"

"I tole yer so, Dab," groaned poor Dick. "It aint no use. I 'most wish I was a eel."

Dab was on the point of opening a whole broadside of eloquence when Ford Foster pinched his arm and whispered: "Your mother's coming, and our Annie 's with her."

"Then let 's clear out. She 's worth a ten-acre lot full of us. Come on, boys."

If Mrs. Lee was surprised by their very sudden retreat, she need not have been after she learned the cause of it. She stood in wholesome awe of Mrs. Kinzer, and a "brush" with the portly widow, re-enforced by the sweet face of Annie Foster, was a pretty serious matter. Still, she did not hesitate about beginning the skirmish, for her tongue was already a bit loosened.

"Wot 's dis yer, Mrs. Kinzer, 'bout sendin' away my Dick to a furrin 'cad'my? Is n't he most nigh nuff sp'iled a'ready?"

"Oh, it 's all arranged, nicely. Miss Foster and I only came over to see what we could do about getting his clothes ready. He must have things warm and nice, for the winters are cold up there."

"I has n't said he might go,—Dick, put down dem eels,—an' he has n't said he 'd go,—Dick, take off your hat,—an' his father ——"

"Now, Glorianna," interrupted Mrs. Kinzer, calling Dick's mother by her first name, "I 've known you these forty years, and do you s'pose I 'm going to argue about it? Just tell us what Dick 'll need, and don't let 's have any nonsense. The money 's all provided. How do you know what 'll become of him? He may be governor yet ——"

"He mought preach."

That idea had suddenly dawned upon the perplexed mind of Mrs. Lee, and Dick's fate was settled. She was prouder than ever of her boy, and, truth to tell, her opposition was only what Mrs. Kinzer had considered it, a piece of unaccountable "nonsense," to be brushed away by such a hand as the widow's.

CHAPTER XIX.

THAT was a great day for the boys, but, before the close of it, Ford Foster had told his friends the news that Joe Hart and his brother Fuz had been invited to visit with him.

"Will they come?" asked Dab.

"Certainly. That kind of boy always comes. Nobody wants to keep him from coming."

"When do you look for them?"

"Right away. Vacation 's most gone, you know."

"Wont they be ashamed to meet your sister!"

"Not a bit. They'll try their tricks even after they get here."

"All right. We'll help 'em all we know how. But, boys, I tell you what we must try for."

"What's that?"

"One grand, good sailing party, in the 'Swallow,' before they get here."

"Hurrah for that! Annie was wishing for one only yesterday."

"We'll have all of your folks and all of ours. The 'Swallow''s plenty big enough."

"Mother would n't go and father can't, just now. He's trying a case. But there's Annie and Frank and me ——"

"And my mother and Ham and Miranda and our girls. Ham'll go, sure. Then we must take Dick Lee along. It'd make him sick if we did n't."

"Of course. And aint I glad about him? Could we get ready and go to-morrow?"

"Guess not so quick as that. We might by the day after, if the weather's all right."

Exactly. There is always a large sized "if" to be put in where anything depends on the weather. Mrs. Kinzer took the matter up with enthusiasm, and so did the girls, Miranda included, and Ford Foster was right about his own part of the company.

But the weather!

It looked well enough to unpracticed eyes, but Ham Morris shook his head and went to consult his fishermen friends. Every human barometer among them warned him to wait a day or so.

"Such warm, nice weather," remonstrated Ford Foster, "and there is n't any wind to speak of."

"There's too much of it coming," was Ham's response, and there was no help for it. Not even when the mail brought word from "Aunt Maria" that her two boys would arrive in a day or so.

"Our last chance is gone, Annie," said Ford, when the news came.

"O, mother, what shall we do?"

"Have your sail, just the same, and invite your cousins."

"But the Kinzers ——"

"Why, Annie! Mrs. Kinzer will not think of neglecting them. She's as kind as kind can be."

"And we are to pay her with Joe and Fuz," said Ford. "Well, I wish Ham Morris's storm would come along."

He only had to wait till next day for it, and he was quite contented to be on shore while it lasted. There was no use in laughing at the prophecies of the fishermen after it began to blow. Still, it was not a long one, and Ham Morris remarked: "This is only an outside edge of it. It's a good deal worse at sea. Glad we're not out in it."

Ford Foster thought the worst of it was when the afternoon train came in, and he had to show a pair of tired, moist and altogether unpleasant cousins to the room set apart for them. Just after tea a note came over from Mrs. Kinzer, asking the Hart boys to join the yachting party next morning.

"The storm may not be over," growled Ford.

"Oh," said Annie, "Mrs. Kinzer adds that the weather will surely be fine after such a blow, and the bay will be quite safe and smooth."

"Does she know the clerk of the weather," asked Joe Hart.

"Got one of her own," said Ford.

Fuz Hart laughed but said nothing. Both he and his brother felt a little "strange" as yet, and were almost inclined to try and behave themselves.

When morning came, however, sea and earth and sky seemed to be the better for what they had just been through. The grass and trees were greener and the bay seemed bluer, while the few clouds visible in the sky were very white and clean, as if all the storms had been washed out of them. Not a single thing went wrong in Mrs. Kinzer's management of the "setting out" of the party, and that was half the day now to begin with. Ford had some trouble in getting Joe and Fuz up so very early, but an intimation that "Ham Morris would n't wait five minutes for the Queen of England, or even me," was sufficient to rouse them.

"Joe," whispered Fuz, after they got on board, "are we to be gone a week?"

"Why? What's up?"

"Such piles of provisions as they've stowed away in that kennel!"

The bit of a water-tight cabin under the half-deck, at which Fuz pointed, was pretty well filled, beyond a doubt, but Mrs. Kinzer knew what she was about. She had provided lunch for most of that party before, and the effect of the sea-air was also to be taken into account.

"Dab," said Ford Foster, "you've forgotten to unhitch the 'Jenny.' Here she is, towing astern."

"That's all right. We may need her. She's too heavy to take on board."

A careful fellow was Mr. Hamilton Morris, and he knew very well the value of a row-boat to a picnic party. As for Joe and Fuz they were compelled to overcome a strong inclination to cast the boat loose. Such a joke it would have been, but Ham was in the way as long as he held the tiller.

The "Swallow" was "steady" enough to inspire even Annie Foster with a feeling of confidence, but Ford carefully explained to her the difference between slipping along over the little waves of the land-locked bay, and plunging into the great billows of the stormy Atlantic.

"I prefer this," said Annie.

"But I would n't have missed the other for anything," replied Ford. "Would you, Dick?"

Mr. Richard Lee had taken his full share in the work of starting, and had made himself singularly useful, but if all the rest had not been so busy they would have noticed his silence. Hardly a word had he uttered, that anybody could remember, and, now he was forced to say something, his mouth opened slowly, as if he had never tried to speak before and was not quite sure he knew how:

"No,–Mr.–Foster,–I–would–not–have–missed–that–trip–for–a–good–deal."

Every word by itself, and as different from Dick's ordinary talk as a cut stone is from a rough one. Ham Morris opened his eyes wide, and Ford puckered up his lips in a sort of a whistle, but Annie caught the meaning of it quicker than they did.

"Dick," she said, "are we to fish to-day?"

"May be,–but–that–depends–on–Mr.–Morris."

Every word slowly and carefully uttered, a good deal like a man counts over doubtful money, looking sharp for a counterfeit.

"Look here, Dick!" suddenly exclaimed Dab Kinzer, "I give it up. You can do it. But don't try to keep it up all day. Kill you, sure as anything, if you do."

"Did I say 'em all right, Cap'n Dab?" anxiously inquired Dick, with a happy look on his black, merry face.

"Every word," said Dab. "Well for you they were all short. Keep on practicing."

"I 'll jest do dat, shuah!"

Practicing? Yes, that was it, and Dick himself joined heartily in the peal of laughter with which the success of his first attempt at "white folk's English" was received by the party. Dab explained that as soon as Dick found he was really to go to the academy he determined to teach his tongue new habits, and the whole company heartily approved, even while they joined Dab in advising him not to try too much at a time.

Plenty of talk and fun all around as the "Swallow" skimmed onward, and the long, low outlines of the narrow sand-island were rapidly becoming more distinct.

"Is that a light-house?" asked Annie of Dab.

"Yes, and there 's a wrecking station close by."

"Men there all the while? Are there many wrecks on this coast?"

"Ever so many, and there used to be more of them. It was a bad place to run ashore, in those days. Almost as bad as Jersey."

"Why?"

"Because of the wreckers. The shore 's bad enough, and the bar 's a mean place to escape on, but the wreckers used to make it worse."

And Dab launched out into a slightly exaggerated description of the terrors of the Long Island coast in old times and new, and of the character of the men who were formerly the first to find out if anything or anybody had gone ashore.

"What a prize that French steamer would have been!" said Annie, "the one you took Frank Harley from."

"No, she would n't. Why, she was n't wrecked at all. She only stuck her nose in the sand and lay still till the tugs pulled her off. That is n't a wreck. A wreck is where the ship is knocked to pieces and people are drowned, and all that sort of thing. Then the wreckers have a notion that everything that comes ashore belongs to them. Why, I 've heard even some of our old fishermen—best kind of men, too—talk of how government has robbed 'em of their rights."

"By the new system?"

"By having wrecks prevented, and saving the property for the owners."

"Is n't that strange! Did you say they were good men?"

"Some of 'em. Honest as the day is long about everything else. But they were n't all so. There was old Peter, and he lives on the Island yet. There 's his cabin now. You can just see it in the edge of that great sand-hill."

"What a queer thing it is!"

"Sometimes the storms drift the sand all over it, and old Peter has to dig it out again. He 's snowed under two or three times every winter."

They were now coasting along the island, at no great distance, and, although it was not nearly noon, Dab heard Joe Hart say to his brother:

"Never was so hungry in all my life. Glad they did lay in a good stock of provisions."

"So am I," returned Fuz. "Is n't there any such thing as our getting into the cabin!"

No, there was not, so long as Mrs. Kinzer was the "stewardess" of that expedition, and Joe and Fuz were compelled to wait her motions.

(To be continued.)

THE FOX AND THE TURKEYS; OR, CHARLEY AND THE OLD FOLKS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



[A CUNNING fox perceived some turkeys roosting securely on the bough of a high tree. Unable to climb, he resolved to get at them in another way. Night after night he stationed himself beneath the tree, and there played off all sorts of curious tricks. He jumped, he capered, he turned somersaults, he walked on his hind legs, he pretended to be dead, he raised and expanded his tail until, in the moonlight, it looked like a flame of fire,—in short, he performed every antic conceivable. The turkeys, who, to sleep in safety, had only to turn their backs and forget the fox, were so agitated and excited by his pranks that for whole nights they never closed their eyes; the consequence was that they lost strength, and one by one dropped from the bough and into the jaws of Renard, who soon made an end of them.

Moral.—It is unwise to concern one's self with the tricks and antics of mischievous persons.—*La Fontaine's Fables.*]

IT was midsummer at the old Brush Farm. When I say "midsummer," how many pretty things it means,—woods at their freshest and greenest, meadows sweet with newly cut hay, cinnamon-roses in the hedges and water-lilies in the ponds, bees buzzing in and out of the clove-pinks and larkspurs which edge the beds of cabbages and carrots in the kitchen-garden, a humming-bird at work in the scarlet trumpets of the honeysuckle on the porch,—everywhere the sense of fullness and growth, with no shadow as yet of rankness or decay. August is over-ripe. September's smile is sad, but midsummer is all rosy hope, the crown and blossom of the year.

Charley Brush lay under an apple-tree, face downward, and absorbed in "The Red Rover," a book he had read at least ten times before. Stories about ships and sea-life and freebooters and buccaneers were his favorite reading, and, unfortunately, what with illustrated papers and cheap novels, and so-called "Boys' books," plenty of such tales abound nowadays. I say unfortunately, for beside teaching him nothing, these books made Charley utterly dissatisfied with his life at home. Hoeing vegetables, chopping wood, and going to the district school, seemed dull work indeed to a boy who was longing to stand sword in hand on a blood-stained deck, in a gory uniform trimmed with skulls and cross-bones, and order his enemies to be thrown one by one into the sea. "The shark awaits your car-casses!" spouted the imaginary desperado with a vicious snap of his teeth; and when Aunt Greg interrupted by asking him to bring in an armful of kindling, he glared at her like the Red Rover himself. Poor Aunt Greg! how little she guessed what was passing in his mind!

"You look real pale to-day," she said. "I was afraid all that mince-pie for supper would be bad

for you. Here, Charley, I 'll mix you some ginger-and-water. That 'll settle you, and make all right again."

"Mis-cre-ant!" was what Charley yearned to say, but instead he muttered, gruffly, "I aint sick, and I don't want no ginger." Very bad grammar, as you perceive; but grammar seemed such an unnecessary accomplishment for a would-be buccaneer, that Charley never could be induced to pay the least attention to it.

That afternoon, under the apple-tree, he made up his mind. A pirate he must and he would be, by fair means or by foul. He was cunning enough to know that the very word "pirate" would frighten his grandmother into fits, so he only asked her leave to go to sea. Going to sea was, to his mind, a necessary first step toward the noble profession he desired to enter.

"I want to so bad," he whined. "Please say I may."

Grandmother began to cry. Aunt Hitty was sure he must be out of his mind, and ran for the Epsom salts. Aunt Greg quoted, "There 's no place like home," and told a story about a boy she once heard of who ran away to sea and never came back, "foundered or drowndered," she could n't remember which. Aunt Prue seized his shoulders and gave him a sound shake. This was what came of idling over story-books all day long, she said,—he could just shut up and go and give the pig its supper, and not let her hear any more trash like that—making them all feel so bad about nothing.

Charley twisted his shoulder out of her grasp with a scowl, but he took the pail and went out to the pen. All the time that piggy ate, he was considering what to do. "I 'll tease 'em," he decided, "and tease and tease, and then they 'il let me go."

So he did tease, and plead and expostulate, but it was all in vain. Grandmother and the aunts could not be reached by any of his entreaties, and at the end of a week he seemed as far from his desire as ever.

You will wonder, perhaps, that Charley did not run away, as so many boys do in books, and a few out of them. Somehow he never thought of that. He was not a hardy, adventurous fellow at all. His desire to go to sea was a fancy born of foolish reading, and he wanted to have his going made easy for him.

"I must set to work in another way," he thought at last. "Asking of 'em aint no use. I must make 'em want to have me go." Then he fell to thinking how this could be done.

"Aunt Hitty would n't hold out long if the others did n't," he thought. "I could coax her into it as easy as fun. She 'll do anything if I kiss and pet her a bit. Then there 's Aunt Greg,—she thinks so much of poetry and such stuff. I 'll hunt up the pieces in the 'Reader' about 'The sea, the sea, the deep blue sea,' and all that, and learn 'em and say 'em to her, and I 'll tell her about coral groves and palm-trees, and make her think it 's the jimmiest thing going to sail off and visit 'em. Grandmother 's always bothering about my being sick, and afraid of this and afraid of that; so I 'll just *be* sick—so sick that nothing but a viyage 'll cure me! As for Aunt Prue, 't aint no use trying to impose on *her*. I guess I 'll have to be real hateful and troublesome to Aunt Prue. I 'll tease pussy and slop on the pantry shelves, and track up the floor every time she mops it, and leave the dipper in the sink, and all the other things she don't like, and by and by she 'll be just glad to see the last of me! Hi!—that 'll fetch 'em all!" He ended his reflections with a chuckle. Charley was n't really a bad boy,—not bad through and through, that is,—but he had a cunning, tricky side to his nature which made him like to play on the weaknesses of his grandmother and aunts. A sharp boy may prove more than a match for four unsuspecting old women; and though in this case they were in the right and he in the wrong, none the less was he likely to succeed in his crafty plans.

He waited a few days to let opposition subside, and then began his tricks. Charley's first victim was Aunt Hitty. She was a gentle, weak-minded person, easy to persuade, and when Charley put his head into her lap and called her coaxing names, and was sure she was too kind to disappoint him in the thing he was set upon, her heart softened, and she began to think that they all had been hard and unkind. "The dear boy wants to go awful bad," she told Aunt Greg, and to her surprise Aunt Greg did not fly out and scold as she had expected, but answered, with a sigh, "I suppose sailing on the ocean *is* beautiful!" Aunt Greg had never seen the ocean in her life, but she was naturally romantic; and Charley, who had been hard at work at the "Reader," had crammed her with all sorts of poetical quotations and fancies concerning it. Flying fish, coral islands, pole stars, dolphins, gallant mariners, wet sheets and flowing seas, figured largely in these extracts, but there was no mention whatever of storms, sharks, drowning, hard work, or anything disagreeable. Aunt Greg could not see the charm of "wet sheets," but all the rest sounded delightful; and gradually a picture formed itself in her mind of a sea which was always blue and always smooth, and of Charley standing on the deck of a ship repeating poetry to himself in the moonlight; and her opposition grew feebler and feebler.

"Charley 's got a lot of ideas in his head," she said one day when she and her sisters were slicing

apples for drying. "He aint no common boy, Charley aint. He 'll make a mark yet—see if he don't."

"Dear little fellow!" sighed Aunt Hitty. "*So* lovin' and affectionate! He used to be a little worrisome in his ways at times, but he 's got all over that!"

"Oh, has he?" snapped Aunt Prue. "I 'd like to know when? He 's been more of a plague the last six weeks than ever in his life before. When he upset that milk last night I could have cuffed him. It 's the third time since Wednesday. Mark, indeed! The only mark he 'll ever make is a dirt-mark on clean floors. The kitchen looks like Sancho at this moment. I 've washed it up twice as often as ordinary, but as sure as I get it clean, in he comes stamping about with his muddy boots and tracks it from end to end. I believe he does it a-purpose."

"O, Prue!" began Aunt Hitty, in a pleading tone, while Aunt Greg broke in, indignantly:

"A-purpose! Well! Charley's mind is on other things, I can tell you, and it 's no wonder he sometimes forgets to wipe his feet."

"Other things! Getting off to sea, I suppose you mean?" remarked Aunt Prue, grimly. "He 's pulled the wool over your eyes and Hitty's finely, I declare. As for me, if he 's goin' on to behave as he has done for a spell back, the sooner he quits the better. I wash *my* hands of him," and Aunt Prue flounced into the buttery just as Grandmother came in at the other door.

"Charley is it you was talking about?" she asked. "Did you hear him coughin' last night? I did, and I could n't sleep a wink for worrying about it. A real deep cough it was. Do you suppose it the lungs, and what 's good for him to take?"

"He 's well enough except for mischief," put in Aunt Prue through the buttery door.

"Prue never thinks anything ails anybody," said Mrs. Brush, sinking her voice to a whisper. "I 'm really consarned about Charley. He don't eat hardly anything at dinner. That aint a bit natural for a growin' boy. And he says he lies awake a great deal of nights. He thinks it 's the air about here makes him feel bad, but I don't know if he 's right about it. I wish we 'd a doctor here to say if going off to sea—or somewhere—would be the best thing for him. I 'm clean confused as to what we 'd best do about it, but I 'm real uneasy in my mind."

Charley, coming in just then, chuckled to himself as he heard her.

So things went on, and by October Charley had his wish. It was settled that he should go to sea. Aunt Greg drove over to Wachuset Center and consulted with old Mr. Greg, her father-in-law, who was the wise man of the neighborhood.

"Let him go—let him go," was Mr. Greg's advice. "When a chap like that gets the bit between his teeth, it 's no use to keep yanking at the reins. Let him go for one long cruise, and see how he likes it. Ten to one he 'll come back then and be glad to settle down. He aint the kind of boy to make a sailor of, I judge. There 's Ben Bradley,—my first wife's cousin,—captain of one of them China traders; ship Charley with him. I 'll write a line, and I guess Ben 'll kind of keep an eye on him for the sake of the connection."

So, late in the fall, Charley went to sea. Grandmother and the aunts felt dreadfully sad when it came to the parting; but he was full of satisfaction and triumph, and never shed a tear. The "Helen Weeks," as Captain Bradley's ship was named, sailed from Boston on the second of November, and for fifteen months nobody at home heard a word of Charley.

Those were sad days at the old Brush Farm. Grandmother fell ill from anxiety, and even Aunt Prue looked white and miserable. Aunt Greg and Aunt Hitty spent their time crying in corners, and "Why did we let him go?" was the language of all their hearts. But in February, when everything was at its coldest and iciest, Charley came back,—Charley or his ghost, for the tall, thin, starved-looking ragged boy set down at the gate was very unlike the stout, rosy lad of the year before.

He was so weak and forlorn that it was several days before he recovered enough to explain what had happened to him, and then it was little by little, and not as I give it, in one connected story.

"I don't ever want to go to sea again," he began. "It aint a bit like what *we* thought it was. I don't know why them chaps in the 'Reader' called it 'blue.' It 's green and black and yellow, and all kinds of colors, but I never see it look blue except-in' when folks was looking at it from the land. It 's cold, too, and wet and nasty. I was n't dry once for the first two months, it seems to me. Ugh! I hate it. Never let to sleep till you 're rested, and such horrid stuff to eat, and sick—my, how sick I was! Captain Bradley was a fair enough sort of man, but he fell ill of China fever, and we had to leave him behind in Canton, and Bill Bunce, the first mate, took his place. After that we had a hard time enough. I thought it was bad at first, but it was n't nothing to that. He was always walloping us boys, and swearing and kicking and cuffing us about. Then we had a storm, and lost our mainmast, and came near foundering; and then we were stuck in a calm for three weeks, and the water aboard ran short. That was the time I

had the fever. I 'd have died, I know, if it had n't been for Tad Brice. He was one of the sailors, and a real nice man. His boy at home was just as old as I am, and he sort of took an interest in me from the start. He used to come in and feed me, and when we were put on allowance, he saved half his water ration for me; and when I got to crying, and thinking about home and you all, he 'd ——" Here Charley choked and was silent. Aunt Hitty, who sat next, possessed herself of his thin hand and wept silently over it.

"When I went away I meant to be a pirate, you know," went on Charley.

"A pirate!" cried Aunt Hitty and Aunt Greg in awe-struck voices.

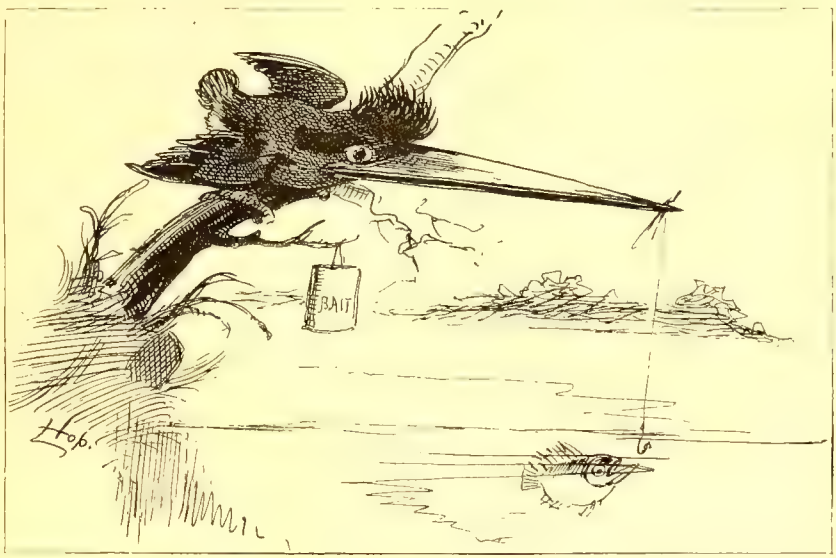
"Yes. I did n't know much about what it meant, but it sounded somehow nice in the books, and I wanted to be one. But when I asked 'em about it aboard they roared and hooted and made fun, and they all called me Captain Kidd from that time on. And once, when we were in Shanghai" (Charley's voice sounded full of horror), "we saw two pirates. Tad Brice said they was pirates. The folks was taking 'em to jail. They was *dreadful*, black and ugly, and their eyes were so fierce and bad that it made me cold to look at 'em. I never wanted to be a pirate any more after that, but Bunce and the others, they all kept on calling me Captain Kidd just the same."

"You absurd, ridiculous boy!" began Aunt Prue, but Grandmother hushed her up.

"Now, Prue, I wont have poor Charley scolded when he 's been so sick," she said—"He 's only a boy, anyhow, and he 's going to turn over a new leaf now; aint you, Charley? and go to school regular, and do his chores, and be the comfort of his granny's life. He 's had enough of goin' to sea; have n't you, Charley? and he 'll stay on the farm now, and we wont ever talk about this bad time he 's had, and just be thankful to get him back home again."

Charley did n't answer in words, but he turned and gave Grandmother a big kiss, which she knew meant "yes," and they were all very happy that night as they sat together around the fire.

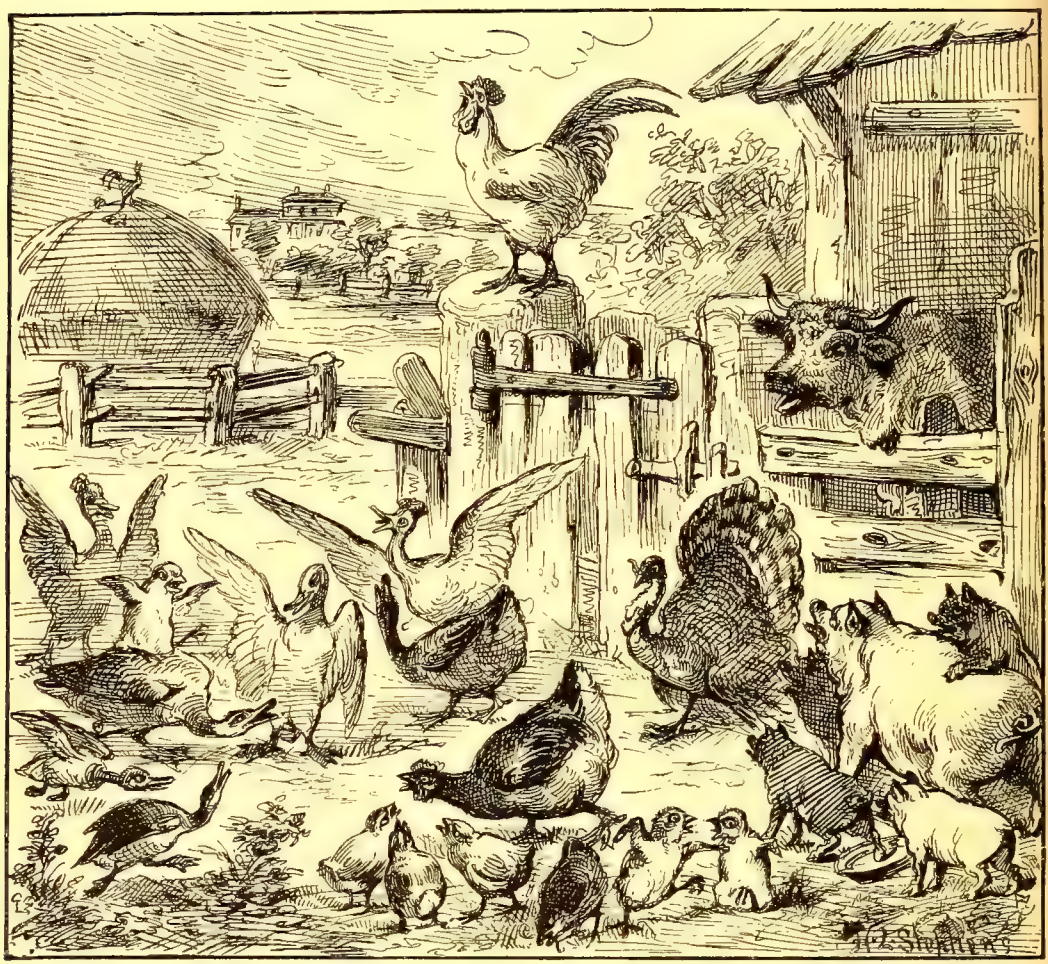
So you see that the fox, though he succeeded in his tricks, was not a particularly happy fox after all. Too much turkey may not be good for a fox, and too much of his own way is certainly not good for a boy.



OUT FISHING.

HIDDY-DIDDY!

HIDDY–DIDDY! Hiddy–diddy!—
Ten small chicks and one old biddy!
"Cluck!" says Biddy, "cluck, cluck, cluck!"
"Scratch as I do!—try your luck!"



How the chickens, one and all,
Crowd around her at her call!
One chick, missing, peeps to say:
"Chirp, chirp, chirp!—I 've lost my way!"

Shrill and shriller, comes the sound!
"Chirp! chirp! chirp!—I shall be drowned!"
Biddy clucks, and bustles quick,—
"Where, oh, *where's* my little chick?"

Mister Rooster bustles, too,
Screaming "Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Biddy, I just chanced to look,
And saw your bantling in the brook!"

"Gob!" shrieks Turkey, "gob, gob, gobble!
Mrs. Hen, you're in a hobble!
Why don't some one stir about,
And help your little chicken out?"

"Moo!" roars Sukey, "moo, moo, moo!
What is there that I can do?"
"Uff!" grunts Piggy, "uff, uff, uff!
Say you're sorry, that's enough."

"Quack!" says Ducky, "quack, quack, quack!
I have brought your chicken back!"
"Oh!" says Biddy, "cluck, cluck, cluck!
Thank you!—*thank you!* Mrs. Duck!"

THE SQUIRRELS AND THE CHESTNUT-BURR.

Four squirrels once saw a chestnut-burr growing on a tree. They wanted the chestnuts in the burr, but were afraid to touch it, because it was full of sharp points. Just then, along came a flying-squirrel. "I will tell you what you must do," said he: "wait until the burr opens, and the chestnuts fall out. The burr always opens when the right time comes." So they waited, and got the chestnuts.



It is a good rule to wait until things are ready for us.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

VACATION'S over! School's begun! A splendid holiday time you've had, no doubt, my dears, and now you feel like setting to work again with earnest good-will. That's right. But don't try to do too much at first. Better start easily and keep up the pace, than make a quick run for a while only to falter and grow weary before you are halfway.

MOQUI PEEKEE.

WORD is sent to me of a queer kind of bread called "Peekee," which is used by the Moqui American Indians. It comes in square loaves that are made by folding, twice across, several sheets of what looks like very thin bluish-green crust.

First, the meal is made by women, who grind it into flour between two stones, and then it is mixed with water until it is a thin blue paste or batter, when a little cedar-ash is sprinkled into it. The oven is a smooth-faced stone heated by kindling a fire under it. The batter is smeared over the hot stone, and is soon baked into a thin sheet, about two feet long and a foot and a half wide. Several sheets are folded, while yet warm and soft, to make a loaf, which is then set aside to dry.

This curious bread is very brittle and is eaten by breaking off little bits with the fingers. People who have never eaten it before soon become quite fond of it.

POTATO BLOSSOMS AS ORNAMENTS.

"POTATO plants used to be grown, a very long time ago, in front yards on Broadway, New York, for the sake of the flowers, which were much prized for bouquets and other ornamental purposes. However, the potatoes themselves,"—I suppose this means the tubers,—"became such favorite food in a few years, that the plants were promoted backward from the flower-beds to the kitchen-gardens and open fields. The beauty of the blossoms was forgotten in the usefulness of their roots."

The moral of this paragram is: If you are merely good-looking, you will not be apt to get on in life, but will stay about where you are; and if it should be found out that you can be put to use, you will be planted in the open fields.

This does n't seem to read quite right, somehow; but, dear me, what do we want with a moral all the time? I leave you to find out what it ought to be in this case, if you think it 's worth while. Only, if you *do* find out, I wish you would let me know.

SHARP-WITTED ROBINS.

Detroit, Michigan.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Z. R. B's anecdote, "A Congress of Birds," in the July number, reminds me of an incident of which I was an eye-witness:

A cherry-tree grew near the house, and was yearly full of luscious cherries; but the robins scarcely allowed us to have one that did not have their monogram picked in it. One year, however, my brother determined to outwit the birds, and hung a large stuffed eagle from one of the boughs. The birds assembled on a neighboring tree and eyed the eagle sharply, while a grand consultation was held. Finally, a courageous robin darted from the tree, swooped directly under the eagle, and flew triumphantly back to tell the rest there was nothing to be feared. At once the whole flock of robins flew to the cherry-tree, and our hopes of a cherry-pie were doomed to disappointment for that year.

H. P. B.

A VERY DEAD LANGUAGE.

I ONCE heard of a green-colored South American parrot who was more than one hundred years old. This aged fellow could speak in a real language which was known to have been used by a tribe of South American Indians who, it is supposed, petted and taught him when he was young. One by one the Indians died, until there was no one left who could understand a word of their language. The poor old bird tried hard to keep cheerful, but there were sorry times when he would mope by himself and say over some of the words of the language that had been spoken by his earliest and dearest human friends.

That was a very dead language, indeed, my dears; so dead that it is no wonder it made the old green parrot blue to speak it now and then. However, by this time it is past all power to worry anybody else, let us hope.

A PLANT THAT WALKS UPSIDE DOWN.

SHRUBS, trees, Jack-in-the-Pulpits, and all such plants, grow with their roots down in the ground; but I 've lately heard that a man called a philosopher, once wrote of a plant that grows and walks with the roots upward!

Lord Francis Bacon is the man's name, and the plant he meant is Man. Only he wrote in Latin, I believe, and so, instead of calling Man "a plant upside down," he called him "planta inversa." He explained these words by saying that the brain in man, whence the nerves start, to spread like a net-work all through the body, corresponds to the roots in a plant.

If this is so, my dears, you are a kind of walking plants, only you are obliged to walk top-side down.

This seems curious, but it is pleasant to think you are not so very different from a Jack-in-the-Pulpit after all.

THE SMALLEST INSECT KNOWN.

The Red Schoolhouse.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: No doubt, you have heard of the "leaf-cutter" bees, who line their nests with small round pieces of leaves, which they themselves cut and then fit together so exactly, without gum, that they hold their stores of honey and do not leak a bit. Well, a sharp-eyed observer has found, on one of these bees, an insect whose body is no longer than the width of the dot of this "i" —goth of an inch), and which is believed to be the smallest insect known. It is called *Pteratomus*, a word which means "winged atom," and it lives entirely upon the body of the bee. It has beautiful hairy wings, and long feelers, and its legs are rather like those of a mosquito, though, of course, very much smaller. Its feet are so small that they can only just be seen when magnified to four hundred times their natural size! Now, for a full-grown insect, as it is, I think the *Pteratomus* is very small.—Sincerely yours,

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

changes of weather, and plants with hair can stand more heat than bare ones." A. W. Ferris says:

"If a plant that needs much moisture is dug up from its native wet home and planted in a dry spot, hairs will sprout on it and try to get from the air the moisture that can no longer be drawn from the earth. But if you put back this plant in its old home, it will lose its hair—becoming bald. Sometimes, plant-hairs are connected with glands of poisonous liquid, as with the nettle, whose hairs we say 'sting,' because of the pain the poison gives when the skin is pricked by them."

Frances and Margaret Bagley, also, write on this subject, and I'm much obliged to all four. Besides these letters, I've had word that plant-hair is put to the following uses: On some plants it catches insects and helps to eat them; in others, the hair sends out a kind of juice which keeps away insects that might harm the plant; on the mulleins, the stiff hairs are supposed to prevent cattle from browsing on them; and on yet others, the hairs suck in gases and liquids as part of the food of the plants. And there may be other uses for these hairs that I have n't heard of yet.



A WATER-SPOUT.

A WATER-SPOUT.

DID any of you ever hear of water-spouts at sea? I don't know much about them myself, but the ST. NICHOLAS artist will draw a picture of one for you, and the editors will kindly put it in. According to travelers, the water seems to come down from the clouds, or go up from the sea,—I don't know which,—and drives along, through the storm, in a great watery column. I have heard of whirlwinds, and I think this might be called a "whirl-water."

THE USES OF HAIR ON PLANTS.

M. E. K. writes, in answer to my question in July, that her "Botany" book says, "Hair on plants seems to afford them security against

DARK SUNS.

HERE 'S something strange,—so strange that, may be, you 'd better inquire further into it. I give you the paragram just as it comes to me:

"The bright star Sirius, itself a vast flaming sun, has a companion which is also a sun,—nearly seven times as large as our own,—but which is dark, and gives no light at all. This dark sun was seen through a very powerful telescope in 1862, and it is thought that there are a great many like it, although no others have been found."

THE LETTER-BOX.

To the little girl who asks if Bryant wrote any poem that would interest "us children," and to all young readers of ST. NICHOLAS:

Yes, indeed. You will find in the collected works of this beloved American writer many songs and poems that you can understand with ease and read with delight. A good, pure-hearted man, like William Cullen Bryant; a man so honest, so simple and earnest, so truly great, that with a deep knowledge of the world about him he worshiped God, honored his fellow-man, and loved nature as a child loves its mother—such a man could not be far removed from young sympathies. He could not be a poet without singing, sometimes, just the song that little folks would love to hear.

And children, themselves, were dear to him. More than once in the course of an acquaintance that dates back to our own early youth, we have seen his eyes light with pleasure at some incident of boy and girl life. Often his kindly interest and hearty words about ST. NICHOLAS have given us better hope and courage to try to make the magazine just what it should be. "Good!" from his quiet lips was well worth striving for. His standard in everything was high. Hear "The Old Man's Counsel," which, through his own verse, he once gave to his own heart.

"Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnished and a withered heart."

But Bryant was not always solemn in his teaching. If you like playful, sprightly verses that yet are full of poetry, read his "Robert of Lincoln," where

"Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

And while the poet is telling you of these singers of the air, read "The Return of The Birds," written in the early spring of 1864, when, as you know, the country was in great trouble, and the birds saw many a sorry sight. If you like a beautiful fairy-tale in verse, all about children and the elves or sprites that children love, read his "Little People of The Snow." There also is the pretty legend of "The White-footed Deer"; or if you bigger boys and girls wish something more weird and exciting, read his tragic story of "The Strange Lady." Then, on some lovely autumn day, when "the melancholy days are come," and the procession of flowers has nearly passed by, read his verses "To the Fringed Gentian." There are other poems in the collection quite as easy to understand as these. Some of the most admired indeed, that would seem "hard" to many a tall youngster at the head of the school-class, were written in the poet's own boyhood. His most famous poem, "Thanatopsis," was composed when he was but eighteen years of age. When you, too, are eighteen you will more than enjoy it, if you do not do so already. But you will like a song of his youth,—lines "To a Waterfowl,"—and the beautiful poem entitled "June," which has been very much quoted of late because of the fulfillment of his wish that when he should come to lie at rest within the ground, he might be laid there

"in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound."

Another beautiful poem, called "Waiting by the Gate," will be quite clear to many of you; and one and all can understand "An Invitation to the Country," addressed to Julia, the poet's devoted daughter, the joy of his old age, who brightened his declining years, and to the last was the faithful companion of his home.

You remember the story of his boyhood days that Mr. Bryant told you in these pages nearly two years ago? Good as that story is, there is a picture in his lovely home at Roslyn that could tell you even better things. It is the portrait of his beautiful young mother, which for years has shone upon him from the walls of his bedroom with such a strong, sweet, loving look in her face that it makes one feel sure that he was reared in a happy home, that his noble, useful manhood sprang from a sunny, well-directed boyhood. Long ago the good mother passed from earth, and now the gate through which she passed has opened for him in his serene old age, the gate of which he wrote:

"And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

"I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of your little readers has found the word "mutch" in one of my poems, and inquires its meaning, and I was rather surprised, on looking into the dictionaries, to discover that it was not there. I have heard it used from childhood,—applied to anything tied around the head in kerchief fashion. The word is in use in old legends, and possibly comes from the French *mouchoir*, "handkerchief;" but some better linguist than myself must say whether this suggestion is correct. To show how the word is used, I can refer my questioner to the little story of "Gertrude's Bird," or the woodpecker, that is said to "fly about with a red mutch on her head." The legend is in Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse."

And I may say here that I am almost glad I made that mistake about the white-throated sparrow, since receiving a note from a lady who writes from among the Berkshire hills, where the sweet call of this bird is constantly repeated. It is very pleasant to know that a little girl out in that beautiful region honors me so much as to recite my verse when she hears the fresh note of this charming songster, as this lady tells me her little daughter does.

Surely the songs of our wild birds are far better than any songs that can be made about them; but if these serve to remind us how delightful the winged singers of the deep forests and lonely mountain-sides are, they are perhaps worth while.—Truly your friend,

LUCY LARCOM.

Arlington Hotel, Cobourg, Canada, July 10, 1878.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you remember the little boy who traveled with you on the train last month from Meadville, Pa., to Jamestown, N. Y., when you were returning from California, and who promised to write you all about his visit to Niagara Falls? I have not forgotten my promise, but we have only just settled down for the rest of the summer at Cobourg, Canada. Well, we reached Niagara that night and staid there two or three days, and I enjoyed it so much. The fall on the American side is much smaller than the Canadian, and I remembered what you told me about part of the rock having fallen away, so that now, instead of being shaped like a horse-shoe, it is like a V. The old table rock has fallen away too. We drove every day over Goat Island, the new Park, around all the beautiful drives, and across the bridges. The best view is on the Canadian side, just after you cross the bridge, and then you have a grand view of all the falls at once. We drove out to Lundy's Lane, and a man came out and invited us to go up Scott's Tower and see the battle-field. Papa and mamma had been up some years ago, so said they did not care to go again, as the stairs were hard to climb. I said I would go, so the man took me up and showed me the battle-field and the lakes through an opera-glass. When I got into the carriage I thanked him for his kindness, and you may imagine my surprise when he asked me for fifty cents: of course I had to give it

him, but it was all I had. Papa and mamma laughed at me all the ıy home, but papa gave me the half dollar back afterward. We ent a week at St. Catherine's Wells, visited Toronto, Belleville, apanee and Kingston, and went over on a lake steamer to spend e Fourth of July at Oswego, such a pretty town in New York on ıke Ontario. Cobourg is a pretty little town, too, right on the lake, d the Arlington Hotel, where we are staying, is very nice, with ce shade-trees and lawns. Do you know, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I ways thought of you as an old gray-bearded man, like the pictures Santa Claus; but now that I know you and have talked to you, I all enjoy ST. NICHOLAS more than ever.—Your friend and constant ader,

CALVERT WILSON.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about some people heard of who like to talk to each other, and everything they say :gins with the same letter. How queer it must sound. I send you sentence: Sarah said she saw Susy sewing small shoes swiftly. I ish some of your scholars would try it, and see who could send you sentence with the words beginning with Z.—I remain, your loving

MAUD.

Albany, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your other boys, who, like yself, wish to grow big and strong, would like to hear about the rgest human being ever known,—Goliath of Gath,—a person almost rge enough to need introduction by installments, but he is so well nown that the ceremony is needless.

As nearly as I can make out, he was between ten and eleven feet igh. When he went to battle he wore a coat-of-mail weighing one undred and fifty-six pounds,—as heavy as a good-sized man; and ıe rest of his armor amounted to at least one hundred and fifteen ounds more. The head of his spear weighed eighteen pounds,—as eavy as six three-pound cans of preserved fruit,—and this he carried t the end of a long and heavy shaft!

Think what might happen if a man equally big and strong should ve among us now, and insist on taking part in our games and sports! f he joined a boat-club, a curious six-oared crew could be made up, ith him at one side and five other men opposite. And just imagine im "booming along" on a velocipede! If he joined the champion Nine, and hit a ball, where would that ball go to? If he called for a 'shoulder-high" ball, would n't the catcher have to climb a step-adder to catch behind the giant? And if he threw a ball to a base-nan, would n't he be apt to throw it clean through him?

Probably no one can answer these questions, but they are interest-ng, all the same, to yours sincerely,

R. V. D.

Lancaster, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you please tell me whether there are ire-flies in England or not? We have had several discussions, and I would like so much to know.—Yours truly,

AMY.

According to all accounts within our reach there are in England no ire-flies like those of the United States. But there are glow-worms here, and, sometimes, the male glow-worm (which has wings), has been called a "fire-fly." It belongs to a branch (genus) of the family *Lampyridæ*, which is also the family of its fire-fly cousins, but it is not shaped quite like them, and bears a different scientific name.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many little stories written by girls of my age, that I thought I would write also—about iron. It s a very useful metal, without which we would be very much at a loss. Without iron, we could not cook very well; we could not build such houses as we do, because the nails are made of iron, and some of the tools; nor could we have gas, for the gas is conveyed through the different parts of the houses and city by iron pipes. Nor could we have steam-boats, for the machinery which makes them move is made of iron. The buckets which we have to carry water in have iron hoops. The doors have iron locks. The ink with which we write has iron in it. Last, but not least, we have iron in our blood, enough to make a ten-penny nail.

I will tell you of a trip we took to the lead mines. We were spending the summer of 1877 in Wythville, Virginia, and there became acquainted with a family boarding in the same hotel as ourselves. One day they invited us to go with them to see the mines; we had a very long but pleasant ride, and ate our lunch on the grass in the woods, then went on, and at last arrived at the mines. The man who was outside told us that he was "going to harness the ladies' sleeping car;" the mouth of the cave was so low that a man of ordinary height could hardly stand upright in it; when we started they hitched two carts which were used to carry the ore out of the mine, and put a little donkey to it; the man called the donkey Jenny; we had two or three tallow candles which would not stay lighted; as we advanced further, the water began to leak from the rocks, and the car ran off track; but when we were inside the mine, we were more than rewarded for what we had suffered. The men were working in groups, each group having a lantern, and the lead itself shined; a few men went up a pair of stairs to nearly the top of the mine; but all these beauties could not induce me to stay a minute longer than I was obliged, and I can assure you we were all very thankful when we arrived at the hotel, to find a nice supper and warm beds waiting for us.—Your little friend,

JOYCE.

Junction City, Kansas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read you very much, especially "Under the Lilacs" and "Dab Kinzer." I live in Junction City, and have a very pleasant home. We have a great many wild flowers growing on the prairies. One of them is called the soap plant. Our teacher says its name is "Yucca." It has long slim leaves with sharp edges, and the flower grows on all sides of the stalk, which sometimes is four feet high: the flowers are white. Then we have a sensitive rose. The rose looks like a round purple silk tassel. We have lots more of odd flowers, which I will tell you about some other time.—Yours truly,

MARY KEYS.

Bunker Hill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read an article lately against nicknames and spelling names with "ie," but I don't agree with it. I think when people are grown up their real names look better, but at home, among one's own friends, a pet name is pretty. I don't like to see a nickname in a marriage or death notice, but I do like it for young folks and in the family. They say it is a French fashion to spell names "ie." Whether it is true or not I like it, for all wise people say against it. I know I am only a little girl, and my opinion may not be worth much, but I mean to stand up for it, whatever they say. I suppose every one has a right to her own opinion, and if others don't agree with me, they need n't; but I don't like them to call me "silly" because I don't think as they do. I am willing they should have their own opinions, but I want the same privilege,—is n't that fair? I don't like such nicknames as "Tom" and "Bob," or "Mollie" and "Sallie," but like such as "Charlie" or "Hattie," and I think they look prettier spelt so than they do spelt "Charley" or "Hatty." If other people like them so, I am willing; but I want the right to follow my own choice in the matter, whether others like it or not. I think people have a right to spell their own names as they please.—Your friend,

ALLIE BERTRAM.

P. S.—My parents think my name is too pretty to be used so often as to get common, and so they call me "Allie," and I like it. I don't want any one but my friends who love me, and whom I love, to call me "Alma."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I tell you about a miniature fountain my sister and myself made long ago? It was lovely when finished, and fully repaid us for our labor.

We first chose a board, about four feet long, and two feet wide, on the sides of which we nailed laths, to hold the earth we laid upon it, after having bored two holes, one near the middle and the other close in the corner. We then placed the board on a box, and set a barrel near it on blocks that stood about a foot higher than the board.

We now cut a gourd in two, and making holes through the centers, fitted them over those in the board, the large one for the fountain-basin, the small one for a little spring in the corner.

The next thing was to connect this with the barrel by pipes. For this we used reeds, placing a small upright piece in the center of the middle basin, and joining to this a larger reed which ran beneath the board, and was let into the barrel near the bottom. The spring was finished in the same manner, with this exception, that there was no upright piece in the middle. We now searched the woods for moss, bits of twigs, and even some tiny pine and cedar trees, which we planted with other things in the earth banked upon the board. We arranged a small rockery with vines trailing over it; we made paths covered with sand; and laid out tiny dells, and hills and plains. We lined the fountain-basin with shells and the "spring" with moss, and made little water-courses for the overflow; and, after it was all completed, we filled the barrel with water; and, lo! we had the prettiest little garden imaginable, with a fountain spurting and plashing in the center, and a pretty little mossy spring in the corner.

LILLIE F. FALES.

Sitapur, Oude, India.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The people here live in little mud huts clustered together in rude villages. They worship grotesque idols, wear very odd clothing, and eat strange food. Carpenters, and tailors, and shoe-makers, use their toes almost as much and as well as they use their fingers, and men do the sewing and a great deal of the cooking. Little girls very, very seldom go to school, and are betrothed when they are babies. Little boys do not play ball or such games, but they are very fond of flying the kite

There are monkeys here by hundreds. They live in groves and eat fruits. These are not monkeys which hang up by their tails at night to go to sleep,—they live in the mountains,—but great big fellows like plump dogs, only their fore-legs are short and their "feet" are hands.

The other day I saw a fight between some monkeys and about a hundred crows. The monkeys wounded one poor crow, and it hopped about upon the ground unable to fly. Then the crows settled around it and tried to carry it off; but they could not. The monkeys

charged down upon them, and then the crows charged the monkeys. It was an exciting time. Seeing the crows were getting the worst of the battle I came to their rescue, but the monkeys charged upon me, and I had to run. At last, I carried off the poor crow, hoping to cure it, but it died the same day. The other crows followed me home, and made a most dismal noise, as if they could not trust me.

Here the squirrels are quite small and not at all wild. I saw a little boy, the other day, walking along with a saucy little squirrel perched upon his shoulder.

In the schools in the villages here, the boys sit upon the ground, write upon wooden slates, and study aloud. They have wonderful memories and commit everything, though they do not understand very much of it. It is much better to understand every lesson as we go along, is n't it?

Nearly all the little boys in India wear only a long coat which comes down to their knees. It is so very warm here for most of the year that the very little folks go without any clothing at all.

There are 60,000 soldiers in India, sent from England. One of the regiments is in Sitapur, where I live, and they have a brass band which makes first-rate music. They also have bagpipes.

In India there are persons from almost every nation—Hindus, Arabians, Chinese, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Americans. There are twenty-three languages native to India. A great many Indians speak English, which is taught in all the schools, as Greek or Latin or French is taught at home.

But, although this is a great country, there is no place like America, especially to Americans. Three cheers for the boys and girls of America!

J. E. S.

Nauvoo, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is something about my sister Lu and a strange pet she had: Her childhood was spent in a wild, new country. I cannot remember that she was ever amused with dolls and baby-houses. She made amends, however, by surrounding herself with kittens, dogs, fawns, ponies, squirrels, opossums, 'coons, and various birds, which, in turn, she petted and loved.

She lived in the Red River country of Louisiana. The climate there is so warm that out-door play may be had at any season.

The summer she was thirteen, with an older brother and other friends, she went fishing on the lake, whose waters were dark and still, studded here and there with cypress-trees in close ranks. Heavy timber filled the valley surrounding the lake

After catching a full supply of fish, some of which were cooked on the spot, brother Ed., in wandering about, captured a young alligator and led it along to where sister Lu was seated, saying: "I 've brough you a new pet, Lu." She adopted the little monster at once, and i was carried home, and turned loose in the creek below the house.

In a few days the alligator was quite at home. It would eat any thing which was brought to it, and soon learned to come to a call seeming more delighted with notice than with what there was to eat It whined and barked like a dog, and wagged its big tail whe pleased. It enjoyed being patted on the head, and would cape around, the most awkward thing that ever attempted a frolic.

In a few months, the pet became so large and familiar as to be nuisance. He would track up sister Lu through the field and abou the garden, showing his scent to be true and keen. Often when Lu was seated, perhaps, at her tatting, he would come to her feet and li as still as if carved out of stone, waiting for a little notice. He soo grew to like eating the young goslings and chickens, and began t climb the fence, and look longingly at the young pigs At last the scaly, good-natured creature disappeared. He probably made hi way to a neighboring bayou, and was never seen again by any litt girl's eyes.

But Lu has never forgotten him, although probably he remember nothing now of the good times of his youth.—Yours truly,

G. M. K.

THE WITCHERY OF ARCHERY. By Maurice Thompson Pub lished by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Archery has become so popular, of late, that this book will be of interest to all boys and girls, as well as grown people, who practic shooting with bows and arrows. Mr. Thompson, the author, wrot the articles on Archery in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which have excite such an interest in bow-shooting, and he probably knows more abou the matter than any one else in the country.

There is much in the book about the various pleasures and advan tages of archery, which are very many; but there are also a grea many plain and practical directions to those who are unaccustome to the use of a bow and arrows. The author tells the young archer just what to do and how to do it, and, as no one should use a bow who does not know how to use it properly, such directions are very valuable, and should be carefully read and followed.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals, read downward, name two Latin poets.

1. To affirm. 2. A male character in Shakspeare. 3. To cry aloud. 4. One of the United States. 5. An order of architecture. 6. Small.

VERTI.

NAMES OF AUTHORS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. AN Italian river. 2. A prefix and an enemy. 3. A berry, and a spine. 4. A machine, and a small house. 5. The cat 'll eat it 6. What doves do, and an expression of contentment. 7. Bright things that fly upward. 8. What should be done with a sister in the sulks. 9. What should be done to one's mother. 10. Half of a New England city, and what is useless when dry.

RUSTICUS.

ENIGMA.

My first is in boy, but not in lad;
My second in merry, but not in sad.
My third is in stripe, but not in streak;
My fourth is in proud, but not in meek.
My fifth is in little and also in tall;
My sixth in none, but not in all.
My whole a trusty guide is found
For animals men ride around.

JANIE M. B. +

WHAT IS IT?

NAME the thing described in the following paragraph:

Kingdom: Animal, vegetable, and mineral. Conducive to travel; dreaded by all with whom it comes in contact; an article of personal adornment; when misplaced, causes terrible disasters; false; beaten, hardened, and fire-tested; of various colors; preferred when green and flexible; constantly changed, and changing others; its use enjoined by Scripture.

M. S. R.

CHARADE.

DARKER and darker still, the slow hours creeping,
Bring to my *first* the inexorable gloom;
Silent and soft, the tender skies are weeping
For all the beauty they no more illume.

Stay not. O wand'rer, by the hurrying river,
Nor in the whispering wood, nor where above
Rises the perilous crag. My *second* ever,
With added final, welcomes all who rove.

Wildly my *third* over the hill is flying,
Over the wide moor, and the wider sea,
Moaning as one whose latest hope, in dying,
Leaves an eternity of agony.

Listen! oh, listen! to my *whole*, while filling
My shadowy *first* with ecstasy divine!
Listen! oh, listen! would ye not be willing
Ever in gloom to dwell, and not repine,—
Ever to joy in such melodious gladness,—
Ever to sorrow in such rapturous sadness?

L. S.

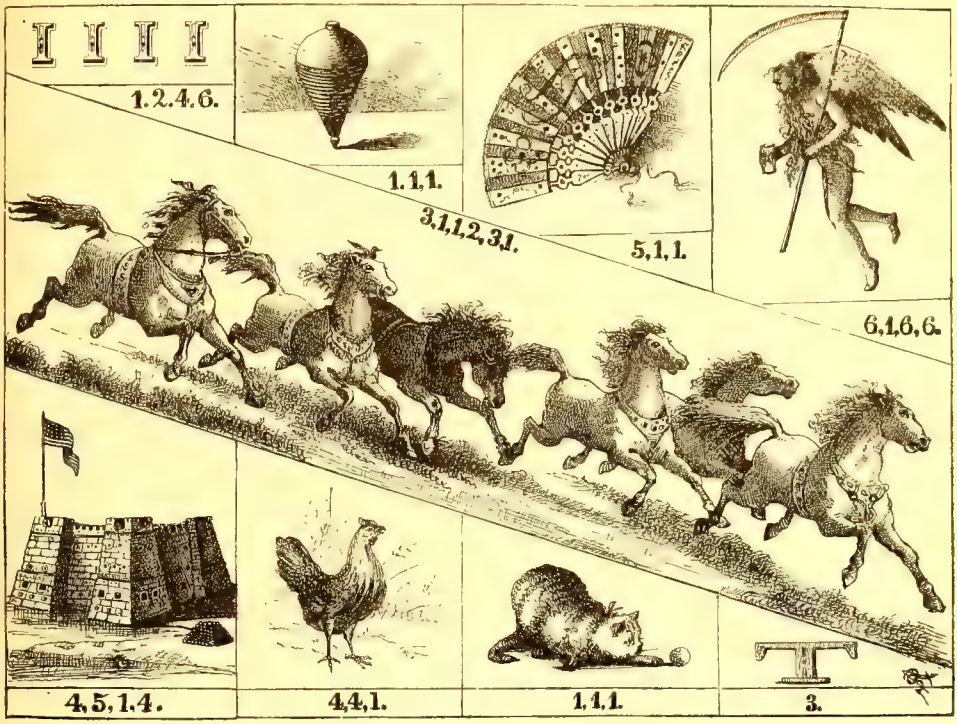
INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

IN each of the following sentences, fill up the blanks with suitable words having the same sound but spelled differently and having different meanings.

1. It is but —— to pay your —— to the conductor. 2. When the —— was over, he did —— to —— to his father. 3. The —— was —— to do her work well. 4. She —— that the —— of South America are exceedingly tall. 5. The enraged farmer —— his neighbor's cow for eating his ——. 6. Don't —— if the —— should hit you. 7. The —— of a knave is not always as —— as his character. 8. He —— would —— but is awed into sincerity before this sacred ——.

GRACE G. C.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM PUZZLE.



THE answer—a line from Young's "Night Thoughts"—contains six words.

Each numeral beneath the pictures represents a letter in that word of the line which is indicated by the numeral—1 denoting that the letter it designates belongs to the first word of the line, 4 to the fourth word, and so on.

Find a word, letters, or a letter, descriptive of each picture, and containing as many letters as there are numerals beneath the picture itself. This is the first process. Then write down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, to correspond with the words of the answer. Group beneath figure 1 all the letters designated by the numeral 1 in the numbering beneath the pictures. You will thus have in a group all the letters that spell the first word of the line, and these letters, when set in the right order, will spell the word itself. Follow the same process of grouping and arranging, in making the remaining five words of the answer. Of course, the re-arrangement of the letters need not be begun until all of them have been set apart in their proper groups. S. R.

THREE DIAMONDS.

I.—1. A CONSONANT. 2. A kind of carriage. 3. A well-known river of Italy. 4. A precious stone. 5. In circumnavigator.

II.—1. In inconspicuous. 2. A Turkish name. 3. A spice. 4. A climbing plant. 5. In herbalist.

III.—1. In iniquity. 2. A girl's name. 3. A country in Asia. 4. Purpose. 5. In Niagara. ALLIE.

RIDDLE.

A HEAD have I, though never do I think;
A mouth as well, but with it never drink.
A body, too, is mine, of giant growth and strength,
Combining with its force majestic length.
But, as to feet, of them I have not one,
Though I am never still, but always run.
Ne'er was I known to leave my lowly bed,
Or ope my mouth so that I might be fed E. S. S.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

THE positive is found from the first definition given, and the comparative is made by adding the sound "er" to the positive.

1. My positive is level, and my comparative is what one's true friends never do. 2. My positive is an article of food, and my comparative is a tool. 3. My positive is coarse, and my comparative is a trade. 4. My positive is a youth, and my comparative is an instrument for climbing. 5. My positive is a preposition, and my comparative is to esteem. 6. My positive is a part of the body, and my comparative is wrath. 7. My positive is an American poet, and my comparative is part of the body. 8. My positive is an article of food, and my comparative is something used in a part of Asia. 9. My positive is a public place, and my comparative is a sufferer. G. S.

HIDDEN NAMES.

FIND a girl's or a boy's name hidden in each of the following sentences.

1. Arthur likes my apples. 2. Herbert expected letters every night. 3. Alice rode to her uncle Robert's. 4. Mr. Allen bought eight lambs. 5. Hattie Arnold reached Rochester yesterday. 6. Even Theodore has eaten little. 7. Every rainy night Eva sews trimming. 8. Ellen's dog is terribly hurt. 9. Florence rides every day. 10. Softly the evening light lingers around. 11. Even dull wits improve, nowadays. 12. Generally, raisins are capital eating. 13. Fido ran after Ned's kite. C. K.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

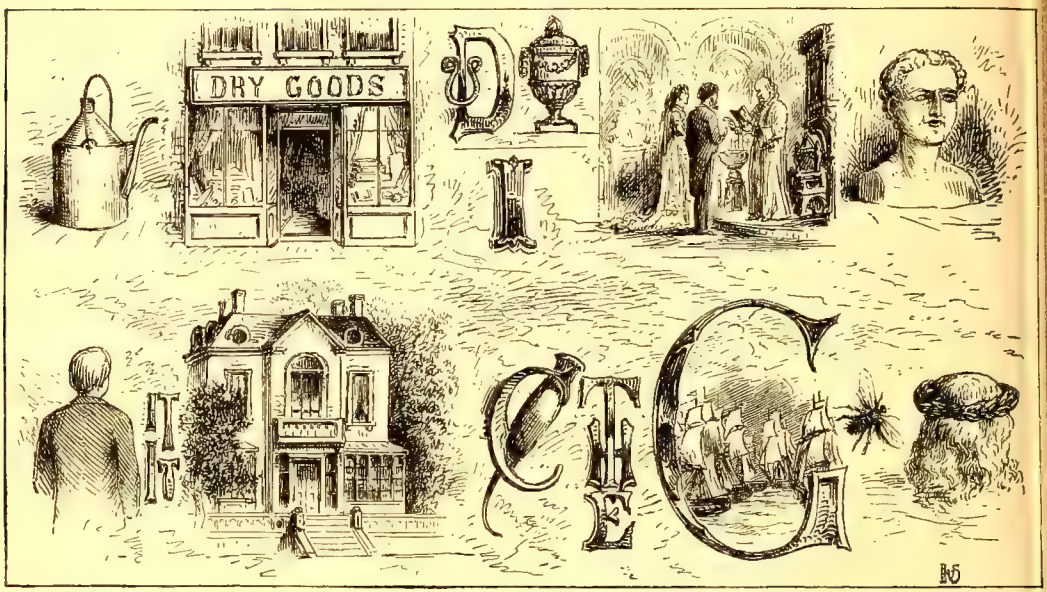
My first is in edict, but not in law;
My second 's in chilly, but not in raw.
My third is in ice, but not in snow;
My fourth is in cut, but not in mow.
My fifth is in mild, but not in bland;
My sixth is in country, not in land.
My seventh is in silent, not in still;
My eighth is in slaughter, but not in kill.
My ninth is in learn, but not in teach;
My tenth is in sandy, but not in beach.
My whole is the name of a useful book,
As soon you 'll see, if you 'll closely look.
W. B. H.

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.

ACROSS: 1. Departed. 2. Declare. 3. Look askance. 4. Terminates. DOWN: 1. High wind. 2. Part of a stove. 3. Want. 4. Mistakes. H. H. D.

REBUS.

A two-line quotation from a poem by Thomas Gray.



CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE an orifice, and leave a troublesome insect. 2. Syncopate to cut, and get a natural underground chamber. 3. Syncopate a wise saying, and get to injure. 4. Syncopate a small house, and leave a fugitive named in the Bible. 5. Syncopate a crown of a person of rank, and leave a musical instrument. A. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials form the name of a European sovereign. The finals form the name of a great statesman.

1. Striking. 2. A vowel repeated. 3. A body of soldiers. 4. A lofty building. 5. A musical drama. 6. Scarce. 7. A pastoral poem 8. The surname of a celebrated Italian poet. DYCIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Primrose. 1. PeaR. 2. RomeO. 3 IsthmuS. 4. MacE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—All owing; allowing.

PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION PUZZLES.—1. Ten mugs; nutmegs. 2. Ten tea-pots; potentates.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—1. M. 2. JAy. 3. MaCaw. 4. YAk. 5. W.

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Crane. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Nerve. 5. Enter.

SHAKSPEAREAN REBUS.—"Hamlet," Act III., Scene 1.

> "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. ChilI. 2. HellesponT. 3. IndiA. 4. NepauL. 5. AlleghanY.

METAGRAM.—Dip, fip, lip, hip, rip, nip, pip, sip, tip.

VERY EASY HIDDEN FURNITURE.—1. Table. 2. Sofa. 3. Chair. 4. Stool. 5. What-not. 6. Crib. 7. Cot. 8. Hat-rack. 9. Desk.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Holmes, Lowell.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Warned, warden, wander. 2. Red nag, gander, ranged, garden, danger. 3. No elms, Lemnos, lemons, melons, solemn. 4. Red opal, pale rod, real pod, leopard.

PROVERB REBUS.—"One swallow does not make a summer."

CHARADE.—Pondicherry; pond, I, cherry.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Centrals, Arrow. 1. ChAnt. 2. ORe. 3. R. 4. COg. 5. BoWer.

CONTRACTIONS.—1. Brown, brow. 2. Plane, plan. 3. Lathe, lath. 4 Heath, heat. 5. Hazel, haze. 6. Plume, plum. 7. Crown, crow. 8. Lunge, lung. 9. Forty, fort.

WORD-SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Leveret; ever, let. 2. Slashing; ash, sling. 3. Slashings; lash, sings. 4. Carpenter; pen, carter. 5. Carpets; pet, cars.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 18, from Bessie Hard, C. C. Bourne; Mamie H. S., and Louise G. H.; Carl Hinkle, O. C. Turner, "Prebo," "La Gazza Ladra," "Cosy Club," Bertha E. Keferstein, Nellie M. Slade, "Duchess May," R. H. R.; Alice MacNary and Elliot MacNary; "Kelloke and Cary and Rose," Fred W. M., E. Farnham Todd, "Winnie," "Stock-Broker and Doctor," "Dottie and Daisie;" May and Charlie Pray; Laurie T. Sanders, May Chester, "Hyacinth," H. P. B.; Frances and Margaret Bagley; W. H. McGee, Charlie Kellogg, Nellie Kellogg, T. W. H., A. G. D., Nessie E. Stevens, "Romeo and Juliet," Belle W. Brown, May Duffan, "St. Nicholas Club," H. B. Ayers; "Orada and Ibylsa;" William W. Bellinger, Lillian Williams, E. J. F., A. C. S., George D. Mitchell, Arthur Boehm, Bessie Taylor, J. B. H., George C. Wedderburn, William T. Gray, John V. L. Pierson, Henry Kummel. Virginia Simpson; F. M. J., Jr.; Kitty Curtis, Mildred Meredith, Louisa F. Riedel; "Bessie and Tic;" X. Y. Z., Sarah Duffield, Dycie Warden, Nettie A. Ives, "Violet," R. T. French, Josie Hamilton, Alice M. Mason, Ellen Smith, Lillie D. Hacker, Mamie Packer, Jennie A. Carr, Willie Sellie, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Grant Squires, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, T. H. Loomis, Rachel Hutchins, Mary G. Arnold, M. W. Collet, Laura Maude Benton, Willie Robinson, Fanny J. Schonacker; May and Louis Ogden; Arthur Stowe, Nellie C. Graham, Mattie Olmsted, W. A. Wheeler, Maggie J. Gemmill, Rufus B. Clark, Lewis G. Davis, Clare G. Hess; Ella and Kittie Blanke; Nellie Quayle, Gertrude Weasondonk, Clara F. Allen. Addie S. Church, "My Maryland," Nellie L. Ninde, F. Popenhausen, A. B. C., "Hard and Tough," Nellie Emerson, L. B. Bancroft, M. P., Wm. C. Ferguson, Alice Lanigan, Florence Van Rensselaer, Anna E. Mathewson, Josie Morris Brown, Charles N. Cogswell, "Fritters," "Bertha and Daisy," "Beech-Nut," Stephen Waterman, E. M. Biddle, Jr., "So So and his Cousin," Georgie B., Chas. Alfred Christian, George J. Fiske, Esther L. Fiske; Frank Allen and May; "Lena Kate," Milly E. Adams, Eddie Vultee, Willie B. Deas, F. D., "Fannie," Grace E. Fuller, C. Speiden, M. Speiden, Austin M. Poole, Ada L. Goodwin, Fred Huckel, Estelle Jennings; William Guillet, of Canada; "Brutus and Cassius," Kate Sampson, Edwin C. Garrigues, "Bessie and her Cousin," "A. B. and C. D.," Bessie Barnes, and Charles H. Stout.

"Fanny Pop" and Ernest B. Cooper answered correctly all the puzzles in the July number.



THE NOON ENCAMPMENT.

[See Violin Village.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1878. NO. 12.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

THE VIOLIN VILLAGE.

BY EDITH HAWKINS.

ON the borders of the Tyrol and the lovely district known as the "Bavarian Highlands," there is a quaint little village called "Mittenwald," which at first sight appears shut in by lofty mountains as by some great and insurmountable barrier. The villagers are a simple, industrious people, chiefly occupied in the manufacture of stringed musical instruments, the drying of which, on fine days, presents a very droll appearance. The gardens seem to have blossomed out in the most eccentric manner; for there, dangling from lines like clothes, hang zithers, guitars, and violins, by hundreds, from the big bass to the little "kit," and the child's toy.

In this valley, one clear morning in August, as the church clock struck five, a lad issued from the arched entrance of one of the pretty gabled houses along the main street. He was not more than twelve years of age, yet an expression of thoughtfulness in his clear, blue eyes, gave and added an older look to his otherwise boyish face. His costume was a gray suit of coarse cloth, trimmed with green; his knees and feet were bare, but he wore knitted leggings of green worsted. A high-crowned hat of green felt, adorned with some glossy black cock's feathers, a whip and a small brass horn slung by a cord from his shoulder completed the outfit of the village goatherd. He hastened along by the green-bordered brook crossed by planks, over one of which Stephan—for that was our hero's name—leaped as he came up to the simple wooden fountain, which, as in most Bavarian villages, stood in the middle of the road.

A piece of black bread and a long draught from the fountain was Stephan's breakfast, which being speedily finished, he broke the morning stillness with repeated blasts from the horn, which seemed to awake the valley as by magic; for scarcely had the more distant mountains echoed the summons, than from almost every door-way scampered one or more goats. All hurried in the direction of the water-tank, where they stood on their hind legs to drink, jostled one another or frisked about in the highest spirits, till fully two hundred were assembled, rendering the street impassable. A peculiar cry from the boy and a sharp crack of the whip were the signals for a general move. Away they skipped helter-skelter through the town, along the accustomed road, high up the rocky mountain-side. The little animals were hungry, so stopped every now and then to nibble the attractive grassy tufts, long before the allotted feeding ground was reached. There was, however, little fear of losing them, as each wore a tiny bell round the neck, which, tinkling at every movement, warned the boy of the straggler; a call invariably brought it back, though often by a circuitous route, enabling the animal to keep beyond the reach of the whip, which Stephan lashed about with boyish enjoyment.

Noon found the goats encamped under the shade of some tall pine-trees, and Stephan Reindel was busily arranging a bunch of bright red cranberries at the side of his hat, when a shot arrested his attention. He jumped up, and with boyish curiosity explored the pine wood; but fearing to go too far on account of his flock, he was returning, when a second shot followed by a sharp cry, convinced him it was some hunter who had driven his game much lower down than was at all usual. The second report had sounded so near that he continued his fruitless search till it was time to go home, when, as usual, he drove his flock back by five o'clock.

Directly they entered the village, each goat trotted off to its own abode, and Stephan to his, where, after eating his supper of black bread and cheese, he sat listlessly watching his mother varnish violins, by which she earned a trifle every week. This was due to the kindness of the chief manufacturer in the village, who, since her husband's death, had supplied her regularly with some of the light work usually performed by women, and to which she was well accustomed, having frequently assisted her husband, who had been one of Herr Dahn's best workmen, and whose death had left her entirely dependent on her own exertions for the support of herself and child; for the last two years, however, Stephan had bravely earned his mite by taking daily care of the goats belonging to the whole valley. He was now discussing with his mother the possibility of his ever being able to maintain them both by following his father's trade of making guitars and violins, when a loud knock put the future to flight, and caused Stephan to open the door so suddenly that a very excited old woman came tumbling into the room.

"Oh! Bridgetta, how could you lean against the door?" said Fraŭ Reindel, hastening to her assistance. "I hope you are not hurt, and do pray remember, in future, that our door opens inside, and that you must step down into the room. Sit down, neighbor," she added, placing a stool for the old woman, who was, however, far too angry to notice it; but turning toward Stephan, whom she unfortunately caught smiling, she pointed to her large fur cap, that had rolled some distance across the floor, saying: "Pick it up, boy, and don't stand grinning like that, especially as you must know why I have come here so late in the evening." Then snatching it from him, without heeding his apologies, she added: "Yes, indeed, you have more cause to cry than laugh. A pretty herd-boy you are, to come home without people's goats! sitting here as contentedly as if you had done your day's duty! You had better be more careful or you will certainly lose your work, if I have a voice in the village!"

Stephan and his mother stood aghast at this angry tirade, and it was only after repeated questions, sulkily answered, that they finally understood that her own goat was really missing. She had, as usual, gone into the stable to milk it, and after waiting in vain till past seven o'clock, she had come to tell Stephan he must at once seek for it among the neighbors' goats. He was quite willing, nay, anxious to do so, being unable to account in any way for its absence; for he could not remember having noticed the little gray goat with the white face since the early part of the morning. There was consequently nothing left to be done that night but to make an immediate inquiry at every house in the village. He did not return till past nine o'clock,—a very late hour in that primitive spot, where people usually rise at four or five and go to bed at eight. No one had seen the goat, but almost all blamed his carelessness, so that he was too unhappy to sleep, especially as he could not forget how distressed his poor mother looked, knowing, as she did, that somehow or other she must pay the value of the goat, though how such a sum was to be earned was beyond guessing.

A week passed, nothing was heard of the strayed one; Stephan had searched every possible spot up the mountain, and inquired of every person he met coming from the neighboring villages or beyond the frontier of the Tyrol,—but all in vain. A report had spread in the valley that he had lamed the goat with a stone, and so caused it to fall over a precipice. Many people believed this, which greatly increased the unhappiness of Stephan and his mother, though he had denied the charge most positively.

"I, at least, believe you, my son," said his mother, one day, when Bridgetta was present. "You never told me a lie, and I thank God for my truthful child, more than for all else."

"You can believe what you like," said Bridgetta, angrily; "but, as your boy has lost my goat, and as I am poor, and have already waited longer than I can afford, I must ask you to pay me by to-morrow evening, so that I may buy another, for you forget that I have done without milk all these days."

"No, I do not forget," said the widow, sadly. "I will do my best to get the money for you. It is right you should have your own, and you know I would have paid you at once had it been in my power. I will, however, see what I can do by to-morrow, so good-night."

As they walked home, they discussed for the hundredth time the impossibility of getting five florins; they could not save that sum in six months. "There is nothing to be done unless Herr Dahn would lend it to us," suggested Stephan. "We could pay him by degrees, and he is so rich that I dare say he would be satisfied with that."

"I have thought of asking him," replied the mother, "and, even if he refuses, he will do so kindly."

As she spoke, they saw the important little gentleman coming out of a house, and hastened to overtake him. He greeted them with the extreme politeness so noticeable among all classes in Bavaria, even in the remote villages. After hearing the widow's request, he stood musing a minute, looked up and down the street, took off his hat, and polished his bald head, ejaculating the usual "So! so!" then, as if a bright thought had cleared up all

doubts, he said: "Now, don't you think it would be pleasanter and more independent if you gave something in exchange for the five florins? Something that can be of no use to yourself—your husband's tools, for instance? I will give you a fair price,—enough to pay for this unlucky goat, and something over for a rainy day. But, my good woman, what 's the matter?" he added, seeing tears in her eyes and Stephan eagerly clutching her arm, as if to get her away.

"Nothing, sir, nothing; you are quite right; I had forgotten the tools would bring money; but you must excuse me if I do not decide till to-morrow, for my boy here has set his heart on being a guitar and zither maker, like his poor father, and always fancies he would work better with those tools."

"What! Stephan make violins? How is he ever to do that, when he spends all his days up the mountains? Have you not told me yourself that you cannot manage without his earnings?"

"Neither do I think we could, sir, or I should have tried it long ago, for it is hard for him to be minding goats, when he might be earning something to help him on in life."

"Can he do anything? Has he any taste for the work?"

"Yes, I think so; he generally works at it in the evening, and has made several small violins for Christmas gifts to the neighbors' children. But they are toys. Perhaps you would allow me to bring one to show you to-morrow," she ventured to add.

"Certainly, neighbor, but I don't promise anything, mind, except about the tools. I shall be at the warehouse at six o'clock. Be punctual. Good-evening."

"O, mother! Don't give him the tools. Give him anything else. There 's my new green hat—my best jacket—I can easily do with the one I have on," said Stephan, anxiously, as he watched the receding figure of the rich man of the village.

"My dear child! of what use could your clothes be to the gentleman? He wants the tools. I am very sorry, but there is really nothing else of any value, and we have no right to borrow money when we can obtain it by the sacrifice of something we should like to keep. We must never hesitate to perform a plain duty, however disagreeable. So, now show yourself a brave boy, and help me to do this one cheerfully."

The next day, Stephan began his day's work with a determination to look on the bright side of his troubles. His goats, however, had in some way become a greater charge than he had ever felt them before. He feared to lose sight of one for an instant; so, what with racing after the stragglers and searching, as was now his habit, for the lost one, he was so tired and worn out by noonday, that instead of eating his dinner, he threw himself on the ground and cried bitterly. The goats sniffed round and round him, as if puzzled at the unwonted sounds. He often sang and whistled as he sat among them carving some rough semblance of animals with his pocket-knife, but these unmusical sounds were new to them and seemed to make them uneasy. A sudden pause in the monotonous tinkle of the little bells caused Stephan to raise his head, and he encountered the amused gaze of two gentlemen in the Bavarian hunting costume of coarse gray cloth and green facings; thick boots studded with huge nails and clamps to prevent slipping in the dangerous ascent after game; high-crowned hats, with little tufts of chamois beard as decoration and proof of former success; the younger of the two having, in addition, a bunch of pink Alpenrose showing he must have climbed high up the mountains.

"What sort of music do you call that?" asked the latter, resting his gun-stock on the ground. "If you howl in that way, there will be no use hunting in your neighborhood for a month; you would frighten the tamest game over the frontier in five minutes. A little more of this music and there wont be a chamois for miles round. But what 's the matter? Have you had a fight with your goats and got the worst of it? How many horns have been run through your body, and where are the wounds?"

Stephan had fancied that his goats were his only auditors, so felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, but jumping up, he answered with some spirit:

"I have not any wounds, sir, and should never cry if I had. I lost a goat some days ago and now my mother has to pay for it by giving up the only valuable thing she has in the world."

"That can't be yourself, then," said the young man, laughing; "for such a careless little chap would not be of much value, I should think. But tell us the story. When did you lose it?"

After listening to Stephan's account, the hunters spoke apart with each other for some minutes, and then the young one took out his purse and gave the astonished boy six florins—about ten English shillings.

"There, you can get a very good goat for that, but remember, no more howling, and if you ever find your own again, I shall expect you to repay me this money."

"That I will, indeed, gentlemen, and I thank you heartily," said the boy, so earnestly that both laughed, as, nodding him an adieu, they began descending the mountain, and were soon lost among the trees.

Stephan threw his hat into the air with a joyous cheer, and the echoes repeated his gleeful shout.

The day appeared very long, and glad enough he was when the sinking sun warned him that it was time to return. He found his mother dusting the tools, and looking sadder than he had ever seen her since his father died.

"We wont sell them, dear mother," he cried exultingly, dancing round the table and shaking the florins in his hat. "See what luck your blessing brought me this morning!" and he related his adventure with the hunters.

They at once started off to pay Bridgetta the five florins, and, as compensation for the loss of the milk for so many days, they offered her the extra florin, which she coldly and decidedly refused, asking no questions, and appearing very anxious to get rid of them. As they walked home, they entered the church for a few minutes, and, after reverently kneeling at one of the side altars, the widow dropped the remaining florin into the poor-box. It was the largest thank-offering she had ever been able to make in her life. The warehouse was at the corner of the street on the south side of the church, and as the clock struck six they hurried up the stairs of the long, low building, and entered a small room fitted up as an office. Herr Dahn was busily writing in a large ledger, but quitting it as they entered, he said approvingly:

"So here you are! That's right; business people should be punctual—never get on otherwise! But where are the tools?"

The widow told him all about the six florins, and then placing a toy violin on the counter, she asked him to give his opinion of it. He twisted the little instrument about, carefully examining the workmanship while he talked, and finally declared that it was a very fair specimen for a self-taught lad. He evidently thought more of it than he chose to say, for after some conversation with his foreman, to whom he showed the violin, he greatly astonished the poor woman by offering to take Stephan at once and place him under one of his best workmen if she could do without his earnings for a time, as of course the goats must be given up. Then, noticing the boy's delight and the mother's anxious, undecided countenance, he added before she could reply:

"Perhaps, if Stephan is steady and careful enough, I can trust him here alone every morning to sweep and dust the warehouses, for which I will pay him thirty kreutzers a week (nearly a shilling). I suppose he gets little more than that for tending the goats."

"Oh! thank you, sir," said the boy eagerly, anticipating his mother's reply, "I will, indeed, be careful and steady."

"Gently, boy, your mother is to decide."

"I cannot thank you enough, sir," she quickly answered. "Your offer is more than we had ever hoped for, and I trust my child's conduct will prove how grateful we both feel. He would like to begin at once, I know, but must, of course, wait a few days till another boy is found to take his place as herd-boy."

Herr Dahn nodded approvingly, and told them to let him know as soon as a substitute was found. How thankful they were that evening as they talked over the happy termination of their troubles, and still more so when a neighbor came in to tell them that Bridgetta and some others of the village had voted against Stephan continuing his post as herd, alleging that they feared to trust him any longer with their goats. This was, of course, very unpleasant news, for it was a sort of disgrace to be thus displaced, however undeserved. It also explained the cause of Bridgetta's extreme coolness and indifference as to how they had obtained the money. No wonder she was unfriendly after her action, which, but for the fresh turn affairs had taken, would have seriously injured them.

However, Stephan was now free to begin his new work the next day, when all arrangements were made, and he was introduced as an apprentice to his new master, Heinrich Brand.

PART II.

STEPHAN had been with the violin-maker about six weeks, when one day the little Gretchen, his master's daughter, rushed in to tell them the cows were coming down from the Alp.

It is the custom in the Bavarian Tyrol to send the cows to small pastures high up among the mountains where the grass is green and plentiful, being watered by the dews and mists, and less exposed to the scorching sun. Here the cows remain all the summer under the care of two or three men, called "senner," or women, called "sennerinnen," who are always busily engaged making butter and cheese, and rarely come down to the valley, even for a day, till the season is over, when, collecting their tubs, milk-pans, and other dairy utensils, they descend the mountain with great rejoicings and consider the day a festival.

This return is an event of importance in every village. Brand, like his neighbors, hastened out with his little daughter, and told Stephan to follow them. The gay procession wound slowly along the main road, accompanied by a band of music playing a cheerful Tyrolese air. The cows came trooping along, decorated with garlands of wild flowers, preceded by peasants in their gayest costumes, carrying blue and white flags. The "sennerinnen"

wore their brightest neckerchiefs and gowns, and seemed quite rejoiced to be down among their friends again.

Stephan joined his mother in the crowd, and they were in the full enjoyment of the scene when he suddenly exclaimed: "See, mother, there's the lost goat!" and sure enough there it was, limping along by the side of a "sennerin." One leg was evidently broken or severely injured, but otherwise the little animal looked well and fat.

Old Bridgetta had likewise seen it, and the three hastened to question the "sennerin," who seemed very glad to find the owner, and told them it had been brought to the Alp by a peasant, who gave her a florin to take care of it and bring it down to the village as soon as she could. He did not tell her where he had found it, or indeed any particulars, so she supposed the poor little thing had fallen over some precipice and broken its leg, which was, however, nearly well.

"Goats don't often fall in that way,—stones are much more likely to have caused the mischief," said Bridgetta, with a meaning look at Stephan, which was, however, only noticed by his mother, who replied:

"Well, Bridgetta, if you still think so badly of my boy, you can keep the money as a recompense for the damage done to your goat, though I am quite convinced he has had nothing to do with it. Some day we shall hear the truth of the whole affair, and of that I make no doubt."

"I don't want your money," said the old woman, testily, "and shall return it as soon as I have sold the other goat;"—whereupon, she took the leading-string from the "sennerin" and hobbled off with her new-found property, apparently as little pleased as possible.

The next day, the five florins were sent back, and then Stephan told his mother, for the first time, how he had promised to return the money if he ever found the goat again. This now seemed impossible, for he knew neither the name nor address of the gentleman. The money was, therefore, put away safely, and the savings of a few months soon made up the original sum of six florins, but still nothing could be heard of the giver.

Time wore on, and the boy was rapidly becoming an expert workman. He had regularly swept the warehouse for three years, then finding he could earn more by violin-making during the time so



STEPHAN SHOWS THE BARON'S LETTER TO GRETCHEN. [SEE PAGE 775.]

occupied, he resigned in favor of a boy as poor as he had been. Brand had pronounced him quite worthy of regular work, having often tested his ability by leaving to him the most difficult parts of the instruments. He had made himself a zither, and could play all those national airs so peculiarly the property of the mountaineers, and which are so suited to the plaintive sweetness of that instrument.

Before Stephan was eighteen, his fame as a zither-player had spread far and wide; no marriage, or festival of any kind, was complete without his well-looking, good-humored face.

One day, Stephan was putting away his tools when he was sent for by a nobleman, who had stopped overnight at the village, and he soon came back with the news the Baron Liszt had engaged him to act as guide to the Krotten Kopf mountain the next day, and Brand was also wanted to help to carry the wraps and needful provisions.

Early in the morning the party started. The Baroness accompanied her husband, and there were one or two gentlemen with their wives. Stephan and Brand, laden with shawls, umbrellas and knapsacks, then led the way with the slow, steady pace always adopted by the mountaineers, who know that speed avails nothing when great heights have to be climbed, as it cannot possibly be kept up, and only exhausts the strength at the onset. After climbing two hours, a turn in a very steep portion of the path brought them suddenly upon a green plateau, walled in, as it were, by mountain peaks, which looked of no particular height till the ascent began. Though the sun had scarcely set, yet, at such an elevation, the air was more than chilly, and as the Baroness put on a warm shawl she said, one could easily account for the fresh looks of the "sennerinnen," who spend the intensely hot months in so cool and healthful an atmosphere; for the Alps are never scorched and dried up as elsewhere during the summer. The Esterberg Alp, as it is called, consists of two large tracts of rich meadow, green and fresh as in our own fertile land, with a border of underwood straggling some distance up the mountain, and whence at midday issue the clear sounds of the musical cow-bells, the only signs of life in that wild, solitary spot.

They soon came in sight of a long low house, one-half of which was devoted to the cows and the hay. The earth around was trodden down and bare; a few flowers grew against the house-wall, and some milk-pans were ranged along it to dry. The door was opened by a wild-looking man devoid of shoes and coat; his long, shaggy hair looked as if it had never experienced the kindly influence of a comb or brush. He had evidently been roused from a heavy sleep, but soon understanding that they wished to spend the night in the hut, he told them, in a most singular German dialect, that the "oberschweizer," or chief, was away, but that he alone could arrange all that was needful; for he was accustomed to attend to the visitors who came there in the warm weather.

The "senner" prepared the meal, consisting of a large bowl full of a dark chopped pancake called "schmarren," often the only food of the cowherds for weeks together.

The next consideration was a resting-place. They had been warned that they would get nothing but hay, so it was no surprise when the "senner" led the ladies out to one side of the house, where, mounting a short ladder, he placed his lantern in the center of a large hay-loft, one side of which was open to the free air of heaven, which blew in, fresh and cool, as also it did from numerous chinks in the roof, through which the clear moonbeams shone, rendering the lantern a matter of form. The man proceeded to arrange the hay in heaps, so that each person could recline or sit, as most conducive to rest. Only those accustomed (as, indeed, most mountain climbers in Bavaria are) to spending a night half-buried in hay, can sleep. The hours of the night were spent by the ladies in laughing at one another and discussing the absurdity of spending a night ranged against the sides of a hay-loft, with heads tied up in handkerchiefs, like wounded soldiers in a hospital.

Meantime, the gentlemen sat outside enjoying their cigars by moonlight, and relating their hunting adventures. "Ah," said the Baron, after one of the stories, "that reminds me of a northern friend of mine who was staying with us some years ago. He was very short-sighted, but passionately fond of a hunt, so we made up several parties, at which he appeared in spectacles, to the great amusement of us all. He took our jokes in good part, and enjoyed himself without doing any mischief for a time. One unlucky day, however, I missed our path, and had to descend the mountain in search of some landmark from which to start afresh. Suddenly, with the exclamation: 'Hush! a chamois!' he leveled his rifle, and before I could say one word he had shot —— a goat! He was too much vexed to laugh, so I had it all to myself, and it was some minutes before I could assist him to raise the little animal, whose leg was broken. The flock was not far off, and the herd-boy was evidently searching the wood, having heard the shot. Now it never would have done to let such an unsportsmanlike event get wind, so we carried the goat to some distance, when, meeting a peasant, we paid him to leave it at a hut on a neighboring Alp, and request it should be taken

down to the valley at the first opportunity. I never mentioned the subject to any one but my brother Heinrich. Some time after, he was hunting in the same locality, and came upon a lad who was crying, with a regular mountain voice, for the loss of that very goat, for which it seemed his mother had to pay. I must confess, the consequence of kidnapping the animal for a time had never struck me, and I was therefore glad to know that my brother had given the lad money enough to pay all damages. But come, it is time we tried our hay-berths, for if we can't sleep we can rest."

Stephan, who had been eagerly listening, exclaimed: "Oh, please sir, wait a moment. I was that boy to whom the gentleman gave the money, and he told me he should expect it returned if I ever found the goat. Some time afterward I did find it, and I have always carried the money sewn into my coat-pocket in case I should meet the gentleman again when I am away from home, but I never did so; perhaps, sir, you will be kind enough to give it to him," he added, beginning to unfasten the little packet from the lining of his side-pocket.

Turning to Brand, the Baron asked if he knew anything of this romantic goat story.

"Yes, indeed, sir, and so does every one in the village, for the boy got into trouble with the neighbors, who all thought he had been throwing stones at the animal, and they even turned him out of his situation, but, as luck would have it, something else was offered the same day, so that it did not hurt him or his mother either."

"It was the best thing that ever happened to me. I had always wished to make violins and zithers, and owing to that accident I got my wish," said Stephan, in reply to the Baron's expressions of regret.

"As to the money," said the Baron, "we will make an exchange; you shall have my purse, which contains about ten florins, and I will take your little bag, just as it is, as a proof of Bavarian honesty and honor. We shall see more of one another," he added; "meantime, don't forget that we must be off by four in the morning. Good-night!"

The moon still shone when the travelers commenced their mountain journey. Slowly they wound their way round the ever-ascending path. About half-way up they came to a small rocky plain, where some young cattle were grazing. Their alarmed wild movements proved how rarely human beings passed their high-walled prison. From this point their climbing became a real labor, but before long they arrived at the summit, where, amidst much laughter and want of breath, they all threw themselves on the ground and gave vent to their satisfaction at being nearly 7,000 feet above the sea, and to their admiration of the glorious view.

But their stay on the summit was short, as they wished to make the descent of the mountain in one day. They did not reach Partenkirchen till nearly midnight, nor Mittenwald till the following day, where, of course, their adventures were related, and Stephan's story was soon the talk of the village. He became a perfect hero for the time, and many a neighbor shook hands and hoped he would forgive the doubt cast upon his word, although years had since passed and the goat of contention had been gathered to its fathers.

Some time after, a letter came to the Post Inn for Stephan, causing much curiosity in the village, as it was the first he had ever received. It came from the Baron, who offered him an excellent situation on his estate, under the forester, who, being childless and old, would not only instruct Stephan in his duties, but would soon leave the management in a great measure to him; moreover, he himself might hope to succeed as Forester, if he found the life suited to his taste. A week was given him for consideration. He did not at all like the idea of leaving his native place, to which he was attached with that intensity of feeling said to be peculiar to the mountaineers; but so good an offer was not to be refused, especially as Herr Dahn and Brand both approved of his going. So the letter was written to tell the Baron he would come in a few weeks, as requested. Meantime his old master gave him an order for a zither of the best quality, to be made of handsome wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and as the price was of no consequence, he was to make it quite a specimen instrument, to show how well he could work. Stephan was very much pleased with the commission, and when, at the end of three weeks, it was finished, his delight was great when Herr Dahn pronounced it "One of the very best he had ever had in his warehouse, and quite fit for the king." The day came for Stephan's departure, but it was not a sad one, as everything was arranged for him to return in three months to fetch Gretchen, his old master's daughter, who had promised to marry him, and Stephan's mother was to live with them.

Stephan's letters were most satisfactory. He liked the new life and the old Forester, and was sure Gretchen would admire the pretty houses, the large balcony, along the rails of which he was growing some of the beautiful dark carnations she was so fond of, and he knew she would rejoice to see the glowing mountain-peaks rising from the dark pine woods at sunset.

The wedding-day arrived at last, and in the course of the second evening,—for the festivities lasted two days,—some strangers staying in the

village came up to see the dancing, which took place in a very large room in the inn. Among them was the Baron Liszt, who, after dancing the last waltz with Gretchen, requested the visitors would remain a few minutes, as he had something to show them.

A box was then brought in by the hostess, dressed in her best costume and fur cap. She placed it with much solemnity before the Baron, who lifted the lid, took out the beautiful zither that Stephan had made with such care, and handing it to the pretty, blushing Gretchen, he said he could offer her nothing better as a wedding gift than this specimen of her husband's talent, which he hoped she would always keep and use as a token of his respect and admiration for Bavarian honesty and truth. Then, shaking hands with them both, he took leave amidst loud acclamations and waving of hats; and so ended the wedding of Stephan and Gretchen.

TROUBLES IN HIGH LIFE.

By Mrs. J. G. Burnett.



Two miniature mothers at play on the floor
Their wearisome cares were debating,
How Dora and Arabelle, children no more,
Were twice as much trouble as ever before,
And the causes each had her own cares to deplore
Were, really, well worth my relating.

Said one little mother: "You really don't know
What a burden my life is with Bella!
Her stravagant habits I hope she 'll outgrow.
She buys her kid gloves by the dozen, you know,
Sits for *cartes de visites* every fortnight or so,
And don't do a thing that I tell her!"

Those stylish young ladies (the dollies, you know)
Had complexions soft, pearly and waxen,
With arms, neck and forehead, as white as the snow,
Golden hair sweeping down to the waist and below,
Eyes blue as the sky, cheeks with youth's ruddy glow,—
Of a beauty pure Grecian and Saxon.

"Indeed!" said the other, "that 's sad to be sure;
But, ah," with a sigh, "no one guesses
The cares and anxieties mothers endure.
For though Dora appears so sedate and demure,
She spends all the money that I can secure
On her cloaks and her bonnets and dresses."

Then followed such prattle of fashion and style,
I smiled as I listened and wondered,
And I thought, had I tried to repeat it erewhile,
How these fair little Israelites, without guile,
Would mock at my lack of their knowledge, and smile
At the way I had stumbled and blundered.

And I thought, too, when each youthful mother had conned
Her startling and touching narration,
Of the dolls of which I in my childhood was fond,
How with Dora and Arabelle they'd correspond,
And how far dolls and children to-day are beyond
Those we had in the last generation!

A TALE OF MANY TAILS.

By Katharine B. Foot.

Carry stood in the door-way with her dolly on one arm and her kitten hanging over the other. Kitty did n't look comfortable, but she bore up bravely, only once in a while giving a plaintive mew. Carry gazed into the bright white sunshine.

"It 's melting hot," she said. "I guess, grandma, I 'll take my doll and Friskarina out to the wash-house and have a party."

"Well," said grandma, looking over her spectacles, "I 've no objection; only there 's a black cloud coming up, and you may get caught out there in a thunder storm."

"If I do, can Jake come for me with an umbrella, and can I take off my shoes and stockings and come home barefoot?"

"Yes; I don't believe it would hurt you."

"Then I 'll go;" and Carry picked up a box with a little tea-set in it, and started off, saying: "Do you believe it 'll rain cats and dogs and pitchforks, grandma? That 's what Jake says."

"No, my dear. You 'd better ask him if he ever saw such a rain."

"So I will," and away went Carry through the sunshine. And she said to herself: "Would n't it be funny if it did rain so? I guess grandma would n't like it much if cats rained down, 'cause she says five cats are too many now."

The tea-party on an old chair without a back was n't much of an affair, after all; for, although the doll—Miss Rose de Lorme—was propped up against a starch-box more than half a dozen times, she would keep on sliding feet first until she came down flat on her back and thumped her head. The kitten went to sleep in the corner just as soon as Carry put her down.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the little girl. "It 's so lonely with cats and dolls and things that can't talk!" And then she sat down in a corner by the old wash-boiler, where she could see out of the open door, and took Kitty into her lap.

The great fluffy clouds banked up higher and higher, and from being white and dazzling they began to grow black at the edges; and the black masses rolled up and up, until the sun was all hidden and the sky was dark. Then came the rain, gently at first, in drops far apart, but soon it fell faster and faster, and the little leaves on the currant-bushes jumped up and down and seemed to enjoy the shower-bath. To Carry's great delight, little streams began to creep over the path, now in separate little trickles, and presently with sudden little darts into one another, as they came to uneven places in the walk. She watched it all with great wide eyes, and felt quiet and cool just to smell the damp earth.

But soon the drops grew bigger, and all at once they were n't drops of rain at all!

"Good gracious!" cried Carry. "Kittens,—little blind kittens! It 'll rain dogs next, I suppose!"

That 's exactly what did happen; for down came puppies along with the kittens. They squirmed and mewed and hissed and yelped, and all the time kept growing bigger and bigger. Some came head first pawing the air as they fell; some tail first, looking scared to death; but most miserable of all were those that came down tumbling over and over.

It made them so dizzy to come down in that whirligig fashion, that they staggered about when they tried to stand. Carry felt truly sorry for them, and yet she could n't help laughing. And the cats and dogs who had come first laughed too.

"Dear me! That 's sort of funny, is n't it?" she thought; but the surprise did n't last long, for, in the midst of a tremendous shower, down came two most remarkable figures, and, with them, what at first sight appeared to be several long sticks; but, on looking again, Carry saw these were pitchforks!

"Oh!" said she, "I thought they 'd come."

Then she stared for a minute at the two odd figures, and cried: "Why! it 's Mother Hubbard's dog and Puss in Boots!" And sure enough, so it was!

Puss had a blue velvet cloak on his shoulders, large boots, and a velvet cap with a long plume. He turned toward Carry and made her a low bow, gracefully doffing his hat.

"You are right, Mademoiselle," said he. "I am that renowned personage, and your humble servant. Permit me to add, Mademoiselle, that my eyes have not beheld a fairer damsel than they now rest upon, since last I saw my beloved mistress, the charming Marquise de Carabas."

Mother Hubbard's dog was dressed in a suit of fine old-fashioned clothes, and held tightly between his teeth a very short stemmed pipe from which he puffed great clouds of smoke.

He came up beside Puss, and said, without removing his pipe: "Stuff and nonsense! We don't talk so stupidly in our village. Don't waste your time in silly yarns, but let 's settle this fight at once."

Puss turned away and, addressing Carry, said:

"Mademoiselle, this plebeian does not understand the language of court circles, to which I have been used for many years. Mademoiselle will pardon his ignorance." And here Puss rolled up his eyes and placed his hand upon his heart and bowed so low that he was actually standing on his head before he had finished. But he turned a graceful somersault and came right side up again in half a second, without looking at all disturbed.

"Sir!" said the dog, with dignity, "this matter should be settled at once, or the sun will be out, and then——" he stopped short and winked at Puss in a very knowing manner.

"Ah! that is true," replied the cat, "I had forgotten. Shall it be a general or a single combat?

"Well," said the dog, gravely, sitting down on a large flower-pot near by, "I think, as we have been wanting to fight this out for some time,—indeed, I may say, almost since time began,—we had better allow every one to have a tooth and a claw in it. Then, perhaps, this matter will be settled forever."

"Quite my opinion," responded Puss. "But first the ladies, infants, and weak and wounded, must be removed from the field."

"All right!" said the dog. "But look here. You first stop that, will you?" and he pointed to a fine gray cat that was rubbing herself against a large, comfortable-looking Newfoundland.

"Immediately," said Puss, and he bawled in a loud voice: "There is to be no friendly intercourse between soldiers of the two armies. It is in the highest degree detrimental to military discipline."

And the dog shouted: "Stop being pleasant to each other, right off. I can't have it. You always have fought, and you 've got to fight now."

The big Newfoundland at once made a snap at the gray cat, and she put up her back, spit and clawed at him, and ran off as fast as she could.

Then Puss waved his handkerchief, as a flag of truce, and said in a loud voice, "There will be a cessation of hostilities for five minutes, until the non-combatants are removed."

The able-bodied cats arranged themselves in rows, and the dogs did the same. The two generals stepped grandly in front of the lines, and the battle seemed about to begin, when a young and frisky cat, at the far end of the front rank, took advantage of a dog opposite who had turned his head, and jumped upon his back, clawing him in so cruel a way that he howled dreadfully.

At this, Mother Hubbard's dog advanced angrily, and taking the cat by the nape of the neck, threw her among the cat army, saying: "The trumpet has n't sounded, and we have n't begun yet. That was a real sneaky trick, just like a cat."

"Sir!" cried Puss in Boots, loftily, "Do you mean to insinuate that I am a sneak?"

"I did n't say so precisely," returned the dog. "But if you want me to, I will." Then he added, in a taunting tone, "You are a sneak!"

Puss trembled with rage at this insult, and drew the little sword he wore at his side.

"Prove it!" he cried, brandishing his blade.

"Did n't you sneak yourself and your master into a castle and fine clothes that you had no right to?"

"Did n't you pretend to be dead once and frighten your poor mistress nearly out of her wits? Take *that*, sir!" and he made a furious cut at him.

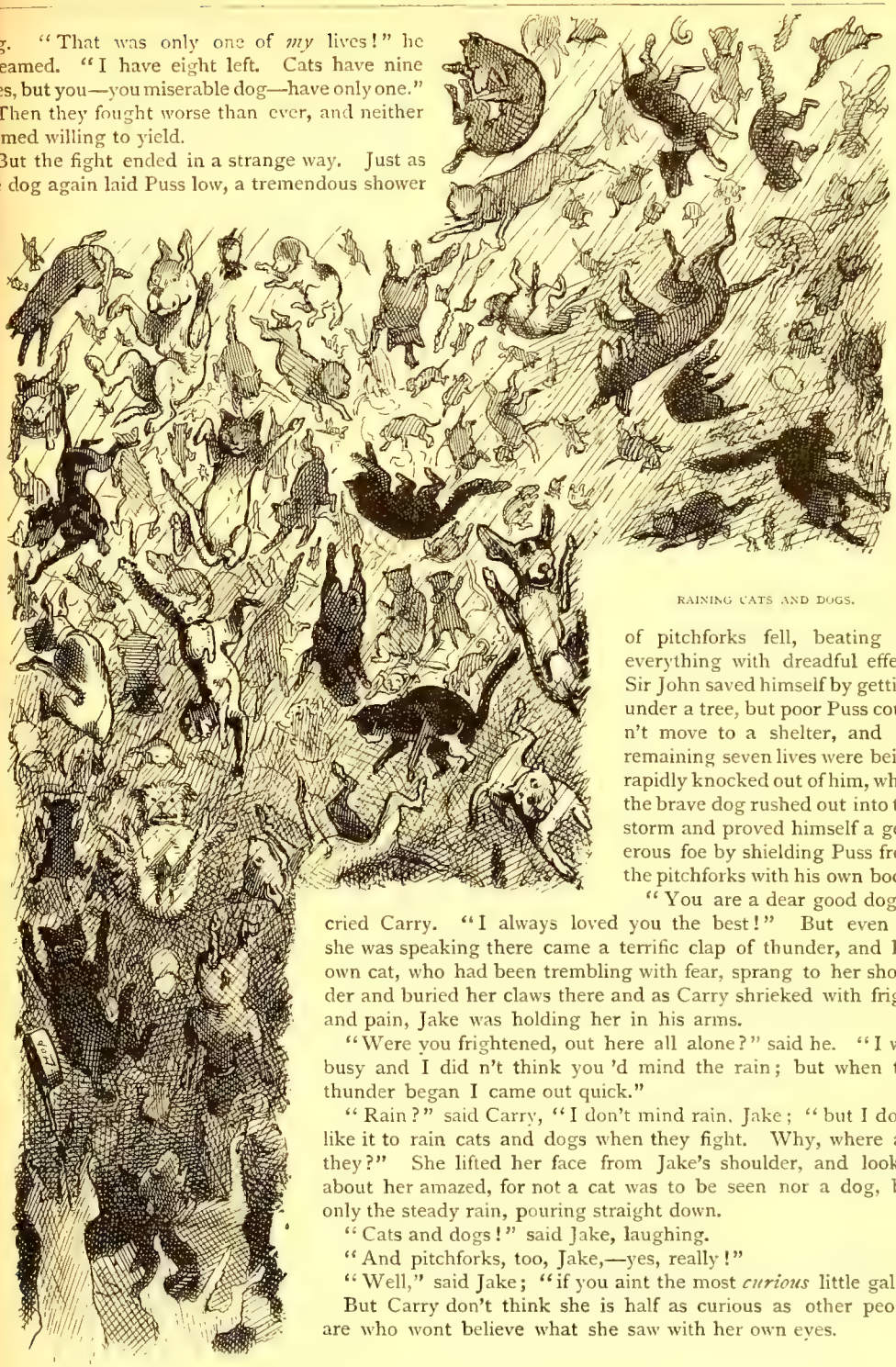
But the dog dodged the weapon, and, with a cutlass suddenly pulled from behind him, made a fierce blow at the cat. Puss leaped nimbly away, with a scream of triumph and defiance. Then they set to with all their skill and hate and cunning.

Presently Puss fell, apparently dead, and Sir John Hubbard, the victor, was leaning on his cutlass, looking sorry, when suddenly Puss jumped up, grasped his sword and made a savage lunge at the

dog. "That was only one of *my* lives!" he screamed. "I have eight left. Cats have nine lives, but you—you miserable dog—have only one."

Then they fought worse than ever, and neither seemed willing to yield.

But the fight ended in a strange way. Just as the dog again laid Puss low, a tremendous shower



RAINING CATS AND DOGS.

of pitchforks fell, beating on everything with dreadful effect. Sir John saved himself by getting under a tree, but poor Puss could n't move to a shelter, and his remaining seven lives were being rapidly knocked out of him, when the brave dog rushed out into the storm and proved himself a generous foe by shielding Puss from the pitchforks with his own body.

"You are a dear good dog!" cried Carry. "I always loved you the best!" But even as she was speaking there came a terrific clap of thunder, and her own cat, who had been trembling with fear, sprang to her shoulder and buried her claws there and as Carry shrieked with fright and pain, Jake was holding her in his arms.

"Were you frightened, out here all alone?" said he. "I was busy and I did n't think you 'd mind the rain; but when the thunder began I came out quick."

"Rain?" said Carry, "I don't mind rain, Jake; "but I don't like it to rain cats and dogs when they fight. Why, where are they?" She lifted her face from Jake's shoulder, and looked about her amazed, for not a cat was to be seen nor a dog, but only the steady rain, pouring straight down.

"Cats and dogs!" said Jake, laughing.

"And pitchforks, too, Jake,—yes, really!"

"Well," said Jake; "if you aint the most *curious* little gal!"

But Carry don't think she is half as curious as other people are who wont believe what she saw with her own eyes.



WE CAME,—WE SAW.



WE LEFT.

UNDER THE LILACS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter XXIII.

SOMEBODY COMES.

Bab and Betty had been playing in the avenue all the afternoon, several weeks later, but as the shadows began to lengthen both agreed to sit upon the gate and rest while waiting for Ben, who had gone nutting with a party of boys. When they played house, Bab was always the father, and went hunting or fishing with great energy and success, bringing home all sorts of game, from elephants and crocodiles to humming-birds and minnows. Betty was the mother, and a most notable little housewife, always mixing up imaginary delicacies with sand and dirt in old pans and broken china, which she baked in an oven of her own construction.

Both had worked hard that day, and were glad to retire to their favorite lounging-place, where Bab was happy trying to walk across the wide top bar without falling off, and Betty enjoyed slow, luxurious swings while her sister was recovering from her tumbles. On this occasion, having indulged their respective tastes, they paused for a brief interval of conversation, sitting side by side on the gate like a pair of plump gray chickens gone to roost.

"Don't you hope Ben will get his bag full? We shall have such fun eating nuts evenings," observed Bab, wrapping her arms in her apron, for it was October now, and the air was growing keen.

"Yes, and Ma says we may boil some in our little kettles. Ben promised we should have half," answered Betty, still intent on her cookery.

"I shall save some of mine for Thorny."

"I shall keep lots of mine for Miss Celia."

"Does n't it seem more than two weeks since she went away?"

"I wonder what she 'll bring us."

Before Bab could conjecture, the sound of a step and a familiar whistle made both look expectantly toward the turn in the road, all ready to cry out with one voice, "How many have you got?" Neither spoke a word, however, for the figure which pres-

ently appeared was not Ben, but a stranger,—a man who stopped whistling, and came slowly on, dusting his shoes in the way-side grass, and brushing the sleeves of his shabby velveteen coat as if anxious to freshen himself up a bit.

"It 's a tramp, let 's run away," whispered Betty, after a hasty look.

"I aint afraid," and Bab was about to assume her boldest look when a sneeze spoiled it, and made her clutch the gate to hold on.

At that unexpected sound the man looked up, showing a thin, dark face, with a pair of sharp, black eyes, which surveyed the little girls so steadily that Betty quaked, and Bab began to wish she had at least jumped down inside the gate.

"How are you?" said the man with a good-natured nod and smile, as if to re-assure the round-eyed children staring at him.

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," responded Bab, politely nodding back at him.

"Folks at home?" asked the man, looking over their heads toward the house.

"Only Ma; all the rest are gone to be married."

"That sounds lively. At the other place all the folks had gone to a funeral," and the man laughed as he glanced at the big house on the hill.

"Why, do you know the Squire?" exclaimed Bab, much surprised and re-assured.

"Come on purpose to see him. Just strolling round till he gets back," with an impatient sort of sigh.

"Betty thought you was a tramp, but I was n't afraid. I like tramps ever since Ben came," explained Bab, with her usual candor.

"Who 's Ben?" and the man came nearer so quickly that Betty nearly fell backward. "Don't you be scared, Sissy. I like little girls, so you set easy and tell me about Ben," he added, in a persuasive tone, as he leaned on the gate, so near that both could see what a friendly face he had in spite of its eager, anxious look.

"Ben is Miss Celia's boy. We found him almost starved in the coach-house, and he 's been living near here ever since," answered Bab, comprehensively.

"Tell me all about it. I like tramps too," and the man looked as if he did, very much, as Bab told the little story in a few childish words that were better than a much more elegant account.

"You were very good to the little feller," was all the man said when she ended her somewhat confused tale, in which she had jumbled the old coach and Miss Celia, dinner-pails and nutting, Sancho and circuses.

"Course we were! He 's a nice boy and we are fond of him, and he likes us," said Bab, heartily.

"'Specially me," put in Betty, quite at ease now, for the black eyes had softened wonderfully, and the brown face was smiling all over.

"Don't wonder a mite. You are the nicest pair of little girls I 've seen this long time," and the man put a hand on either side of them, as if he wanted to hug the chubby children. But he did n't do it; he merely rubbed his hands and stood there asking questions till the two chatter-boxes had told him everything there was to tell, in the most confiding manner, for he very soon ceased to seem like a stranger, and looked so familiar that Bab, growing inquisitive in her turn, suddenly said:

"Have n't you ever been here before? It seems as if I 'd seen you."

"Never in my life. Guess you 've seen somebody that looks like me," and the black eyes twinkled for a minute as they looked into the puzzled little faces before him. Then he said, soberly:

"I 'm looking round for a likely boy; don't you think this Ben would suit me? I want just such a lively sort of chap."

"Are you a circus man?" asked Bab, quickly.

"Well, no, not now. I 'm in better business."

"I 'm glad of it—*we* don't approve of 'em; but I do think they 're splendid!"

Bab began by gravely quoting Miss Celia, and ended with an irrepressible burst of admiration which contrasted drolly with her first remark.

Betty added anxiously, "We can't let Ben go, any way. I know he would n't want to, and Miss Celia would feel bad. Please don't ask him."

"He can do as he likes, I suppose. He has n't got any folks of his own, has he?"

"No, his father died in California, and Ben felt so bad he cried, and we were real sorry, and gave him a piece of Ma, 'cause he was so lonesome," answered Betty, in her tender little voice, with a pleading look which made the man stroke her smooth cheek and say, quite softly:

"Bless your heart for that! I wont take him away, child, or do a thing to trouble anybody that 's been good to him."

"He 's coming now. I hear Sanch barking at the squirrels!" cried Bab, standing up to get a good look down the road.

The man turned quickly, and Betty saw that he breathed fast as he watched the spot where the low sunshine lay warmly on the red maple at the corner. Into this glow came unconscious Ben, whistling "Rory O'Moore," loud and clear, as he trudged along with a heavy bag of nuts over his shoulder and the light full on his contented face. Sancho trotted before and saw the stranger first, for the sun in Ben's eyes dazzled him. Since his sad loss Sancho cherished a strong dislike to tramps, and now he paused to growl and show his teeth, evidently intending to warn this one off the premises.

"He wont hurt you ——" began Bab, encouragingly; but before she could add a chiding word to the dog, Sanch gave an excited howl, and flew at the man's throat as if about to throttle him.

Betty screamed, and Bab was about to go to the rescue when both perceived that the dog was licking the stranger's face in an ecstasy of joy, and heard the man say as he hugged the curly beast:

"Good old Sanch! I knew he would n't forget master, and he does n't."

"What 's the matter?" called Ben, coming up briskly, with a strong grip of his stout stick.

There was no need of any answer, for, as he came into the shadow, he saw the man, and stood looking at him as if he were a ghost.

"It 's father, Benny; don't you know me?" asked the man, with an odd sort of choke in his voice as he thrust the dog away, and held out both hands to the boy.

Down dropped the nuts, and crying, "Oh, Daddy, Daddy!" Ben cast himself into the arms of the shabby velveteen coat, while poor Sanch tore round them in distracted circles, barking wildly, as if that was the only way in which he could vent his rapture.

What happened next, Bab and Betty never stopped to see, but, dropping from their roost, they went flying home like startled Chicken Littles with the astounding news that "Ben's father has come alive, and Sancho knew him right away!"

Mrs. Moss had just got her cleaning done up, and was resting a minute before setting the table, but she flew out of her old rocking-chair when the excited children told the wonderful tale, exclaiming as they ended:

"Where is he? Go bring him here. I declare it fairly takes my breath away!"

Before Bab could obey, or her mother compose herself, Sancho bounced in and spun round like an insane top, trying to stand on his head, walk upright, waltz and bark all at once, for the good old fellow had so lost his head that he forgot the loss of his tail.

"They are coming! they are coming! See, Ma, what a nice man he is," said Bab, hopping about on one foot as she watched the slowly approaching pair.

"My patience, don't they look alike! I should know he was Ben's Pa anywhere!" said Mrs. Moss, running to the door in a hurry.

They certainly did resemble one another, and it was almost comical to see the same curve in the legs, the same wide-awake style of wearing the hat, the same sparkle of the eye, good-natured smile and agile motion of every limb. Old Ben carried the bag in one hand while young Ben held the other fast, looking a little shame-faced at his own emotion now, for there were marks of tears on his cheeks, but too glad to repress the delight he felt that he had really found Daddy this side heaven.

Mrs. Moss unconsciously made a pretty little picture of herself as she stood at the door with her honest face shining and both hands out, saying in a hearty tone, which was a welcome in itself:

"I 'm *real* glad to see you safe and well, Mr. Brown! Come right in and make yourself to home. I guess there is n't a happier boy living than Ben is to-night."

"And I *know* there is n't a gratefuler man living than I am for your kindness to my poor forsaken little feller," answered Mr. Brown, dropping both his burdens to give the comely woman's hands a hard shake.

"Now don't say a word about it, but sit down and rest, and we 'll have tea in less 'n no time. Ben must be tired and hungry, though he 's so happy I don't believe he knows it," laughed Mrs. Moss, bustling away to hide the tears in her eyes, anxious to make things sociable and easy all round.

With this end in view she set forth her best china, and covered the table with food enough for a dozen, thanking her stars that it was baking day, and everything had turned out well. Ben and his father sat talking by the window till they were bidden to "draw up and help themselves" with such hospitable warmth that everything had an extra relish to the hungry pair.

Ben paused occasionally to stroke the rusty coat-sleeve with bread-and-buttery fingers to convince himself that "Daddy" had really come, and his father disposed of various inconvenient emotions by eating as if food was unknown in California. Mrs. Moss beamed on every one from behind the big tea-pot like a mild full moon, while Bab and Betty kept interrupting one another in their eagerness to tell something new about Ben and how Sanch lost his tail.

"Now you let Mr. Brown talk a little; we all want to hear how he 'came alive,' as you call it," said Mrs. Moss, as they drew round the fire in the "settin'-room," leaving the tea-things to take care of themselves.

It was not a long story, but a very interesting one to this circle of listeners: all about the wild life on the plains, trading for mustangs, the terrible blow that nearly killed Ben, senior, the long months of unconsciousness in the California hospital, the slow recovery, the journey back, Mr. Smithers's tale of the boy's disappearance, and then the anxious trip to find out from Squire Allen where he now was.

"I asked the hospital folks to write and tell you as soon as I knew whether I was on my head or my heels, and they promised; but they did n't; so I

came off the minute I could, and worked my way back, expecting to find you at the old place. I was afraid you 'd have worn out your welcome here and gone off again, for you are as fond of traveling as your father."

"I wanted to, sometimes, but the folks here were so dreadful good to me I *could n't*," confessed Ben, secretly surprised to find that the prospect of going off with Daddy even cost him a pang of regret, for



MRS. MOSS WELCOMES BEN'S FATHER.

the boy had taken root in the friendly soil, and was no longer a wandering thistle-down, tossed about by every wind that blew.

"I know what I owe 'em, and you and me will work out that debt before we die, or our name is n't B. B.," said Mr. Brown, with an emphatic slap on his knee, which Ben imitated half unconsciously as he exclaimed heartily:

"That 's *so!*" adding, more quietly, "What are you going to do now? Go back to Smithers and the old work?"

"Not likely, after the way he treated you, Sonny. I 've had it out with him, and he wont want to see *me* again in a hurry," answered Mr. Brown, with a sudden kindling of the eye that reminded Bab of Ben's face when he shook her after losing Sancho.

"There 's more circuses than his in the world; but I 'll have to limber out ever so much before I 'm good for much in that line," said the boy, stretching his stout arms and legs with a curious mixture of satisfaction and regret.

"You 've been living in clover and got fat, you rascal," and his father gave him a poke here and there, as Mr. Squeers did the plump Wackford, when displaying him as a specimen of the fine diet at Do-the-boys Hall. "Don't believe I could put you up now if I tried, for I have n't got my strength back yet, and we are both out of practice. It 's just as well, for I 've about made up my mind to quit the business and settle down somewhere for a spell, if I can get anything to do," continued the rider, folding his arms and gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

"I should n't wonder a mite if you could right here, for Mr. Towne has a great boarding-stable over yonder, and he 's always wanting men," said Mrs. Moss, eagerly, for she dreaded to have Ben go, and no one could forbid it if his father chose to take him away.

"That sounds likely. Thanky, ma'am. I 'll look up the concern and try my chance. Would you call it too great a come-down to have father an 'ostler after being first rider in the 'Great Golden Menagerie, Circus, and Colosseum,' hey Ben?" asked Mr. Brown, quoting the well-remembered show-bill with a laugh.

"No, I should n't; it 's real jolly up there when the big barn is full and eighty horses have to be taken care of. I love to go and see 'em. Mr. Towne asked me to come and be stable-boy when I rode the kicking gray the rest were afraid of. I hankered to go, but Miss Celia had just got my new books, and I knew she 'd feel bad if I gave up going to school. Now I 'm glad I did n't, for I get on first rate and like it."

"You done right, boy, and I 'm pleased with you. Don't you ever be ungrateful to them that befriended you, if you want to prosper. I 'll tackle the stable business a Monday and see what 's to be done. Now I ought to be walking, but I 'll be round in the morning, ma'am, if you can spare Ben for a spell to-morrow. We 'd like to have a good Sunday tramp and talk; would n't we, Sonny?" and Mr. Brown rose to go, with his hand on Ben's shoulder, as if loth to leave him even for the night.

Mrs. Moss saw the longing in his face, and forgetting that he was an utter stranger, spoke right out of her hospitable heart.

"It is a long piece to the tavern, and my little back bed-room is always ready. It wont make a mite of trouble if you don't mind a plain place, and you are heartily welcome."

Mr. Brown looked pleased, but hesitated to accept any further favor from the good soul who had already done so much for him and his. Ben gave him no time to speak, however, for running

to a door he flung it open and beckoned, saying, eagerly:

"Do stay, father; it will be so nice to have you. This is a tip-top room; I slept here the night I came, and that bed was just splendid after bare ground for a fortnight."

"I'll stop, and as I'm pretty well done up, I guess we may as well turn in now," answered the new guest; then, as if the memory of that homeless little lad so kindly cherished made his heart overflow in spite of him, Mr. Brown paused at the door to say hastily, with his hands on Bab and Betty's heads, as if his promise was a very earnest one:

"I don't forget, ma'am, and these children shall never want a friend while Ben Brown 's alive;" then he shut the door so quickly that the other Ben's prompt "Hear, hear!" was cut short in the middle.

"I s'pose he means that we shall have a piece of Ben's father, because we gave Ben a piece of our mother," said Betty, softly.

"Of course he does, and it's all fair," answered Bab, decidedly. "Is n't he a nice man, Ma?"

"Go to bed, children," was all the answer she got; but when they were gone, Mrs. Moss, as she washed up her dishes, more than once glanced at a certain nail where a man's hat had not hung for five years, and thought with a sigh what a natural, protecting air that slouched felt had.

If one wedding were not quite enough for a child's story, we might here hint what no one dreamed of then, that before the year came round again Ben had found a mother, Bab and Betty a father, and Mr. Brown's hat was quite at home behind the kitchen door. But, on the whole, it is best not to say a word about it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GREAT GATE IS OPENED.

THE Browns were up and out so early next morning that Bab and Betty were sure they had run away in the night. But on looking for them, they were discovered in the coach-house criticising Lita, both with their hands in their pockets, both chewing straws, and looking as much alike as a big elephant and a small one.

"That 's as pretty a little span as I 've seen for a long time," said the elder Ben, as the children came trotting down the path hand in hand, with the four blue bows at the ends of their braids bobbing briskly up and down.

"The nigh one is my favorite, but the off one is the best goer, though she 's dreadfully hard bitted," answered Ben the younger, with such a comical assumption of a jockey's important air that his father laughed as he said in an undertone:

"Come, boy, we must drop the old slang since we 've given up the old business. These good folks are making a gentleman of you, and I wont be the one to spoil their work. Hold on, my dears, and I 'll show you how they say good-morning in California," he added, beckoning to the little girls, who now came up rosy and smiling.

"Breakfast is ready, sir," said Betty, looking much relieved to find them.

"We thought you 'd run away from us," explained Bab, as both put out their hands to shake those extended to them.

"That would be a mean trick. But I 'm going to run away *with* you," and Mr. Brown whisked a little girl to either shoulder before they knew what had happened, while Ben, remembering the day, with difficulty restrained himself from turning a series of triumphant somersaults before them all the way to the door, where Mrs. Moss stood waiting for them.

After breakfast, Ben disappeared for a short time, and returned in his Sunday suit, looking so neat and fresh that his father surveyed him with surprise and pride as he came in full of boyish satisfaction in his trim array.

"Here 's a smart young chap! Did you take all that trouble just to go to walk with old Daddy?" asked Mr. Brown, stroking the smooth head, for they were alone just then, Mrs. Moss and the children being upstairs preparing for church.

"I thought may be you 'd like to go to meeting first," answered Ben, looking up at him with such a happy face that it was hard to refuse anything.

"I 'm too shabby, Sonny, else I 'd go in a minute to please you."

"Miss Celia said God did n't mind poor clothes, and she took me when I looked worse than you do. I always go in the morning; she likes to have me," said Ben, turning his hat about as if not quite sure what he ought to do.

"Do you want to go?" asked his father in a tone of surprise.

"I want to please her, if you don't mind. We could have our tramp this afternoon."

"I have n't been to meeting since mother died, and it don't seem to come easy, though I know I ought to, seeing I 'm alive and here," and Mr. Brown looked soberly out at the lovely autumn-world as if glad to be in it after his late danger and pain.

"Miss Celia said church was a good place to take our troubles, and to be thankful in. I went when I thought you were dead, and now I 'd love to go when I 've got my Daddy safe again."

No one saw him, so Ben could not resist giving his father a sudden hug, which was warmly returned as the man said earnestly:

"I'll go, and thank the Lord hearty for giving me back my boy better 'n I left him!"

For a minute, nothing was heard but the loud tick of the old clock and a mournful whine from Sancho, shut up in the shed lest he should go to church without an invitation.

Then, as steps were heard on the stairs, Mr. Brown caught up his hat, saying hastily:

"I ain't fit to go with them, you tell 'em, and I'll slip into a back seat after folks are in. I know the way." And, before Ben could reply, he was gone.

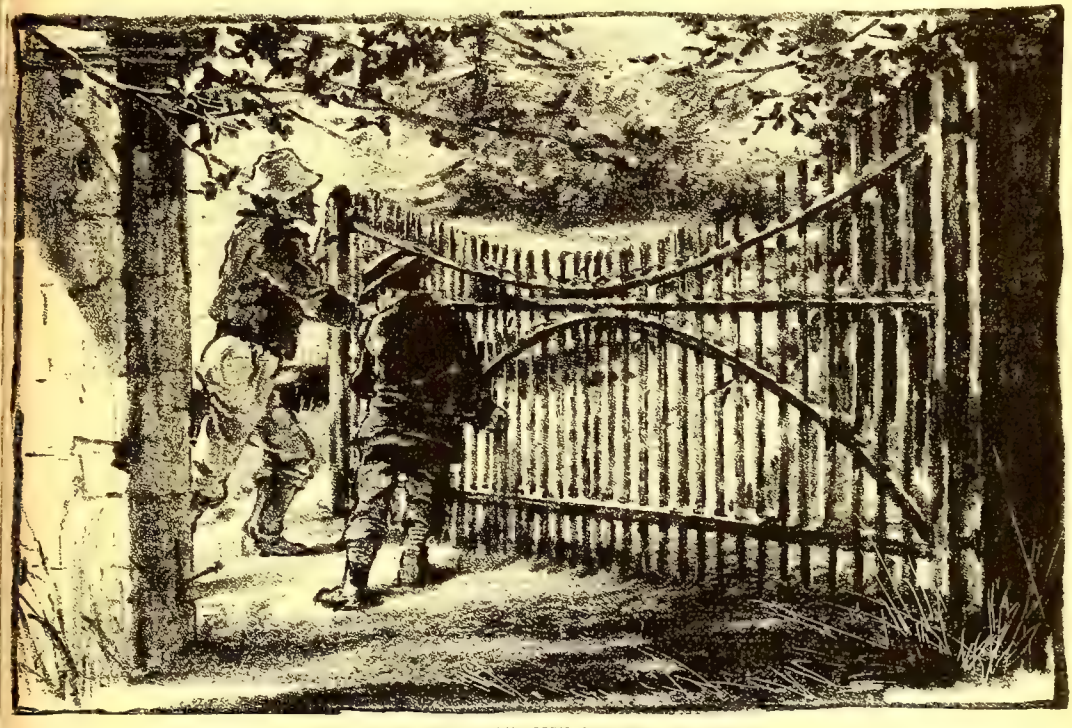
Nothing was seen of him along the way, but he saw the little party, and rejoiced again over his boy, changed so greatly for the better; for Ben was the one thing which had kept his heart soft through all the trials and temptations of a rough life.

"I promised Mary I'd do my best for the poor baby she had to leave, and I tried, but I guess a better friend than I am has been raised up for him when he needed her most. It wont hurt me to follow him in this road," thought Mr. Brown as he came out into the highway from his stroll "across lots," feeling that it would be good for him to stay in this quiet place for his own as well as for his son's sake.

The bell had done ringing when he reached the green, but a single boy sat on the steps and ran to meet him, saying with a reproachful look:

"I was n't going to let you be alone and have folks think I was ashamed of my father. Come, Daddy, we'll sit together."

So Ben led his father straight to the Squire's pew, and sat beside him with a face so full of innocent pride and joy that people would have suspected the truth if he had not already told many of them. Mr. Brown, painfully conscious of his shabby coat, was rather "taken aback," as he expressed it, but the Squire's shake of the hand and Mrs. Allen's gracious nod enabled him to face the eyes of the interested congregation, the younger portion of which stared steadily at him all sermon time, in spite of paternal frowns and maternal tweakings in the rear.



BEN AND HIS FATHER OPEN THE GREAT GATE.

But the crowning glory of the day came after church, when the Squire said to Ben, and Sam heard him:

"I've got a letter for you from Miss Celia. Come home with me and bring your father. I want to talk to him."

The boy proudly escorted his parent to the old carry-all, and tucking himself in behind with Mrs. Allen, had the satisfaction of seeing the slouched felt hat side by side with the Squire's Sunday beaver in front, as they drove off at such an unusually

smart pace that, it was evident, Duke knew there was a critical eye upon him. The interest taken in the father was owing to the son at first, but, by the time the story was told, old Ben had won friends for himself, not only because of the misfortunes which he had evidently borne in a manly way, but because of his delight in the boy's improvement, and the desire he felt to turn his hand to any honest work, that he might keep Ben happy and contented in this good home.

"I'll give you a line to Towne. Smithers spoke well of you, and your own ability will be the best recommendation," said the Squire, as he parted from them at his door, having given Ben the letter.

Miss Celia had been gone a fortnight, and every one was longing to have her back. The first week brought Ben a newspaper, with a crinkly line drawn round the "marriages" to attract attention to that spot, and one was marked by a black frame with a large hand pointing at it from the margin. Thorny sent that, but the next week came a parcel for Mrs. Moss, and in it was discovered a box of wedding-cake for every member of the family, including Sancho, who ate his at one gulp and chewed up the lace paper which covered it. This was the third week, and as if there could not be happiness enough crowded into it for Ben, the letter he read on his way home told him that his dear mistress was coming back on the following Saturday. One passage particularly pleased him:

"I want the great gate opened, so that the new master may go in that way. Will you see that it is done, and all made neat afterward. Ronda will give you the key, and you may have out all your flags if you like, for the old place cannot look too gay for this home-coming."

Sunday though it was, Ben could not help waving the letter over his head as he ran in to tell Mrs. Moss the glad news, and begin at once to plan the welcome they would give Miss Celia, for he never called her anything else.

During their afternoon stroll in the mellow sunshine, Ben continued to talk of her, never tired of telling about his happy summer under her roof. And Mr. Brown was never weary of hearing, for every hour showed him more plainly what a lovely miracle her gentle words had wrought, and every hour increased his gratitude, his desire to return the kindness in some humble way. He had his wish, and did his part handsomely when he least expected to have a chance.

On Monday he saw Mr. Towne, and, thanks to the Squire's good word, was engaged for a month on trial, making himself so useful that it was soon evident he was the right man in the right place. He lived on the hill, but managed to get down to the little brown house in the evening for a word with Ben, who just now was as full of business as if the President and his Cabinet were coming.

Everything was put in apple-pie order in and about the old house; the great gate, with much creaking of rusty hinges and some clearing away of rubbish, was set wide open, and the first creature who entered it was Sancho, solemnly dragging the dead mullein which long ago had grown above the top of it. October frosts seemed to have spared some of the brightest leaves for this especial occasion, and on Saturday the gate-way was decorated with gay wreaths, red and yellow sprays strewed the flags, and the porch was a blaze of color with the red woodbine, that was in its glory when the honeysuckle was leafless.

Fortunately, it was a half-holiday, so the children could trim and chatter to their hearts' content, and the little girls ran about sticking funny decorations where no one would ever think of looking for them. Ben was absorbed in his flags, which were sprinkled all down the avenue with a lavish display, suggesting several Fourth-of-Julys rolled into one. Mr. Brown had come down to lend a hand, and did so most energetically, for the break-neck things he did with his son during the decoration fever would have terrified Mrs. Moss out of her wits if she had not been in the house giving last touches to every room, while Ronda and Katy set forth a sumptuous tea.

All was going well, and the train would be due in an hour, when luckless Bab nearly turned the rejoicing into mourning, the feast into ashes. She heard her mother say to Ronda, "There ought to be a fire in every room, it looks so cheerful, and the air is chilly spite of the sunshine," and never waiting to hear the reply that some of the long-unused chimneys were not safe till cleaned, off went Bab with an apron full of old shingles and made a roaring blaze in the front room fire-place, which was of all others the one to be let alone, as the flue was out of order. Charmed with the brilliant light and the crackle of the tindery fuel, Miss Bab refilled her apron and fed the fire till the chimney began to rumble ominously, sparks to fly out at the top, and soot and swallows' nests to come tumbling down upon the hearth. Then, scared at what she had done, the little mischief-maker hastily buried her fire, swept up the rubbish, and ran off, thinking no one would discover her prank if she never told.

Everybody was very busy, and the big chimney blazed and rumbled unnoticed till the cloud of smoke caught Ben's eye as he festooned his last effort in the flag line, part of an old sheet with the words "Father has come!" in red cambric letters, half a foot long, sewed upon it.

"Hullo, I do believe they've got up a bonfire

without asking my leave! Miss Celia never would let us, because the sheds and roofs are so old and dry; I must see about it. Catch me, Daddy, I 'm coming down!" cried Ben, dropping out of the elm with no more thought of where he might alight than a squirrel swinging from bough to bough.

His father caught him, and followed in haste as his nimble-footed son raced up the avenue, to stop in the gate-way, frightened at the prospect before him, for falling sparks had already kindled the roof here and there, and the chimney smoked and roared like a small volcano, while Katy's wails and Ronda's cries for water came from within.

"Up there, with wet blankets, while I get out the hose!" cried Mr. Brown, as he saw at a glance what the danger was.

Ben vanished, and, before his father got the garden hose rigged, he was on the roof with a dripping blanket over the worst spot. Mrs. Moss had her wits about her in a minute, and ran to put in the fire-board and stop the draught. Then, stationing Ronda to watch that the falling cinders did no harm inside, she hurried off to help Mr. Brown, who might not know where things were. But he had roughed it so long that he was the man for emergencies, and seemed to lay his hand on whatever was needed, by a sort of instinct. Finding that the hose was too short to reach the upper part of the roof, he was on the roof in a jiffy with two pails of water, and quenched the most dangerous flames before much harm was done. This he kept up till the chimney burned itself out, while Ben dodged about among the gables with a watering-pot, lest some stray sparks should be overlooked and break out afresh.

While they worked there, Betty ran to and fro with a dipper of water trying to help, and Sancho barked violently, as if he objected to this sort of illumination. But where was Bab, who reveled in flurries? No one missed her till the fire was out, and the tired, sooty people met to talk over the danger just escaped.

"Poor Miss Celia would n't have had a roof over her head if it had n't been for you, Mr. Brown," said Mrs. Moss, sinking into a kitchen chair, pale with the excitement.

"It would have burnt lively, but I guess it 's all right now. Keep an eye on the roof, Ben, and I 'll step up garret and see if all 's safe there. Did n't you know that chimney was foul, ma 'am?" asked the man, as he wiped the perspiration off his grimy face.

"Ronda said it was, and I 'm surprised she made a fire there," began Mrs. Moss, looking at the maid, who just then came in with a pan full of soot.

"Bless you, ma 'am, I never thought of such a thing, nor Katy neither. That naughty Bab must have done it, and so don't dar'st to show herself," answered the irate Ronda, whose nice room was in a mess.

"Where is the child?" asked her mother, and a hunt was immediately instituted by Betty and Sancho, while the elders cleared up.

Anxious Betty searched high and low, called and cried, but all in vain, and was about to sit down in despair, when Sancho made a bolt into his new kennel and brought out a shoe with a foot in it, while a doleful squeal came from the straw within.

"Oh, Bab, how could you do it? Ma was frightened dreadfully," said Betty, gently tugging at the striped leg, as Sancho poked his head in for another shoe.

"Is it *all* burnt up!" demanded a smothered voice from the recesses of the kennel.

"Only pieces of the roof. Ben and his father put it out, and *I* helped," answered Betty, cheering up a little as she recalled her noble exertions.

"What do they do to folks who set houses afire?" asked the voice again.

"I don't know; but you need n't be afraid; there is n't much harm done, I guess, and Miss Celia will forgive you, she 's so good."

"Thorny wont; he calls me a 'botheration,' and I guess I am," mourned the unseen culprit, with sincere contrition.

"I 'll ask him; he is always good to me. They will be here pretty soon, so you 'd better come out and be made tidy," suggested the comforter.

"I never can come out, for every one will hate me," sobbed Bab among the straw; and she pulled in her foot, as if retiring forever from an outraged world.

"Ma wont, she 's too busy cleaning up; so it 's a good time to come. Let 's run home, wash our hands, and be all nice when they see us. I 'll love you, no matter what anybody else does," said Betty, consoling the poor little sinner, and proposing the sort of repentance most likely to find favor in the eyes of the agitated elders.

"P'r'aps I 'd better go home, for Sanch will want his bed," and Bab gladly availed herself of that excuse to back out of her refuge, a very crumpled, dusty young lady, with a dejected face, and much straw sticking in her hair.

Betty led her sadly away, for she still protested that she never should dare to meet the offended public again; but in fifteen minutes both appeared in fine order and good spirits, and naughty Bab escaped a lecture for the time being, as the train would soon be due.

At the first sound of the car whistle every one turned good-natured as if by magic, and flew to the

gate, smiling as if all mishaps were forgiven and forgotten. Mrs. Moss, however, slipped quietly away, and was the first to greet Miss Celia as the carriage stopped at the entrance of the avenue, so that the luggage might go in by way of the lodge.

"We will walk up and you shall tell us the news as we go, for I see you have some," said the young lady, in her friendly manner, when Mrs. Moss had given her welcome and paid her respects to the gentleman, who shook hands in a way that convinced her he was indeed what Thorny called him, "regularly jolly," though he was a minister.

That being exactly what she came for, the good woman told her tidings as rapidly as possible, and the new-comers were so glad to hear of Ben's happiness they made very light of Bab's bonfire, though it had come near burning their house down.

"We wont say a word about it, for every one must be happy to-day," said Mr. George, so kindly that Mrs. Moss felt a load taken off her heart at once.

"Bab was always teasing me for fire-works, but I guess she has had enough for the present," laughed Thorny, who was gallantly escorting Bab's mother up the avenue.

"Every one is so kind! Teacher was out with the children to cheer us as we passed, and here you all are making things pretty for me," said Miss Celia, smiling with tears in her eyes, as they drew near the great gate, which certainly did present an animated if not an imposing appearance.

Ronda and Katy stood on one side, all in their best, bobbing delighted courtesies; Mr. Brown, half hidden behind the gate on the other side, was keeping Sancho erect, so that he might present arms promptly when the bride appeared. As flowers were scarce, on either post stood a rosy little girl clapping her hands, while out from the thicket of red and yellow boughs, which made a grand bouquet in the lantern frame, came Ben's head and shoulders, as he waved his grandest flag with its gold paper "Welcome Home!" on a blue ground.

"Is n't it beautiful!" cried Miss Celia, throwing kisses to the children, shaking hands with her maids, and glancing brightly at the stranger who was keeping Sanch quiet.

"Most people adorn their gate-posts with stone balls, vases, or griffins; your living images are a great improvement, love, especially the happy boy in the middle," said Mr. George, eying Ben with interest, as he nearly tumbled overboard, top-heavy with his banner.

"You must finish what I have only begun," answered Miss Celia, adding gayly, as Sancho broke loose and came to offer both his paw and his congratulations, "Sanch, introduce your master, that I may thank him for coming back in time to save my old house."

"If I 'd saved a dozen it would n't have half paid for all you 've done for my boy, ma'am," answered Mr. Brown, bursting out from behind the gate quite red with gratitude and pleasure.

"I loved to do it, so please remember that this is still his home till you make one for him. Thank God, he is no longer fatherless!" and Miss Celia's sweet face said even more than her words, as the white hand cordially shook the brown one with a burn across the back.

"Come on, sister. I see the tea-table all ready, and I 'm awfully hungry," interrupted Thorny, who had not a ray of sentiment about him, though very glad Ben had got his father back again.

"Come over, by and by, little friends, and let me thank you for your pretty welcome,—it certainly is a warm one;" and Miss Celia glanced merrily from the three bright faces above her to the old chimney, which still smoked sullenly.

"Oh, don't!" cried Bab, hiding her face.

"She did n't mean to," added Betty, pleadingly.

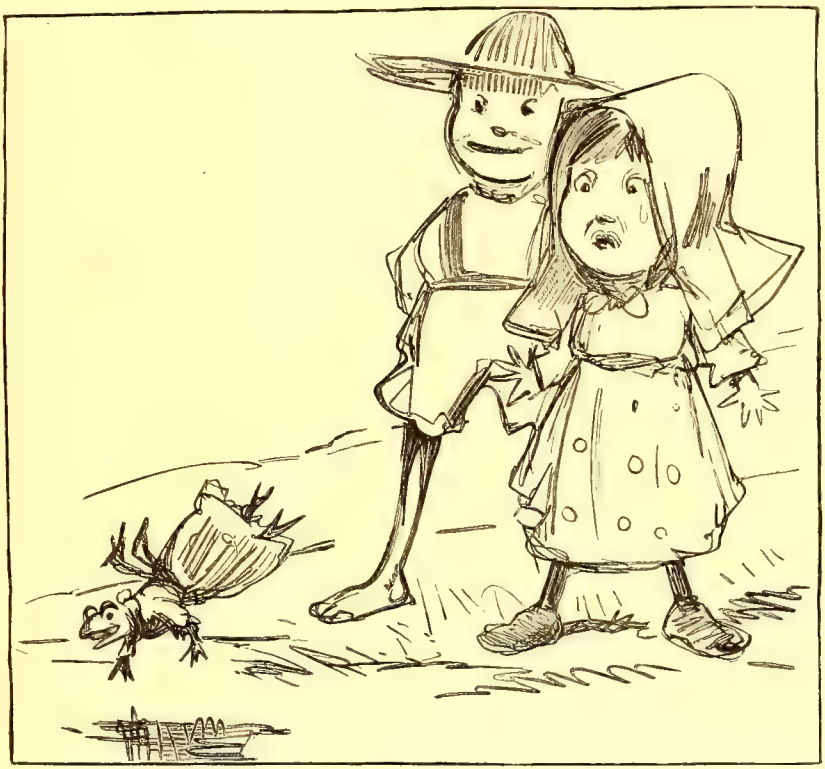
"Three cheers for the bride!" roared Ben, dipping his flag, as leaning on her husband's arm his dear mistress passed through the gay party, along the leaf-strewn walk, over the threshold of the house which was to be her happy home for many years.

The closed gate where the lonely little wanderer once lay was always to stand open now, and the path where children played before was free to all comers, for a hospitable welcome henceforth awaited rich and poor, young and old, sad and gay, Under the Lilacs.



HAPPY LITTLE FROGGY.

By E. Müller.



Happy little Froggy, he
Was proud enough
Of his trousers and his coat,
Green and buff.

Came and caught him Rob and Bess,
Quick as flash,
Dressed him up in Dolly's dress,
And her sash.

Froggy gave a frantic leap,
And in three springs
Took into the water deep
All Dolly's things.

HOW TO KEEP A JOURNAL.

By W. S. Jerome.

Autumn is as good a time as any for a boy or girl to begin to keep a journal. Too many have the idea that it is a hard and unprofitable task to keep a journal, and especially is this the case with those who have begun, but soon gave up the experiment. They think it is a waste of time, and that no good results from it. But that depends upon the kind of journal that you keep. Everybody has heard of the boy who thought he would try to keep a diary. He bought a book, and wrote in it, for the first day, "Decided to keep a journal." The next day he wrote, "Got up, washed, and

went to bed." The day after, he wrote the same thing, and no wonder that at the end of a week he wrote, "Decided not to keep a journal," and gave up the experiment. It is such attempts as this, by persons who have no idea of what a journal is, or how to keep it, that discourage others from beginning. But it is not hard to keep a journal if you begin in the right way, and will use a little perseverance and patience. The time spent in writing in a journal is not wasted, by any means. It may be the best employed hour of any in the day, and a well-kept journal is a source of pleasure and advantage which more than repays the writer for the time and trouble spent upon it.

The first thing to do in beginning a journal, is to resolve to stick to it. Don't begin, and let the poor journal die in a week. A journal, or diary, should be written in *every day*, if possible. Now, don't be frightened at this, for you do a great many things every day, and this is n't a very awful condition. The time spent may be longer or shorter, according to the matter to be written up; but try and write, at least a little, every day. *"Nulla dies sine linea"*—no day without a line—is a good motto. It is a great deal easier to write a little every day, than to write up several days in one.

Do not get for a journal a book with the dates already printed in it. That kind will do very well for a merchant's note-book, but not for the young man or woman who wants to keep a live, cheerful account of a happy and pleasant life. Sometimes you will have a picnic or excursion to write about, and will want to fill more space than the printed page allows. Buy a substantially bound blank-book, made of good paper; write your name and address plainly on the fly-leaf, and, if you choose, paste a calendar inside the cover. Set down the date at the head of the first page, thus: "Tuesday, October 1, 1878." Then begin the record of the day, endeavoring as far as possible to mention the events in the correct order of time,—morning, afternoon and evening. When this is done, write in the middle of the page, "Wednesday, October 2," and you are ready for the record of the next day. It is well to set down the year at the top of each page.

But what are you to write about? First, the weather. Don't forget this. Write, "Cold and windy," or "Warm and bright," as the case may be. It takes but a moment, and in a few years you will have a complete record of the weather, which will be found not only curious, but useful.

Then put down the letters you have received or written, and, if you wish, any money paid or received. The day of beginning or leaving school; the studies you pursue; visits from or to your friends; picnics or sleigh-rides; the books you have read; and all such items of interest should be noted. Write anything that you want to remember. After trying this plan a short time, you will be surprised at the many things constantly occurring which you used to overlook, but which now form pleasant paragraphs in your book. But don't try to write something when there is nothing to write. If there is only a line to be written, write that, and begin again next day.

Do not set down about people anything which you would not wish them to see. It is not likely that any one will ever see your writing, but it is possible, so, always be careful about what you write. The Chinese say of a spoken word, that once let fall, it cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses. Much more is this true of written words, and once out of your possession, there is no telling where they will go, or who will see them.

The best time to write in a journal is in the evening. Keep the book in your table-drawer, or on your desk, and, after supper, when the lamps are lighted, sit down and write your plain account of the day. Don't try to write an able and eloquent article, but simply give a statement of what you have seen or done during the day. For the first week or two after beginning a journal, the novelty of the thing will keep up your interest, and you will be anxious for the time to come when you can write your journal. But, after a while, it becomes tedious. Then is the time when you must persevere. Write something every day, and before long you will find that you are becoming so accustomed to it, that you would not willingly forego it. After that, the way is plain, and the longer you live the more valuable and indispensable your journal will become.

But some practical young person asks: What is the good of a journal? There is very much. In the first place, it teaches habits of order and regularity. The boy or girl who every evening arranges the proceedings of the day in systematic order, and regularly writes them out, is not likely to be careless in other matters. It helps the memory. A person who keeps a journal naturally tries during the day to remember things he sees, until he can write them down. Then the act of writing helps to still further fix the facts in his memory. The journal is a first-class teacher of penmanship. All boys and girls should take pride in having the pages of their journals as neat and handsome as possible. Compare one day's writing with that of the one before, and try to improve every day. Keeping a journal cultivates habits of observation, correct and concise expression, and gives capital practice in composition, spelling, punctuation, and all the little things which go to make up a good letter-writer. So, one who keeps a journal is all the while learning to be a better penman, and a

better composer, with the advantage of writing original, historical, and descriptive articles, instead of copying the printed letters and sentences of a writing-book.

But, best of all, a well-kept journal furnishes a continuous and complete family history, which is always interesting, and often very useful. It is sometimes very convenient to have a daily record of the year, and the young journalist will often have occasion to refer to his account of things gone by. Perhaps, some evening, when the family are sitting and talking together, some one will ask, "What kind of weather did we have last winter?" or, "When was the picnic you were speaking of?" and the journal is referred to. But the pleasure of keeping a journal is itself no small reward. It is pleasant to exercise the faculty of writing history, and to think that you are taking the first step toward writing newspapers and books. The writer can practice on different kinds of style, and can make his journal a record, not only of events, but of his own progress as a thinker and writer.

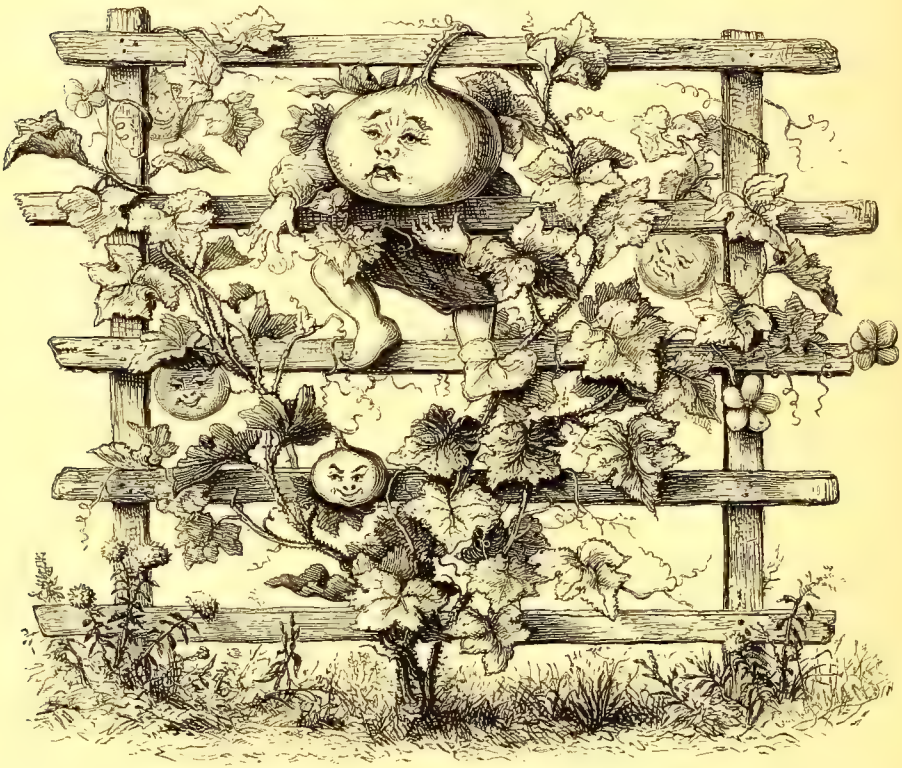
SIMPLE SIMON.



"SIMPLE SIMON went a-fishing,
For to catch a whale,
And all the water that he had,
Was in his mother's pail."

PRINCE CUCURBITA.

By Edith A. Edwards.



PRINCE CUCURBITA ON THE TRELLIS.

Prince Cucurbita was very unhappy. His smooth, shiny face was all puckered up into little wrinkles, and every now and then a big sob shook his jolly little person till you really felt like crying yourself at the sight of him. Here was a prince living in a lovely garden full of birds and flowers, surrounded by a large family of brothers and sisters, and always dressed in a pretty green jacket, which could not get soiled or torn. In spite of all this, he was not happy, for Queen Cucurbita, in order to keep her children out of harm's way, had hoisted them all up on a high trellis, and would never let them get down.

You may think the Prince might have been smart enough, or naughty enough, to have jumped down when his mother's back was turned, but, alas! how could he? for she held tightly to the tassel of his cap, and his cap fitted so closely to his head that no effort of his was ever able to get it off. Across the way lived another big family, the Filberts. They were just the merriest set that ever was seen, nodding gayly to Cucu now and then when they could spare the time from their own fun, and telling stories to each other, which must have been very amusing; for sometimes they all laughed together till they nearly fell out of bed, and their mother was obliged to shake them all round. One day, there was a great commotion among the Filberts. The eldest brother had determined to go out into the world and seek his fortune, so he climbed out of bed and quietly dropped to the ground.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Cucu; "it is too mean that I should have to stay up on this old trellis."

"Naughty boy!" scolded his mother. "What are you talking about? That ever I should be afflicted with such a fractious child; 't is enough to turn me yellow;" and she spread out her pretty green apron, and waved her ribbons in the air, while she took a firmer hold upon the poor little Prince's cap.

"Don't you know that if I were to let go, off you

would fall flat on your back upon the nasty wet ground, and very likely lie there all the rest of your life, growing wrinkled and yellow and sickly, while great ugly worms crawled over you, and everybody blamed me for a careless parent? No! no! I shall take good care you don't get away from me, you may be sure."

So, Cucu had to accept his fate as best he might, and amused himself watching his neighbors. Every day, now, one or more of them left home and disappeared among the grass and flowers below. Cucu imagined them as traveling off around the garden, but if he had seen them lying half buried in the earth, their bright brown faces dirty and streaked with tears, their merry little hearts nearly broken with woe, he would not have envied them so much.

Day after day passed, and the month of October came with its clear and cool nights. Queen Cucurbita did not relish this at all, and, every morning, when the sun peeped at her, he wondered how he ever could have admired such a dried-up yellow old creature. Cucu's heart, on the contrary, grew happier all the time, he lifted up his heavy head that seemed to be lighter each day, and when the wind blew, he rattled against the trellis and wondered how it was he could move so easily. "Poor Prince!" the Cat-bird whistled, as she perched above him, "your face is getting as brown and shining as one of those little Filberts, your cap is no longer green and pretty, and you look so light that a breath might blow you away."

"I don't care," returned Cucu, "for I feel delighted, and so long as I can't see my own face, what 's the odds?"

The next night was clear and very cold. The people to whom the garden belonged brought out sheets and covered over the tender heliotropes and other flowers they valued, but they could n't have cared much for Queen Cucurbita, for they never gave her a thought. When Cucu woke up bright and early and said good-morning to his mother, she did not reply. He turned his head to look at her. Oh, frightful sight! she hung to the trellis wilted and dead; her green dress was brown and torn, but her hard and wrinkled hand still grasped poor Cucu's cap.

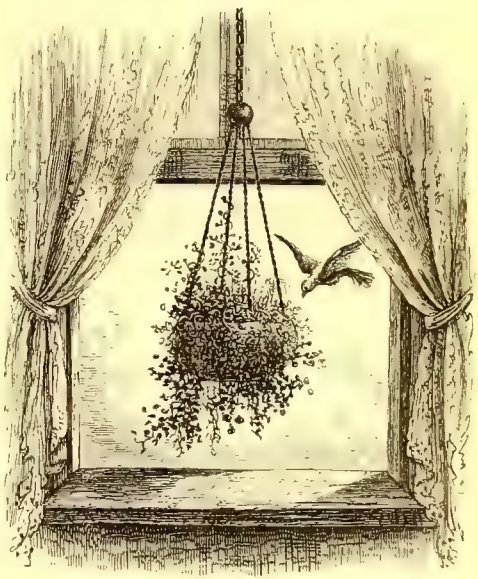
After the sun had been up some hours, a lady came into the garden and approached the home of the Cucurbita family.

"Oh, you beauty!" she cried, "what a lovely basket I shall make of you!" and, placing a hand on each of Cucu's cheeks, she gave him a slight twist,—his mother's fingers let go; he was free. The lady put him in her basket, and now he was really setting off on his travels.

This was, in fact, only the beginning of his career. The lady with a sharp knife lifted his cap from his head; then she painted him all over a pale green. After the paint was dry, she bored three holes in his sides. My! how it hurt! but it was soon over, and she had fastened three slender chains through them, and hung the little Prince up in a sunny window. "What next?" he wondered. If he had got to hang here all his life, it would n't be much better than the old trellis. But that was n't the end, for his mistress filled him with nice black earth, and planted delicate little ferns and runaway-robins which climbed over and twined lovingly round his face. They patted his cheeks with their soft little hands, and whispered pretty stories of the woods they had come from.

"Dear Cucu," said they, "how much we love you, and how kind you are to hold us all so carefully!" When they said this, he felt so proud and happy that he could not contain himself any longer, and sang at the top of his voice; but the people in the house did not hear him, for mortal ears are not adapted to such music. Only the Cat-bird flying past understood and stopped to congratulate him.

"Plenty to do, and plenty to love," she sang; "that is the way to be happy. I found it out last spring when it took me from morning till night to find food for my four hungry babies. Good-bye!



CUCURBITA IN THE WINDOW.

I am going south with them to-day. I have n't a bit of time to lose," and away she flew.

And the ferns and the runaway-robins clapped their hands and sang, "Yes, that is the secret. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

MRS. PRIMKINS' SURPRISE.

By Olive Thorne.

Our older readers will remember Nimpo, whose "Troubles" interested them in St. Nicholas's first year. To our newer friends it is only necessary to say, that Nimpo and Rush were boarding with Mrs. Primkins during their mother's absence, by Nimpo's own desire, and were very unhappy under the care of that well-meaning—but very peculiar—person, who was so greatly surprised on the occasion of the Birthday Party.

One morning, Mrs. Primkins received a letter. This was a very unusual occurrence, and she hastened to wipe her hands out of the dish-water, hunt up her "specs," clean them carefully, and, at last, sit down in her chintz-covered "Boston rocker," to enjoy at her leisure this very rare literary dissipation.

Nimpo, who was boarding with Mrs. Primkins while her mother was off on a journey, was engaged in finishing her breakfast, and did not notice anything. Having found her scissors, and deliberately cut around the old-fashioned seal, Mrs. Primkins opened the sheet and glanced at the name at the bottom of the page, then turned her eyes hastily toward Nimpo, with a low, significant "Humph!"

But Nimpo, intent only on getting off to school, still did not see her. Mrs. Primkins went on to examine more closely, covering with her hands something which fell from the first fold, rustling, to her lap. Very deliberately, then, as became this staid woman, did she read the letter from date to signature, twice over, and, ending as she had begun with a significant "Humph!" she refolded the letter, slipped in the inclosure, put it into her black silk work-bag which hung on the back of her chair, and resumed her dish-washing, for she was a genuine "Yankee housekeeper" of the old-fashioned sort, and scorned the assistance of what she called "hired help."

Meanwhile, Nimpo finished her breakfast, gathered up her books, and hurried off to school, though it was an hour too early, never dreaming that the letter had anything to do with her. After the morning work was done,—the pans scalded and set in the sun; the house dusted from attic to cellar; the vinegar reheated and poured over the walnuts that were pickling; the apples drying on the shed roof, turned over; the piece of muslin ("bolt," she called it) that was bleaching on the grass, thoroughly sprinkled; and, in fact, everything, indoors and out, in Mrs. Primkins' domain, put into perfect order, that lady sat down to consider. She drew the letter from the bag, and read it over, carefully inspecting a ten-dollar bill in her hands, and then leaned back, and indulged herself in a very unusual, indeed totally unheard-of, luxury—a rest of ten minutes with idle hands!

If Nimpo had chanced to come in, she would have been alarmed at such an extraordinary state of things; but she was at that moment in her seat in the long school-house, with wrinkled brow, wrestling with sundry conundrums in her "Watts on the Mind," little suspecting how her fate was hanging in the balance in Mrs. Primkins' kitchen at this moment. At last, Mrs. Primkins' thin lips opened. She was alone in the house, and she began to talk to herself:

"Wants her to have a birthday-party! Humph! I must say I can't see the good of pampering children 's folks do nowadays! When *I* was young, now, we had something to think of besides fine clothes, unwholesome food, and worldly dissipation! I must say I think Mis' Rievor has some very uncommon notions! Hows'ever," she went on, contemplating fondly the bill she still held in her hand, "I do' know 's I have any call to fret my gizzard if she chooses to potter away her money! I don't see my way clear to refuse altogether to do what she asks, 's long 's the child 's on my hands. Ten dollars! Humph! She 'hopes it 'll be enough to provide a little supper for them!' It 's my private opinion that it will, and a mite over for—for—other things," she added, resolutely closing her lips with a snap. "I aint such a shif'less manager 's all that comes to, I *do* hope! 'T wont take no ten dollars to give a birthday-party in *my* house, I bet a cookey!"

That night, when supper was over, Nimpo sat down with the family by the table, which held one candle that dimly lighted the room, to finish a book she was reading. Not that the kitchen was the only room in the house. Mrs. Primkins had plenty of rooms, but they were too choice for every-day use. They were always tightly closed, with green paper shades down, lest the blessed sunshine should get a peep at her gaudy red and green carpets, and put the least mellowing touch on their crude and rasping colors. Nimpo thought of the best parlor with a sort of awe which she never felt toward any room in her mother's house.

"Nimpo," said Mrs. Primkins at last, when she had held back the news till Nimpo had finished her book, and was about to go upstairs, "wait a bit. I got a letter from your Ma to-day."

"Did you?" exclaimed Nimpo, alarmed. "Oh! what is the matter?"

"Don't fly into tificks! Nothing is the matter," said Mrs. Primkins.

"Is she coming home?" was the next eager question.

"No, not yet," fell like cold water on her warm hopes. "But she says to-morrow 's your birthday."

"Why, so it is!" said Nimpo, reflecting. "I never thought of it."

"Wal, she thinks perhaps I 'd best let you have a few girls to tea on that day, if 't wont be too much of a chore for me," went on Mrs. Primkins, deliberately.

Nimpo's face was radiant. "Oh, Mrs. Primkins, if you *will!*" But it fell again. "But where could they be?"—for trespassing on the dismal glories of the Primkins' parlor had never entered her wildest dreams.

"I've thought of that," said Mrs. Primkins, grimly. "Of course, I could n't abide a pack of young ones tramping up my best parlor carpet, and I thought mebbe I 'd put a few things up in the second story, and let you have 'em there."

The second story was unfurnished.

"Oh, that will be splendid!" said Nimpo, eagerly. "But,—but,"—she hesitated,—"could they take tea here?" and she glanced around the kitchen, which was parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, and, in fact, almost the only really useful room in the house. The front part Mrs. Primkins enjoyed as other people enjoy pictures, or other beautiful things,—looking at, but not using them.

"No; I shall set the table in the back chamber, and let you play in the front chamber. We can put some chairs in, and I 'm sure a bare floor is more suitable for a pack of young ones."

Mrs. Primkins always spoke of children as wild beasts, which must be endured, to be sure, but carefully looked after, like wolves or hyenas.

"Oh yes! We would n't be afraid of hurting that. Oh, that 'll be splendid!" continued Nimpo, as the plan grew on her. "I thank you so much, Mrs. Primkins!—and we 'll be so careful not to hurt anything!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Primkins, not thinking it necessary to tell her that her mother had sent money to cover the expense. "You 're a master hand to promise."

"I know I forget sometimes," said Nimpo, penitently. "But I 'll try really to be careful, this time."

"Wal," said Mrs. Primkins, in conclusion, as she folded her knitting and brought out the bedroom candles, "if you don't hector me nigh about to death, I 'll lose my guess! But as I 'm in for 't now, you may 's well bring the girls when you come home from school to-morrow. Then you 'll have time to play before supper, for their mothers 'll want them home before dark."

"Do you care who I invite?" asked Nimpo, pausing with the door open on her way to bed.

"No, I do' know 's I do. Your intimate friends, your Ma said."

"Oh, goody!" said Nimpo, as she skipped upstairs, two at a time. "Wont we have fun! How nice it 'll be!"

The next morning she was off, bright and early, and, before the bell rang, every girl in the school knew that Nimpo was going to have a birthday-party, and was wondering if she would be invited. At recess, she issued her invitations, every one of which was promptly accepted; and in the afternoon all came in their best dresses, ready to go home with Nimpo.

At four o'clock, they were dismissed, and Nimpo marshaled her guests and started. Now, the truth was, that the girls had been so very lovely to her when she was inviting, that she found it hard to distinguish between intimate friends and those not quite so intimate, so she had asked more than she realized till she saw them started up the street. However, she had not been limited as to numbers, so she gave herself no concern, as she gayly led the way.

Meanwhile, the Primkins family had been busy. After the morning work was done, Mrs. Primkins and her daughter Augusta made a loaf of plain, wholesome cake, a couple of tins of biscuits, and about the same number of cookies with caraway-seeds in them. After dinner, they carried a table into the back chamber and spread the feast. Nimpo's mother had sent, as a birthday-present, a new set of toy dishes. It had arrived by stage while Nimpo was at school, and been carefully concealed from her; and Augusta, who had not yet forgotten that she was once young (though it was many years before), thought it would be nice to serve the tea on these dishes. Not being able to think of any serious objection, and seeing advantage in the small pieces required to fill them, Mrs. Primkins had consented, and Augusta had arranged a very pretty table, all with its white and gilt china. The biscuits and cookies were cut small to match, and, when ready, it looked very cunning, with tiny slices of cake, and one little dish of jelly—from the top shelf in Mrs. Primkins' pantry.

During the afternoon, a boy came up from the store (Nimpo's father was a country merchant)

with a large basket, in which were several pounds of nuts and raisins and candy, which her father had ordered by letter.

Everything was prepared, and Mrs. Primkins had put on a clean checked apron, to do honor to the occasion, and sat down in her rocker, feeling that she had earned her rest, when Augusta's voice sounded from upstairs: "Ma, do look down street!"

Mrs. Primkins went to the window that looked toward the village, and was struck with horror.

"Goodness gracious! Why, what under the canopy! Did you ever!" came from her lips in

"I would n't stand it! So there!" said Augusta, sharply. "I never did see such a young one! I'd just send every chick and child home, and let Miss Nimpo take her supper in her own room—to pay her off! Things have come to a pretty pass, I think!"

"I never did!" ejaculated Mrs. Primkins, not yet recovering her ordinary powers of speech.

"Shall I go out and meet them, and send them packing?" asked Augusta.

"No," said her mother, reluctantly, remembering the unbroken bill in her "upper drawer." "I do' know 's I have a right to send them back. I



"DO LOOK DOWN STREET!"

quick succession, for there was Nimpo, the center of a very mob of girls, all in Sunday best, as Mrs. Primkins' experienced eye saw at a glance.

"Ma!" exclaimed Augusta, rushing down, "I do believe that young one has invited the whole school!"

"The trollop!" was all Mrs. Primkins could get out, in her exasperation.

"I'd send 'em right straight home!" said Augusta, indignantly. "It 's a burning shame!"

"Mercy on us! This is a pretty kettle of fish!" gasped Mrs. Primkins.

did n't tell her how many, but—mercy on us!—who 'd dream of such a raft! If there 's one, there 's forty, I do declare!"

"That 's the meaning of those enormous packages of nuts and things from the store," said Augusta, "that we thought were enough for an army."

"But the table!" gasped Mrs. Primkins. "For such a crowd! Augusta," hastily, "fly around like a parched pea, and lock the doors of that room, till I think what we can do. This is a party with a vengeance!"

Augusta obeyed, and was none too quick, for the girls crowded into the front chamber before she had secured the doors.

Being a "party," of course they had to go into the house. But as soon as they had thrown off their slat sun-bonnets,—which was in about one second,—and began to look around the bare room, to see what they should do next, Nimpo was seized with a bright idea.

"Girls, let's go out in the yard, and play till tea-time," she said; and the next moment sun-bonnets were resumed, and the whole troop tramped down the back stairs, Nimpo not daring, even on this festive occasion, to disturb the silence of the solemn front hall, and the gorgeous colored stair-carpet. In two minutes, they were deep in the game of "Pom-pom-peel-away," and now was Mrs. Primkins' chance.

She hastily sent Augusta out to the neighbors, letting her out slyly by the front door, so the "party" should n't see her, to beg or borrow something to feed the crowd; for, the next day being baking-day, her pantry was nearly empty, and there was not such a thing in the village as a bakery. As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Primkins cleared the table upstairs, hid the small biscuits and minute slices of cake, and brought tables from other rooms to lengthen this. She then carried every cup and saucer and plate of her own up there, and even made several surreptitious visits herself to accommodating friends, to borrow, telling the news, and getting their sympathy, so that they freely lent their dishes, and even sent their boys to carry them over, and their big girls to help arrange.

For an hour, the games went on in the side yard, while a steady stream came in by the front door—the grand front door!—and up the august stairs, carrying bread, cake, dishes, saucers, etc., etc., till there was a tolerable supply, and Mrs. Primkins was in debt numerous loaves of bread and cake, and dishes of "preserves."

At five o'clock, they were called in, and, before their sharp young appetites, everything disappeared like dew in the sunshine. It was a queer meal,—bread of various shapes and kinds, and not a large supply; cakes, an equally miscellaneous collection, from cup-cake which old Mrs. Kellogg had kept in a jar two months, "in case a body dropped in unexpected," to bread-cake fresh from some one else's oven; cookies of a dozen kinds; doughnuts and ginger-cakes, and half a dozen dishes of sweetmeats, no two alike.

But all deficiencies were forgotten when they came to the nuts and candies, for of these there was no lack. Augusta had filled every extra dish in the house with these delightful things, and I sadly fear the children ate shocking amounts of trash. But they had a good time. The entertainment was exactly to their liking,—little bread and butter, and plenty of candy and raisins. It was incomparably superior to ordinary teas, where bread predominated and candy was limited.

After eating everything on the table, putting the remainder of the candy in their pockets, as Nimpo insisted, they flocked into the front room, where Mrs. Primkins told them they might play a while, if they would not make a noise, as a little sprinkle of rain had come up. To insure quiet, each girl took off her shoes, and played in stocking-feet on the bare, rough floor, "blind-man's-buff," "hunt the slipper," and other games, for an hour more.

Suddenly, Nimpo held up her foot.

"Girls! look there!" Nimpo's tone was tragic.

The soles of her stockings were in awful holes! All eyes were instantly turned on her, and forty feet were simultaneously elevated to view. The tale was the same,—every stocking sole was black as the ground, and worn to rags!

"What will Ma say?" rose in horror to every lip.

This awful thought sobered them at once, and, finding it getting dark, shoes were hastily sought out of the pile in the corner, sun-bonnets donned, and slowly the long procession moved down the back stairs and out again into the street.

Nimpo flung herself on to the little bed in her room, and sighed with happiness.

"Oh! was n't it splendid?—and I know mamma 'll forgive my stockings. Besides, I 'll wash them myself, and darn them."

(While I am about it, I may as well say that every girl who went to Nimpo's party had a long and serious task of darning the next week.)

When it was all over, and Mrs. Primkins and Augusta, assisted by two or three neighbors, had washed and returned dishes, brought down tables and chairs, swept out front hall, and reduced it to its normal condition of dismal state, to be seen and not used, and the neighbors had gone, and it was nine o'clock at night, Augusta sat down to reckon up debts, while Mrs. Primkins "set the bread."

Augusta brought out her account, and read: "Mrs. A., blank loaves of bread, ditto cake, one dish preserves; Mrs. B., ditto, ditto; Mrs. C., ditto, ditto."

Mrs. Primkins listened to the whole list, and made a mental calculation of how much of the ten-dollar bill it would take to pay up. The result must have been satisfactory, for her grim face relaxed almost into a smile, as she covered up the "sponge" and washed her hands.

"Wal, don't let your Pa get away in the morning till he has split up a good pile of oven-wood. We 'll heat the brick oven, and have over Mis' Kent's Mary Ann to help. I guess the money 'll cover it, and I can pay Mary Ann in old clothes."

THE LINNET'S FEE.

By Mrs. Annie A. Preston.

Once I saw a wee brown linnet
Dancing on a tree,
Dancing on a tree.
How her feet flew every minute
As she danced at me–e–e;
How her feet flew every minute
As she danced at me!

"Sing a song for me, wee linnet,
Sing a song for me,
Sing a song for me."
"Oh, Miss, if you 'll wait a minute,
Till my mate I see–e–e;
Oh, Miss, if you 'll wait a minute,
He will sing for thee."

"Thank you, thank you, wee brown linnet,
For amusing me,
For amusing me;
You have danced for many a minute,
You must tired be–e–e,
You have sung for many minutes,
You must tired be."

"Thanks would starve us," cried the linnets,—
As he sung at me,
As she danced at me.
"Should you sing like this ten minutes,
You would want a fee–e–e;
Should you dance like this ten minutes
You would want a fee.

"Pardon me, I pray, dear linnet,
Fly down from your tree,
Fly down from your tree.
I will come back in a minute
With some seed for thee–e–e;
I will come back in a minute
With some seed for thee."

DAB KINZER: A STORY OF A GROWING BOY.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter XX.

Dismally barren and lonesome was that desolate bar between the "bay" and the ocean. Here and there it swelled up into great drifts and mounds of sand, which were almost large enough to be called hills; but nowhere did it show a tree or a bush, or even a patch of grass. Annie Foster found herself getting melancholy as she gazed upon it and thought of how the winds must sometimes sweep across it, laden with sea-spray and rain and hail, or the bitter sleet and blinding snow of winter.

"Dabney," she said, "was the storm very severe here last night and yesterday?"

"Worse here than over our side of the bay, ten times."

"Were there any vessels wrecked?"

"Most likely; but it 's too soon to know just where."

At that moment the "Swallow" was running rapidly around a sandy point, jutting into the bay from the highest mound on the bar, not half a mile from the light-house, and only twice as far from the low, wooden roof of the "wrecking station," where, as Dab had explained to his guests, the life-boats and other apparatus were kept safely housed. The piles of drifted sand had for some time prevented the brightest eyes on board the "Swallow" from

seeing anything to seaward; but now, as they came around the point and a broad level lay before them, Ham Morris sprang to his feet in sudden excitement as he exclaimed:

"In the breakers! Why, she must have been a three-master. All up with her now."

"Look along the shore!" shouted Dab. "Some of 'em saved, anyhow. The coast-men are there, life-boats and all."

So they were, and Ham was right about the vessel, though not a mast was left standing in her now. If there had been, indeed, she might have been kept off the breakers, as they afterward learned. She had been dismasted in the storm, but had not struck until after daylight that morning, and help had been close at hand and promptly given. No such thing as saving that unfortunate hull. She would beat to pieces just where she lay, sooner or later, according to the kind of weather and the waves it should bring with it.

The work done by the life-boat men had been a good one, and had not been very easy either, for they had brought the crew and passengers from the wreck safely to the sandy beach. They had even saved some items of baggage. In a few hours, the "coast wrecking tugs" would be on hand to look out for the cargo. No chance whatever for the 'longshoremen, good or bad, to turn an honest penny without working hard for it. Work and wages enough, to be sure, helping to unload, when the sea, now so very heavy, should go down a little; but "wages" were not what some of them were most hungry for.

Two of them, at all events—one a tall, weather-beaten, stoop-shouldered, grizzled old man, in tattered raiment, and the other, even more battered, but with no "look of the sea" about him—stood on a sand-drift gloomily gazing at the group of shipwrecked people on the shore, and the helpless mass of timber and spars out there among the beatings of the surf.

"Not more 'n three hunder yards out. She 'd break up soon 'f there was no one to hender. Wot a show we 'd hev."

"I reckon," growled the shorter man. "Is your name Peter?"

"Aye. I belong yer. Allers lived about high-water mark. Whar 'd ye come from?"

The only answer was a sharp and excited exclamation. Neither of them had been paying any attention to the bay side of the bar and, while they were gazing at the wreck, a very pretty little yacht had cast anchor, close in shore, and then, with the help of a row-boat, quite a party of ladies and gentlemen—the latter somewhat young-looking—had made their way to the land, and were now hurrying forward. They did not pay the slightest attention to Peter and his companion, but, in a few minutes more, they were trying to talk to those poor people on the sea-beach. Trying, but not succeeding very well, for the wreck had been a Bremen bark with an assorted cargo and some fifty passengers, all emigrants. German seemed their only tongue, and none of Mrs. Kinzer's pleasure-party spoke German.

"Too bad," Ford Foster was saying, when there came a sort of wail from a group at a little distance, and it seemed to close with—"pauvre enfant."

"French!" he exclaimed. "Why, they look as Dutch as any of the rest. Come on, Annie, let 's try and speak to them."

The rest followed a good deal like a flock of sheep, and it was a sad enough scene which lay before them. No lives had been lost in the wreck, though there had been a great deal of suffering among the poor passengers, cooped up between-decks with the hatches closed, while the storm lasted. Nobody drowned, indeed, but all dreadfully soaked in the surf in getting ashore; and among the rest had been the fair-haired child, now lying there on his mother's lap, so pinched and blue, and seemingly so lifeless.

French, were they? Yes and no; for the father, a tall, stout young man, who looked like a farmer, told Ford they were from Alsace, and spoke both tongues.

"The child, was it sick?"

Not so much sick as dying of starvation and exposure.

Oh, such a sad, pleading look as the poor mother lifted to the moist eyes of Mrs. Kinzer as the portly widow bent over the silent boy. Such a pretty child he must have been, and not over two years old; but the salt water was in his tangled curls now, and his poor lips were parted in a weak, sick way, that spoke of utter exhaustion.

"Can anything be done, mother?"

"Yes, Dabney; you and Ham, and Ford and Frank, go to the yacht, quick as you can, and bring the spirit-heater, lamp and all, and bread and milk, and every dry napkin and towel you can find. Bring Keziah's shawl."

Such quick time they made across that sand-bar!

And they were none too soon; for, as they came running down to their boat, a mean, slouching sort of fellow walked rapidly away from it.

"He was going to steal it."

"Can't go for him now, Dab; but you 'll have to mount guard here while we go back with the things."

He did so, and Ham and Frank and Ford hurried back to the other beach to find that Mrs. Kinzer had taken complete possession of that baby. Every rag of his damp things was already stripped

off, and now, while Miranda lighted the "heater" and made some milk hot in a minute, the good lady began to rub the little sufferer as only a mother knows how.

Then there was a warm wrapping up in cloths and shawls, and better success than anybody had dreamed of in making the seemingly half-dead child eat something.

"That was about all the matter," said Mrs. Kinzer. "Now if we can get him and his mother over to the house, we can save both of them. Ford, how long did you say it was since they'd eaten anything?"

"About three days, they say."

"Mercy on me! And that cabin of ours holds so little! Glad it's full, anyhow. Let's get it out and over here at once."

"The cabin?"

"No, the provisions."

And not a soul among them all thought of their own lunch, any more than Mrs. Kinzer herself did; but Joe and Fuz were not just then among them. On the contrary, they were over there by the shore, where the "Jenny" had been pulled up, trying to get Dab Kinzer to put them on board the "Swallow."

"Somebody ought to be on board of her," said



"WHOM DO YOU THINK I'VE SEEN TO-DAY?"

Fuz, in as anxious a tone as he could, "with so many strange people around."

"It is n't safe," added Joe.

"Fact," replied Dab; "but then I kind o' like to feel a little unsafe."

And the Hart boys felt, somehow, that Dab knew why they were so anxious to go on board, and they were right enough, for he was saying to himself at that moment,

"They can wait. They do look hungry, but they'll live through it. There aint any cuffs or collars in Ham's locker."

All there was then in the locker, however, was soon out of it when Mrs. Kinzer and the rest came, for they brought with them the officers of the wrecked bark, and neither Joe nor Fuz had a chance to so much as "help distribute" that supply of provisions. Ham went over to make sure it should be properly done, while Mrs. Kinzer saw her little patient with his father and mother safely stowed on board the "Swallow."

"I'll save that baby, anyhow," she said to Miranda, "and Ford says his father 's a farmer. We can find plenty for 'em to do. They 'll never see a thing of their baggage, and I guess they had n't a great deal."

She was just the woman to guess correctly, but at that moment Dab Kinzer said to Annie Foster in a low tone:

"Whom do you think I 've seen to-day?"

"I can't guess. Who was it?"

"The tramp!"

"The same one——"

"The very same. There he goes, over the sand-hill yonder, with old Peter, the wrecker. We 've got to hurry home now, but I 'm going to set Ham Morris on his track."

"You never 'll find him again."

"Do you s'pose old Peter 'd befriend a man that did what he did, right on the shore of the bay? No, indeed, there is n't a fisherman from here to Montauk that would n't join to hunt him out. He 's safe whenever Ham wants him, if we don't scare him now."

"Don't scare him, then," whispered Annie.

The wind was fair and the home sail of the "Swallow" was really a swift and short one, but it did seem dreadfully long to her passengers. Mrs. Kinzer was anxious to see that poor baby safely in bed. Ham Morris wanted to send a whole load of refreshments back to the shipwrecked people. Dab Kinzer could not keep his thoughts from that "tramp." And then, if the truth must come out, every soul on board the beautiful little yacht was getting more and more aware, with every minute that passed, that they had had a good deal of sea air and excitement, and a splendid sail across the bay and back, but no dinner. Not so much as a herring or a cracker.

CHAPTER XXI.

AS FOR the Kinzers, that was by no means their first experience in such matters, but their friends had never before been so near to a genuine, out and out shipwreck. Perhaps, too, they had rarely if ever felt so very nearly starved. At least Joe and Fuz Hart remarked as much a score of times

before the "Swallow" slipped through the inlet and made her way toward the landing.

"Ham," said Dab Kinzer, "are you going right back again?"

"Course I am, soon as I can get a load of eatables from the house and the village. You 'll have to stay here."

"Why can't I go with you?"

"Plenty for you to do at the house and around while I 'm gone. No, you can't go."

Dab seemed to have expected as much, for he turned to Ford with,

"Then I 'll tell you what we must do."

"What 's that?"

"See about the famine. Can you cook?"

"No."

"I can, then. Ham 'll have one half of our house at work getting his cargo ready, and that baby 'll fill up the other half."

"Mother wont be expecting us so soon, and our cook 's gone out for the day. Annie knows something."

"She can help me, then. Those Hart boys 'll die if they 're not fed. Look at Fuz. Why, he can't keep his mouth shut."

Joe and his brother seemed to know, as if by instinct, that the dinner question was under discussion; and they were soon taking their share of talk. Oh, how they wished it had been a share of something to eat! The "Swallow" was moored, now, after discharging her passengers, but Dab did not start for the house with his mother and the rest. He even managed to detain some of the empty lunch-baskets, large ones, too.

"Come on, Mr. Kinzer," shouted Joe Hart, "let 's put for the village. We 'll starve here."

"A fellow that 'd starve here just deserves to, that 's all," said Dab. "Ford, there 's Bill Lee's boat and three others coming in. We 're all right. One of 'em 's a dredger."

Ford and Frank could only guess what their friend was up to, but Dab was not doing any guessing.

"Bill," he exclaimed, as Dick's father pulled within hearing,—"Bill, put a lot of your best pan-fish in this basket and then go and fetch us some lobsters. There 's half a dozen in your pot. Did those others get any luck?"

"More clams 'n 'ysters," responded Bill.

"Then we 'll take both lots."

The respect of the city boys for the resources of the Long Island shore began to rise rapidly a few minutes later, for not only was one of Dab's baskets promptly provided with "pan-fish," such as porgies, black fish and perch, but two others received all the clams and oysters they were at all anxious to carry to the house. At the same time, Bill Lee offered, as an amendment to the lobster question,

"Ye 'r' wrong about the pot, Dab."

"Wrong? Why——"

"Yes, you 's wrong. Glorianny 's been an' b'iled every one on 'em an' they 're all nice an' cold by this time."

"All right. I never eat my lobsters raw. Just you go and get them, Dick. Bring 'em right over to Ford's house."

Bill Lee would have sent his house and all on a suggestion that the Kinzers or Fosters were in need of it, and Dick would have carried it over for him.

As for "Gloriana," when her son came running in with his errand, she exclaimed:

"Dem lobsters? Sho! Dem aint good nuff. Dey sha' n't hab 'em. I 'll jist send de ole man all 'round de bay to git some good ones. On'y dey is n't no kin' o' lobsters good nuff for some folks, dey is n't."

Dick insisted, however, and by the time he reached the back door of the old Kinzer homestead with his load, that kitchen had become very nearly as busy a place as Mrs. Miranda Morris's own, a few rods away.

"Ford," suddenly exclaimed Dab, as he finished scaling a large porgy, "what if mother should make a mistake?"

"Make a mistake? How?"

"Cook that baby! It 's awful!"

"Why, its mother 's there."

"Yes, but they 've put her to bed, and its father too. Hey, here come the lobsters. Now, Ford——"

The rest of what he had to say was given in a whisper, and was not heard by even Annie Foster, who was just then looking prettier than ever as she busied herself around the kitchen fire. As for the Hart boys, Mrs. Foster had invited them to come into the parlor and talk with her till dinner should be ready.

Such a frying and broiling!

Before Ham Morris was ready for his second start, and right in the midst of his greatest hurry, word came over from Mrs. Foster that "the table was waiting for them all."

Even Mrs. Kinzer drew a long breath of relief and satisfaction, for there was nothing more in the wide world that she could do, just then, for either "that baby" or its unfortunate parents, and she was beginning to worry about her son-in-law, and how she should get him to eat something. For Ham Morris had worked himself up into a high state of excitement in his benevolent haste, and did not seem to know that he was hungry. Miranda had entirely sympathized with her husband until that message came from Mrs. Foster.

"Oh, Hamilton, and good Mrs. Foster must have cooked it herself!"

"No," said Ham, thoughtfully; "our Dabney went home with Ford and Annie. I can't stay but a minute, but I think we 'd better go right over."

Go they did, while the charitable neighbors whom Ham had stirred up concerning the wreck attended to the completion of the cargo of the "Swallow." There would be more than one good boat ready to accompany her back across the bay, laden with comforts of all sorts.

Even old Jock, the village tavern-keeper, not by any means the best man in the world, had come waddling down to the landing with a demijohn of "old apple brandy," and his gift had been kindly accepted by the special advice of the village physician.

"That sort of thing has made plenty of shipwrecks around here," remarked the man of medicine; "and the people on the bar have swallowed so much salt-water, the apple-jack can't hurt 'em."

May be, the doctor was wrong about it, but the demijohn went over to the wreck in the "Swallow."

Mrs. Foster's dining-room was not a large one. There were no large rooms in that house. Nevertheless, the entire party managed to gather around the table,—all except Dab and Ford.

"Dab is head cook and I 'm head waiter," had been Ford's explanation, "and we can't have any women folk a-bothering about our kitchen. Frank and the boys are company."

Certainly the cook had no cause to be ashamed of his work. The coffee was excellent. The fish were done to a turn. The oysters, roasted, broiled or stewed, and likewise the clams, were all that could have been asked for. Bread there was in abundance, and everything was going finely till Mrs. Kinzer asked her son, as his fire-red face showed itself at the kitchen door:

"Dabney, you 've not sent in your vegetables; we 're waiting for them."

Dab's face grew still redder, and he came very near dropping a plate he had in his hand.

"Vegetables? Oh yes. Well, Ford, we might as well send them in now. I 've got them all ready."

Annie opened her eyes and looked hard at her brother, for she knew very well that not so much as a potato had been thought of in their preparations. Ford himself looked a little queer, but he marched out, white apron and all. A minute or so later, the two boys came in again, each bearing aloft a huge platter.

One of these was solemnly deposited at each end of the table.

"Vegetables?"

"Why, they 're lobsters!"

"Oh, Ford, how could you?"

The last exclamation came from Annie Foster as she clapped her hands over her face. Bright red were those lobsters, and fine-looking fellows, every one of them, in spite of Mrs. Lee's poor opinion; but they were a little too well dressed, even for a dinner-party. Their thick shoulders were adorned with collars of the daintiest material and finish, while every ungainly "flipper" wore a "cuff" which had been manufactured for very different uses. Plenty of cuffs and collars, and queer enough the lobsters looked in them. All the queerer because every item of lace and linen was variegated with huge black spots and blotches, as if some one had begun to wash it in ink.

Joe and Fuz were almost as red as the lobsters, and Mrs. Foster's face looked as severe as it could, but that is not saying a great deal. The Kinzer family knew all about those cuffs and collars, and Ham Morris and the younger ladies were trying hard not to laugh.

"Joe," said Fuz, half snappishly, "can't you take a joke? Annie 's got the laugh on us this time."

"I?" exclaimed Annie, indignantly. "No, indeed. That 's some of Ford's work and Dabney's. Mr. Kinzer, I 'm ashamed of you."

Poor Dab!

He muttered something about "those being all the vegetables he had," and retreated to the kitchen. Joe and Fuz were not the sort to take offense easily, however, and promptly helped themselves liberally to lobster. That was all that was necessary to restore harmony at the table; but Dab's plan for



"VEGETABLES?" "WHY, THEY 'RE LOBSTERS!"

"punishing the Hart boys" was a complete failure. As Ford told him afterward,

"Feel it? Not they. You might as well try to hurt a clam with a pin."

"And I hurt your sister's feelings instead of theirs," replied Dab. "Well, I 'll never try anything like it again. Anyhow, Joe and Fuz aint comfortable. They ate too many roasted clams and too much lobster."

Chapter XXII.

Ham Morris did not linger long at the dinner-table, and Dab would have given more than ever for the privilege of going with him. Not that he

elt so very charitable, but that he did not care to prolong his stay at Mrs. Foster's, whether as "cook" or otherwise. He had not lost his appetite, however, and after he had taken care of that, he slipped away "on an errand for his mother," and hurried toward the village. Nearly everybody he met had some question or other to ask him about the wreck, and it was not to have been expected that Jenny Walters would let her old acquaintance pass her without a word or so.

Dab answered as best he could, considering the disturbed state of his mind, but he wound up with:

"Jenny, I wish you 'd come over to our house by and by."

"What for?"

"Oh, I 've got something to show you. Something you never saw before."

"Do you mean your new baby,—the one you found on the bar?"

"Yes; but that baby, Jenny!"

"What 's wonderful about it?"

"Why, it 's only two years old and it can squall in two languages. That 's more 'n you can do."

"They say your friend, Miss Foster, speaks French," retorted Jenny. "Was she ever shipwrecked?"

"In French? May be so. But not in German."

"Well, Dabney, I don't propose to squall in anything. Are your folks going to burn any more of their barns this year?"

"Not unless Samantha gets married. Jenny, do you know what 's the latest fashion in lobsters?"

"Changeable green, I suppose."

"No; I mean after they 're boiled. It 's to have 'em come on the table in cuffs and collars. Lace around their necks, you know."

"And gloves?"

"No, not any gloves. We had lobsters to-day at Mrs. Foster's, and you ought to have seen 'em."

"Dabney Kinzer, it 's time you went to school again."

"I 'm going in a few days."

"Going? Do you mean you 're going away somewhere?"

"Ever so far. Dick Lee 's going with me."

"I heard about him, but I did n't know he meant to take you along. That 's very kind of Dick. I s'pose you wont speak to common people when you get back."

"Now, Jenny——"

"Good afternoon, Dabney. Perhaps I 'll come over before you go, if it 's only to see that shipwrecked baby."

A good many of Mrs. Kinzer's lady friends, young and old, deemed it their duty to come and do that very thing within the next few days. Then the Sewing Circle took the matter up, and both the baby and its mother were provided for as they never had been before. It would have taken more languages than two to have expressed the gratitude of the poor Alsatians. As for the rest of them, out there on the bar, they were speedily taken off and carried "to the city," none of them being much the worse for their sufferings, after all. Ham Morris declared that the family he had brought ashore "came just in time to help him out with his fall work, and he did n't see any charity in it."

Good for Ham! but Dab Kinzer thought otherwise when he saw how tired Miranda's husband was on his late return from his second trip across the bay. Real charity never cares to see itself too clearly. They were pretty tired, both of them; but the "Swallow" was carefully moored in her usual berth before they left her. Even then they had a good load of baskets and things to carry with them.

"Is everything out of the locker, Dab?" asked Ham Morris.

"All but the jug. I say, did you know it was half full? Would it do any hurt to leave it here?"

"The jug? No. Just pour out the rest of the apple-jack, over the side."

"Make the fish drunk."

"Well, it sha'n't bother anybody else if I can help it."

"Then, if it 's good for water-soaked people, it wont hurt the fish."

"Empty it, Dab, and come on. The doctor was n't so far wrong, and I was glad to have it with me; but medicine 's medicine, and I only wish people 'd remember it."

The condemned liquor was already gurgling from the mouth of the jug into the salt water, and neither fish nor eel came forward to get a share of it. When the cork was replaced, the demijohn was set down again in the "cabin," with no more danger in it for anybody.

Perhaps that was one reason—that and his weariness—why Ham Morris did not take the pains even to lock it up.

Dabney was so tired in mind if not in body, that he postponed until the morrow anything he may have had to say about the tramp. He was not at all sure whether the latter had recognized him, and at all events the matter would have to wait. So it came to pass that all the village and the shore was deserted and silent, an hour or so later, when a stoutly built "cat-boat" with her one sail lowered, was quietly sculled up the inlet. There were two men on board,—a tall one and a short one,—and they ran their boat right alongside the "Swallow," as if that were the very thing they had come to do.

"Burgin," remarked the tall man, "what ef we don't find anything arter all this sailin' and rowin'? Most likely he 's kerried it to the house. In course he has."

The keenly watchful eyes of Burgin had followed the fortunes of that apple-jack from first to last. To tell the truth, he had more than half tried to work himself in as one of the "sufferers," but with no manner of success. He had not failed, however, to see the coveted treasure stowed away, at last, under the half-deck of the "Swallow." That had been all the inducement required to get Peter and his boat across the bay, and the old "wrecker" was as anxious about the result as the tramp himself could be. It was hard to say which of them was first on board the "Swallow."

A disappointed and angry pair they were when the empty jug was discovered; but Burgin's indignation was loudest and most abusive. Peter checked him, at last, with:

"Look a yer, my friend, is this 'ere your boat?"

"No. I did n't say it was, did I?"

"Is that there your jug? I don't know 'at I keer to hev one o' my neighbors abused all night jest bekase I 've been an' let an entire stranger make a fool of me."

"Do you mean me?"

"Well, ef I did n't I would n't say it. Don't git mad, now. Jest let 's take a turn 'round the village."

"You go and I 'll wait for ye. 'Pears like I don't keer to walk about much."

"Well, then, mind you don't run away with my boat."

"If I want a boat, there 's plenty here better 'n your 'n."

"That 's so. I wont be gone a great while."

He was, however, whatever may have been his errand. Old Peter was not the man to be at any loss for one, even at that time of night, and his present business kept him away from the shore a full hour. When at last he returned he found his boat safe enough, and so, apparently were all the others; but he looked around in vain for any signs of his late companion. Not that he spent much time or took any great pains in looking, for he muttered to himself:

"Gone, has he? Well then, a good riddance to bad rubbidge. I aint no angel, but he 's a long ways wuss than I am."

Whether or not old Peter was right in his estimate of himself or of Burgin, in a few moments more he was all alone in his cat-boat, and was sculling it rapidly up the crooked inlet.

His search had been indeed a careless one, for he had but glanced over the gunwale of the "Swallow." A second look would have shown him the form of the tramp, half covered by a loose flap of the sail, deeply and heavily sleeping at the bottom of the boat. It was every bit as comfortable a bed as he had been used to, and there he was still lying, long after the sun looked in upon him, next morning.

But other eyes were to look in upon Burgin's face before he awakened from that untimely and imprudent nap.

It was not so very early when Ham Morris and Dabney Kinzer were stirring again; but they had both arisen with a strong desire for a "talk," and Ham made an opportunity for one by saying:

"Come on, Dab; let 's go down and have a look at the 'Swallow.'"

Ham had meant to talk about school and kindred matters; but Dabney's first words about the tramp cut off all other subjects.

"You ought to have told me," he said. "I 'd have had him tied up in a minute."

Dabney explained as well as he could, but, before he had finished, Ham suddenly exclaimed:

"There 's Dick Lee on board the 'Swallow.' What 's he there for?"

"Dick!" shouted Dabney.

"Cap'n Dab, did yo' set dis yer boat to trap somebody?"

"No. Why?"

"Well den, you 's gone an' cotched um. Jes you come an' see."

The sound of Dick Lee's voice, so near them, reached the dull ears of the slumbering tramp and, as Ham and Dabney sprang into a yawl and pushed alongside the yacht, his unpleasant face was slowly and sleepily lifted above the rail.

"It 's the very man!" excitedly shouted Dabney.

"The tramp?"

"Yes, the tramp."

No one would have suspected Ham Morris of so much agility, although his broad and well-knit frame promised abundant strength, but he was on board the "Swallow" like a flash and Burgin was "pinned" by his iron grasp before he could guess what was coming.

It was too late, then, for any such thing as resistance, and he settled at once into a dogged, sullen silence, after the ordinary custom of his kind when they find themselves cornered. It is a species of brute, animal instinct, more than even cunning, seemingly, but not a word did Ham and Dabney obtain from their prisoner until they delivered him to the safe keeping of the village authorities. That done, they went home to breakfast, feeling as if they had made a good morning's work, but wondering what the end of it all would be.

Chapter XXIII.

THE other boys were very much interested in the story of the tramp, and so was Mr. Foster when he came home, but poor Annie was a good deal more troubled than pleased.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "do you suppose I'll have to appear in court as a witness against him?"

"I hope not, dear. Perhaps your father can manage to prevent it."

It would not have been easy for even so good a lawyer as Mr. Foster, if Burgin himself had not saved them all trouble on that score. Long before the slow processes of country criminal justice could bring him to actual trial, so many misdeeds were brought home to him from here and there, that he gave the matter up and freely related not only the manner of the barn-burning, but his revengeful motive for it. He made his case so very clear that when, in due course of time, he was brought before a judge and jury, there was nothing left for him to do but to plead "guilty."

That was some months later, however, and just at that time the manner of his capture—for the story of the demijohn leaked out first of all—gave the village something new to talk about. It was as good as a temperance lecture in spite of old Jock's argument that:

"You see, boys, good liquor don't do no harm. That was real good apple-jack, an' it jist toled that chap across the bay and captured him without no manner of diffikilty."

There were plenty who could testify to a different kind of "capture."

One effect of the previous day's work, including his adventures as an ornamental cook, was that Dab Kinzer conceived himself bound to be thenceforth especially polite to Joe and Fuz. The remaining days of their visit would have been altogether too few for the various entertainments he laid out for them.

They were to catch all that was to be caught in the bay. They were to ride everywhere and see everything.

"They don't deserve it, Dab," said Ford; "but you 're a real good fellow. Mother says so."

"Does she?" and Dab evidently felt a good deal better after that.

Dick Lee, when his friends found time to think of him, had almost disappeared. Some three days afterward, while all the rest were out in the "Jenny," having a good time with their hooks and lines, "Gloriana" made her appearance in Mrs. Kinzer's dining-room with a face that was darker than usual with motherly anxiety.

"Miss Kinzer, has you seed my Dick dis week?"

"No, he has n't been here at all. Anything the matter with him?"

"Dat 's de berry question. I does n't know wot to make ob 'im."

"Why, is he studying too hard?"

"It aint jist de books. I is n't so much afeard ob dem, but it 's all 'long ob dat 'cad'my. I wish you 'd jist take a look at 'im, fust chance ye git."

"Does he look bad?"

"No, taint jist altogeder his looks. He 's de bes' lookin' boy 'long shoah. But den de way he 's goin' on to talk. 'T aint nateral. He use to talk fust rate."

"Can't he talk now?"

"Yes, Miss Kinzer, he kin talk, but den de way he gits out his words. Nebber seen sech a t'ing in all my born days. Takes him eber so long jist to say good-mornin'. An' den he don't say it like he used ter. I wish you 'd jist take a good look at 'im."

Mrs. Kinzer promised, and gave her black friend such comfort as she could, but Dick Lee's tongue would never again be the free and easy thing it had been. Even at home and about his commonest "chores," he was all the while struggling with his pronunciation. If he succeeded as well with the rest of his "schooling," it was safe to say that it would not be thrown away upon him.

Gloriana went her way, and the next to intrude upon Mrs. Kinzer's special domain was her son-in-law himself, accompanied by his rosy bride.

"We 've got a plan!"

"You? A plan? What about?"

"Dab and his friends."

"A party!" exclaimed Dab, when his mother unfolded Ham's plan to him. "Ham and Miranda give a party for us boys! Well, now, are n't they right down good! But, mother, we 'll have to get it up mighty quick."

"I know, but that 's easy enough with all the help we 'll have. I 'll take care of that."

"But, mother, what can we do? There 's only a few know how to dance. I don't, for one."

"You must talk that over with Ford. Perhaps Annie and Frank can help you."

Great were the consultations and endless were the plans and propositions, till even Mrs. Kinzer found her temper getting a little worried over them.

"Miranda," she said, on the morning of the day, "all the invitations are sent now, and we must get rid of Dabney and the boys for a few hours."

"Send 'em for some greens to rig the parlor with," suggested Ham. "Let 'em take the ponies."

"Do you think the ponies are safe to drive just now?"

"Oh, Dab can handle 'em. They 're a trifle skittish, that 's all. They need a little exercise."

So they did, but it was to be doubted if the best way to secure it for them was to send them out in a light, two-seated wagon, with a load of five lively boys.

"Now, don't you let one of the other boys touch the reins," said Mrs. Kinzer.

Dab's promise to that effect was a hard one to keep, for Joe and Fuz almost tried to take the reins away from him before they had driven two miles from the house. He was firm, however, and they managed to reach the strip of woodland, some five miles inland, where they were to gather their load, without any disaster, but it was evident to Dab all the way, that his ponies were in unusually "high" condition. He took them out of the wagon while the rest began to gather their very liberal harvest of evergreens, and did not bring them near it again until all was ready for the start homeward.

"Now, boys," he said, "you get in. Joe and Ford and Fuz on the back seat to hold the greens. Frank, get up there, forward, while I hitch the ponies. These fellows are full of mischief."

Very full, certainly, nor did Dab Kinzer know exactly what the matter was, for a minute or so after he seized the reins and sprang up beside Frank Harley. Then, indeed, as the ponies reared and kicked and plunged, it seemed to him he saw something work out from under their collars and fall to the ground. An acorn-burr is just the thing to worry a restive horse, if put in such a place, but Joe and Fuz had hardly expected their "little joke" would be so very successful as it was.

The ponies were off now.

"Joe," shouted Fuz, "let 's jump!"

"Don't let 'em, Ford," exclaimed Dab, giving his whole energies to the horses. "They 'll break their necks if they do. Hold 'em in!"

Ford, who was in the middle, promptly seized an arm of each of his panic-stricken cousins, while Frank clambered over the seat to help him. They were all down on the bottom now, serving as a weight to hold the branches, as the light wagon bounced and rattled along over the smooth, level road.

In vain Dab pulled and pulled at the ponies. Run they did, and all he could do was to keep them fairly in the road.

Bracing strongly back, with the reins wound around his tough hands, and with a look in his face that should have given courage even to the Hart boys, Dab strained at his task as bravely as he had stood at the tiller of the "Swallow" in the storm.

No such thing as stopping them.

And now, as they whirled along, even Dab's face paled a little.

"I must reach the bridge before he does. He 's just stupid enough to keep right on."

And it was very stupid indeed for the driver of that one-horse "truck wagon" to try and reach the narrow little unrailed bridge first. It was an old, used-up sort of a bridge, at best.

Dab loosened the reins a little, but could not use his whip.

"Why can't he stop!"

It was a moment of breathless anxiety, but the wagoner kept stolidly on. There would be barely room to pass him on the road itself; none at all on the narrow bridge.

The ponies did it.

They seemed to put on an extra touch of speed, on their own account, just then.

There was a rattle, a faint crash, and then, as the wheels of the two vehicles almost grazed one another in passing, Ford shouted:

"The bridge is down!"

Such a narrow escape!

One of the rotten girders, never half strong enough, had given way under the sudden shock of the hind wheels and that truck wagon would have to find its path across the brook as best it could.

There were more wagons to pass as they plunged forward, and rough places in the road, for Dabney to look out for, but even Joe and Fuz were now getting confidence in their driver. Before long, too, the ponies themselves began to feel that they had had nearly enough of it. Then it was that Dab used his whip again, and the streets of the village were traversed at such a rate as to call for the disapprobation of all sober-minded people.

"Here we are, Ham, greens and all."

"Did they run far?" asked Ham, quietly.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE boys had returned a good deal sooner than had been expected, but they made no more trouble. As Ford Foster remarked, they were all "willing to go slow for a week" after being carried so very fast by Dab Kinzer's ponies.

There was a great deal to be said about the runaway, and Mrs. Foster longed to see Dab and thank him on Ford's account, but he himself had no idea that he had done anything remarkable, and was very busily at work decking Miranda's parlors with the "greens."

A very nice appearance they made, all those woven branches and clustered sprays, when they were in place, and Samantha declared for them that,

"They had kept Dab out of mischief all the afternoon."

At an early hour after supper, the guests began

to arrive, for Mrs. Kinzer was a woman of too much sense to have night turned into day when she could prevent it. As the stream of visitors steadily poured in, Dab remarked to Jenny Walters:

"We shall have to enlarge the house after all."

"If it were only a dress, now?"

"What then?"

"Why, you could just let out the tucks. I've had to do that with mine."

"Jenny, shake hands with me."

"What for, Dabney?"

"I'm so glad to meet somebody else that's outgrowing something."

There was a tinge of color rising in Jenny's face, but, before she could say anything, Dab added:

"There! Jenny, there's Mrs. Foster and Annie. Is n't she sweet?"

"One of the nicest old ladies I ever saw ——"

"Oh, I did n't mean her mother."

"Never mind. You must introduce me to them."

"So I will. Take my arm."

Jenny Walters had been unusually kindly and gracious in her manner that evening, and her very voice had much less than its accustomed sharpness, but her natural disposition broke out a little some



"MAY I HAVE THE HONOR?"

minutes later, while she was talking with Annie. Said she:

"I've wanted so much to get acquainted with you."

"With me?"

"Yes. I've seen you in church, and I've heard you talked about, and I wanted to find out for myself."

"Find out what?" asked Annie a little soberly.

"Why, you see, I don't believe it's possible for any girl to be as sweet as you look. I could n't, I know. I've been trying these two days, and I'm nearly worn out."

Annie's eyes opened wide with surprise, and she laughed merrily as she answered:

"What can you mean? I'm glad enough if my face does n't tell tales of me."

"But mine does," said Jenny, "and then I'm so sure to tell all the rest with my tongue. I wish I knew what were your faults."

"My faults? What for?"

"I don't know. Seems to me if I could think of your faults instead of mine, it would n't be so hard to look sweet."

Annie saw that there was more earnestness than fun in the queer talk of her new acquaintance. The truth was that Jenny had been having almost as hard a struggle with her tongue as ever poor Dick Lee with his, though not for the same reason. Before many minutes she had frankly told Annie all about it, and she could never have done that if she had not somehow felt that Annie's "sweetness" was genuine. The two girls were sure friends after that, much to the surprise of Mr. Dabney Kinzer.

He, indeed, had been too much occupied in caring for his guests to pay special attention to any one of them. His mother had looked after him again and again with eyes brimful of pride and of commendation of the way he was acquitting himself.

Even Mrs. Foster said to her husband, who had now arrived:

"Do you see that? Who would have expected as much from a raw, green country boy?"

"But, my dear, don't you see? The secret of it is that he's not thinking of himself at all. He's only anxious his friends should have a good time."

"That's it; but then that too is a very rare thing in a boy of his age."

"Dabney!" exclaimed the lawyer in a louder tone of voice.

"Good-evening, Mr. Foster. I'm glad you've found room. The house is n't half large enough."

"I understand your ponies ran away with you to-day?"

"They did come home in a hurry; but nobody was hurt."

"I fear there would have been, but for you. Do you start for Grantley with the other boys to-morrow?"

"Of course. Dick Lee and I need some one to take care of us. We never traveled so far before."

"On land, you mean. Is Dick here to-night?"

"Came and looked in, sir, but got scared by the crowd and went home."

"Poor fellow! Well, we will do all we can for him."

Poor Dick Lee!

And yet, if Mr. Dabney Kinzer had known his whereabouts at that very moment he would half have envied him.

Dick's mother was in the kitchen helping about the supper, but she had not left home until she had compelled Dick to dress himself in his best,—white shirt, red neck-tie, shining shoes and all,—and she had brought him with her almost by force.

"You 's good nuff to go to de 'cad'my and leab yer pore mother, an' I reckon you 's good nuff for de party."

And Dick had actually ventured in from the kitchen through the dining-room and as far as the door of the back parlor, where few would look.

through the flags and saw the little waves laughing in the cool, dim starlight, he suddenly stopped rowing, leaned on his oars, gave a sigh of relief, and exclaimed:

"Dar! I 's safe now. I aint got to say a word to nobody out yer. Wonder 'f I 'll ebber git back from de 'cad'my an' kitch fish in dis yer bay? Sho! Course I will. But goin' away 's awful!"

Dab Kinzer thought he had never known Jenny Walters to appear so well as she looked that evening; and he must have been right, for good Mrs. Foster said to Annie:

"What a pleasant, kindly face your new friend has! You must ask her to come and see us. She seems quite a favorite with the Kinzers."



"PINNED!"

How his heart did beat as he looked on the merry gathering, a large part of whom he had known "all his born days!"

But there was a side door opening from that dining-room on the long piazza which Mrs. Kinzer had added to the old Morris mansion, and Dick's hand was on the knob of that door almost before he knew it.

Then he was out on the road to the landing, and in five minutes more he was vigorously rowing the "Jenny" out through the inlet toward the bay.

His heart was not beating unpleasantly any longer, but as he shot out from the narrow passage

"Have you known Dabney long?" Annie had asked of Jenny a little before that.

"Ever since I was a little bit of a girl, and a big boy seven or eight years old pushed me into the snow."

"Was it Dabney?"

"No, but Dabney was the boy that pushed him in for doing it, and then helped me up. Dab rubbed his face for him with snow till he cried."

"Just like him!" exclaimed Annie with emphasis. "I should think his friends here will miss him."

"Indeed they will," replied Jenny, and then she seemed disposed to be quiet for a while.

The party could not last forever, pleasant as it was, and by the time his duties as "host" were met, Dabney was tired enough to go to bed and sleep soundly. His arms were lame and sore from the strain the ponies had given them, and that may have been the reason why he dreamed half the night that he was driving runaway teams and crashing over rickety old bridges.

But why was it that every one of his dream-wagons, no matter who else was in it, seemed to have Jenny Walters and Annie Foster smiling at him from the back seat?

He rose later than usual next morning, and the house was all in its customary order by the time he got down-stairs.

Breakfast was ready also, and, by the time that was over, Dab's great new trunk was brought down-stairs by a couple of the farm-hands.

"It 's an hour yet to train-time," said Ham Morris; "but we might as well get ready. We must be on hand in time."

What a long hour that was, and not even a chance given for Dab to run down and take a good-bye look at the "Swallow!"

His mother and Ham and Miranda and the girls seemed to be all made up of "good-bye" that morning.

"Mother," said Dab.

"What is it, my dear boy?"

"That 's it exactly. If you say 'dear boy' again, Ham Morris 'll have to carry me to the cars. I 'm all kind o' wilted now."

Then they all laughed, and before they got through laughing, they all cried except Ham.

He put his hands in his pockets and drew a long whistle.

The ponies were at the door now. The light wagon had three seats in it, but when Dab's trunk was in, there was only room left for the ladies; Ham and Dab had to walk to the station.

It was a short walk, however, and a silent one, but as they came in sight of the platform, Dab exclaimed:

"There they are, all of them!"

"The whole party?"

"Why, the platform 's as crowded as our house was last night."

Mrs. Kinzer and her daughters were already the center of the crowd of young people, and Ford Foster and Frank Harley, with Joe and Fuz Hart were asking what had become of Dab, for the train was in sight.

A moment later, as the puffing locomotive drew up by the water-tank, the conductor stepped out on the platform, exclaiming:

"Look a here, folks. This aint right. If there was going to be a picnic you 'd ought to have sent word, and I 'd have tacked on an extra car. You 'll have to pack in, now, best you can."

He seemed much relieved when he found how small a part of the crowd were to be his passengers.

"Dab," said Ford, "this is your send-off, not ours. You 'll have to make a speech."

Dab did want to say something, but he had just kissed his sisters and his mother, and half a dozen of his school-girl friends had followed the example of Jenny Walters, and then Mrs. Foster had kissed him, and Ham Morris had shaken hands with him, and Dab could not have said a loud word to have saved his life.

"Speech!" whispered Ford, mischievously, as Dab stepped upon the platform; but Dick Lee, who had just escaped from the tremendous hug his mother had given him, came to his friend's aid in the nick of time. Dick felt that "he must shout, or he should go off," as he afterward told the boys, and so at the top of his shrill voice he shouted:

"Hurrah for Cap'n Kinzer! Dar aint no better feller lef' along shore!"

And, amid a chorus of cheers and laughter, and a grand waving of white handkerchiefs, the engine gave a deep, hysterical cough, and hurried the train away.

The two homesteads by the Long Island shore were a little lonely for a while, after the departure of all those noisy, merry young fellows. Mr. Foster had enough to do in the city, and Ham Morris had his farm to attend to, besides doing more than a little for Mrs. Kinzer. It was much the better for both estates that he had that notable manager at his elbow. The ladies, however, old and young, had plenty of time to come together and wonder how the boys were getting along, even before the arrival of the first batch of letters.

"They must be happy," remarked kind Mrs. Foster, after the long, boyish epistles had been read, over and over; "and such good letters! Not one word of complaint of anything."

Mrs. Kinzer assented somewhat thoughtfully. Dabney had not complained of anything; but while he had praised the village, the scenery, the academy, the boys, and had covered two full sheets of paper, he had not said a word about the table of his boarding-house.

"He is such a growing boy," she said to herself. "I do hope they will give him enough to eat."

It went on a good deal in that way, however, for weeks, even till the Fosters broke up their summer residence and returned to the city. There were plenty of letters, and all his sisters wondered where Dabney had learned to write so capitally: but Mrs. Kinzer's doubts were by no means removed until Ham Morris showed her a part of a curious epistle Dabney had sent to him in a moment of confidence.

"I tell you what, Ham," he wrote, "mother doesn't know what can be done with corn. Mrs. Myers does. She raised a pile of it last year, and the things she makes with it would drive a cook-book crazy. I 've been giving them Latin names, and Frank, he turns them into Hindustanee. It 's real fun, but I sha' n't be the boy I was. I 'm getting corned. My hair is silkier and my voice is husky. My ears are growing. I 'd like some fish and clams for a change. A crab would taste wonderfully good. So would some oysters. They don't have any up here; but we went fishing, last Saturday, and got some perch and cat-fish and sun-fish. They call them pumpkin-seeds up here, and they aint much bigger. Don't tell mother we don't get enough to eat. There 's plenty of it, and you ought to see Mrs. Myers smile when she passes the johnny-cake. We are all trying to learn that heavenly smile. Ford does it best. I think Dick Lee is getting a little pale. Perhaps corn does n't agree with him. He 's learning fast, though, and so am I; but we have to work harder than the rest. I guess the Hart boys know more than they did when they came here, and they did n't get it all out of their books, either. We keep up our French and our boxing; but oh, would n't I like to go for some blue-fish, just now! Has mother made any mince-pies yet? I 've almost forgotten how they taste. I was going by a house here the other day and I smelt some ham, cooking. I was real glad I had n't forgotten. I knew what it was right away. Don't you be afraid about my studying, for I 'm at it all the while, except when we 're playing ball or eating corn. They say they have sleighing here earlier than we do, and plenty of skating. Well, now, don't say anything to mother about the corn; but wont I eat when I get home.—Yours all the while. DABNEY KINZER."

"Why, the poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Kinzer, and it was not very many days after that before young Dabney received a couple of boxes by express.

There was a boiled ham in the first one and a great many other things, and Dab called in all the other boys to help him get them out.

"Mince-pies!" shouted Ford Foster. "How 'd they ever travel so far?"

"They 're not much mashed," said Dabney. "There 's enough there to start a small hotel. Now let 's open the other."

"Ice. Sawdust. Fish, I declare. Clams. Oysters. Crabs. There 's a lobster. Ford, Frank, Dick, do you think we can eat those fellows?"

"After they 're cooked," said Ford.

"Well, I s'pose we can; but I feel like shaking hands with 'em, all round. They 're old friends and neighbors of mine, you know."

"I guess we 'd better eat 'em."

"Cap'n Dab," remarked Dick Lee, "dey jest knocks all de correck pronounciation clean out of me."

Eaten they were, however, and Mrs Myers was glad enough to have her boarders supply such a remarkable "variety" for her table, which, after that "hint," began to improve a little.

And so we leave Dab Kinzer, still, in mind and body, as when first we saw him, a growing boy.

WHERE?

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

WHERE does the Winter stay?
With the little Esquimaux,
Where the frost and snow-flake grow?
Or where the white bergs first come out,
Where icicles make haste to sprout,
Where the winds and storms begin,
Gathering the crops all in,
Among the ice-fields, far away?

Where does the Summer stay?
In distant sunny places,
'Midst palms and dusky faces,
Where they spin the cocoa thread,
Where the generous trees drop bread,
Where the lemon-groves give alms,
And Nature works her daily charms,
Among the rice-fields, far away?

PARLOR MAGIC.

(Pleasing, Harmless, and Inexpensive Experiments, chiefly Chemical, for Young People.)

By Leo H. Grindon.

This series of experiments is designed for the use of young people who are interested in the wonders and the beautiful realities of nature, and who delight to observe for themselves how curious are the phenomena revealed by scientific knowledge. Simple instructions are given for the performance of a number of pretty experiments, all of which are perfectly safe, and cost very little money. For "evenings at home," it is hoped that these experiments will be found indefinitely amusing and recreative, at the same time that they will lead the minds of boys and girls to inquiries into the entire fabric of the grand sciences which explains the principles on which they are founded. All the materials spoken of, and all the needful apparatus, which is of the simplest and most inexpensive kind, can be obtained at a good chemist's. It is of the highest importance that all the materials be pure and good.

Parlor Sunshine.

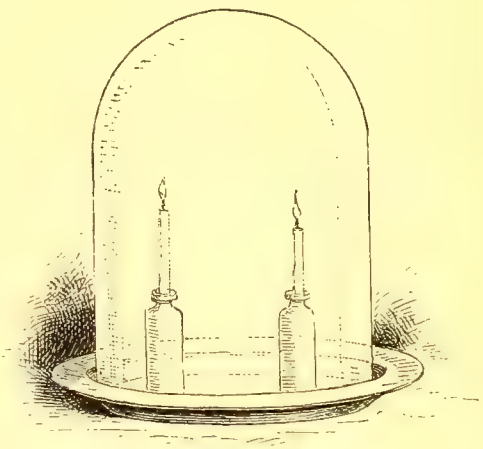
Obtain a yard of "magnesium tape" or "magnesium wire," sold very cheap by most druggists. Cut a length of six or eight inches; bend one extremity so as to get a good hold of it with a pair of forceps, or even a pair of ordinary scissors, or attach it to the end of a stick or wire. Then hold the piece of magnesium vertically in a strong flame, such as that of a candle, and in a few seconds it will ignite, burning with the splendor of sunshine, and making night seem noonday. As the burning proceeds, a quantity of white powder is formed. This is pure magnesia. While performing this splendid experiment, the room should be darkened.

Cadaverous Faces.

This is an amusing contrast to the lighting-up by means of magnesium: Again let the room be nearly darkened. Put about a tea-cupful of spirits of wine in a strong common dish or saucer, and place the dish in the middle of the table. Let every one approach to the distance of about a yard. Then ignite the spirit with a match. It will burn with a peculiar yellowish-blue flame, and in the light of this the human countenances, and all objects of similar color, lose their natural tint, and look spectral. The contrast of the wan and ghostly hue with the smiling lips and white teeth of those who look on, is most amusing. The effect of this experiment is heightened by dissolving some common table-salt in the spirit, and still further by putting into it a small quantity of saffron. Let the spirit burn itself away.

The Breath of Life.

Procure a tolerably large bell-glass, such as is used for covering clocks and ornaments upon the



THE BREATH OF LIFE.

mantel-piece. It should not be less than eighteen inches high, and eight or nine inches in diameter. Provide also a common dish, sufficiently large to allow the bell-glass to stand well within its raised border. Then procure two little wax candles, three

or four inches in length, and stand each in a little bottle or other temporary candlestick. Place them in the center of the dish and light the wicks. Then pour water into the dish to the depth of nearly an inch, and finish by placing the bell over the candles, which of course are then closely shut in. For a few minutes all goes on properly. The flames burn steadily, and seem to laugh at the idea of their being about to die. But, presently, they become faint,—first one, then the other; the luster and the size of the flames diminish rapidly, and then they go out. This is because the burning candles consumed all the oxygen that was contained within the volume of atmosphere that was in the bell, and were unable, on account of the water, to get new supplies from outside. It illustrates, in the most perfect manner, our own need of constant supplies of good fresh air. The experiment may be improved, or at all events varied, by using candles of different lengths.

Rose-Color Produced from Green.

Obtain a small quantity of roseine,—one of the wonderful products obtained from gas-tar, and employed extensively in producing what are called by manufacturers the "magenta colors." Roseine exists in the shape of minute crystals, resembling those of sugar. They are hard and dry, and of the most brilliant emerald green. Drop five or six of these little crystals into a large glass of limpid water. They will dissolve; but instead of giving a *green* solution, the product is an exquisite crimson-rose color, the color seeming to trickle from the surface of the water downward. When the solution has proceeded for a short time, stir the water with a glass rod, and the uncolored portion of it will become carmine.

Some Electrical Experiments.

Take a piece of common brown paper, about a foot in length, and half as wide. Hold it before the fire till it becomes quite hot. Then draw it briskly under your left arm several times, so as to rub it on both surfaces against the woolen cloth of your coat. It will now have become so powerfully electrified, that if placed against the papered wall of the parlor, it will hold on for some time, supported, as it were, by nothing.

While the piece of brown paper is thus so strangely clinging to the wall, place a small, light, and fleecy feather against it, and this, in turn, will cling to the paper.

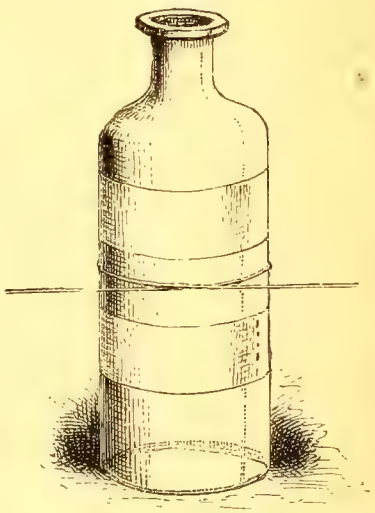
Now, again, make your piece of brown paper hot by the fire, and draw it, as before, several times under the arm. Previously to this, attach a string to one corner, so that it may be held up in the air. Several feathers, of a fleecy kind, may now be placed against each side of the paper, and they will cling to it for several minutes.

Another curious electrical experiment is to take a pane of common glass, make it warm by the fire, then lay it upon two books, allowing only the edges to touch the books, and rub the upper surface with a piece of flannel, or a piece of black silk. Have some bran ready, strew it upon the table under the piece of glass, and the particles will dance.

To Cut a Phial in Half.

Wind round it two bands of paper, corresponding in position to the two temperate zones of the earth, leaving a space between, corresponding to the equatorial zone. Secure the two bands of paper with thread or fine twine. Then wind a long piece of string once around the equatorial space. Let an assistant hold one end of the string, and while holding the other end yourself, move the phial rapidly to and fro, so that the string shall work upon the glass between the two pieces of paper. When the glass becomes hot in the equatorial space, pour some cold water upon it, and the glass will break as evenly as if cut with a knife.

The principle involved in this curious experiment may be applied to the removal of a glass stopper, when too tight in the neck of the bottle for the fingers to stir it. All that is necessary is to wind a piece of thick string round the neck of the bottle,



CUTTING THE PHIAL.

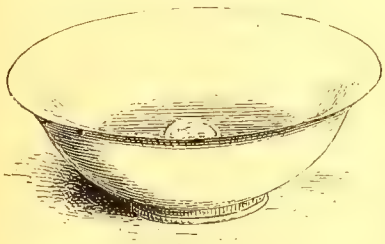
get an assistant to hold one end, and then work the bottle to and fro. The glass of the neck will become so warm as to expand, and the stopper will become loosened. It is often necessary to continue this friction for some minutes before the desired result is attained.

The Invisible rendered Visible.

Place a coin in an empty basin, and let the basin be near the edge of the table. Ask one of the company to stand beside it, and to retire slowly



THE COIN INVISIBLE.



THE COIN VISIBLE.

backward until he or she can no longer see the coin. Then pour cold, clear water into the basin, and the person, who the moment before could not perceive the coin, now will see it quite plainly, though without moving a hair's breadth nearer.

Light from Sugar.

In a dark room, rub smartly one against the other, a couple of lumps of white sugar, and light will be evolved. A similar effect is produced by rubbing two lumps of borate of soda one against the other.

Miniature Fire-Ships.

Procure a good-sized lump of camphor. Cut it up into pieces of the size of a hazel-nut, and having a large dish filled with cold water in readiness, lay the pieces on the surface, where they will float. Then ignite each one of them with a match, and they will burn furiously, swimming about all the time that the burning is in progress, until at last nothing remains but a thin shell, too wet to be consumed.

Purple Air.

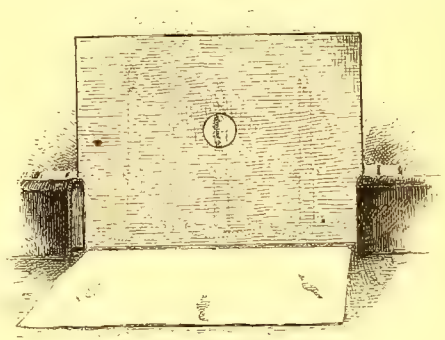
Obtain an olive-oil flask, the glass of which must be colorless. In default of an oil-flask, a large test-tube may be employed. Put into it a small quantity of solid iodine (procurable at the chemist's and very cheap), then lightly stop the mouth of the flask or test-tube with some cotton-wool, but not hermetically, and hold it slantwise over the flame of a spirit-lamp. The heat will soon dissolve the iodine, which will next turn into a most beautiful violet-colored vapor, completely filling the glass, and disappearing again as the glass gets cold.

The Two Eggs.

Dissolve as much common table-salt in a pint of water as it will take up, so as to prepare a strong brine. With this brine half fill a tall glass. Then pour in pure water, very carefully. Pour it down the side, or put it in with the help of a spoon, so as to break the fall. The pure water will then float upon the top of the brine, yet no difference will be visible. Next, take another glass of exactly the same kind, and fill it with pure water. Now take a common egg, and put it into the vessel of pure water, when it will instantly sink to the bottom. Put another egg into the first glass, and it will not descend below the surface of the brine, seeming to be miraculously suspended in the middle. Of course the two glass vessels should be considerably wider than the egg is long.

The Magic Aperture.

Put several lighted candles upon the table, in a straight row and near together. Lay upon the table, in front of them, a large piece of smooth, white paper. Have ready a piece of pasteboard, large enough to conceal the candles, with a small hole cut in it above the middle. Place this so as



THE MAGIC APERTURE.

to stand upon its edge between the row of candles and the sheet of paper in front, and there will be as many images of flames thrown through the hole and upon the paper as there are burning candles.

Green Fire.

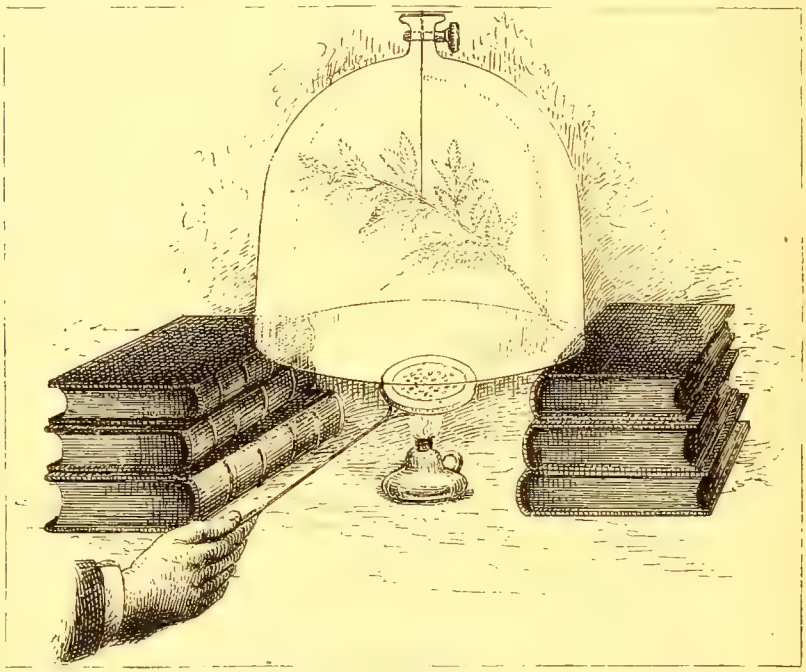
Obtain some boracic acid, mix it well with a small quantity of spirits of wine, or alcohol, place the alcohol in a saucer upon a dish, and then ignite it with a match. The flame will be a beautiful

green. To see the color to perfection, of course, the room should be somewhat darkened.

A green flame may also be produced by using chloride of copper instead of boracic acid. And instead of mixing it with the alcohol, a small quantity may be imbedded in the wick of a candle.

A Beautiful Imitation of Hoar-Frost.

Obtain a large bell-glass, with a short neck and cork at the top, such as may be seen in the chemists' shops. Then procure a small quantity of benzoic acid, which exists in the shape of snowy crystals. Elevate the bell-glass upon a little stage made of books or pieces of wood, so as to allow a spirit-lamp to be introduced underneath, and a little evaporating dish to be held above the flame by means of a ring of wire with suitable handle. Place the benzoic acid in the evaporating dish, over the flame, and presently the acid will ascend in vapor and fill the bell, which must not be quite closed at the top. Before setting up the apparatus, introduce into the bell a small branch of foliage, which may be hung by a thread from the neck of the bell. The stiffer and more delicate this branch, the better. In a short time, it will become covered with a soft white deposit of the acid, very closely resembling hoar-frost. This makes an extremely pretty ornament for the parlor.



IMITATING HOAR-FROST.

To Boil Water Without Fire.

Half fill a common oil-flask with water, and boil it for a few minutes over the flame of a spirit-lamp. While boiling, cork up the mouth of the flask as quickly as you can, and tie a bit of wet bladder over the cork, so as to exclude the air perfectly. The flask being now removed from the lamp, the boiling ceases. Pour some cold water upon the upper portion of the flask, and the ebullition recommences! Apply hot water, and it stops! And thus you may go on as long as you please.

To Convert a Liquid into a Solid.

Dissolve about half a pound of sulphate of soda in a pint of boiling water, and after it has stood a few minutes to settle, pour it off into a clean glass vessel. Pour a little sweet oil upon the surface, and put it to stand where it can get cold, and where no one will touch it. When cold, put in a stick, and the fluid, previously clear, will at once become opaque, and begin to crystallize, until at length there is a solid crystalline mass.

Ice on Fire.

Make a hole in a block of ice with a hot poker. Pour out the water, and fill up the cavity with camphorated spirits of wine. Then ignite the spirit with a match, and the lump of ice will seem to be in flames.

Experiments Requiring Chemical Solutions.

To prepare these solutions, purchase of a druggist a small quantity of the solid crystals of the substance needed for the experiment you wish to try. Dissolve the crystals in clear pure water, and keep the solution in a little bottle, labeled with the name. It is seldom that the solutions need be strong. When the crystal is a colored one, enough should be used to give the water a light tint, blue, yellow, or what it may be. None of these solutions will do any harm to the hands, unless there is a cut or a wound of any kind upon the skin. It is well also, not to let a drop of any of them fall upon the clothes, or upon furniture, for some of them will stain. And none of them should ever be tasted, or touched by the lips or tongue, many of them being acrid and even poisonous.

With the acids still greater care is needed, the stronger acids being corrosive and poisonous. The greater portion of these substances must likewise not be smelled, as the fumes or vapors would affect the nostrils painfully.

For the proper performance of these experiments with solutions, etc.,—at all events for the neatest and most elegant performance of them,—there should be obtained from the chemist's shop about a dozen test-tubes. These are little glass vessels, manufactured on purpose, and very cheap. Do not take glasses that may afterward be used for drinking or household purposes. Be careful to have every one of your experiment glasses perfectly clean.

To produce a Beautiful Violet-Purple Color.

Take a nearly colorless solution of any salt of copper. The sulphate is the cheapest and handiest. Fill the test-tube or other experimenting-glass about two-thirds full. Then drop in, slowly, a little liquid ammonia. It will cause a beautiful blue to appear, and presently a most lovely violet-purple, which, by stirring with a glass rod, extends all through the fluid.

If now you drop into this a very little nitric acid, the fluid will again become as clear as pure water.

To Make a Splendid Scarlet.

Again take some solution of sulphate of copper. Add to it a little solution of bichromate of potash. Then add a little solution of nitrate of silver, and there is produced a splendid scarlet color.

To Make a Deep Blue.

Now, take a nearly colorless solution of sulphate of iron, and drop into it, slowly, a small quantity of solution of yellow prussiate of potash. This will induce a beautiful deep blue, quite different from the blues that are produced from copper salts.

To Make a Yellow Color.

Take a solution of acetate of lead, and add a few drops of solution of iodide of potassium, and a most lovely canary-yellow color is produced.

Invisible Inks.

Nearly all those experiments which result in the production of color may be performed in another way, and be then applied to the purposes of secret writing. Thus:

Write with dilute solution of sulphate of copper. The writing will be quite invisible, but become blue when held over the vapor of liquid ammonia.

Write with the same solution, and wash the paper with solution of yellow prussiate of potash, and the writing, previously invisible, will become brown. If you choose you may reverse this method, writing with solution of the prussiate of potash, and washing the paper with solution of the copper salt.

Write with solution of sulphate of iron, and the writing will again be invisible. Wash it over with tincture of galls, and it becomes black.

Write with sulphate of iron, and use a wash of yellow prussiate of potash, and the writing will come out blue. This experiment may likewise be reversed, and with similar result.

How to Copper a Knife-Blade.

Make a rather strong solution of sulphate of copper. Let a clean and polished piece of steel or iron, such as the blade of a knife, stand in it for a few minutes, and the iron will become covered or encrusted with a deposit of pure copper.

To Make Beautiful Crystals.

Dissolve, in different vessels, half an ounce each of the sulphates of iron, zinc, copper, soda, alumina, magnesia, and potash. The solutions can be made more rapidly by using warm water. When the salts are all completely dissolved, pour the whole seven solutions into a large dish, stir the mixture with a glass rod, then place it in a warm place, where it will not be disturbed. By degrees, the water will evaporate, and then the salts will re-crystallize, each kind preserving its own proper form and color. Some occur in groups, some as single crystals. If carefully protected from dust, these form extremely pretty ornaments for the parlor.

Alum Baskets.

These may be prepared by dissolving alum in water in such quantity that at last the water can take up no more, and the undissolved alum lies at the bottom of the vessel. The solution thus obtained is called a saturated one. Then procure a common ornamental wire basket, and suspend it

in the solution, so as to be well covered in every part. There should be twice as much solution as will cover the basket. The wires of the basket should be wound with worsted, so that the surface may be rough. Leave it undisturbed in the solution, and gradually the crystals will form all over the surface. Before putting in the basket, it is best to further strengthen the solution by boiling it down to one half, after which it should be strained.

The Lead-Tree.

Dissolve half an ounce of acetate of lead in six ounces of water. The solution will be turbid, so clarify it with a few drops of acetic acid. Now put the solution into a clean phial, nearly filling the phial. Suspend in the solution, by means of a thread attached to the cork, a piece of clean zinc wire. By degrees, the wire will become covered with beautiful metallic spangles, like the foliage of a tree.

UN ALPHABET FRANÇAIS.

PAR LAURA CAXTON.



A—ANNETTE A UN TRÈS JOLI PETIT AGNEAU.



B—BAPTISTE A UNE PAIRE DE GRANDES BOTTES



C—CÉCILE EST CHARMÉE DE FAIRE ROULER SON CERCEAU.



D—DENIS PLEURE PARCEQU'IL A MAL AUX DENTS.



E—ÉDOUARD VA GAIEMENT À L'ÉCOLE, AVEC SES LIVRES.



F—FANCHON FAIT UNE CRAVATE POUR SON FRÈRE.



G—GABRIELLE A ÉTÉ GRONDÉE PAR SON GRAND-PÈRE.



H—HENRI VA PATINER SUR LA GLACE PENDANT L'HIVER.



I—ISABELLE EST UNE PAUVRE PETITE INVALIDE.



J—JACQUES S'AMUSE TOUTE LA JOURNÉE AVEC SES JOUJOUX.



K—K EST LA LETTRE QUE JEAN TIENT SOUS LA MAIN.



L—LOUISE DONNE DES LÉGUMES À SES PETITS LAPINS.



M—MARIE A DES MARGUERITES POUR SA CHÈRE MAMAN.



N—NARCISSE A TROUVÉ DES OISEAUX DANS UN NID.



O—OLIVIER, AVEC SON PARAPLUIE, N'A PAS PEUR DE L'ORAGE.



P—PAULINE A BEAUCOUP DE PLAISIR AVEC SA PETITE POUPÉE.



Q—QUENTIN AIME À JOUER AUX QUILLES DE BOIS.



R—ROLAND REMPLIT UN POT POUR Y PLANTER SON ROSIER.



S—SUSETTE A UN MORCEAU DE SUCRE POUR SON SERIN.



T—THÉRÈSE EST TRISTE PARCEQU'E SON TABLIER EST SALE



U—URBAIN A LE DRAPEAU DES ÉTATS-UNIS.



V—VIRGINIE ARROSE SES VIOLETTES CHAQUE MATIN ET CHAQUE SOIR.



W—WINIFRED EST AMÉRICAINE, ELLE N'EST PAS UNE PETITE FRANÇAISE.



X—XÉNOPHON EST LE GÉNÉRAL RENOMMÉ À QUI PAUL CROIT RESSEMBLER.



Y—Y A-T-IL UNE AUTRE PETITE FILLE DE SI JOLIS YEUX?



Z—ZÉNOBIE SAIT COMPTER D'UN JUSQU'À ZÉRO.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

By Mrs. M. F. Butts.

"Oh, Willow, where did you get your fringe,
In New York or in Paris?
Tell me, and I will get some too,
Because I am an heiress;
And I buy me everything I want;
I have a ring and a feather;
I promenade in my white kid boots
Each day in pleasant weather."

"Oh, little one, where did you get the pink,
In your pretty, round cheek glowing?
And where did you get the yellow curls,
Over your shoulders flowing?
Perhaps you can tell me how they are made;
If you think so, darling, try it;
And when you succeed, I'll tell you about
My fringe, and where to buy it."

HOW TEDDY CUT THE PIE.

(A Geometrical Jingle.)

By Rossiter Johnson.

Teddy, Jimmy, Frank, and I
Fished all day for smallest fry,
And as evening shades drew nigh,
Stopped to see if we could buy,
At a road-side groce–ry,
Anything they called a pie.

There was one, and only one,
Deeply filled and brownly done,
Warm from standing in the sun,
Flanked on each side by a bun,
Since that summer day begun.

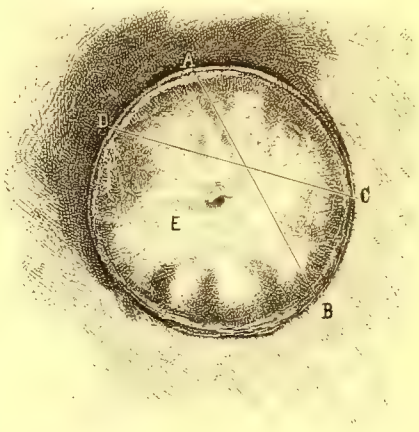
From the window it was brought,
With our pennies it was bought;
Then a knife was quickly sought—
Who would cut it as he ought?

"Leave it all," says Ted, "to me,"
As the knife he flourished free;
"I have cut a great ma–ny."

"But," says Frank, who feared our fate,
"Will you cut it fair and straight?"
"Straight?" says Ted. "I'll tell you what—
Straighter than a rifle-shot:
Straighter than the eagle's flight,
Straight as any ray of light."

"I will mark the place," says Jim—
Great exactness was his whim—
And he measured, on the rim,
Starting-points, as guides for him.

Ted put in the knife with glee;
First he cut from A to B!



Then he cut from C to D!!
Then he took the piece marked E!!!

Every cut was straight, he said,—
He would bet his curly head.
Such a perfect, born-and-bred
Geometric rogue was Ted.

"CHAIRS TO MEND!"

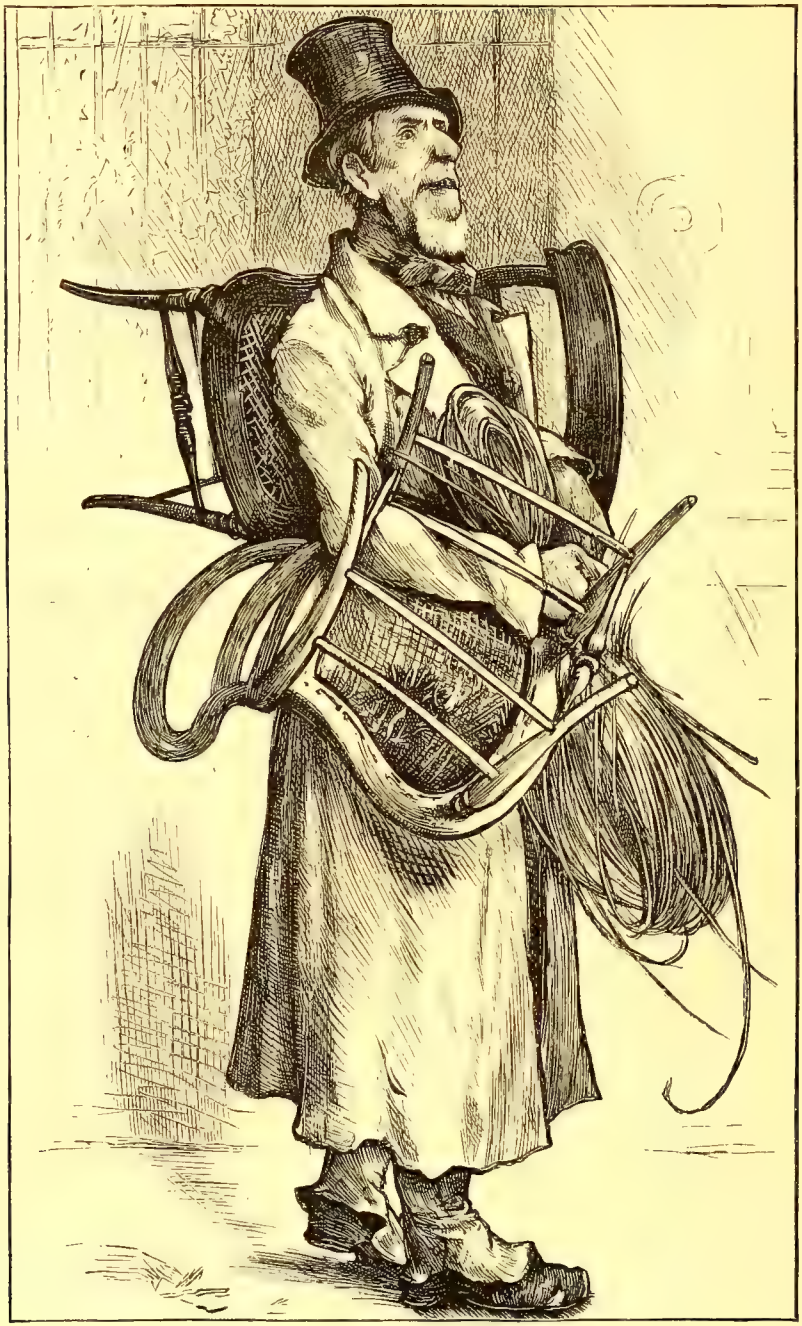
By Alexander Wainwright.

The art of doing small things well has a good illustration in the humble chair-mender of the London streets, who is also one of the most interesting of out-door tradesmen.

He carries all his implements and materials with him. A very much worn chair is thrown over one arm as an advertisement of his occupation, and it is needed, for his cry, "Cha–ir–s to men–n–nd," is uttered in a melancholy and indistinct, though penetrating, tone. Under the other arm he usually has a bundle of cane, split into narrow ribbons.

His look is that of forlorn respectability; his hat is greasy, and mapped with so many veins, caused by crushings, that it might have been used as a chair or, at least, a foot-stool; around his neck he wears a heavy cloth kerchief, and his long coat of by-gone fashion reaches nearly to the ankles, which are covered by shabby gaiters. He walks along at a very gentle pace and scans the windows of the houses for some sign that his services are wanted.

Perhaps business is dull, but in the neighborhoods where there are plenty of children he is



"CHAIRS TO MEND!"

pretty sure to find some work. Cane-seated chairs are durable, but they will not stand the rough usage of those little boys and girls who treat them as step-ladders and stamp upon them. It often happens that a neat English house-maid appears at the area railings with a chair that has a big, ragged

hole in the seat, through which Master Tommy has fallen, with his boots on, in an effort to reach the gooseberry jam on the pantry shelf.

Master Tommy probably looks on while the repairs are being made, and is much interested by the dexterity with which the mender does his work. The old and broken canes are cut away, and the new strips are woven into a firm fabric, with little eight-sided openings left in it. The overlapping ends of the ribbons are trimmed with a sharp knife, and the chair-seat is as good as new.

It seems so easy that Tommy thinks he could have done it himself; but when he experiments with a slip of cane that the mender gives him, he finds that chair-mending is really a trade that must be learned.

Some chair-menders are blind men, and it is still more interesting to watch them at their work. The plaiting of the canes is done as unerringly by their unseeing fingers as by the men who can see, and with wonderful quickness. Occasionally the business is combined with that of basket-making, and should we follow poor old "Chairs-to-mend" home, we might discover his family busy weaving reeds and willowy branches with the same cleverness the father shows in handling the canes.

TWO KITTIES.

By Joy Allison.



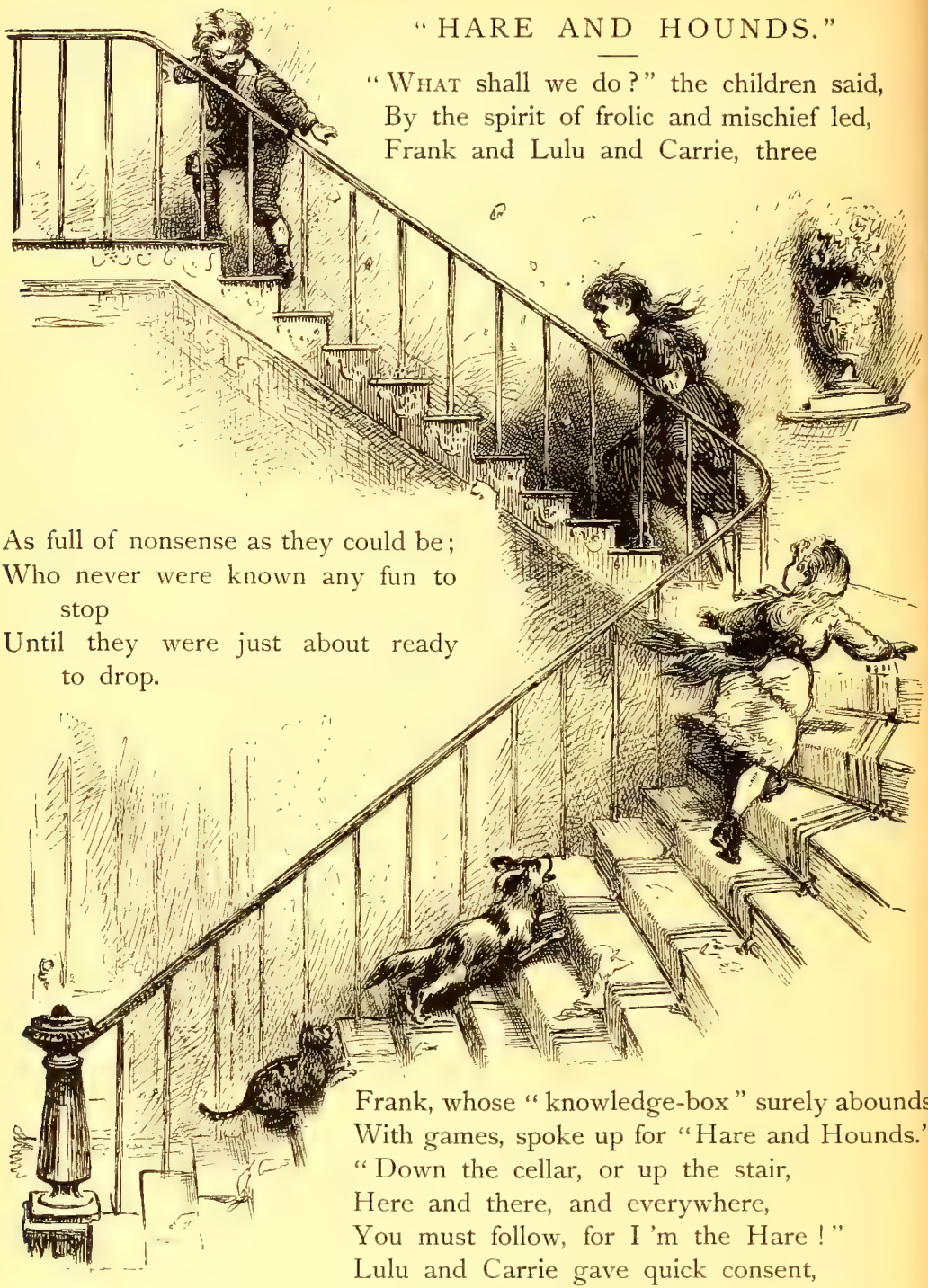
Two little kitties
  Wandered away
Into the prairie
  One summer day.
One on two feet,
  Rosy and fair,
Almost a baby,—
  "Golden Hair."

Four feet,—useless,
  Eyes fast closed,
Borne in a basket
  The other dozed.
Searching in terror
  Far and wide,
"Golden Hair's" mother
  Moaned and cried.

Mother Puss calmly
  Following slow,
Listening,—calling
  Meoh !—Meoh ! —
Mother Puss found them,
  A little heap,
Down in the deep grass
  Fast asleep.

"HARE AND HOUNDS."

"WHAT shall we do?" the children said,
By the spirit of frolic and mischief led,
Frank and Lulu and Carrie, three
As full of nonsense as they could be;
Who never were known any fun to stop
Until they were just about ready to drop.



Frank, whose "knowledge-box" surely abounds
With games, spoke up for "Hare and Hounds."
"Down the cellar, or up the stair,
Here and there, and everywhere,
You must follow, for I 'm the Hare!"
Lulu and Carrie gave quick consent,
And at cutting their papers and capers went,

For the stairs were steep, and they must not fail
To have enough for a good long trail.
Away went the Hare
Right up the stair,
And away went the Hounds, a laughing pair;
And Tony, who sat
Near Kitty, the cat,
And was really a dog worth looking at,
With a queer grimace
Soon joined the race,
And followed the game at a lively pace!
Then Puss, who knew
A thing or two,
Prepared to follow the noisy crew,
And never before or since, I ween,
Was ever beheld such a hunting scene!
The Hare was swift; and the papers went
This way and that, to confuse the scent;
But Tony, keeping his nose in air,
In a very few moments betrayed the Hare,
Which the children told him was hardly fair.

I cannot tell you how long they played,
Of the fun they had, or the noise they made;
For the best of things in this world, I think,
Can ne'er be written with pen and ink.
But Bridget, who went on her daily rounds,
Picking up after the "Hare and Hounds,"
Said she did n't mind hearing their lively capers,
But her back was broke with the scraps o' papers.

Carrie, next day, could n't raise her head;
Frank and Lulu were sick in bed;
The dog and cat were a used-up pair,
And all of them needed the doctor's care.
The children themselves can hardly fail
To tack a moral upon this trail;
And I guess on rather more level grounds
They 'll play their next game of "Hare and Hounds."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

So, HERE 'S October come again. Another pleasant year gone by, another lot of sermons done, and nobody the worse! Dear, dear, how time does fly in cheerful company, to be sure!

Well, my dears, keep a bright lookout for the new volume, and, meantime, don't open your eyes too wide while I bring to your notice

THE LARGEST MAN.

Albany, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Perhaps some of your other boys, who, like myself, wish to grow big and strong, would like to hear about the largest human being ever known,—Goliath of Gath,—a person almost large enough to need introduction by installments, but he is so well known that the ceremony is needless.

As nearly as I can make out, he was between ten and eleven feet high. When he went to battle he wore a coat-of-mail weighing one hundred and fifty-six pounds,—as heavy as a good-sized man; and the rest of his armor amounted to at least one hundred and fifteen pounds more. The head of his spear weighed eighteen pounds,—as heavy as six three-pound cans of preserved fruit,—and this he carried at the end of a long and heavy shaft!

Think what might happen if a man equally big and strong should live among us now, and insist on taking part in our games and sports? If he joined a boat-club, a curious six-oared crew could be made up, with him at one side and five other men opposite. And just imagine him "booming along" on a velocipede! If he joined the champion Nine, and hit a ball, where would that ball go to? If he called for a "shoulder-high" ball, would n't the catcher have to climb a step-ladder to catch behind the giant? And if he threw a ball to a base-man, would n't he be apt to throw it clean through him?

Probably no one can answer these questions, but they are interesting all the same, to yours sincerely, R. V. D.

CATCHING BIRDS ON THE WING.

AS IF a man could ever hope to do that, or even to do so much as fly! And yet, word has already come to me of a man who has made a machine with which he actually has flown, up, down, with the wind, against the wind, and, in fact, any way he wished!

The particular machine he used looked, I 'm told, rather like a big bolster-case blown full of air, and with a light frame-work of hollow brass tubes strapped to it underneath. In this frame-work was a seat for the man, and near him were two circular fans, which he turned round very fast indeed; one of the fans made the machine fly backward or forward, and the other made it go up or down, as he liked.

Now, this certainly seems to be a step ahead, or, rather, a flap upward; but you need n't expect to be chasing and catching eagles and albatrosses on the wing by dropping salt on their tails; at least, not just yet, my dears. The time for that sort of fun may come, perhaps; but it would be well not to crow too loudly at present.

THE BEE AND THE ANEMONE.

Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The bee you told us of in your August sermon did not mistake the anemone for a flower. At least, *I* think not. No bee ever makes such a mistake as to settle on a poisonous flower, and I believe that this bee went to the anemone for water and not for honey. Bees will settle on pieces of straw afloat in the water, when seeking for water, and I believe they know, even while on the wing, where to find honey. Good-bye.—Your friend. N. E. H.

FRANGIPANI SCENT AND PUDDINGS.

"LET 'S begin with the puddings, and make sure of *them*," as a little boy once remarked. Well, then, in former times, Frangipani puddings were of broken bread, and their queer name is made from two words,—*frangi*, meaning "to break," and *panus*, "bread"; but, after some time, these puddings were made with pastry-crust and contained cream and almonds.

Frangipani scent, however, was named after a great marquis who first made it, getting it from the jasmine plant. And the marquis got *his* name from an ancestor whose duty it had been to break the holy bread or wafer in one of the church services, and who on that account was called "Frangipani," or "Breaker of Bread."

Now, this way of explaining how words come to be formed, sounds well enough, no doubt. But how are we to know, in this case, that the marquis did n't invent the pudding as well as the scent? However, I must leave you to puzzle out the problem for yourselves, my dears, while I give you some information about

A SEALED POSTMAN.

YOU 'VE all heard of sealed letters, of course, and seen some, too, no doubt; but did you ever hear of the letter-carrier, also, being sealed? Well, a bit of news has come saying that, among the Himalaya Mountains, the men who carry the mails on horse-back are sealed to their saddles, in such a way that while they can ride easily enough they cannot get down from their seats; and, what is more, the mail-packages are sealed to the men! Once started on the route, the seals are not allowed to be broken, except by the postmaster at the next station, and, if they happen to get broken otherwise than by accident, the carrier is severely punished.

The result of this sealing is that a mail-carrier who wishes to steal the letters in his charge is obliged to steal also the saddle and horse,—and himself as well, I suppose.

Nice places these carriers have to ride through, at times! Why, in some parts, the road is so steep that, in going down, the rider is kept upright

by a rope passed under his arms and held in the hands of two men who are above him on the mountain. If it were not for this, the rider would fall over the head of his horse, or else cause the horse itself to go over head first.

Altogether, the postmen of the Himalayas must have a hard time of it.

WIND-HARPS.

East Saginaw, Mich.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Please will you or any of your "chicks" tell me how to make a wind-harp, or Eolian harp?

Your friend, MINNIE WARNER.

Time and again have I heard tell of wind-harps and the sweet music the wind coaxes out of them. The sighing and singing of the breezes through the tree-tops must be something like it, no doubt. But I never heard a wind-harp's song, and of course don't know how to make one. Perhaps, some of you know, however, and if so I shall be obliged if you will send me word, so that I can pass it on to Minnie and the rest of my chicks.

"THE JOY OF THE DESERT."

IN Africa is a vast, dreary waste, called the Desert of Sahara. In widely scattered spots of this desert there grows a tree that sends its roots down to springs far beneath the parched ground. Sometimes these springs are so far down that the trees are planted in deep holes, something like wells, so that the roots may reach water. Hardly anything except this tree can grow in that desert.

The fruit of the tree is delicious food; the long trunk makes poles for tents; the leaf-stalks make many kinds of basket and wicker work, walking-



sticks and fans; the leaves themselves are made into bags and mats; and the fibers at the base of the leaf-stalks are twisted into cordage for tents and harness. The sap of the tree, drawn from a deep cut in the trunk near the top, after standing a few days, becomes a sweet and pleasant liquor. Cakes of the fruit pounded and kneaded together "so solid as to be cut with a hatchet," are carried by travelers going across the terrible desert.

Besides all this, trees of this kind, planted in groups, cast a shade which keeps the ground moist, so that other fruit-trees can live beneath them.

When the tree is about one hundred years old, it ceases to bear fruit, and is cut down for timber; but in its long life it has made its owner rich and a great many people comfortable.

The paragram which told me all this said, further, that this tree is the date-palm, and is called "The Joy of the Desert." Well may it be so called, I should think; though once I heard some of the children of the red school-house say they hated "dates." Perhaps they meant "dates" of some other kind.

BABIES IN BOOTS.

WHERE do you suppose Tartar mothers carry their little children?

Not on their shoulders, nor on their hips, nor in their arms, nor at their backs, nor on their heads.

Well, I 'm told they carry them in their boots! These are made of cloth, and each is large enough to hold a child five years old!

ROOK COURTS AND BLACKBIRD POWWOWS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In England, where I come from, I have seen meetings of vast numbers of birds, though never as many of such different kinds as those named by Z. R. B. in the letter which you gave us in July. Sometimes, a great number of rooks gather in a ring, and in the center of it is one lonely, dejected-looking rook, who holds his head down in silence. The other rooks seem to hold a consultation, chattering and cawing back and forth, sometimes one alone and sometimes all together, until they seem to decide what to do.

Then three or four old, solemn-looking rooks fly upon the lonely one and put him to death, as if he had been found guilty of some dreadful crime.

In this country, during spring, the blackbirds meet almost daily in the tops of high trees, especially elms and locusts, and there they chatter by the hour. Sometimes a few will fly off, angrily, with quick, sharp notes, to some tree a little way off. After a while, two or three more birds will join them from the large body. Then, perhaps, some of them will go back as "peace commissioners," and after a few more flights back and forth, and endless chatter, the little party may return to the main body; or, increasing in number, may form a second crowd as noisy as the first.

No doubt you have heard and seen many such powwows, dear Jack. Long may you live to watch the birds and repeat to us their wisdom! Truly your friend,

C. B. M.

AN INTERVAL NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

I 'M told that at Pompeii, Italy, in the year 79, a play was being acted in one of the theaters, when a storm of cinders fell, buried the whole city, and, of course, put a stop to the play, which has never been completed. A few months ago, however, an operatic manager named Languri made up his mind to have a new theater just where the old one stood; so, he printed in the Italian newspapers a notice that ran something like this:

"After a lapse of eighteen hundred years, the theater of Pompeii will be re-opened, with the opera of 'La Figlia del Reggimento.' I ask the continuation of the favor shown to my predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and beg to assure the public that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities he displayed during his management."

If only Marcus Quintus Martius and his actors, and musicians, and the ancient audience, could have been at that re-opening of their long-buried theater, how they would have stared!

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR older boys and girls will find in this number an excellent article on "Parlor Magic," in which they are told, by Professor Leo Grindon, one of the Faculty of the Royal School of Chemistry in Manchester, England, how to perform some very interesting, and in some cases, quite astonishing experiments in chemistry, optics, etc. Some of our readers may be familiar with a few of these experiments, but the majority of them will be found novel to nearly all young people. Occasionally, there are materials or ingredients called for, which are somewhat expensive, and some of the experiments require a good deal of time and patience. But these are the exceptions, for nearly all the experiments described in the article can be performed by any careful and intelligent boy or girl of fourteen or fifteen, in a short time and at a very small cost.

Of course, in getting up a little "Parlor Magic Entertainment" it will not be necessary to try all the experiments described. Choose such as you think you can perform without fail, and which will be likely to interest the company you expect. Be careful not to try to do too many things in one evening, and, if possible, make each experiment in private, before you attempt to show your friends how it is done. This will not be necessary in every case, but if you make an experiment, for the first time, before company, be sure that you know exactly what you are going to do and how it ought to be done.

One more thing, the most important of all, we would impress on the mind of every reader of ST. NICHOLAS who tries any of these experiments, and that is the necessity for great care in handling and disposing of the chemical ingredients which may be used. Some of these, although perfectly harmless, when used as directed, are very injurious, if tasted, or even smelt very closely; and although the performer may himself be very prudent and careful with his materials and apparatus, he must not give the slightest opportunity to young children, or indeed any one who has not studied up the subject, to handle his chemicals.

With careful attention to the directions given in the article, a pleasant evening entertainment may easily be had, and if an occasional failure should take place, both the performer and the company should remember that an *experiment* is only a trial, and cannot be expected always to succeed.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went over to my uncle's one Saturday lately, to tea, and had baked beans. He never eats vinegar on them, excepting some made in January, 1851, when 40 gallons were frozen to 55 quart bottles. He told me there was no other such vinegar in the United States, and if I could hear of any one who has some prepared like it, and as old, he would give me as handsome a doll as I wanted. My object is to ask you to please publish my letter, and I may receive the doll, which I want very much, and oblige, with many thanks, one of your subscribers. L. D. H.

London, England.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are traveling in Europe for a short time, and I thought, perhaps, you might like to hear a short account of our journey. First, we went to Chester, one of the oldest cities in England. It is inclosed by a wall two miles around, which was built 1800 years ago. The "Rows" of Chester are very strange and interesting. They are rows of stores in the second stories of houses—with a sidewalk in front, supported by pillars and covered overhead. One may walk out on a rainy day and do a great variety of shopping without being at all exposed to the weather. The sidewalks below these rows, and on a level with the middle of the street are dingy and shabby, lined with forlorn looking little places inhabited by the poorer class.

There is an old house standing in an alley, in the garret of which one of the earls of Derby was hidden for three months.

A small part of an old church, which was built 200 A. D., still stands, and is one of the curiosities. There is also a tower where King Charles II. stood and saw his army defeated, only, that was before he became king. Next we went to Stratford-on-Avon, where we saw Shakspeare's house, and I sat in his chair.

We lunched at the Red Horse Inn, in the room which Washington Irving had when he was there. I also sat in his chair. In the afternoon we went to Shakspeare's other house and gardens. He had two homes, as he only lived in one until he was seventeen years old.

We are now in London, and have been to see a few of the principal places. Westminster Abbey is one of the great sights. We saw a sitting figure of a duchess who died from the effects of lock-jaw, caused by pricking her finger with a needle, while at needle-work on Sunday.

We also saw St. Paul's Cathedral, where there is a whispering gallery, so called, because, if you whisper on one side of the gallery, it may be heard on the other side as distinctly as if you were over there.

The South Kensington Museum contains a great many curiosities, and some of the things which Doctor Schliemann has dug up.

The National Art Gallery contains a great many beautiful pictures, and one room is devoted to Turner's paintings.

We have also been to see the Tower, where the little princes were murdered; they do not take you into the room where they stayed, but ST. NICHOLAS gave us a fine picture of that in January of 1874. We shall start for Paris soon.—From your little friend,

MAMIE CHARLES.

"MOTHER." Unpainted, strong and really amusing playthings, such as you inquire for, are to be found, we think, in almost any large toy-store. Animals, wagons, and various amusing things cut out of plain wood, abound nowadays, and they can be sent you by express from your nearest town. In our experience, however, we have found building-blocks of most lasting interest to the little folks. Crandall's are the best, for they admit of an endless variety of combination.

Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little sister, named Josie, who is six years old. She can read only a little, and she does not like to do it at all. She has plenty of toys, and a nice baby-house, but often she gets tired of playing and then comes to me to know what to do.

Now, I want to know if you cannot tell me something for her to do that will keep her quiet? I have another sister who is nine years old, but no brother.—Your loving reader, ANITA R. NEWCOMB.

Anita may find a satisfactory hint in the answer to "Mother" given above. Also, the Kinder Garten games that are now used in many schools for very little folks may be of service to Josie.

London, Eng.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just arrived in England. When we were fairly out at sea, the first thing I did was to explore the great ship. It was four hundred feet long, made entirely of iron, and sunk twenty feet deep in the water. The masts were of hollow iron, and seventy feet high. It took nine furnaces and forty tons of coal a day to keep the ship going. The crew numbered a hundred and thirty-five. It seems very wonderful that a great heavy iron ship should not sink; the reason it does not is that it is lighter than the water it displaces.

When we were a few days out, a flock of land-birds rested on our ship. We fed them with crumbs, and brought dishes of fresh water on deck for them, but after a day or two they disappeared. A little further on, a hawk alighted on the vessel, and one of the sailors caught it when it was asleep.

To find out how fast we were going, the sailors threw the "log," which was no log at all, but a long thin rope with a small three-cornered canvas bag at one end. They throw out the bag, and it catches in the water and keeps the end of the rope steady. The rope runs out as the ship goes. One sailor stands with a time-glass, which holds as much sand as will fall in one minute from one half of it into the other. The glass is turned just when a certain mark on the rope passes over the rail, and, when all the sand has run, the rope is stopped. As the rope has lengths marked on it by bits of colored cloth, the sailors can tell how far the ship has gone in one minute, and can roughly calculate from that its rate of speed by the hour. Formerly a real log of wood was used instead of the bag.

The greatest event of the voyage was seeing a school of whales. There were dozens of them spouting and showing their backs above water. Another exciting thing was meeting a ship so near that we could salute it, which is done by hoisting and then lowering the flag once or twice. Ships have flags of different kinds, and each has its own meaning. So by hoisting certain flags, the captains of distant ships can exchange news.

When nearing the Irish coast, a dense fog settled upon us, so that we could hardly see from one end of the ship to the other. All day and all night the great fog-whistle was kept blowing to warn other vessels that might be in our neighborhood. To see a light-house or landmark was impossible, but the captain found out where we were by soundings. Every ship has a long piece of lead with a hole in one end which is filled with tallow. The other end is fastened to a rope, and the lead is thrown overboard and sinks to the bottom. When hauled up, some of the sea-bottom is found stuck to the tallow, and from this and the depth of the water, the captain knows where he is, for the kinds of sand and mud at the bottom of the sea, and the varying depths of water, are plainly marked on his charts.

I cannot describe to you what a welcome sight the land was, after being nothing but water for so long. But when we had left the great ship behind, it seemed almost as if we were leaving home, glad enough I was to get ashore.

Your loving reader, F. D.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the series of "Beheaded Rhymes" which we print below. Each of the stanzas contains two examples of this kind of rhyming, and, in each example, the first blank is to be filled with a word that suits both the sense and the measure. The next blank that occurs is filled with all of the chosen word except its first letter; and this process goes on until the word can no longer be beheaded and yet leave another word. The making of such "Beheaded Rhymes" as these, in company, to see who can succeed best, sometimes whiles away very pleasantly a long evening of disagreeable weather.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURES.

It made a most tremendous ——! (1.)
I gave my horse a sudden ——:
He threw me full against an ——,
And broke my collar-bone.

"What can I do in such a ——? (2.)
My horse is gone, I have no ——,"
I murmured with a groan.

I was as wet as any——; (3.)
The wind and thunder made a ——,
And neither moon nor star was ——,
The night was black as sin.

The fall had given me such a ——! (4.)
And I was miles from any ——:
I floundered on through mud and ——
To reach the nearest inn.

But when I found the wished-for ——, (5.)
And saw through windows dim with ——
A fellow holding up an ——,
I would have cried with fear.

Each seat was filled by such a ——, (6.)
As might have fled from any ——
Of thief or buccaneer.

I strove to overcome my ——, (7.)
And ventured on a traveler's ——
To enter boldly there.

The porter waved aloft a ——, (8.)
But still I stepped within the ——
And took an empty chair.

The leader gave a fearful ——: (9.)
Sprang up, and overturned the ——
Oh! I could cover half a ——
With what I felt that night.

He came, and gave me such a ——, (10.)
That I cried out amain, though ——
With anguish and affright.

"Come, will you join our game of ——? (11.)
Or do you choose that I should ——
The wretch, who wishes naught but ——
To honest men like us?"

With that he flung me from the ——, (12.)
And seizing on me by the ——,
He drew me forth into the ——
And made a dreadful fuss.

The night had now grown clear and ——. (13.)
I wandered to a distant ——,
And thought the cold ground not so ——,
As was that fearful spot.

But soon there passed a friendly ——, (14.)
Who placed me in his empty ——
And took me to his cot.

M. W.

The solutions are as follows: 1. Clash, lash, ash. 2. Plight, light. 3. Trout, rout, out. 4. Strain, train, rain. 5. Place, lace, ace. 6. Scamp, camp. 7. Fright, right. 8. Broom, room. 9. Scream, cream, ream. 10. Tweak, weak. 11. Skill, kill, ill. 12. Chair, hair, air. 13. Chill, hill, ill. 14. Swain, wain.

Pittsburg, Pa.

DEAR READERS OF "ST. NICHOLAS:" I live in a city of iron and steel manufactories. I will do my best to tell you how an ax is made.

The works are a beautiful sight at night, with their huge, glowing furnaces and the forms of the brawny workmen, passing between us and the light. In one furnace they are heating pieces of cast-iron, about twelve inches long, four inches wide, and one-half inch thick.

A workman takes a pair of long pincers, draws from the furnace one of the red-hot pieces of iron, and passes it to another workman. This workman is standing before two large wheels, which revolve slowly, and which have several notches in them. The piece of hot iron is placed between these wheels, with one end in a notch, and the iron is bent double, bringing the two ends together, making it look somewhat like a clothes-pin, except that the clothes-pin should have a hole at the head, like in the piece of iron, for a handle. The ends of the bent iron are next hammered together, after which the coming ax is again heated. It is then taken to the steam hammers. The first hammer joins the parts of the iron firmly together, while the second, having on its face the mold of an ax, gives the iron the same shape. The sides are then made straight and even by a circular saw.

But an ax in this shape could never be used to much effect, for cast-iron cannot be ground down to a fine enough edge. Steel can be ground, however, and so a piece of steel must be added to our iron ax. Two workmen take hold of the blade with pincers, and while one holds a sharp tool on the broad edge, the other strikes with a sledge. Into this split thus made, a piece of steel is slipped, and a steam hammer joins them firmly.

After this, the ax is tempered, sharpened and polished; and, when the blade is furnished with a handle, the ax is ready for sale.—Yours truly,

"THE DOCTOR."

THE following is sent to us as written, without help, by a little girl nine years old.

THE HISTORY OF A CAT.

I am the family cat. I am not so very pretty, but they all like me very much. I have a pretty baby-kitten, and I have a daughter named Tortoise-shell. She is a pretty and good cat. She also has a baby-kitten prettier than mine. Mine has such big eyes that its little face does not look as cunning as my daughter's baby-kitten's face. My mistress is very good to me sometimes, but sometimes she pulls my tail and makes me mad, and I scratch her and then she slaps me back; but when she is good to me, and pets me, and gives me cake, then I purr to her.

Once my mistress' brother had a dog given to him. This dog's name was "Captain." I did not like him one bit.

My mistress' brother's friend tried to set the dog on me, but he would not come near me; so the boy let him alone.

When my mistress went to get my daughter's baby-kitten, Captain went with her. My mistress did not know that Captain went into the room with her. Tortoise-shell was tending her kitten, but, as soon as she saw the dog, she jumped up and scratched his nose good for him. He did not stay very long. He was given to my mistress' brother on Saturday. The next day, which was Sunday, my mistress and the rest of the family were at church; the dog got out, I don't know how, but when my mistress came home from church she looked all about, but could not find him anywhere. She was very sorry, but I was not sorry one bit; I was glad. So now we've come to the end.

G. M. M.

Oswego, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please will you tell me where I can find directions how to build a boat?—Yours respectfully,

HARRY MEAD.

Midland, 1878.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish that you would tell me how to make a yatch I have a schooner but she gets beat bad and I should like to know how to make a yatch that will beat them all I think one about 30 inches will be long enough.—I remain your constant Reader,

G. B. J.

In ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1875 (Vol. II.), Harry will find full directions how to make a serviceable boat at a small cost; and G. B. J., whose letter we print *verbatim*, also may find hints that will enable him to build an all-conquering "yatch."

Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a game that we play here a good deal. I do not know what it is called. It can be played by any number, though the more the merrier. Each player must have a sheet of paper and a pencil. When all are supplied, each one must write across the top of the sheet a question, taking up as little room on the page as possible, and turning the paper down so as to cover up the writing, as in "Consequences." The paper is then passed to the next neighbor, who is to write a common noun, of any kind, under the question, and turn over in like manner. After the noun has been written, the paper is passed

on. Then everybody opens the paper that last came to him, and must answer the question in rhyme, inserting the noun. I will give you an illustration.

EXAMPLE:

Question,—"Do you like pigs?"
Common noun,—"Peas."
Answer, in rhyme,—

"I love the gentle animals
That sport about our home,
And all among the peas and corn
So happily do roam.

"Ah! little pigs I'll harm you not,
Nor e'en disturb your play,
But you shall have your own sweet will,
And feed upon the best of swill,
Through all the livelong day."

Will somebody answer thus this question, that was given to me: "Which was the greatest battle of Alexander the Great?"
Noun: "Toes." Yours truly, D. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a puzzle, which I hope you will print:

My first is in your body,
Quite useful in its way.
My second flows in Italy,
And flows by night and day.
My third, a thing to cook with, is
In every kitchen found.
My fourth 's a common article,
A very simple sound.
My fifth folks often get into,—
The careless ones, of course.
My whole, a clumsy animal,
Is partly named for horse. R. N. P.

Answer: Hip-Po-pot-a-mus, hippopotamus.

Wilmette, Ills.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your book two years. I think it is splendid. Some of the stories are so funny. I go to a private school, and I am in the Fourth Reader. The girls play on one side of the grounds and the boys on the other; the cherry-trees are on our side, and I like it the best. We have lots of fun. I am nine years old. I have two little sisters, Belle and Marion, and a little brother, Bobo. When we get big we may write some stories for your book. We are little now, but everybody was little once.—Your friend, KITTY GRIFFITHS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do like you so much, and I wish you would tell me something. I see pictures and read books in which are the names Penelope, Juno, Achilles, Hercules, and so on. The dictionary tells but little about these names, and I want to know all about them. Can you tell me how to find out?—Truly your friend, CARRIE H.

You can learn a good deal about the personages you mention from Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," from Alexander S. Murray's "Manual of Mythology," and from Mrs. Clement's "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art"; but the poems of Homer,—the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey,"—of both of which there are good English translations,—are the chief sources of the information.

Chicago, Ills.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you an Enigma to publish in your magazine. The answer to the Enigma is "Washington."—Yours truly, WILLIE M.

My 1, 9, 10, is the same as one.
My 8, 1, is two-thirds of two.
My 6, 5, 10, is three-fourths of nine.
My 10, 9, 8, 4, 5, 6, 9, is nothing.
My 3, 2, 1, is what my 5 did.
My 8, 9, 10, is very heavy; but
My 10, 9, 8, is not.
My 6, 5, 7, 4, 8, is always somewhere, but not here to-day.

THE BOY ENGINEERS: WHAT THEY DID, AND HOW THEY DID IT, is an illustrated book published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. It seems to have been written for readers living in England, but young amateur machinists anywhere would find it an entertaining book. It gives good practical hints about the management of tools, and explains how to turn and carve in wood and metal, how to make a clock, an organ, a small house, and how to set up a steam-engine. The type is large, and the style easy and pleasant.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

VERY EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. A pointed implement of brass or wood. 2 Wrath. 3. Not old.
A. W., AND F. E. D.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a bird's nest, and leave a lake in North America. 2. Behead a marine map, and leave a wild animal. 3. Behead a sail vessel, and leave a small narrow opening. 4. Behead a plant, and leave space. 5. Behead a basket or hamper, and leave standard or proportion. 6. Behead a sharp bargainer, and leave a company of people. 7. Behead a group of individuals, and leave a country girl. 8. Behead an act of deception, and leave high temperature. ISOLA

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE whole, composed of twelve letters, is a noted character of American fiction.

The 1, 8, 4, 12 is to rend asunder. The 3, 2, 6, 10 is a flower. The 11, 5, 7, 9 is an open, grassy space. C. O.

EASY MELANGE.

1. BEHEAD a pavement, and find a planet 2 Syncopate the pavement, and give a shrub. 3. Transpose the planet, and leave the center. 4. Behead and transpose the center, and find a weed. 5. Transpose the weed, and give degree. 6. Syncopate the center, and leave an animal. 7. Behead the animal, and find skill. 8. Curtail the shrub, and give excitement. 9. Behead and curtail the center, and leave a part of the body. 10. Behead and transpose excitement, and find a plant. 11. Syncopate excitement, and give an article of clothing. 12. Transpose skill, and leave an animal. 13. Reverse the animal, and find a sailor.

CABIN PUZZLE.



THE dots show where the letters are to be placed. The perpendicular and sloping lines of the building are read downward, the horizontals from left to right.

The letters that form the foundation, reading from extreme left to extreme right, signify (1) a fireside; those of the lower edge of the roof spell (2) liable to taxation; those of the ridge-pole mean (3) calls for; those of the left-hand corner-post denote (4) the cry of a domestic animal; those of the middle corner-post, (5) a free entertainment; those of the right-hand corner-post, (6) a large bird of prey; those of the left-hand sloping roof-edge, (7) an officer in an English university; those of the middle sloping roof-edge, (8) a regulated course of food; and those of the right-hand sloping roof-edge, (9) withered.

The chimney is a double word-square, and reads, downward, (10) bleared, (11) a man's name, (12) a farm-yard inclosure; across, (13) to plunge, (14) anger, (15) a playing piece in the game of chess. The door, also, is a double word-square: it reads, downward (16) a useful insect, (17) a city of Burmah (Farther India), (18) a resinous substance; across, (19) a wooden club, (20) a girl's name, (21) a part of the human body.

The left-hand window is a double word-square, and reads, downward (22) to bend under weight, (23) a prefix, (24) hitherto; across, (25) a secret agent, (26) exist, (27) to procure. The right-hand window, also, is a double word-square: it reads, downward, (28) to make brown, (29) a kind of poem, (30) angry; across, (31) a nickname for a boy, (32) a girl's name, (33) another nickname for a boy. H. H. D.

DROP-LETTER STAIR PUZZLE.

— E E —
E
E
— E E —
E
E
— E E —
E
E
— E E —

Going upstairs, find (reading from right to left): 1. A fish that lives in English waters. 2. Full to overflowing. 3. Reward. 4. An animal. 5. A lively dance. 6. An edible plant. 7. To maintain hold upon.

Going down-stairs, find (reading from left to right): 1. To peep. 2. A part of a boat. 3. To look obliquely. 4. An aquatic plant. 5. To esteem. 6. To gather. 7. The seed of an oriental plant. H. H. D.

PROVERB ENIGMA.

THE proverb is composed of twenty-nine letters.

The 5, 15, 26, 19, 2 is a wild animal. The 9, 14, 20, 16, 3, 11 is a person employed in the building of houses. The 10, 23, 21, 1 is a common reptile. The 13, 4, 21, 7, 29 is a bird of fine plumage. The 25, 17, 6, 27, 8 is a bird that is attached to the dwellings of men. The 18, 28, 12, 24 is a swimming and diving bird of the Arctic Regions. I. T.

KNIGHT'S-MOVE PUZZLE.

lay	tle	on	dom	brave-	still	square	quered
ly	truth	press	day	the	board	ly	strike
bat-	this	Per-	a-	free-	to	che-	from
and	fierce-	who	Greeks	down	Mar-	for	on-
reads	hard	thon	sian	youth	the	square	this
as	right	each	poured	at	horde	ward	fight
long	so	knight	ly	thr'gh	the	on	leaps
As	on	life's	may	up	bold-	and	to

The above puzzle consists of a verse of eight rhyming eight-syllable lines; each syllable occupies a square, and follows in succession according to the knight's move on the chess-board. F. W.

EASY HIDDEN FISHES.

IN each of the following sentences find, concealed, the name of a well-known fish.

1. A Russian soldier, at Toms', ate a salamander. 2. "Do you spell 'knob' as she does?" 3. "Where is my badge?" "Ella has it." 4. Francesco drew a large prize yesterday. 5. "Have the girls and boys seen Fanny Dunbar?" "Belle has." 6. My dolls had the measles last month. 7. Every soldier leaves his tent. "Rout the enemy!" is the battle-cry. 8. I heard, with regret, that she had lost her ring. 9. I composed a song of which the first verse begins something like this: "Hark! 't is a cricket chirping." 10. Wax dolls melt when left too near the fire. A. E. M.

POETICAL REBUS.

A two-line quotation from Cowper.



RIDDLE.

GLEAMING gayly, flashing light;
White as snow, and black as night;
Ladies, I 'm your slave, your pride,
Though in ocean I abide.

Power have I o'er life and death,—
I, a creature without breath!
I, so small that you can draw
Fifty, like me, through a straw. R. S. C.

SUGGESTED WORD-SQUARE.

IN the following rhyme, the words of the Square are suggested by the sense, and are to be inserted in the blanks, in order, as the blanks occur,—the first word in the first blank, the second word in the second blank, and so on.

To buy a —— was foolish waste
(I 'd no —— how it would taste!)
"I 'll just have bread and ——," said Daisy.
"Who —— a fruit like that, is crazy!" B.

ANAGRAMS.

IN the following sentence, the words printed in capitals are anagrams of the words that should occupy the same places, so as to make sense. Thus: BATTLE-SCREENS is a compound-word that takes the place of another to be formed of the same letters arranged differently; the right word, in this example, being "center-tables;" but each of the other collections of capitals is an anagram of but a single word

I saw TENT SUDS by the BATTLE-SCREENS, puzzling over THE MICA MATS, and perplexed about MANY ROOTS. C. T.

REBUS.

A two-line quotation from Shakspeare.



COMPLETE DIAMOND.

THE centrals of the diamond are each the same word, of five letters, spelling the name of a Frenchman who became notorious during the great French Revolution. The remainder of the diamond is made of words formed from the letters of his name. The diamond incloses a hollow square, either of whose perpendiculars or horizontals, read backward or forward, will spell a word; and, reading from the middle letter to either end of either of the centrals, a word will be spelled, which, when read backward, will spell another word. Make the Diamond. TREBONIUS.

EASY AMPUTATED QUOTATION.

Two lines from Tennyson. Each word is beheaded and curtailed.

—R— —EART— —R— —OR— —HA— —ORONET—
—N— —IMPL— —AIT— —HA— —ORMA— —LOO—

C. L. D.

EASY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in bee, but not in fly;
My second in moon, but not in sky;
My third is in scare, but not in fright;
My fourth is in top, and also in kite;
My fifth is in broad, but not in wide;
My sixth is in ocean, but not in tide;
My whole is all New England's pride. H. A. S.

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARES.

FROM the letters composing each of the following four sentences make a word-square: 1. Doctor, do Irish histories err? 2. Let their hotel gardener grin. 3. Post shall need man's sympathy. 4. Hurrah, Peg has the gallant pup! The meaning of the words composing the four squares, in the proper order of succession, are as follows:

I. 1. A band of singers. 2. A wandering troop of barbarians. 3. A plant with a sweet-smelling root. 4. A simpleton. 5. Is quiet.

II. 1. A spelled number. 2. A lazy person. 3. A dazzling light. 4. A marsh bird. 5. A river of England.

III. 1. Profundity. 2. To try. 3. A sacred song. 4. A claw. 5. Poems.

IV. 1. A noise that no animal but man can make. 2. The name of a letter of the Greek alphabet. 3. Part of a shoe. 4. A town of Belgium. 5. Deer.

A. + B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Virgil—Horace. 1. VoucH. 2. IagO. 3. RoaR. 4. GeorgiA. 5. IoniC. 6. LittlE.

NAMES OF AUTHORS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.—1. Poe. 2. Defoe. 3. Hawthorne. 4. Prescott. 5. Hay. 6. Cooper. 7. Sparks. 8. Lever. 9. Lover. 10. Boswell.

ENIGMA.—Bridle.

WHAT IS IT?—A switch.

CHARADE.—Nightingale; night, in(n), gale.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Mouth, moth. 2. Carve, cave. 3. Maxim, maim. 4. Cabin, Cain. 5. Coronet, cornet.

THREE DIAMONDS.—

```
        T                C                I
      G I G            A L I            U N A
I.  T I B E R    II.  C L O V E    III. I N D I A
      G E M            I V Y            A I M
        R                E                A
```

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM.—"Procrastination is the thief of time."

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Fair, fare. 2. Rite, right, write. 3. Maid, made. 4. Reads, reeds. 5. Beats, beets. 6. Bawl, ball. 7. Mien, mean. 8. Fain, feign, fane.

RIDDLE.—River.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.—1. Flat, flatter. 2. Ham, hammer. 3. Gross, grocer. 4. Lad, ladder. 5. On, honor. 6. Eye, ire. 7. Poe, pore. 8. Pie, pyre. 9. Mart, martyr.

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.—

```
G O N E
A V E R
L E E R
E N D S
```

HIDDEN NAMES.—In each sentence, take the first letter of each word 1. Alma. 2. Helen. 3. Arthur. 4. Mabel. 5. Harry. 6. Ethel. 7. Ernest. 8. Edith. 9. Fred. 10. Stella. 11. Edwin. 12. Grace. 13. Frank.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Dictionary.

REBUS.—"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Victoria-Disraeli. 1. ViviD. 2. I, I. 3. CorpS 4. ToweR. 5. OperA. 6. RarE. 7. IdyL. 8. AlighierI.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Eva D., "Patrolman Gillooley," John C. Robertson, "Three Sisters." "So So," Mary C. Warren, May Bleecker, Daisy Briggs, George P. Dravo, "Doctor," Louisa F. Riedel, C. A. K., Bessie L. Barnes, Nessie E. Stevens, Southwick C. Briggs, Mary Louise Hood, Olive Mecklem, Edwin E. Ganegues, Anna Halliday, Edith McKeever, M. W. C., Lewis G. Davis, Bessie Hard, Edith Herkimer, Nina Riker, Marnie Riker; Jerome Buck, Jr.; Nellie Emerson, "Soft Soap," Jessie W. Cox, Fleta M. Holman, "Robbie, Irvie, and Daisy," Hild Sterling; Edith and Marion W.; Mary H. Bradley, Alice L. Booth, Willie Gray, Mamie, "Nantucket," Harry; F. M. J., Jr.; Jennie R. Beach, Maud L. Smith, Alice Lanigan, Walter Stockdale, Rowen S. McClure, Anita R. Newcomb, Bertie Jackson, M. G. A., Cora Rawson Ryder, "Apelles and his Papa," "Fritters," George H. Williams, Richard Weld, Winsor Weld, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, "Rosalind," H. B. Ayers, "Oriole," Fred S. Cowperthwait, Benj. W. Mannus, Lizzie Thurber, "The Raven"; Horace White and Grant Squires; Neils E. Hansen, "Winnie," Chas. H. Stout, Kitty P. Norton, Laurie T. Sanders; "Box 325, St. Thomas," Annie J. Buzzard, Harry Bennett, Jennie Kimball, Dycie Warden, Margaret McF. Lukens, "Ratie and Katie," "S. G., and H. M.," Ann Hulme Wilson, Eddie Vultee, Dolly, Jessie Van Brunt, Willie R. C. Corson, Lincoln Cromwell, T. J. De la Hunt, "Stock-broker," Bessie C. Barney, Bessie Taylor, Willie F. Floyd, and Louise G. Hinsdale.

Grace Rosevelt, Amy Growly, Ellen Smith, "B. Y. G^s H. Caroni and Wife," "V. and A.," and O. C. Turner, answered correctly all the puzzles in the August number.

Gladys H. Wilkinson, of Manchester, England, answered several of the puzzles in the July number, but his letter did not come in time for adding his name to the July list. The delay was not his fault, so the credit due is now given.


BO-PEEP
LITTLE MAID
MISS. MUFFET.
THE JOLLY. MILLER.


THE BRAMBLE BUSH
JACK HORNER
BUTCHER
THREE BLIND MICE.
TOM. TOM. THE PIPERS SON.
TAFFY. WAS A WELCHMAN.
THE FROG A WOOING.